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Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874. No. 4.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

LAW CARDS.

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. ag12-y.

D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. ally.

MARION deK. SMITH,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. a11-6.

G. W. CRUIKSHANK,
Attorney at Law
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m.

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,
A Graduate of the University of Maryland,

Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12, M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged. After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. ap11-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the first day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.
Bankers and Brokers,
No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF

BUILDING LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

June 28, 1873.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
Jan31. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

Trustee's Public Sale OF No. 1 Real Estate

IN KENT CO., MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, as Trustee, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, the 23d day of June, 1874

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Voshell House, in Chestertown, the residue of the REAL ESTATE of the late John M. Hudson.

THIS ESTATE was formerly known as

THE FREEMAN FARM.

It lies near the Trapse, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, Maryland. The location is most eligible, being in the centre of a healthy, thrifty, and enterprising neighborhood; convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.; not over five miles from Chestertown, within two miles of the Steamboat Wharf of Mr. H. Beck, on the North East branch of Langford's Bay, and not over two and a half miles from Vickers' Station, on the Kent county Railroad.

HE FARM Contains 300 Acres,

by recent survey; Twenty Acres in Wood and the balance arable.

It is one of the most fertile and productive Farms in the neighborhood, and has few, if any, rivals in the County.

The Improvements *Are a FRAME DWELLING,*

And the usual Out-Buildings; all in fair order.

A Young and Thrifty Peach-Orchard OF 5,000 TREES,

A Healthy and Thriving PEAR ORCHARD of Twelve Hundred Trees.

And an Apple Orchard of about 75 Trees.

The fruits of these Orchards are of the most approved and saleable varieties.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

As prescribed by the Decree, are as follows, viz:—One-fourth part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification of said sale by the Circuit Court for Kent County, at the option of the Trustee, and the residue in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale, with interest thereon from said day—the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874.

By the direction of the Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, for the sale of the real estate of John M. Hudson, late of Kent county, deceased, the Trustee to sell said property hereby notifies the Creditors of the said John M. Hudson, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of said Court within four months from the day of the sale of said property.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
May 23, 1874—ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of a Power of Attorney from Chas. C. Fortiner and wife, of the city of Philadelphia, to Andrew Woodall, dated the seventeenth day of April, 1874, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on

THURSDAY, June 18th, 1874,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

At the Hotel of John Pennington, in Galena,

A Dwelling House AND LOT,

situated in the village of Galena, on the eastern side of the public road leading to Georgetown, now occupied by John Hodgkin.

The Lot contains about

HALF AN ACRE OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

The house has two rooms and a passage on the first floor, and three rooms on the second floor. There is a

STABLE and CARRIAGE HOUSE

on the premises. The entire premises are in good order, and would make a pleasant home for a small family.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, and the balance in equal instalments in six and twelve months from the day of sale. The credit payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser. The purchaser to pay for deed.

ANDREW WOODALL,
Per CORNELIUS J. SCOTT.
E. E. MILLER, Auct'r. my23-ts.

SALE of TOWN LOTS,

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the hotel of John Pennington, in Galena, Kent county, on

THURSDAY, June 18th, 1874,

AT THREE O'CLOCK, P. M.,

A NUMBER OF IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED

LOTS in Galena,

Embracing

THE OLD FOUNDRY, MACHINE SHOP,

And a **Dwelling House,**

the latter in the occupancy of George Steel.—The property is desirable, and would make a good stand for any one commencing business.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six and twelve months, the purchaser giving bond with approved security for the credit payments. Purchasers to pay for deeds.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT.
E. E. MILLER, Auct'r. my23-ts.

SHOULD you want Summer Undershirts, Drawers, Linen Bosom Shirts, Calico or Percal Shirts, Cotton or Thread Socks; Collars, paper or linen; paper or linen Cuffs, Shirt Bosoms, Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., call on S. MERRITT & CO., and get the worth of your money. S. MERRITT & CO.
Chestertown, May 16.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of an order or Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,

The TWENTY-THIRD of JUNE, 1874

At the Porch of the Voshell House, in Chestertown, at Eleven o'clock, A. M., all that

FARM and PLANTATION

IN KENT COUNTY,
BEING THE

HOME FARM,

Of the late Samuel E Baker, deceased,

CONTAINING

290 Acres, More or Less.

This farm is eligibly located on the road leading from Chestertown to Belair, and about three and a half miles from the former place. It adjoins the lands of the late William Thos Baker, Josias Ringgold and others.

The soil is of excellent quality—produces the various kinds of grain and grasses successfully. It has been thoroughly limed.

The farm is divided into six fields and several lots, all under very fair fencing. The Garden is enclosed. There are a large quantity of Locust trees, suitable for Posts

A fair proportion of the land is in WOOD AND TIMBER, some of it CHESTNUT.

A stream of water runs through the centre of the Farm. There is an

Apple Orchard and a Peach Orchard,

Young and bearing, of about 2,000 TREES.

The Dwelling

IS TWO STORIES IN HEIGHT, commodious and in good repair

There is a KITCHEN, Two CORN HOUSES, Two Granaries, Stabling, Machine House, Brick Meat House,

DAIRY, and Pump of Water convenient.

Mrs. MARY JONES, the tenant, will facilitate the examination of the premises by any who may call.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the Decree, are: one-fifth of the purchase money on the day of sale, or in ninety days, at the option of the Trustee. The balance to be paid in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee. The terms may be modified to suit persons disposed to purchase.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874—ts.

PRIVATE SALE.

I HEREBY OFFER FOR SALE

Radcliffe Hall,

the Farm upon which I now reside, commonly known as the **"Hanson Farm,"** part of which is now rented and occupied by Mr. John Greenwood, of Wm.

It is beautifully situated on Chester River, about one mile from Chestertown, and

Contains 471 ACRES, more or less.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a

Mansion House,

AND TENANT HOUSE,

in good repair, with the necessary Out-Buildings and offices. The Tenant House is large and commodious, and was built in the year 1871. The Farm is so well known that a full description is not needed.

An early purchaser will have the option of putting in, and making, the corn crop for the present year.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.
Radcliffe Hall, Feb. 28, 1874—tf.

B 4 U

BUY YOUR CIGARS, TOBACCO, and CONFECTIONERY,

DO not fail to go the new place, adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason, Jr., where you will always find a well selected stock to choose from. We are selling

Havana Cigars at 5 cts.

and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco lower than they have been sold since the war. Call and see for yourself.

Our CONFECTIONERIES are all new and fresh, and will be sold cheap.

We intend keeping an assortment of plain and fancy CAKES, and everything else good in our line. We mean business, and pledge ourselves to use every means in our power to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. Don't forget the place—between the stores of T. W. Eliason, Jr., and E. T. Willis.

GREENWOOD & SPARKS.
May 23, 1874—3m.

Take Notice, Farmers,
AND
Buy Cultivator Teeth

THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST of YEARS. We have a Large Stock of Cast Steel Cultivator Teeth on hand. We have three different sizes of teeth, viz: Two of the Old Style Three Cornered Teeth, and our celebrated ROUND CORNERED TOOTH, of which we have sold over Seven Hundred Sets. Our Teeth are gotten up with great care, and we will sell them as low as they can be bought anywhere else. Call and see our new

Cast Steel Hoe,

for Covering Corn and Garden use.

All persons wanting Reapers, Mowers and Threshers repaired, please send them in early.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, May 9, 1874.

WOOD-YARD FOR SALE.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform any person or persons who may wish to engage in the Wood business, that he has concluded to sell at private sale his entire stock in trade, consisting of about ONE HUNDRED CORDS OF SEASONED WOOD,

FOUR HEAD of HORSES,

TWO WOOD WAGONS, 1 HORSE POWER, 1 SAW, Wheel Bands, &c. The YARD and DWELLING can also be obtained at once.

feb28-tf. JOHN K. WILLIS.

LETTER FROM GALENA.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I deem it my duty to inform the people of Kent that they lose a rare chance if they fail to visit

Geo. W. Sutton's New Store, AT GALENA.

TO those who wish SUITS made up to order we would invite to call and examine our line of SAMPLES, as we have the finest assortment we have ever had, and can offer inducements. S. MERRITT & CO.

SPLENDID

REAL ESTATE

IN KENT COUNTY, MD.,
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE.

AS TRUSTEE, under a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, the undersigned will,

On Wednesday, the 24th of June, 1874

Offer at PUBLIC SALE in the village of GALENA, at 12 o'clock, M.,

The Valuable Real Estate

OF MR. H. H. RASIN, called

"Old Field Point"

WHICH LIES IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND, NEAR GALENA.

This Estate contains about

280 ACRES,

of which much the larger portion is arable.

It is laid off in proper and convenient divisions for farming purposes, and is under good and substantial fencing. The soil is of the very best and most desirable quality for the production of cereals, fruits and vegetables; and has upon it a

Large and Valuable Peach Orchard,

the fruit of which is of the most choice and saleable varieties.

In the advantages and convenience arising from location, such as beauty and salubrity of situation, convenience to churches, schools, mills, &c., frequent and cheap communication with the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, this estate will bear the most favorable comparison with the best and most desirable in the county. It lies directly on Sassafras River, adjoining the lands of Col Geo. W. Spencer and Mr. James Hurtt; is within three miles of the steamboat wharf at Georgetown, and not more than four from Lambson's Station, on the Kent County Railroad; while the deep water of the river from its shores may be reached by a short and cheap wharf, which would be directly on the line of the contemplated Chesapeake and Delaware Ship Canal.

Among the many handsome and salubrious situations on Sassafras river, this is acknowledged to be the handsomest and most healthy.

To any one desiring a healthy and beautiful residence, and therewith remunerative returns for his investment, this estate offers inducements to purchase far superior to those usually presented in property offered at public auction.

The Improvements

ARE A NEW, LARGE SQUARE

Frame Dwelling,

well planned and substantially built, and the usual Farm OUT-BUILDINGS, all in fair order.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—$2,000 cash on the day of sale, or within sixty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, the residue or balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale, the whole purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale, and payment to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874—ts.

[Delaware Gazette copy law tds and send bill to Trustee.]

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Power of Attorney, contained in a Mortgage from Joshua Vansant and wife to William A. Hyland and Cornelius J. Scott, dated December 27th, 1873, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 12, Folios 283, &c., one of the Land Record Books for Kent county, Maryland, the undersigned will sell at PUBLIC SALE, on

THURSDAY,

The Eighteenth day of JUNE, 1874,

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

At the Hotel of John Pennington, in Galena, THE SAID MORTGAGED PREMISES, consisting of

A FARM,

IN the FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT OF KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

which was devised by Hannah Greenwood in her last will and testament to said Joshua Vansant, adjoining the lands of Fredus Vansant, Ira Vansant and John Benson, on the public road leading from Wilmer's Point to Massey's, containing

146 Acres of Land,

MORE OR LESS.

The IMPROVEMENTS consist of a

FRAME DWELLING,

And all necessary OUT-BUILDINGS, all nearly new, and in good order. There is a pump of excellent water in the yard.

The farm is divided into five fields, under good fencing, and a

PEACH ORCHARD of TEN ACRES

OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

It is situated about two miles from Wilmer's Point, a Steamboat Landing on Sassafras river; about two miles from Morris' Station, and three miles from Massey's, on the Kent county Railroad, and is in the most highly cultivated and beautiful section of Kent county; is convenient to the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York markets, and also to Churches, Schools, and Mills.

Also, a Tract of WOOD-LAND,

Adjoining Morris' Station, containing

SIXTEEN ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, and the balance (except two thousand and five hundred dollars, which is to remain on the farm for two years from the first day of July next,) in six months from the day of sale. The credit payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser. These terms may be modified to suit the convenience of purchasers.

The purchasers to pay for deeds.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
MORTGAGEE.
E. E. MILLER, Auctioneer. my23-ts.

[Del. Gazette copy law. tds. and send bill to Mortgagee at Galena.]

Ladies' Heads.

Going along the other day,
I saw—how ever could she don it?
A woman only five feet four,
And one foot six of that was bonnet!

Her head had been a tidy head,
But for the big chignon upon it;
Yet all was soiled, disfigured, spoiled,
And swamped by said chignon and, bonnet.

On Sunday last she went to church,
And took her book as if to con it;
But all the time that she was there,
She thought of little save her—bonnet.

The parson took a winning text,
And tried to fix attention on it;
But all in vain, for naught she cared,
Except the "end of all"—her bonnet.

Yet stay! there is just one thing more,
I must include in this sad sonnet;
She sometimes thought of women there,
Who envied her mortal bonnet.

The luckless sermon, psalm and prayer,
All went for nothing—out upon it!
For every other woman there,
Was lost in hatred of *that* bonnet.

That mourn her husband was *non est*,
His shirt neck had no button on it;
For him she had no time to spare,
Intent alone upon her bonnet.

Now mark me well whom it concerns,
And think ye humanely upon it;
How could ye make her such a guy,
By recommending such a bonnet.

IN A MINUTE.

I reckon you know her. She lives down your way. We mean that young lady who, in company with a young man, make each night such superhuman exertions to hold up the front gate.

It's really amusing to watch them. We were just passing the house when the front door opened and the loving pair appeared on the porch. The girl was bareheaded, and the voice of her mother came floating down along the hall: "Helen, you had better put something on if you are going to stand there in the damp."

"Oh, it ain't any use; I'll be in in a minute," responded Helen.

Our curiosity was aroused. We had heard a good deal of fun made of young people in connection with gates, so we determined to watch the pair. With this object in view we slipped behind a tree box in shadow, and anxiously waited developments. Pretty soon we heard a sound. He had kissed her. Then he stepped down from the porch and moved toward the gate. We were beginning to get disgusted. Was this, then, all that was to be seen? Was this what people made fun of? She speaks. "Wait a minute, Henry; I forgot to tell you something," and she gets down on the walk to save him the trouble of coming back. There they talk for some minutes more, and at the conclusion they kiss again. Then he says "Good night," and makes another move for the gate. He reaches it and she reaches the porch; then he suddenly stops, and, calling her, informs her of the startling fact that he forget "one thing." He musn't turn back, you know; its bad luck, so she trips out to him, and that "one thing" occupied just ten minutes more.

"Helen! Helen! H-e-l-e-n!"

"Yes, mother, in a minute."

Five minutes more, and—

"Helen, come in now; you have been out long enough."

Ten minutes more and up goes the window in the second story, and—

"Helen Christena Warpole, if you don't come in right away, I'll come out and make you. D'ye hear?"

One more hasty kiss, and as the door closed on Helen's retreating form we turned away convinced.

The Deadly Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly, and then away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to day's long tears, only because of this.

A father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash, which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and joy lay buried, and only because of this.

I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the fell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt water of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to refute—throwing blame on the innocent, and punishing them as guilty, if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never heard. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruelest weapons man has for his brother's hurt

Only a Blush.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word or look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of the summer sunset? Strange it is also that the face only, and that the human face is capable of blushing—that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is face that is heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land still lingers with her fair daughters. They caught it from the rose—for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one, the bud, seeing her own fair face—more than the flowers—blushed, and cast the reflex on her velvet cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereupon it writes its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less do vice, intemperance and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice and passion leave their traces deeper than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty grows more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within.

A Story of Mystery and Woe.

A more honest fellow than Pennington Smythe never lived. He was young—say twenty-two or three—full of a large assortment of varied enthusiasm, possessed of an unlimited belief in the goodness of human nature, and absolutely incapable of falsehood.

And yet, curiously enough, he had a passion for mysteries. Although practically a common-place Presbyterian, he nevertheless affected to believe in the mysteries of Rosicrucianism. He was perpetually striving, with conspicuous want of success, to magnetize his friends, and although he was too orthodox to believe in Spiritualism, he lived in constant hopes of inducing his washstand to move and aid his writing-table to rap, by the patient contact of tireless hands. As for secret societies they were his delight. He belonged to nearly every ancient and venerable order of very modern mechanics and grocerymen in existence, and kept locked up in his trunk more flaring gilt badges and fantastically trimmed aprons, and horse-collars than would have sufficed to purchase the sovereignty of a dozen African kingdoms.

And there never was a more honest and straightforward little girl than Mary Morris, to whom Smythe was engaged to be married. She was just out of boarding-school, and her respectable father—in the wholesale lard business—and her equally respectable mother—in the wholesale family business—and all her thirteen brothers and sisters of assorted sexes, were ready to swear—or affirm, as the case might be—that Mary was as good as gold, and many times as valuable.

The engagement of these two young persons was with the full approbation of the elder Smythes and Morrises. Young Pennington was expected to spend three evenings every week with his betrothed, and they were always accommodated with a convenient back parlor in which to converse after the manner of their kind. In these circumstances Pennington Smythe ought to have been happy, but he was not. There was no mystery about his love affair, and the fact weighed upon his spirits.

He did what he could to convince himself that the respectable old Mr. Morris, who used to say when Pennington made his appearance, "Now, you children, keep out of that there back parlor, and give Mary and her young man a show"—was bitterly opposed to the match, and must be kept from perceiving that his daughter was beloved by her "young man." But the only possible way which he could devise to throw an air of secresy over the affair, was to write notes to his beloved in a very cramped hand, and to deliver them himself. Usually he had to read them, too, since his handwriting was too mystical to be readily deciphered, and when they were read they usually contained nothing but an amplification of the inocuous idea that he, Pennington Smythe, proposed to love her, Mary Morris, in spite of every obstacle. As there were no conceivable obstacles this statement was not one of tremendous moment, but still it gave young Smythe no little comfort to make it in writing and deliver it with an air of immense secresy.

One day a happy thought struck him. How delightful it would be to correspond with his darling in cipher. This idea filled him with a calm, mystical joy that was really a first-class sensation. So he devised a cipher of the kind so much in vogue among school-girls, and which consisted in substituting one letter for another, and instantly wrote a brief note to Mary. This he carried to her the same evening, together with a key, and attained the seventh heaven of mystical delight in transmitting it to her.

Poor Mary suffered much from this cipher. It was very hard work for her to write an intelligible letter with the new alphabet. She continually made mistakes in it, and so kept Pennington out of his bed for hours, while with locked doors and shaded windows he tried to decipher some such sentence as. "I do so long to see you." It was only when mistakes were made in the use of the cipher that it became at all difficult of comprehension to an ordinary reader. Poor Pennington had not devoted much attention to the subject of ceyptography, or he would have known that there is nothing more transparent than a cipher which merely consists of the substitution of one letter for another. He was, however, soon to learn this fact in a very unpleasant way.

One evening Mary dropped a note which she had received by mail, and it was picked up by her father. The old gentleman was wild with horror. There was his trusted daughter actually corresponding with some unknown villian in cipher. Obviously the cipher must have some shameful secret. He sat in his arm-chair with the note open in his hand, and serious thoughts of immediate apoplexy in his mind, when his son Tom, a young fellow just home from college, entered, and, frightened at his father's expression of face, asked and received an explanation

Tom was a bright young fellow, and he at once remarked that it was hardly worth while to take to apoplexy until it was really apparent that the mysterious note contained something wrong. He suspected that it was written by the mystery-loving Smythe, and he did not doubt his ability to read it. The note ran as follows:

CRSM PSMX: H TEDS XBC SYC STFSXN FHTT. OSYYHYDUBY NPXULS.

In less than ten minutes Tom had translated this innocent mystery into the words, "Dear Mary, I love you and always will. Pennington Smythe," and thus banished his father's doubt and wretchedness.—However, the old man was angry enough to desire to give the unfortunate Pennington a lesson which he might remember. So when the young man made his usual evening call he was awaited in the parlor by the incensed father and his greatly amused son, and addressed in the following stern and cruel words:

"Mr. Smythe, what do you mean by writing to my innocent daughter in such infamous style as this, sir?" and he shook Pennington's letter before his astonished eyes.

"Sir," replied the youth, "it is not infamous. It is an entirely proper note.—All the world might see it."

"Then why the devil did you write it in this outlandish lingo?" returned the father.

"She is not to blame," hastily urged Pennington, judiciously shirking the main question. I assure you she never can read them without my help, and when she writes them she makes so many mistakes that often I can't make head or tail of them."

"By 'them' I suppose pou mean the letters written in cipher," replied Mr. Morton. "Well, I won't add to your trouble. Only let me advise you not to write any more cipher notes, my boy.—Tom, here, read your note almost as easy as if it had been written in print. There, go along, now, and don't be silly again—at least, any more than you can help, you know." And the old man, quite recovered from his anger, went laughingly away.

Pennington lingered. "Is it really true, Tom, that you could read it without a key?" he doubtfully asked.

"Of course I could. Why, Pen, there is nothing easier to read than that sort of cipher. If you will write in cipher—and I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, though you'll find it beastly tiresome—I can tell you of a cipher that no one can possibly translate."

"If you would be so very kind," murmured Pennington.

"Why," continued Tom, "you select some book. Then out of the words in this book you make your cipher. For instance, you want to write 'dear,' as I presume you do, and you find it, say, on the twelfth page of the book, in the second line from the top, and the third word in the line. You then represent it by the numbers 12, 2, 3. And so with the rest of your note. You see, no human being could possibly read it unless they happened to guess what book you used.

Pennington was overjoyed at this delightful plan, and, thanking Tom warmly, hastened to unfold the new cipher to Mary. He felt at perfect liberty to disregard Mr. Morris' advice not to write in cipher, for he now decided that Mary's father would be justifiably regarded as a hoary-headed tyrant, bent upon separating two loving hearts, and only fit to be circumvented by careful strategy. So he selected a novel of which he knew that both Mary and himself possessed copies; explained the new cipher with the utmost care, and after he reached home put it in immediate practice by writing a brief note and sending it by post, as he would be unable to see her next evening. This is what he wrote:

35 9 5—32 2 3—45 4 4—65 5 9—65 4 5—51 15 6—15 1 4—77 1 1—85 19 9—83 4 2—83 8 6—89 5 2—39 2 6—117 5 6—71 17 8.

Now the book upon which this cipher was based was printed in double columns. Unfortunately Penningion forgot to explain which of these columns he intended to use. However, he decided to use the outer column trusting that the other heart, which, as he frequently remarked, was one of two "which beat as one," would instinctively divine his selection.

Two nights afterwards he reached the Morris' door, full of delightful anticipations. He was met by old Mr. Morris, who, thrusting a note into his hand, explained, with much unnecessary emphasis, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of politeness, that if he ever ventured to present himself at that house again he would be kicked down the front steps, mixed up in complicated relations with the family bulldog, and committed to the final care of the police.

He went home maddened with this very undesirable mystery, and confident that old Morris had been attacked with delirium tremens, and was an exceedingly unsafe acquaintance. Once in his room, he sat down to read the crumpled letter that had been forced upon him. It was his own letter to Mary. Below the cipher was written Mary's translation of it. The poor girl had tried to translate it by using the inner columns of the book, and with the following unsatisfactory result:

"You liar when almost hate her and farewell you deceitful never again and base infamy."

And still further down on the page was written in Mary's hand, "I can make out enough of your letter to see it is a cruel, wicked insult, and I shall tell papa."

It flashed across Pennington's remnant of a mind that perhaps Mary had made a mistake in the columns of the book.—He seized the volume and verified his suspicion. The innocent note that he had written was actually transformed, by the simple process of reading it with the wrong column as a key, into the incoherent, but obviously impolite letter, which had wrought such unhappy consequences.

Pennington sank into his chair utterly overwhelmed. He called himself all the choice names that old Morris had applied to him, together with a large selection of other epithets. He spent an hour in this profitable occupation. At the end of that time he had formed a resolution which he put into immediate execution.

He rose up, and going to his trunk, took out all of his secret society emblems and solemnly threw them in the grate.—He next sat down and wrote twelve separate resignations for twelve different lodges. Then he wrote a solemn pledge never, to the day of his death, to meddle with cipher or any other mystery, and, finally, writing out a full history of the cipher letter, sent it, together with the book which he had used as a key, his pledge to solemnly abstain from mysteries, and an humble apology to old Morris.

Of course his explanation was accepted, and Mary forgave him. Several years have passed since that event, but if you want to make Pennington Smythe blush with wretchedness, all that is necessary is to ask him if he knows of any good, trustworthy cipher.

A YOUNG man who was married in Detroit six months ago has joined in the discussion of the question of family economy, but his little contribution is far from satisfactory. "I do not," says he, "understand how it is. I used to figure it out as I sat with my arms around her waist on Sunday nights, and all it would then cost to live would be two dollars and seventy-five cents a week, and now I spend fifteen dollars, and am hungry half the time." Brute!

A PUGILISTIC Irishman, being bound over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked: "The saints help the first foreigner I meet."

A VERY touchy husband told his wife they could not agree, and must divide the house. "Very well," said she, "you can take the outside."

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 advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

The Average Hotel Clerk.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THAT UNAPPROACHABLE INDIVIDUAL.

I can shake hands with a Governor, sit beside an alderman, and smoke with a State Senator, and never feel my littleness; but when I come to stand in the presence of the modern hotel clerk, I feel that awe and inferiority which tourists feel when they stand in the Yosemite valley and look up at the mountain tops a thousand feet above.

There is something about that young man standing behind the counter of a first-class hotel which is calculated to hold the common man at a distance; you may gaze at him if you wish to—in fact he is there to be gazed at—but don't attempt to be familiar. I would as soon think of dining with the crater of a volcano as of going up, extending a hand to a hotel clerk, and asking him if his family were enjoying tolerably good health. I sometimes dream of being thus familiar, and when I awake I feel as if I had been frozen.

The dignity, asperity and condescension of the modern hotel clerk! Did you ever notice how he resents any attempted familiarity of travelers? If a man calls him "old boy," or yells, "Say, you fellow there!" no well bred clerk lets on that he hears. He goes right on reading the morning newspaper, and finally that familiar traveler has to put on a beseeching look, and timidly ask:

"Please, mister, will you kindly permit me to disturb you while I humbly inquire if that Toledo train leaves at eight o'clock or at half-past?"

The clerk will raise his eyes from the paper, drop them, raise them to the clock, gently move them round the room, and finally reply:

"I guess so."

With what dignity they receive and assign guests. If a traveler asks for a room on the first floor, on account of his lame leg, the clerk lies back on his dignity and assigns him to the top story as punishment, and if all the earthquakes which ever quaked were to attempt to alter that clerk's determination, they would fail.

I used to believe that hotel clerks were like hotel waiters, and that a bribe would fetch them; but I found out my error when trying to pass a crumpled ten-cent note into the young man's hand. He drew back with such a look of scorn and contempt on his face that I didn't dare to register ot all, but slept in a barn and breakfasted on cheese and cracker. I heard afterward that he had been killed by a railroad collision, but I don't see how any such thing could have disturbed his dignity.

There are times when the hotel clerk will unbend. It is when a traveler says that he has wandered all over the world, stopped at all kinds of hotels and seen all sorts of clerks, yet in all his experience he had never seen such a well authenticated account of at least two clerks who after being addressed, allowed something like a smile to cross their faces, as they offered the persons addressing them a five cent cigar.

I can never forget the case of young Templeton; he was clerk of the Grand Duke and during the eleven years of service in that position he had never been known to smile, or to answer a civil question when he could help it. Everybody thought he owned the hotel, and everybody took off their hats to him and approached him with awe and trembling. He died one day, though I don't see how death dared to fool around him. I was on the coroner's jury, which rendered a verdict that "the deceased came to his death from an overplus of lofty grandeur, hastened by too large an amount of unbending top-loftiness.—*Waverly Mag.*

A Losing Game.

The Court Journal tells the following story concerning a French actress: There was for sale, at the time she was in Rio Janeiro, a set of diamonds, for which the owner wanted $15,000. The lady told a certain gentleman that she was enamored of the diamonds; consequently he inspected the jewels, found they were too dear, offered $12,000, which was refused, would not give a dollar more, and returned to tell his lady-love so. She thanked Mr. X. with her sweetest smiles, and got his promise that he would renew his offer the following day. That evening she called on the jeweler herself, and tried to get a reduction of price, but in vain.

"Well, Mr. Jeweler, here are $3,000, when my friend calls again accept his $12,000, and the bargain will be complete; but not a word of my transaction; lead my friend to believe that you take off $3,000 to effect the sale."

The next day Mr. X. called, and after a great deal of talking, the jeweler, with seeming reluctance, took his check for $12,000 and handed over the gems. On his way to lay them at the lady's feet, he turned in to his club, and there met an old friend, to whom he showed the jewels.

"My dear X——," answered his friend, "is there no way to reason you out of this infatuation? You have the most charming wife in the world; you love her, but a coldness has wrongly sprung up between you, and you have become estranged, each too proud to own a fault and prone to wound the other. Be advised; give the diamonds to Mrs. X——; follow up the peace offering."

The good advice was taken. X—— jumped into his carriage, drove home and made himself and his wife happy. The actress sat waiting and wondering, until losing patience, she went to the jeweler's, heard that the sale had been made, returned home, and waited again. Mrs. X—— wears the diamonds to this day, and husband and wife are happy in the extreme.

WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boot-jack, tries to cut kindling-wood for the morning with a paper knife, takes a pair of snuffers to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

AN Irishman engaged in fighting a duel insisted, as he was near-sighted, that he should stand six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist did to him.

MARK TWAIN believes in the Woman's Movement if it is confined to the washtub.