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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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, Chestertown.

mh16-tf.

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.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

FIRST CLASS WORK! MODERATE PRICES!

Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
Italian Marble FLOWER VASES.
Italian Marble FONTS.

Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUMNS and MONUMENTS of pure White Statuary Marble, of new and beautiful designs.

White Marble CURBING and POSTS for enclosing Cemetery Lots, at

GADDESS BROS.'

corner Sharp and German Streets, and 110 South Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

oc26y.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

For 1873.

The GUIDE is now published Quarterly, 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

☞ The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Dec. 7, 1872.

NOTICE

TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.

WE have procured our supply of COAL for the Winter, and are prepared to fill all orders with dispatch—especially those accompanied with the cash.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. TWILLEY & CO., Chestertown.

no v23.

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—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. 14. J. H. SMITH.

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.

Fairlee! Fairlee!

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

THE citizens of Fairlee and surrounding community have been thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of a

CHEAP CASH STORE,

where they can buy GROCERIES for less than city prices. Coal Oil for 35 cts. No. A Sugar at 12½ cts., and everything usually kept in a Grocery Store at moderate prices

Also, HATS and CAPS,
BUCKSKIN GLOVES and MITS,
Sugar, Water, and Soda CRACKERS,
Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, &c.

☞ CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. ☜

Thankful for past patronage, I am again prepared to do all kinds of SEWING. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

MARY M. GREENWOOD.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Holiday Presents! Holiday Presents!

AT

STAM & BRO.'S.

The Most Beautiful Stock ever exhibited in Chestertown!

Don't fail to call and examine them. d14.

A CARD.

MRS. S. M. BEASTEN respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has taken the store up town, lately occupied by Mrs Barrett, where she will be pleased to wait on them with a good supply of

Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions,

CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE hoping by strict attention and low prices to receive a share of patronage. mh9-tf.

NOTICE

To Poultry Dealers and Farmers.

HAVE your Poultry dressed in the best manner, and, in shipping for the Holidays, have it in market three days in advance for general trade, not later in the week than Thursday, on the stalls of

G. W. SHALLCROSS,

Nos. 1 & 3 Del. Avenue Market,

PHILADELPHIA,

Where the HIGHEST PRICES are obtained, and prompt returns guaranteed n23.

FOR RENT,

For the year 1873,

THE STORE ROOM in Still Pond,

adjoining the house I now occupy. Possession to be given Jan. 1, 1873. Apply to

d14 3t JOHN KELLEY.

FOR RENT,

For the year 1873,

THE DWELLING HOUSE in Chestertown, on Water street, known as the Tomlinson property, adjoining G. W. T. Perkins, Esq. For terms, &c., apply to

d14-3t. JOHN BORDLEY.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours

j-17 C. F. STAM & BRO.

WINDOW GLASS.

Cut to fit on Sash

Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO

MALLALIEU KERSEYS AND CASSIMERES for sale by

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

ALL GOODS sold at the very lowest prices at SAPPINGTON'S.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self sacrifice,
Unseen by men but marked by angel's eyes;
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart and pain,
And chanted tidily, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which were once pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin;
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the path by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
These were not lost.

GETTING MARRIED.

Girls, don't think you have reached the sum and substance of earthly bliss when you can write Mrs. before your name. To be sure it is all very proper, as well as pleasant, to have a house and husband of one's own, provided that one is competent to take care of the same; but simply to get married, is only a small part of the plan designed by the Creator for our wisdom and happiness.

To most girls, their wedding day is a day of emancipation from care; a joyful beginning of a new state of existence; of life without a shade of grief, or aught to mar its perfect harmony. It is so pleasant to be the one idol of a true heart, no wonder the young girl sees every thing through rose-colored spectacles But, after all, it is as well to remember that others before her have entered the matrimonial state, and found it to be one of care, doubt and anxiety. And they were women as good as the best.

It is this mistake that leads so many people wrong at the commencement of married life. They take no thought of their duties toward one another, and remember that we are all erring creatures, and their idol no less clay than others, only that their love has made it gold.—They expect freedom from care in married life, but they have only given up their freedom, and commenced life's cares in earnest. Then after the excitement of being "the bride," and "observed of observers," has passed away, comes the settling down to real, actual life, and the young wife must needs learn to eat, drink, sleep, visit, and receive visitors; these are part of her duties, as before; while, in addition to her domestic cares, she must learn to adapt her temper and disposition to another's views, and learn the beautiful lesson of self-denial, if she expects perfect peace. Poets may sing of love's young dream and life in a cottage, but practical people will tell you how much more is love's awakening and a comfortable two-story. It is this very dream of love that breaks so many hearts. If women dreamed less of love, and accepted its wide-awake reality, there would be less disappointment, and more real happiness. Not until a couple have left off the dream and turned to the joys of real love and life, do they understand how perfect love may make the heart's peace. But alas! too often the awakening comes after the spirit has flown.

So take our advice, girls, and if you are fortunate enough to get a steady and honorable man for a husband, don't spoil your chance of happiness by mistaken views Look upon "getting married" as only part of your mission.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Here is a queer story, the truth of which is absolutely guaranteed by one of the most respectable of Paris newspapers, *Le Temps*. A certain M. de B. has long been insane He imagined himself a Chinese, wore the costume of the Celestial Empire, and spoke a strange jargon invented by himself, and which he seriously believed to be pure Chinese. This was a very inoffensive monomania His family had, therefore, taken no precautionary measures further than that of preventing him from going out. M. de B. awoke the other day covered with a cold sweat, declaring that the Emperor, Tchong-Tches, had condemned him to impalement. He asked to be left alone. When, at the end of two hours, his friends re-entered his room, he was found on a chair, sitting bolt upright, with his hair standing on end. "Heavens! how I suffer," gasped he; "it is going through and through me." A doctor was sent for, and M. de B. was placed by force in a reclining position. "It is too late," he cried, "the stake is broken in my body!" and he expired under the full conviction that he was actually impaled.

SAVE MONEY.

It is well worth saving, and you can save it by buying a Sewing Machine, and get one of the best and most perfect machines in existence. The Elias Howe Sewing Machine has reached a point of excellence and perfectness equalled by no machine in use, and the constantly and rapidly increasing demand, which is almost beyond their manufacturing capacity to supply, is convincing evidence that the merits of this machine are being appreciated by the public. Moreover, it is sold at a moderate price and on easy terms.

The Southern people should bear in mind that many machines are sold in the South at an *advance of fifteen dollars* over New York prices. Call and see the "Howe," at the agency in Chestertown, A. M. GUDGEN.

A WRETCHED ROSE.—Mr. Geo. Frederick Rose, a gentleman of ample fortune, died lately in London. He had shut himself up in his room for years, and neither left it or allowed any one to enter, and absolutely perished from want of food and soap and water.

IT is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:

"The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
But ere he had sounded a note
He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him,
The music had frozen in his throat."

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

On a fine Sunday morning in October, 1723, Deborah Read, a beautiful and blooming lass of eighteen, stood at the door of her father's house on Market street, Philadelphia.

The city was forty-three years of age, and it contained a population of seven thousand. Many trees of the original forest still stood upon its site; the houses were built at some distance apart, with gardens between them, and as yet the streets were unpaved It was a large, tranquil Quaker village, surrounded by a primeval wilderness, with groups of Indians frequently to be seen in the streets, and such game as wolves, bears, wild turkeys and deer to be shot within four miles of the town.

As the young lady stood at the door of her home—it was about church time in the morning—she saw among the crowd of church going people a strange figure that both amused and surprised her. It was a stout lad of seventeen, not ill-looking but dressed in the very extreme of shabbiness. He wore the working clothes of an ordinary apprentice, and these, by exposure to rain and the wear and tear of travel, had become dirty and dilapidated. The pockets of his coat were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and under each arm he had a large roll, while he was eating a third. She gazed at him as long as she could see him, wondering and laughing at his ridiculous appearance. If she had any thoughts upon the subject, she probably set him down as a runaway apprentice; for such indeed he was, one Benjamin Franklin, who had made his way from Boston by sloop, by barge and on foot, to escape the tyranny of his brother to whom he had been apprenticed.

A few days passed. Miss Read learned from her father that a young man was coming to board with them, a printer, who worked in one of the two printing offices of the town What was her surprise when the young man arrived nicely dressed, with clean linen and very neat in his person, to recognize the forlorn and shabby youth who had caught her eye on that Sunday morning. His chest had arrived by sea, and thus he was able to present himself at his new abode in a becoming costume. The young man proved highly agreeable to the family. He was full of intelligence, amiability and good humor—one of those young fellows who make friends wherever they go, because they are themselves obliging and friendly

A year glided rapidly by, during which the father of the young lady died and was buried in Christ Church burying ground, Philadelphia, where his grave stone may be still seen and read. His wife, a vigorous and prudent woman, carried on the house as usual, so that it still furnished a home to the young printer. His fortune had brightened during the year. The governor of the province, who had accidentally become acquainted with his talents, proposed to set him up in business as a printer, and was going to send him to London to buy types, a printing press, and whatever was necessary for the business of a printer. With this prospect before him, the young man was emboldened to speak to Mrs. Read on a momentous subject. He had fallen in love with her beautiful daughter. He told her this mighty secret, and of his intended voyage to London, and of the governer's project of establishing him in business Finally he asked her daughter's hand in marriage.

Mrs Read was far from disapproving the match, but, like a prudent mother as she was, she called the young man's attention to the fact that neither he nor her daughter were yet nineteen, and that it would be most unwise for them to marry just as he was going upon a long voyage, and engage in a new business which might not prove profitable. How much better to wait until he was safe home again, and the business was well established There was no denying this, and he was obliged to submit. Having thus arranged the matter with the mother, he spoke to the daughter, who confessed with her tongue what her eyes had often avowed, that she loved him; and she promised to marry him on his return.

He set sail, and reached London in due time. There he discovered that the governor had deceived and wronged him most cruelly. Instead of letters of credit he had given him mere letters of introduction, which were absolutely worthless The consequence was that this young printer of nineteen found himself in London with ten pounds in his pocket and not a friend in Europe who could be of the slightest help to him. To complete his misfortunes, one of his Philadelphia friends who had crossed the Atlantic with him, and had come to London expecting to live by literature, could obtain no employment, and had no resources but Franklin's purse.—The printer was not long in getting work at his trade; but as there were two to be supported the ten pounds rapidly melted away, and he saw no prospect of his being able to get back to Philadelphia at all, still less of appearing there as a master printer.

In these circumstances he should have written to Miss Read a plain statement of the case, and asked her to wait for him, or released her from the engagement.—Either he had not the courage to do this, or else, absorbed by the wonders and pleasures of the town, he had become indifferent to her. He merely wrote her a short note announcing his safe arrival in London, and telling her he was not likely to return soon. This was one of the great errors of his life, which, he said, he could wish to correct if he were to live it over again.

Month after month passed, and Deborah Read, anxious and forlorn, heard no more from her faithless lover. A new suitor presented himself, Rogers by name, who carried on the trade of potter. He was an excellent hand at the business, and for this reason Mrs. Read favored his suit. Other relations urged her to marry him, and at last she gave her consent, and the marriage was celebrated Soon the dreadful rumor was noised abroad in Philadelphia that Rogers, the potter, had another wife! Such strong reasons appeared for crediting this report that Deborah Read, who had lived unhappily with him, returned to her mother and resumed her maiden name, a sorrowful and hopeless woman Her most sanguine friends could not have foreseen for her a happy and honorable future. Soon after Rogers, who owed money in all directions, fled from his creditors to the West Indies, whence came soon after a report of his death.

Franklin remained in London for about two years, at the end of which he returned as clerk to a Philadelphia merchant, whom he had met by chance in London. Upon his arrival he renewed the intimacy with Mrs. Read and her daughter, and doubtless explained his inconstancy as best he could. He lamented Deborah Read's unhappy condition; and however he may have excused his behavior, he felt that she owed the ruin of her life to his own giddiness and inconstancy. The mother, however, insisted that it was she who was most to blame, because she had urged on the unhappy marriage, even against her daughter's inclination. She still consulted Franklin about her affairs, and they were all excellent friends.

And so passed three or four years, during which Franklin, through his own industry and good conduct, became a master printer and proprietor of a newspaper, with the prospect of founding an extensive business. Needing capital, he tried to increase his store by marriage, and when that scheme failed, he turned his thoughts to his first love, poor Deborah Read. Her runaway potter was probably dead, but he might not be; and she seemed forever cut off from marriage by the fact that her second husband would be responsible for the debts of her first. Such was the law of the period.

Franklin, pitying her forlorn condition, always reproaching himself as the cause of her woe, and not less fond of her than before, at last proposed that they should risk a marriage. In 1730, seven years after Miss Read had seen Franklin walking up Market street eating his roll, they were married. Rogers, as it turned out, was really dead; nor did any of his creditors apply to Franklin for payment.

The marriage was eminently successful in every respect One of Franklin's maxims in Poor Richard's Almanac was this: "A man must ask his wife to thrive."—Nothing more true. In vain will a young man, without much capital, toil and deny himself if he has a wife who squanders his gains and takes no interest in his career. Mrs Franklin was one of the most industrious, careful and friendly of women.—Besides attending to her husband's little shop, she bought rags, stitched pamphlets, folded newspapers, tenderly nurtured his child, and kept her husband from being extravagant. He was by no means of an economical disposition He was generous to a fault, and, I am sure, was much indebted to his wife for the rapidity with which he made his fortune. In the early years of their married life he could sometimes boast—and he did boast of it—that he was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had first woven and then made

It seems, however, that she was not averse to a reasonable degree of comfort and display. Franklin narrates that for a long time after their marriage he had nothing for breakfast but bread and milk, and he used to eat it out of a two penny earthen bowl with a pewter spoon.

"But," he continued, "mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

We have another pleasant glimpse of Mrs. Franklin in the early years of her married life, in an advertisement published in Franklin's paper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. Franklin advertised everything, and this is one of his attempts in that way:

"Taken out of a pew in the church some months since a common prayer book, bound in red gilt, and letters D. F (Deborah Franklin) on each cover The person who took it is desired to open it and read the 8th Commandment, and afterwards return it to the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

The first great sorrow of her married life was the death of their first child, a most intelligent and beautiful boy, four years of age. So engaging was he, and so rooted in the hearts of his parents that Franklin declared, thirty-six years after, he could never think of him even then without a sigh. When the reader visits the grave of Franklin in Christ Church burying ground, in Philadelphia, he will observe near it a little stone, not two feet high, which Franklin placed over the grave of his boy. He added to the usual inscription these words: "The delight of all who knew him." Their only other child, Sarah, grew to womanhood, inheriting and transmitting her mothers beauty.

During the first fifteen years of their married life, Franklin spent most of his time in England as agent for the colonies. Such was her dread of the ocean that she never could be persuaded to accompany him or visit him During his absence she took care of all his affairs better, in some respects, than he could have done himself.

By almost every ship she sent him American nuts, apples and other products, and he sent her in return all sorts of rare and beautiful things in fabric and household furniture, such as sets of china, articles of silverware, table cloths, tea trays, blankets, silk for dresses, and many curious household implements which he thought might be useful. On one occasion he sent her a large, handsome beer jug.

"I fell in love with it," he told her, "at first sight, for I thought it looked like a fat, jolly dame, clean and tidy, with a neat blue calico gown on, good natured and lovely, and put me in mind of—somebody."

To make the jug more acceptable, he filled it with pretty little coffee cups, packed in salt.

During the Stamp Act trouble of 1765, when the false report reached Philadelphia that her husband had favored the odious measure, the mob threatened to mob his house. On this occasion she proved herself worthy to be the wife of Pennsylvania's representative. Gov. Franklin entreated her to take refuge in his own house at Burlington, and all her friends urged her to go.

"For nine days, she said, people kept persuading her to leave her house At length she let her daughter go to Burlington; but for herself she would not budge.

"I am very sure," said she, "that my husband has done nothing to hurt anybody. I will not move nor show the least uneasiness But if anybody comes to disturb me, I will show a proper resentment.

And, indeed, she armed and fortified her house, stationing her brother and cousin below with guns and ammunition, and mounting guard herself upstairs, prepared to defend her abode. The storm blew over, and very soon the truth respecting her husband's conduct was known.

For forty-four years Benjamin Franklin and Deborah Read were united in marriage.

She lived to see her husband the most honored of Americans on both continents, and she also lived to see her daughter suitably married to a merchant of Philadelphia, Richard Bache. Her last years were greatly cheered by her beautiful grandchildren.

She had the happiness of escaping the anxieties and terrors of the Revolutionary War. She died in December, 1774, with only one regret, that she could not live to see her husband once again. Indeed she had been for ten years longing and pining for his return; but the pressing business of the colonies still detained him, and she died at last when he was making his preparations for his homeward voyage. Her body was borne to the grave by some of Franklin's oldest friends, men who had known them when, forty-four years before, they had commenced housekeeping, and ate their breakfast of bread and milk.

There were scarcely any women at that period who were what we now call educated, and the letters of Mrs. Franklin show she was not gifted in the use of the pen.

But she was a faithful and affectionate wife, a friend and help-meet to her husband, who was enabled to devote himself to public service because he had at home a wife competent and willing to take charge of his affairs in his absence.

Mysteries of the Feminine Toilet.

The other day, says a recent writer, I heard of an incident which shows that even men of society do not understand all the mysteries of the feminine toilet. A gentleman who devotes a large part of his time to the society of ladies, and who believes himself a *connoisseur* in all that pertains to them, was much annoyed by observing that a fair friend of his, favorably known for her style of elegant dressing, would insist, when the weather would allow it, upon wearing an old shawl devoid of any claims to beauty or good taste.

The gallant endured this for a long while. He walked up Broadway and Fifth avenue, and rode in the park with his friend, and often looked at the odious shawl in a way that he thought would convince her of its unfitness for so elegant a woman as herself.

She did not take the hint, however, but continued to display it on every occasion. He lost his patience at last, and said to her one day:

"May I be permitted to inquire why you will wear that miserable shawl all the time? It ruins your dress You look so exquisitely otherwise that I cannot comprehend why you will deform yourself with such a faded rag as that. It has nothing in the world to recommend it; and I believe if you were to throw it off in the street nobody would pick it up."

The bright eyes opened with surprise, and a strange expression fell across the pretty face.

"You are jesting, are you not?" the lady asked.

"Jesting? Not at all, I mean exactly what I say!"

"Well, then, I'll inform you that this is a camel's-hair shawl; and, though I think it in very bad taste to speak of the price of such things, it cost $3,000 at Stewart's, and is one of the finest ever brought to this country."

The young man was astonished; but his taste was correct.

Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears
Grew weary with its doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among the branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice was heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine;
And make the field with harvest shine.

"Man can but work, God can create,
But they who work, and watch and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to Heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunder in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, an lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow-pen.

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

TRYING TO LIVE WITHOUT REAL WORK.—Our people are too widely inclined to shun the quiet ways of productive labor and try to live and thrive in the crooked paths of speculation and needless traffic. We have deplorably few boys learning trades, with ten times too many anxious to "get into business"—that is, to devise some scheme whereby they may live without work. Of the journeymen mechanics now at work in the cities, we judge that two-thirds were born in Europe; and the disparity is steadily augmenting. One million families are trying to live by selling liquors, tobacco, candy, &c., &c., who could be spared therefrom without the slightest public detriment; and if these were transferred to the soil, or employed in smelting the metals or weaving the fabrics for which we are still running into debt in Europe, our country would increase its wealth at least twice as fast as now, and there would be far less complaint of "dull trade" and "hard times"

A NEW TRICK OF PICKPOCKETS.—Recently at a trial of considerable interest in Rome, where the court-room was crowded, the pickpockets let loose a trained bird, which sailed around the heads of the audience, attracting their attention, giving ample time for the pickpockets to relieve the pockets of the audience.

SCANDAL.

"He that steals my purse steals trash;
But he that robs me of my good name
Robs me of that which naught enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."—*Shakespeare.*

How hard it is to find a friend
On whom we always can depend;
Sometimes we think this treasure got,
'Till trial proves we have it not.

Many, to serve their selfish ends,
Warmly declare they are our friends,
But soon as serving self is o'er
Behold they are our friends no more.

Others will act a part more base,
Always be friendly to your face,
You turn your back, then they you name,
Expose to obloquy and shame.

Apparent friendship others show
That you may confidence bestow,
Your secrets thus they oft attain
And use to injure your good name.

A faithful friend I highly prize,
But mere pretence I do despise;
Whene'er disposed a friend to trust
Be always sure to prove him first.

GALENA, Dec 1872

Plain Talk About Money Matters.

Most people are so "hard run" for money that it seems to be almost cruel to ask them to pay you what justly belongs to you and does not belong to them. If you have $5 in your pocket, and owe it for food or raiment, or advertising, or subscription, to another man, is it right to spend that $5 in oysters, drinks, turkeys, and a new hat, clothes, &c.,—when the other man has already paid you for that $5, trusted you for it, needs it, and you promised it to him as soon as you got it.

Now you have got it. What are you going to do with it? If you "withhold it from its rightful owner," (heap worse than stealing) where can you expect to go to? Is not the withholding the $5 from the man you promised to pay an amalgam of meanness, mendacity and fraud, and a step towards the destruction of that confidence between man and man on which society itself depends.

The vulgar doctrine of "get all the credit you can and never pay, it is clear gain," is a stench in the nostrils of honest humanity.

We are not writing for debts due us, but for a great principle which underlies and comprehends all the business of every community. There must be some credit, some trust. How can you protect yourself against a man you believe to be honest, but who deliberately buys your goods, knowing that he never intends to pay for them? It is time to talk plainly on this subject.

See also the troubles it causes. The honest man incurs debts, relying on the promises of supposed honest friends to pay him in time to meet his obligations. They fail him and place him in a most unpleasant condition. He must break his word, or borrow money at the price of the extortioner, a price which no honest business can stand It is true "the extortioner, the unjust, &c.," know their future fate, and know they will kill their customers, but they will charge their price.

We are telling plain truths. In fact we have borrowed money at 13 per cent. in Fredericksburg, (when the rate in Alexandria, Richmond, &c., was 8 or 9) rather than even "dun" or ask for money long due us by people who seemed to be so wretchedly "hard up" that it was to us personally painful to speak of what they owed us. Some people, too, have such horrible bad manners about settling accounts that it makes a gentleman's flesh crawl to have pecuniary transactions with them, and he would rather lose a small debt than encounter such porcupine offensiveness. Some people even receive money with a greedy regret lest they have not charged enough, or been cheated somehow in the settlement. Some pay as if they begrudged every dime they parted with, and were undergoing the pain of having a tooth pulled. Pecuniary manners need restoration to the old style, which many yet preserve, to pay with pleasure, and even when accepting a balance due make the payer feel that he has conferred a favor as well as conformed to justice and fulfilled a duty.—*Fredericksburg News.*

Too Much Credit.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough, owned a large flock of sheep, and one autumn, when it came housing time, he was greatly annoyed on missing a number of his finest muttons, among them three or four wethers which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure it was not the work of dogs and the most he could do was to wait further developments.

On the following spring, when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stickney, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stickney was a man well to do, and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and upon counting his flock Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas Stickney for the eight sheep, and presented it. Stickney choked and stammered but did not back down Like a prudent man he paid the bill and pocketed the receipt.

Another spring time came, and Mr. Keene's sheep were again turned out.—Another autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As before, he made out the bill to Tom Stickney for the whole number missing; but this time Tom objected.

"It is too much of a good thing," said he. Fifteen sheep! Why, bless your soul, I havn't had a fifth part of 'em"

But Mr. Keene was inexorable.

"There is the bill," said he, "and I've made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well," groaned Tom, with a big gulp, "I suppose I must pay, but we'll close that account from this time. You have given me too much credit altogether—some other rascal has been stealing on the strength of it."

THE *Working Farmer* gives an account of the wheat field in the San Joaquin Valley, California, which contains 36,000 acres. The estimates for this year's crop is 1,440,000 bushels. One side of the farm is seventeen miles long. In ploughing, the teams attached to forty plows get breakfast, and starting in at one end, get dinner at the middle and supper at the end of the furrow.

BRAIN WORK.

One thing I would like to impress upon those who are exceptionably excitable.—The very slightest stimulants, which others may use with impunity, are bad for them. I have known cases of chronic neuralgia, from which torture had been endured for years, cured by ceasing to drink tea or coffee regularly, or by leaving off smoking. The nerves are such delicate affairs that they often make us a great deal of trouble with very little cause, seemingly. Excessive brain work renders them much more susceptible. This susceptibility must be counteracted by the avoidance of those things which tend to excite. What a steady brain worker wants is to replace (not stimulate) his vitality as fast as he uses it up. To this end he wants everything that is nourishing and soothing. A stimulant crowds out some part of the requisite nourishment, since the system can only receive a certain proportion of matter into it at a time and appropriate it harmoniously. If you set it to work on a stimulant, or set a stimulant to work on it, the action is mutual. It will not assimilate fully the nourishment which may come immediately afterward.

All the diseases to which we are constitutionally liable are aggravated by the use of stimulants. They assist the development of chronic complaints, and make all sickness harder to cure. It is not necessary to speak of their bad effects on ailments of the brain. But most of these, I believe, are to be traced originally to their use. A healthful brain naturally seeks relief in sleep when it is tired. But one that is spurred and driven on by stimulants loses that inclination. From the inability to rest springs the whole train of nervous and cerebral diseases.

I believe that one, working the brain at proper hours and giving it the requisite rest, relaxation and nourishment, and never stimulating it into unhealthy action, might go on doing the very hardest mental labor from youth to extreme old age, and never suffer an atom from it—on the contrary be benefitted.—*Howard Glyndon.*

About Trees.

Did any of you ever wonder why the dark wood so highly valued for furniture should be called *rosewood?* Its color certainly does not look much like that of a rose, so we must look for some other reason. Upon asking we are told that when the tree is first cut, the fresh wood possesses a very strong rose like fragrance, hence the name.

There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood tree. The varieties are found in South America, and in the East Indies and neighboring islands.

Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten in length can be cut from one of them. These broad planks are principally used to make the tops of piano fortes.

When growing in the forest the Rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty, but such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly, now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras the government has prudently had great plantations of these trees set out in order to keep up the supply.

The belt of land around the globe 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of india rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons, without injury; and they stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three tablespoonfuls a day. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country a mile long by eight wide. There are in Europe and America more than 150 manufactories of india rubber articles, employing 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of gum a year; and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But, to whatever extent it may increase, there will still be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.—*Industrial Monthly.*

Large Hogs Unprofitable.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times don't believe in very large hogs. It says:

"There is not one single advantage to be claimed in favor of big hogs. There never was a monster hog which did not make the man who raised him pay for every pound he weighed. They do not furnish an ounce of meat gratis, but charge full price for every atom of their carcass. When slaughtered it takes a long time to cool one to the marrow in the bone, and then, when the hams are put in salt, it is troublesome to finish them to the centre. Four hundred live weight is as large as hogs should be in order to make good bacon. Beyond this size there is a loss somewhere. Either the feeder, butcher, or consumer is cheated, and as a general thing every one who has anything to do with the big hog will find, if he observes closely, that they are not so profitable as the smooth, nice hog of only 300 pounds weight. A small head, with little, upright ears, and legs and ears delicate to perfection, are marks which indicate the greatest amount of food consumed; and it will always draw more readily the attention of every butcher."

A HINT.—Not many miles from town a company of a few friends might have been seen one evening in the parlor of an old couple, spending a few hours in social chat. Time flew rapidly to all, save the 'head of the house," who about nine o'clock got very sleepy. He never stayed out of bed later than that if he could help it. The company however, talked and talked and talked to the old lady, who enjoyed the conversation very much, whilst her "bigger half dozed and nodded and occasionally snored, just a little. Finally getting his eyes fully opened, and seeing the clock marked half past nine, he turned, yawningly, towards the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said:—"Wife, hadn't we better go to bed?—These folks want to go home."