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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
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. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

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

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875. No. 39.

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. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

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

C. H. J. SPARKS,

MASSEY'S, KENT CO.,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

Drugs, Paints, Oils,

Poultry, Produce, &c.,

AND EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS TO BE FOUND IN A

First Class Country Store.

☞ A FULL, SELECT and FRESH Stock of Goods just received and opened for the HOLIDAYS.

On and after January 1st, 1875, we purpose SELLING FOR CASH ONLY, which will enable us to sell a great deal cheaper than where credit has to be given.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before January 1st, 1875. dec19-tf.

1875. January 1st. 1875.

ONE OF THE LARGEST

And BEST ASSORTED STOCKS of GOODS

TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE WITHIN THE COUNTY LIMITS, WE HAVE NOW IN STORE—

Selected with care at close cash figures—and are offering them upon liberal terms to responsible parties.

T. S. WICKES.

STEWART'S BEST CAST STEEL AXES, for sale by T. S. WICKES.

JOHN G. ROBINSON,
WITH
Sanders & Stayman,
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR THE
CELEBRATED
ESTEY ORGAN,
AND FOR
THE RENOWNED and MATCHLESS
"WEBER," "BRADBURY," AND "HAINES"
PIANOS.

15 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

☞ PIANOS and ORGANS Tuned and Repaired. j9-6m.

NOTICE.

FINDING it impossible to continue the practice of Medicine in this county under the present mode of doing business, and not wishing to take my patrons by surprise, I take this plan to notify them that, after this date, I shall be compelled to issue my accounts half-yearly, at least until I pay my indebtedness; and if not settled satisfactorily in thirty days after presentation, to place them in the hands of a collector for settlement. I have been driven to this by the many losses I have sustained by allowing accounts to remain over from year to year for thirty years or more; and it is also a duty I owe to my creditors, my family and friends. Being dunned for money which I am unable to pay renders me unfit and unable to discharge my professional duty, as I am unable to procure the proper instruments necessary in so extensive a practice. I hope I shall not offend any of my old friends or deter any one from employing me, but I am determined to adhere to this plan until further notice. Wishing all a happy New Year, I remain

jan2-tf. T. H. WHALAND.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN consequence of the death of the senior member, the firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON is dissolved. All persons indebted are earnestly requested to call and make **immediate settlement,** as it would be exceedingly unpleasant for me to sue any one. We have a large amount of money to raise and the business must be settled.

☞ Thanking all persons for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm, I hope by the strictest attention to business to retain the same.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to John T. Dodd & Son.
Chestertown, Nov. 14, 1874—tf.

THE GREAT NEURALGIA CURE.

HOPKINS'
ANTALGIC LINIMENT,

After a test of Twenty years, is confidently offered to the public as the most powerful external remedy which has ever been discovered for the cure of *NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, STIFF NECK, LUMBAGO, SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS,* and all pains of the joints and limbs.

Hundreds who have used it give it the strongest endorsement.

FACTS to be Remembered:

ANTALGIC LINIMENT positively cures Neuralgia.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the worst cases of Rheumatism.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly cures Toothache
ANTALGIC LINIMENT never fails to cure Gout.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly relieves Headache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the Face-ache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT is unequalled for the immediate relief of all kinds of pains. It does not blister, nor discolor the skin.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

T. K. ROBSON, PROPRIETOR, Easton, Md
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Chestertown. sep19-6m.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.

I HAVE NOW IN STORE
A Fine lot of
Hand-Made Children's Shoes,
for sale. Call and see them.
JAMES A. SHAW,
Jan. 2, 1875. Court Street.

FOR SALE,
A NEW LETTER C HOWE
SEWING MACHINE,
Suitable for manufacturing, Tailoring and all kinds of Leather work. Shoemakers, or others, in want of such a machine can get a bargain in this. It has never been used and will be sold at much less than manufacturers' price on reasonable credit. Apply at Kent News office. jan9-tf.

GENTLEMEN—Call and examine our Stock of FINE BOOTS, at
Dec. 19. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, having discontinued farming, will sell at Public Sale at the residence of his father, John A. Miller, on "Camelworthmore," near Lynch's Station, on

WEDNESDAY, Feb'ry 10th, 1875

The following property, to wit:

5 Head Good Work Horses

Two of them Mares in foal;

1 COLT, one yr. old coming Spring.

1 Yoke of Superior OXEN,

SIX YEARS OLD;

5 MILCH COWS,

ONE BULL,

Lot of Fine SHOATS,

2 FARM WAGONS, 1 CARRIAGE, 1 GOOD OX-CART,

1 Reaper, 1 Wheat Drill, Wheat Rake,

1 FAN, nearly new; 1 CORN SHELLER, nearly new; Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Plow Gears, Hoes, Forks, and other

Farming Implements.

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

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

☞ If stormy the above date, the sale will take place the first fair day thereafter.

WILLIAM T. MILLER.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r.
January 30, 1875—ts.

☞ **READ, REFLECT and REMEMBER**

That ECONOMY is WEALTH,
AND THAT
TIME TRIES ALL THINGS, AND HAS PROVEN THAT

THOMPSON'S is the CHEAP STORE

Where you can find a little of everything generally kept in a

Grocery, Notion and Provision Store

From a Barrel of Flour or Lime to a Pin or Needle. He has on hand and for sale a

Full stock of GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE and TINWARE. TOBACCO and CIGARS a Specialty. Read's Grand Duchess Cologne and Toilet Soaps.

FLOUR.—Patapsco Extra and Snow Hill Family Flour (warranted), bought direct from manufacturers and shipped to me with but little expense, and for sale at city prices.

LIME—By the bushel or barrel, and HAIR, all for sale at the very lowest prices for the CASH ONLY.

WANTED—All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, RAGS, FUR, &c., for the cash or in exchange for goods.

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 9, 1875. Up Town.

New Oyster Saloon.

I have fitted up the basement of my Hotel exclusively for the

OYSTER BUSINESS,

and have employed an experienced caterer. The finest SALT OYSTERS that can be bought in the Baltimore market will always be kept on hand, and can be had on the shell, or cooked in any style—broiled, roasted, stewed or panned—not surpassed by any first class city saloon. Give us a trial, and satisfy yourself.

dec12-3m. JOHN HALL.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned having purchased the good will and fixtures of the

EATING and DRINKING HOUSE

of Mr. A. H. ROCKWELL in Chestertown, near the Court House, is now prepared to furnish OYSTERS of the best quality in every style. Also Beef Steak, Pork Steak, Ham and Eggs, &c. Oysters by the gallon or in the shell. A private room for Ladies where they can be accommodated at any time. THE BAR will be furnished with the best of Liquors.

N. B.—LAGER BEER a specialty.

Dec. 5—2m. D. A. BENJAMIN.

NEW STORE!

MRS. NANNIE EMORY having opened a FANCY and DRY GOODS STORE, in the Machine Rooms of Mr. Willard Melvin, solicits the patronage of her friends and the public. We will also do PLAIN SEWING in a neat manner. jan2-1m.

FOR RENT.

That eligible property known as the **Primrose Estate,** located on Chester River, in close proximity to the Bridge at Chestertown, containing about SEVENTY ACRES OF LAND, well adapted to the growth of all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The House is commodious and in fine order, and would make a fine Summer Resort, having a magnificent water front, with fine Ducking and Fishing Shore. The above property will be leased for a term of years, together with the Stock and Tools necessary for carrying on the business, and immediate possession given. For further information apply at this office, or to

CHARLES H. LAKE,
jan2—tf. On the Premises.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

SAMUEL GORMAN,
Practical Pump Maker, Well Digger and Repairer,
Near the Iron Foundry, CHESTERTOWN.

☞ All work done in a mechanical manner and at prices that defy competition. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept constantly on hand or made to order. jan16-3t*

GOOD WHISKEYS,

BRANDY, WINES, &c.,
At reasonable prices, at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

N. B.—No liquor sold by the Glass.
Jan. 16, 1875.

Merchant Tailoring.

IF you wish a **First Class Suit** made to order, and desire a good fit, call on us, and you will find a very large variety of Foreign and Domestic Cloths and Cassimeres. S. MERRITT & CO.,
Jan. 30, 1875. Bordley's Corner.

CUPID'S WING.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The dart of Love was feathered first
From Folly's wing, they say,
Until he strove his shaft to shoot
In Beauty's heart one day;
He miss'd the maid so oft, 'tis said
His aim became untrue;
And Beauty laugh'd as his last shaft
He from his quiver drew!
"Forbear," cried she, "to shoot at me,
You little spiteful thing!
The feather on your shaft I scorn
When plucked from Folly's wing!"

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
And fitted to his string;
And each new shaft he feather'd from
His own bright, glossy wing!
He shot until no plume was left
To waft him to the sky;
And Beauty smiled upon the child
When he no more could fly;
"Now, Cupid, I am thine!" she said,
"Come, cease thine archer play;
For Beauty yields when she is sure
Love will not *fly away!*"

DIO LEWIS'S RECEIPT FOR A BED.—Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day it is thought that not less than five pounds leave his body through the skin. And of these five pounds a considerable per-centage escapes during the night while he is in bed. The larger part of this is water, but in addition there is much effete and poisonous matter.—This, being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed. Thus all parts of the bed—matress, blankets, as well as sheets—soon become foul, and need purification. The matress needs this renovation quite as much as the sheets. To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing three or six months would be rewarded as bad housekeeping; but, I insist, if a thin sheet can absorb enough of these poisonous excretions of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick matress, which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of the poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often certainly as once in three months. A sheet can be washed. A matress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed, there is no other way of cleaning a matress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary matresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good old-fashioned straw bed, which can every three months be exchanged for fresh straw and the tick washed, is the sweetest and healthiest of beds. If, in the winter season, the porousness of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it a comforter or two woolen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks.—With this arrangement, if you wash all the bed-covering as often as once in one or two weeks, you will have a delightful, healthy bed. Now, if you leave the bed to air with open windows during the day, and not make it up for the night before eveniug, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and in consequence to the tone of your health. I heartily wish the good change could be everywhere introduced. Only those who have thus attended to this important matter can judge of its influence on the general health and spirits.

A HORSESHOE FOR SLIPPERY STREETS.—In a letter to the London *Times*, George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of royal engineers, describes an invention for enabling horses to perform their work with safety on ice covered roads and slippery streets, which has been used with great success on the horses of a company of the army service corps. The following extract from the letter may prove of practical value to horsemen in this country:

"Some time ago I tried a simple steel stud of a square shape, some two or three inches in length, one end of which is pointed; the other end, which has a very slight taper, fits tightly into a hole of corresponding size at the extremity of each branch or 'heel' of the shoe, reaching nearly to, but not above, its foot surface. During November, before the frost set in, the farrier-sergeant was instructed to punch the square holes in the shoes of every horse he shod. This entailed very little additional trouble, but insured the transport against surprise by the weather, for the studs were made at the same time and kept in readiness; indeed, these are so simple that a blacksmith's apprentice could provide any number of them in a very short space of time." Mr. Fleming adds "that the slight taper on the portion of the steel which fits into the shoe can be easily taken out when required, as for renewal, to be resharpened, when the horse is in the stable, or when a thaw commences. Riding or light-draft horses need only to have a stud at each heel, but heavy-draft animals may be provided with one at the toe. If a stud drops out, which is rarely the case if it fits the hole well, it can be readily replaced on the spot by a spare one, a number of which should always be kept. The studs last for a long time, and may be resharpened as often as may be necessary by sending them to the blacksmith. Those of the army service corps were made from old rasps."

A PLUCKY SERVANT.—A female tramp entered a house in Elizabeth and demanded something to eat. The hired girl, who is a German of a pretty fair share of strength and muscular ability, gave the tramp some bread. The latter wasn't satisfied, but actually demanded meat. The girl said she hadn't any to give her, when the tramp started to go up stairs, probably to get what she could find. The girl called her back and told her she must not go up stairs; at this the tramp turned and struck the girl in the face. The scene that followed would have been good for the sight and soul of a believer in muscular Christianity. The hired girl drew back her arm, clenched her fist, struck from her shoulder full and fair, and that tramp dropped on the floor "like a thousand of brick." The girl had evidently been engaged, for she pounced on the tramp and gave her a first-rate out-and-out threshing, just exactly suited to her impudence. Then she let the tramp go, and told her to go. She went. Who would have a hired girl like that?

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* claims that it was a copy of that paper Mrs. Potiphar wanted of Joseph. Very likely—we always heard it was something wicked she wanted.—*Mil. Sentinel.*

ALICE STANLEY'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Sister Alice!" called a clear, childish voice.

Sister Alice, obedient to the summons, came to the window where her little sister, Minnie Stanley, stood looking out. A prettier face or figure it would be difficult to imagine. Alice Stanley was more than pretty; she was intelligent, cultured and even-tempered. She never thought of herself when the happiness, or even pleasure, of others was involved. Hence she came forward now, putting down the book she had been reading.

"What is it Minnie, dear?" she said.

"I am trying to find a star," replied the child, artlessly, "so that I may wish. Jennie Brooks taught me how."

"It is rather too early to see the stars yet," said Alice. "The sun has just set. See the after-glow in the sky. But, ah! there's the new moon."

"Oh, yes! and a tiny bit of a star close by it," cried the little girl. "Now I will wish, and she repeated, eagerly—

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night;
I wish I could, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night!"

Then she stood a moment in silence, and with a long breath of relief, said, "Milton," in a tone of great satisfaction.

Alice laughed. It was a pleasure to hear her laugh. Her laugh was like the tinkle of silver bells.

"What has Milton to do with the wish?" she said.

"Oh, that's the way!" said Minnie, with much gravity. "Jenny Brooks said I was to say the verse; then she told me that Milton was a poet. He was one, wasn't he? She wasn't making fun of me, was she?" Then she looked up to her sister, quite gravely, and said, "Now you wish, Alice. Didn't you know how when you were a little girl?" she asked, compassionately.

"Oh, yes!" said Alice. "I know how, only instead of saying 'Milton,' I put my finger on my lips, and went about until I could get some one to ask me if I had wished. But I think your way is an improvement."

Then some one called Minnie, who ran way, leaving Alice still looking at the fast darkening sky. The scene was one of exceeding beauty, for star after star began to twinkle, till soon the whole firmament seemed palpitating. But she scarcely seemed to heed what she saw. Her thoughts were not on the scene before her. Her sister's simple faith, that a star had the power to grant her wish, had brought back some memory of her own childish days. With a smile and a sigh she repeated the rhyme, and then murmured softly to herself, "Let Dr. Cranston send me a Valentine to-morrow."

As she spoke, even though all alone, her virgin cheeks were dyed with blushes. If the gentleman in question had been listening, and had overheard her, she could not have colored more vividly.—Frightened at her temerity, she turned hastily away, and ran down to the lighted parlors below.

At the same hour Dr. Henry Cranston, the gentleman whose name she had used, was visiting his aunts and cousins, on his return from some patients. His professional duties seldom left him much time for friendly calls, and though warmly welcomed by the elder members of the family, the youngest, a little girl of three years, considered him sufficiently a stranger to justify her in being rather timid.

Her sister's persuasive appeals to know whether she loved cousin Harry were met, therefore, with calm silence. But Dr. Cranston himself, rising soon after to take his leave, said playfully:

"What can I do, little Alice, that we may be better friends next time?"

"Oh," she cried, suddenly relaxing, and to the amusement of all present, "send me a Valentine to-morrow. Sister says St. Valentine's day, and I've never had a Valentine yet."

Of course he promised compliance, and on his way home purchased one for the occasion, brilliant in gold and color and lace fret work, a very paragon of a Valentine, as he thought, for a little girl.

Arrived at his office, he found several letters requiring his attention, and among them was a note from Alice Stanley, asking the title of a book on drawing, which he had recently recommended to her.

The note contained but half a dozen lines, yet it occupied him longer than all the rest. He read and re-read it, looking lovingly at the delicate, lady-like handwriting, and at last, with a sudden impulse, kissing the hot-pressed, scented paper.

The answer seemed very difficult to write, but at length it was finished and carefully revised. "That is cool and business-like enough," he muttered, rather bitterly. "She will never dream how presumptuous I am. If she did, rich and courted as she is, I suppose she would never speak to me again." And he reached up to a pigeon hole in his desk for an envelope.

"How I wish I dared write her a letter, full of the love and devotion I feel for her," he said, pausing, with the envelope still in his hand. "But it would never do for me, a young doctor, just struggling into a practice, to speak of love to the daughter of Ralph Stanley, the millionaire. True, I am her father's family physician, and as such am treated with every courtesy. But I owe even that position to chance. If I had not been accidentally near Mr. Stanley when he fell on the ice, and was so badly injured, I should never have held this enviable position. Their former physician had just moved away, and they were satisfied with my skill, and they have ever since employed me. I would be a madman to presume on their kindness." And he sighed.

"No, I must wait until I can at least support a wife," he added, after awhile; "and in the meantime some one else will carry off the prize." And he sighed again.

He sat for a few minutes in moody silence, then, rousing himself, said, "Now for little Alice's Valentine," and drew forth the daintily-embossed sheet he had chosen.

"I suppose it must have some verses to make it complete," he thought, and again took up his pen.

One could see, however, by the tender light in his face, as he wrote, that it was of the larger Alice that he was thinking, rather than of the little one.

Three or four verses and he finished.

"Rather poor attempt," was his comment; "but it will have to answer."

Just then the office-bell rang. It was an urgent summons from one of his patients, and he hurriedly made his preparations. As he was leaving his office, his eye fell on his letters. "They must go to-night; I will mail them myself," he said, and, hastily slipping them into their envelopes, posted them, on his way to his patient.

Many were the Valentines addressed to Miss Alice Stanley, for she was a universal favorite. She had received quantities every year ever since you could recollect. She took, therefore, but a passing interest in them. Towards night, however, one was handed her which brought the quick color to her cheeks, and set her heart throbbing wildly. It was only a common letter, as it seemed at first, with a plain white envelope; but Alice recognized the free, manly writing she had so often seen in prescriptions during her father's illness; and thinking to herself, at first, "Dr. Cranston has sent me the title of that book," she opened it, quietly. But the moment her eyes fell on what was within, a blush, as we have said, dyed her pretty face. No title of a drawing book was sufficient to send the blood in such waves to her cheeks, or to cause her maidenly dress to rise and fall so rapidly above her bosom.

Fortunately she was alone, and had no one to notice her confusion. To her unbounded astonishment, the envelope contained a small, but very elegant Valentine; and on the blank page was written, in the same well-known hand—

"Many thanks, oh! gentle lady,
For those gracious words of thine,
Bidding me in accents kindly,
Be thy welcome Valentine.

Long and well as I have loved thee,
Dear as is thy sweet behest;
No such liberty I'd venture,
Were it not thine own request.

But emboldened by that mandate,
By the look and smile you gave,
Now indeed I'll sue with ardor,
And a greater boon I'll crave.

Long and well I've loved thee, Alice,
Loved thee fervently and true;
When we meet will not you whisper,
'Harry, dearest, I love you.'"

Critics might have thought the rhymes were not as finished as they should be, considering the beauty of the fair girl who read them; and certainly Dr. Cranston would have taken more care with them. But Alice saw no deficiences in the verses.

"It is true, I do love him," she said, softly, with a caressing movement of her hand, over the little messenger of such glad tidings. "I think I have loved him," she whispered to herself, blushing again, "almost ever since I first saw him; but he is so grave and wise, I never thought he would care for me." And she, too, first looking stealthily around, kissed her letter.

"But how could he know that I wished him to send me a Valentine?" she said, after a while, as she thought of her last night's wish. "No one heard me, and he thanks me for the permission to send it! I shall be inclined to believe in the doctrine that kindred spirits can meet and commune, though their earthly tenements may be far distant from each other. Dear Harry!" and she kissed the Valentine a second time.

She seemed lost in thought for a moment. Then she said, with her finger under her chin, "But what am I to do? Wait until we meet, I suppose, and then Monsieur le Doctuer," she added, saucily, a sudden gayety breaking all over her pretty face, "it will depend upon where we meet whether I comply with your request. Not if it is in the street, or in a crowd, I fancy."

Meanwhile, the day had been a busy one for Dr. Cranston, and it was again evening before he opened his letters.

Among them was a note from his cousin, little Alice's older sister.

"What could possess you," it said, "to send an envelope addressed to Alice with only the inclosed paper in it? She thought it was her Valentine, and was much disappointed."

Dr. Cranston opened the paper referred to. It was his note to Miss Stanley, giving the title of the book.

In an instant he comprehended all, and knew that his Valentine had gone to Alice Stanley, by mistake.

"A pretty piece of business!" he exclaimed, jumping from his seat, and running his hand wildly through his hair, a habit of his when excited. Then he began to pace up and down the room. "It is easy enough to send little Alice another Valentine. But how explain to Miss Stanley?"

He paused, stroked his chin in thought, resumed his chair, put his elbows on the table, and rested his face in his hands, and so turned it all over. But he could arrive at no conclusion.

Again his bell roused him, and on opening the door, he found Mr. Stanley's footman.

"Please, sir," said the man, "Come at once to Mr. Stanley's. Miss Minnie is quite unwell."

Dr. Cranston soon arrived at his destination, and was ushered into the parlor, while the footman went to announce his arrival.

The rooms were dimly lighted, and the doctor at first thought them vacant; but a slight figure now rose from the fireside, and advanced toward him.

In a moment he recognized Alice Stanley, and was thinking awkwardly enough what apology he could make for his blunder about the valentine, when, to his bewilderment, she put both hands into his, and said, frankly, but with downcast eyes:

"I do not quite understand your Valentine, but it has made me very happy."

Could he believe his senses? Was he insane or in a dream? But before he could rally his faculties, he was called to see his little patient, and had to leave the room.

But he had another interview with Alice, as soon as he left the sick-room, where little Minnie was suffering from nothing worse than a slight catarrh.—Alice was at first rather shocked, when she found that it was only by mistake that she had received her precious Valentine. But the ardor and earnestness, perhaps also the eloquence of the doctor, soon reconciled her to it all. They had a hearty laugh over their mutual explanations, and Alice was even induced, before her lover left the house, an hour or more after, to repeat correctly the last line of his VALENTINE.

HUSBANDS IN LITTLE THINGS.

"Ah, Brown, how are you?"

"Why, Jones, is that you! How d'ye do, my good fellow?"

Such were the exclamations with which two neighbors greeted each other, as they met, one evening about sundown, on their way home from business. After a few inquiries about each other's families, for both were married men, and the stereotyped complaints respecting hard times, of which merchants complain as proverbially as farmers do of bad crops, Brown said to his friend:

"Suppose we try a few oysters, Jones. I've found a place where they keep capital ones. You don't have supper quite yet?"

"No; there's plenty of time. I'll go with pleasure."

So the two husbands turned aside into a saloon, where, in the course of an hour's chat, they managed to spend half a dollar each; partly in oysters, and partly in brandy and water, "to make the oysters," as they said, "digest."

Meantime Mrs. Jones, the youngest of the two wives, sat wondering why her husband did not come home. She had been into the kitchen two or three times to see that supper was ready and being kept hot, for Mr. Jones was one of those men who neither liked to wait for a meal nor eat a cold one. At last, full an hour after his usual time, the husband made his appearance.

"Take up supper," cried Mrs. Jones, running to the kitchen door. "It's Mr. Jones—I'll let him in myself;" and, as she spoke, she breathlessly hurried to admit her husband.

"Supper's on the table, Jones," she said, as she clung to him. "I've made your favorite cake, and hope it will turn out well. Only I'm afraid it's half spoiled by the delay. But I suppose that business kept you, and so it can't be helped."

The husband did not contradict his wife. But when he came to try the cake he pushed it away.

"Isn't it right?" said the wife, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Yes! it will do," answered Mr. Jones, "only 'tis not quite up to the thing, and besides I'm not hungry."

Poor lady! She fancied that these last words were said in order to spare her feelings, and the reason her husband did not eat was because the cake was bad. Her afternoon's happiness had consisted in thinking how agreeably her husband would be surprised at this little delicacy. But this was all destroyed now. She had no appetite herself to eat, and really fancied the cake tasted flat; in short, it was as much as she could do to command her feelings.

Her husband saw, and partially understood, her emotion. A single word from him could have explained all, and he knew it; but he was ashamed, at first, to say he had been loitering on his way home; and afterward it was too late. At last he became angry at his wife for being hurt, as men strangely will, when they themselves are in fault. It was a miserable evening for poor Mrs. Jones.

Meantime Mr. Brown had also reached home. His wife also was waiting for him.

"Where have you been, my dear?" she said. "How late you are! But come, don't lose a moment; supper's waiting, and I want you to take me to the concert to-night." And, as she spoke, she led the way briskly to the supper-room.

"A concert!"

"Yes, my dear," answered the wife, turning cheerfully around, "and I've promised sister Jane to meet her there. If we don't hurry all the best seats will be filled before we arrive."

"Really, my love," stammered Mr. B., as he took his seat, and began curiously to examine his fork, not caring to meet his wife's eyes, "I'm afraid—"

He stopped. Mrs. Brown's face fell. She knew, from his manner, what was coming. But she ventured, for once, on a remonstrance.

"It's only twenty-five cents apiece," she said, "and surely we can afford that. I don't go anywhere, as you know. I feel as if I could enjoy this concert."

Thus urged, Mr. Brown would perhaps have gone, if he had not already spent half a dollar himself. But that settled the affair. One extravagance, as he reasoned, was sufficient. He did not, however, tell his wife why he persisted in his refusal.

"I'd go—in a minute—if I could afford it, my love," he stammered, "but fifty cents here and fifty cents there, soon runs up—we may live yet to see the day when we'll want even that sum."

Mr. Brown, like many others, was always ready to preach, but slow to practice. Scarcely a day passed that he did not spend something in an unnecessary lunch; but he never thought of curtailing this item of foolish expense; it was invariably his wife's comfort and recreation that was made to suffer under the plea of economy.

Mrs. Brown sighed. She had been married long enough to know that expostulation was useless with a husband, at least with Mr. Brown. But the disappointment was greater than she thought it wise to show.

Her husband, however, saw her feelings, and sat, for the rest of the evening, silent and sulky. This did not add to the happiness of his wife, so that the hours wore away gloomily enough.

There are a great many husbands like Mr. Brown, and quite as many, we suspect, like Mr. Jones. In a thousand ways, indeed, wives suffer from the selfishness of those who have sworn "to love and cherish" them, but, alas! forget to keep their vows, at least in little things.

AN IMMENSE HOTEL.—The Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, which is to be all ready for occupancy by September, is an immense establishment. It is seven stories high, built of brick, iron and stone. Twenty-six hundred tons of iron were used in its construction and 22,000,000 brick. There are 755 rooms for guests in the hotel, and it is intended to furnish accommodation for 1,200 persons. The ventilation embraces 2,042 distinct flues, laid in the walls and ascending to the roof. Thirteen hundred persons were employed on the building at one time, 1,000 gas lights being required for the night force. The hotel was erected by Mr. W. C. Ralston, president of the Bank of California, and Mr. Sharon, the republican nominee for Senator in Nevada. The cost for the ground, building and furniture is $3,250,000.

A YANKEE COURTSHIP.

Well, you see, arter the, "poker" scrape, me and Sal got along middle' well for some time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, for I loved her harder and harder every day, and I had an idea that she had a sorter sneakin' kindness for me, but how to dew the thing up right pestered me orful. I got some luv books and read how fellers got down on their narrows and talked like parrots, and the gals they would go inter a sort of trance, and then how they would gently fall into the feller's arms, but some how that way didn't suit my notion. I asked marm how dad courted her, but she said it had been so long that she'd forgot all about it.—(Unkle Joe allers says that marm done all the courtin'.) At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for the thing was fairly cousumin' my innerds. So I goes over to her daddy's and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinking how I should begin. Sal she sed sumthin' was a troublin' me, and sez she—

"Ain't you sick, Peter?"

"Yes—no," sez I; "that is, I ain't exactly well. I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. That's a mighty putty beginning', anyhow, thinks I, so I tried again. "Sal," sez I, and about this time I felt mighty fainty and oneasy about the squizerinctum.

"What!" sez Sal.

"Sal." sez I agin'.

"What!" sez she.

"I'll get to it arter awhile at this lick," thinks I.

"Peter," sez she, "ther's sumthin' a troublin' you powerful, I no. Its mity wrong for you tew keep it from a body, for a innerd sorror is a consumin' fire."

She sed this, she did, the dear, sly creeter.—She noed what was the matter all the time, mity well, and was just tryin' to fish it out, but I was gone so far I didn't see the pint. At last I kinder sorter gulped down the lump as was raisin' in my throat, and sez I—"Sal. does you luv everybody?"

"Well," says she, "thar's dad and marm, and (countin' her fingers all the time with her eyes sorter shut, like a feller shootin' off a gun,) and thar's old Pide, (that were an old cow of hern,) I can't think of anybody else jist now," sez she.

Now this wur orful for a feller ded in luv, so arter awhile I tries another shute. Sez I—"Sal, I'm powerful lonesum, and I sometimes think if I only had a putty wife to luv and to talk to, and to move and have my bein' with, I should be a tremendous feller." With that she began and named over all the gals within five miles of thar, and never wunst came a nigh namin' of herself, and sed I orter get one of them. That sorter got my dander up, and so I hitched my cheer close up to hern, and shet my eyes, and trembulously sed—"Sal, you are the very gal I've been hankerin' after a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your hed to the foot of your crown, an' I don't care who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be jined in the holy bons of matrimony, epluribus unum, world without end," sez I, and I felt like I'd throw up an allygatur, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile she sez, sez she—"Peter!"

"What is't, Sally?" sez I.

"Yes!" sez she, a hidin' ov her putty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it I felt orful good.

"Glory! glory!" sez I. "I must hollar, Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hooray for Hooray. I kin jump over a ten rale fence, I can do everything that any fellow could, would or orter do." With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and clinched the bargain with a kiss—and such a kiss—talk about yer sugar—talk about yer molasses—talk about yer blackberry jam—you could not have got me to come nigh em', they would all tasted sour arter that. Ef Sal's dady hadn't hollered out its time for all onest folks to be in bed, I do believe I'd staid there all night. Yer orter seed me when I got hum. I pulled dad outer bed and hugged him—I pulled marm outer bed and hugged her—I pulled ant Jane outer bed and hugged her—I pulled the nigger servant outer bed and hugged her. I roared, I hollered, I danced and cut up more capers than you ever heard tell ov, till dad thot I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "Dad," sez I, I'm gwine to go for to get married."

"Married!" balled dad.

"Married!" squalled marm.

"Married!" squeaked ant Jane.

"Yes, married!" sez I. "Married all over; jined in wedlock, hooked on for for woser or for better, for life or for death, to Sal; I am that very thing; me Peter Sporum, Esquire." With that I up and telled them all about it from Alpher to Omeger. They were all mity pleased and mity willin', and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spirs.

O Jehofifat! didn't I feel tremendous good, and kept getting that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink, but kept rollin' about and a thinkin' till my cup ov happiness was full, pressed down and a runnin' over.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.—Dr. D. E. Bellesme, in India, has been trying some experiments with the poison of the scorpion, which he obtained by irritating the animal. The experiments were conducted upon dogs, pigeons and frogs. The nine-thousandth part of a grain of fresh venom injected into the thigh of a frog caused the skin to become violently inflamed and the animal to die in fifty-seven minutes. On examining the blood microscopically under the influence of the poison it was found that the corpuscles were strangely deformed, and they rapidly became agglomerated into viscous masses, running into each other. The function of the blood is thus destroyed, and death in one of its most agonizing forms must ensue.

HARRIET MCERWEN KIMBALL is responsible for this paroxysmal description of a kiss:

Only the roses will hear;
Dear,
Only the roses will see!
This once—just this!
Ah, the roses I win,
They envy me!

This kiss was clearly *sub rosa.*

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG tells untruths. She says, for instance, that she wouldn't marry the best man in America. It is a joke, however. She knows we've been married a number of years.—*Rock. Dem.*

"WHAT can't be cured must be sold fresh," is what they say in Porkopolis.

BUSINESS LAW.

The following brief compilation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

It is not necessary to say on a note, for value received.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note by a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is also void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by a fraud or from a person in a state of intoxication cannot be collected.

If a note is lost or stolen it does not release the maker. He must pay it if the consideration for which it was given and the amount be proven.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Notes bear interest only when it is so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the rest.

Something about the Bible.

How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years.—From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to St. John, who wrote Revelation, it was that long time.

How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul and Peter. There were Moses, Ezra, David, Daniel and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some tent-makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned and some were unlearned; and yet they all agree in what they write. There is not so much as a word of disagreement in the whole book. How could that be? Because God did the thinking of the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are God's thoughts. Those thirty men only did the writing.—They wrote just what God told them.

How many different sections of books are there in the Bible? Sixty-six all bound together, making one beautiful whole. It is a blessed book. Prize it above all the books in the