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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875. No. 13.

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 bjects 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.

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.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

MEDICAL CARDS.

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.

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, afte 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.

Removed to Media.

Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around, 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed. Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa.

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.

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.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber has just added to his Livery establishment
A Number of NEW CARRIAGES,
and having some excellent DRIVING HORSES is prepared to accommodate persons with a fine turnout at moderate prices, and respectfully solicits a call from those fond of a pleasant ride. His Stables are on Cross Street, above the jail, where he may always be found giving his personal attention to the business.
my14-3m. C. BLACK RASIN.

Special Cash Sales!

Best Bargains Ever Offered

S. M. REYNOLDS

Will open this week 5,000 yards New SPRING STYLE PRINTS, best makes, at **8 cts.** by the yard or piece.

Bleached Muslins.

Fruit of the Loom	12½c. per yard.
Forestdale	12½c "
Lonsdale	12½c "
Williamsville	15c "
Davol	15c "
Wamsutta	16c "
New York Mills	16c "

Unbleached Muslins.

Pequot "A" 4-4 fine	12½c. per yard.
Appleton "A" 4-4 heavy	11c "
Augusta "A" 4-4	10c "
Manchester 4-4	9c "

Clark's Best "O. N. T." Spool Cotton
Only 70 cents per dozen.

DRESS GOODS.

Plain, Plaid and Twilled Suitings 25, 31, 35c. Plain and Striped Hernaines 15, 20, 25, 31, 35. The Best Black Alpacas in the market (Collingwood brand) from 25 to 90c. per yard.

GUINET BLACK SILKS,
we make a specialty, as we receive them direct from the importers. Prices $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00, warranted not to cut in wearing.

IN WHITE GOODS we can make the handsomest display on the Peninsula.
Piques at 16, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40 and 50 cts.
1000 pairs Ladies' White Hose at 12½ cents, worth 18 cents.

Job Lot of New Style 2 Button Kid Gloves in all sizes and colors at $1 per pair, selling at $1.50 everywhere. Ladies' 2 Button a Gauntlet Lisle Gloves, at 25 cts. per pair.

A full line of Gauze and Gossamer Undervests for Ladies', Misses', Children, Gents' and Boy's wear, at low prices.

White and Check **Matting**, Ingrain, Hemp and Rag Carpets, at the lowest prices to be found anywhere. Floor Oil Cloths in all the new colors and widths.

Latest Style Straw Hats, in full assortment, for Old Men, Gents, Young Men, Boys, Youths and Children, at 10, 20, 25, 50, 75 and $1.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Sewed Shoes at $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per pair. A splendid Ladies' Kid foxed Button Gaiter for $2.50.—Gents' and Boys' Gaiters and Bal's at $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per pair.

NOTICE.

On account of the large increase of business I have engaged two extra clerks, making a total of six salesmen, and wish to assure the public that they shall be waited on immediately on entering the store and not be kept waiting as heretefore, and I will continue to add to my force as my business increases, as I am determined to accommodate my customers and friends.

S. M. REYNOLDS,
Middletown, Del
June 5, 1875.

New Styles—Latest Fashions!
1875. Spring and Summer. 1875.

ABE SCHWARTZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
FROM
PHILADELPHIA

RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his
New Spring Goods and Styles
RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.
Fine Goods a Specialty
BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.

☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.
Apr. 10, 1875. ABE SCHWARTZ.

☞ **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.

Oyster Shell Lime!

Notice to Farmers.

THE subscribers hereby respectfully inform the Farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties that they have the Kiln, on Chester River, near the Railroad Wharf, and are now burning a very
Superior Quality of SHELL LIME,
which they are prepared to furnish at a reasonable price and on accommodating terms.
J. W. CARROLL & SON.
March 20, 1875—tf.

YOU can find a little of any and everything at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

C. F. Stam & Bro.

APOTHECARIES, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS.

DRUGS.—*Dealers in Foreign and Domestic DRUGS, embracing everything necessary to the Drug consuming portion of the community, and to the practicing physician.*

BOOKS.
A Fine collection of
STANDARD LITERATURE, WORKS OF FICTION, ART, and Romance.
Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books for all creeds.
"We and Our Neighbors," a sequel to "My Wife and,"—this interesting story, so long in press, has just made its appearance in a neat volume at $1.75.
Also, an exquisite little volume of poems, bearing the modest title of
"A Wayside Flower,"
rarely ever such beauty and simplicity of thought is found so delicately expressed as in these little poems. We have no book we can more cheerfully recommend for leisure moments than this, and as the authoress—Charlotte Lennox—is one long known to our people, we hope her book may find many purchasers.

STATIONERY.
A fine collection.

BRADLEY'S
PATENT ENAMEL PAINT,
Harrison & Bro.'s "Town and Country Paint,"
Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil,
AND MANY COLORS.
OILS! OILS!
The attention of Farmers and others is especially called to our stock of Lubricating Oils. West Virginia, Whale, Engine, Neat's Foot, and Lard Oil, which we offer for sale at low prices. Now is the time to buy.

SODA WATER.
We are now prepared to supply our customers with this delightful beverage, and in Summer nothing is so healthy and refreshing as a glass of Soda. Come early and purchase your tickets.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
Chestertown, June 12, 1875.

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
At the Emporium
—OF—
JOS. H. THOMPSON,
At the Old Stand, in the Masonic Hall Building, under the "Kent News" office,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

Every Style, Quality and Price

Come One, Come All, and BUY AT YOUR OWN PRICES!
We MEAN BUSINESS and are DETERMINED TO SELL.

For Bargains go to the Great Boot and Shoe Emporium of
JOS. H. THOMPSON.

All the finest styles of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, &c., can be found at JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

You can get your boots and Shoes at your own prices, at JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want a *Heavy Boot* (whole stock) for $4, worth $5, go to
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want a genuine Western Plough or Farm Shoe, very high cut, for $2, worth $2.50, (warranted) something new, go to
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S

If you want a very heavy Spring Shoe, high cut and of prime material, for $2.50 worth $3.00, go to
JOSEPH H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want a Heavy Kip boot, 23 inch leg, or $5, worth $6, go to
JOSEPH H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want a tip-top hand-made Boot, best material, and very dressy, for $6.50, worth $8.00, go to JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want LADIES' FINE LASTING GAITERS and BALMORALS, Glove-Kid Button Balmorals, French Leather and Morocco Balmorals, High Cut Morocco boots and all other styles of Ladies' wear, from
$1.50 to $2.50.
Worth double the money.
Go to JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want BOYS' and YOUTHS' WEAR, from the heaviest to the finest, of every variety, style and finish, at 25 or 50 per cent. lower than can be bought elsewhere, go to
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.

If you want *ANYTHING IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE*, go to
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S.
Chestertown, March 27, 1875.

The Latest Out!
Batson's Patent Air Clothes Washer!
SAVES TIME! SAVES LABOR! SAVES CLOTHES!
Its simplicity and cheapness renders its use practicable to all. Can be seen or had at K. ALDRIDGE'S, in Chestertown, or at my residence near Bacchus' Mill. Price only $5.
C. H. HURLOCK,
Owner of Patent Right for Kent co.
June 12, 1875—tf.

WANTED: GRAIN, LARD, BACON EGGS, &c., for which the highest price will be given in exchange for goods.
JOS. E. WEER,
April 3, 1875. Kennedyville.

Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
FOUNDED 1782.

THE next Session will begin WEDNESDAY, September 22d.

Instruction in the usual branches of a College course, with special studies for those who do not desire a full course. There is also a Preparatory class.

Board per week $4; room rent $5 and fuel $4 for the scholastic year. Tuition: English $40; English and Classics or Modern Languages, $50; for all branches, $60.

For circulars address,
jy31-tf. WM. J. RIVERS, Principal.

Examination of Teachers.

I WILL hold the next regular Examination of Teachers for Kent county, on
Monday, August 30th,
at the School Room in Chestertown, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and closing at 6, P. M., with an intermission from one to two o'clock. All whose certificates of qualification have expired, as well as those who have never been examined in this county, will be required to present themselves for examination.

Applicants will come provided with Legal Cap, Pen and Ink.

For Colored Teachers,
On MONDAY, the 23d of AUGUST,
at the School Room in Chestertown, commencing at 10 o'clock, I will hold an examination of colored teachers.

By order. E. F. PERKINS, Examiner.
July 31, 1875—5t.

NEW
MILLINERY STORE!
Mrs. H. Usilton & Miss Mollie Willis

Have taken the Store room next door above the Bank, in Chestertown, and have opened a general assortment of
MILLINERY
And FANCY GOODS,
of the latest and most fashionable styles, for Spring and Summer wear. HATS, BONNETS, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments.

They have also on hand a lot of second-hand goods, which will be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Mrs. Usilton is a practical Milliner, having served a regular apprenticeship at the business and conducted it herself in former years.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine their goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. May 8—tf.

Great Reduction
IN PRICE OF
Millinery and Fancy Goods,
DRY GOODS, &c.

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS calls the attention of her lady friends and the public generally, to a GREAT REDUCTION in the price of her goods. Being desirous of CLOSING OUT all her stock suited to the season *during the season*, she is selling some goods even LESS THAN COST.

WHITE GOODS and Figg'd Pique, worth 25 cts., now selling for 20.
Also, great reduction in
Fine Dress Goods,
Muslins, Prints, Flannels, &c.,&c.,
fo the Dry Goods line, and
The Latest Styles in Millinery Goods
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, LACES, RUFFLING, &c.

Silks, Thread, Cotton, Needles, Pins, Hosiery, Sewing Machine Silk, Cotton and Needles, and many other articles of use and ornament, too numerous to name.

Those in want of anything in my line are invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. My goods will be found as good and cheap as any in the county.

☞ Strict attention paid to STAMPING for embroidery and braiding.
June 26, 1875. C. R. FIDDIS.

HOME WORK!
Gents' Fine Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.

JAMES A. SHAW,
CHESTERTOWN,

HAS now on hand a good supply of the best Leather, and is prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, in the very best manner, at short notice. His work cannot be surpassed for beauty of style or durability of make, as his numerous patrons in this community will testify.

If you want an extra pair of
Fine Boots, Shoes or Gaiters,
For Spring and Summer wear,
Call at SHAW'S, on Court Street,
and he will be sure to please you.

A good stock of Boots and Shoes of his own make kept on hand and sold at low prices.
JAMES A. SHAW,
May 8, 1875. Court Street.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to JOHN T. DODD & SON,
UNDERTAKER,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER, AND
DEALER IN
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.

All business and work entrusted to me will receive my special and *personal* attention.—Having had entire supervision and control of the Undertaking department of the late firm for the last six years, I flatter myself am fully competent to give satisfaction.

I hope by attention to business and an endeavor to please, that I shall be able to retain all the customers of the late firm. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.

I am fully prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and Burial Cases of the latest designs and finish, upon short notice. dec5.

FOR SALE,
PEACH BASKETS and PEACH CRATES,
in large or small lots. Also, all kinds of Yellow Pine LUMBER, FLOORING, PLASTERING LATHS and SHINGLES, delivered at Millington or any station on the Q. A. & Kent Railroad, on very reasonable terms.
SAMUEL D. WEBB, Agent.
Millington, June 19, 1875—tf.

For the Kent News.

Prussia's Poet—Henrich Von Kleist.

A FRAGMENT.

[Disappointed in his aspirations, and continually struggling with thoughts for which he found no adequate expression, he debates whether life is worth living, and, meeting with a gifted woman, world-weary like himself, he accepts her challenge to try and find a better world elsewhere, and after shooting her through the heart shoots himself through the head, and so bids the world farewell.]

Bianca—stay! What dread despair, or slow
distaste hath brought
Such soul as thine, the priceless gift of life, to
count for naught!
Is it no boon, that men bow down in vassalage
as tame
As though the fates 'mid crowned Queens had
written down thy name?
Thy clear eye wields a power so vast that even
aspiring I
Marvel thou shouldst be uncontent,—why is it
thou wouldst die!
My soul cries out on baffled aims—on plans that
come to naught;
On all the fulsome flatteries about my past
inwrought.
I curse the cringing slaves that dare no opening
talent see,
And fain would seek a wider field where passionate thought flies free.
But thou! what woman hath known more of
what thy sex prize first!
I could laugh down *thy* petty ills, if neath that
look I durst.
To think such beauty—youth and health, should
leave thee uncontent;
Humored as thou hast ever been, e'en to thy
utmost bent!

You've watched, you say, the slow weeks grow
into the weary years,
And been den'ed the sweet relief—the blessedness
of tears.
You scorn the beauty that enslaves, where mind
would fail to win,
And but to taste the vague unknown, would
steep thy soul in sin.
In *sin*, said I! I've caught such cant as makes
the fiends to laugh:
Away with superstitions creeds! We'll have
no half and half.
There lives no heart will wear the worse, that
mine no longer beats—
I'll blunt the edge of baffled aims—and try the
next world's cheats!
And if it be, as some do hold, high crime to
loose these clogs,
And disembodied, leave for aye, earth's sad
soul-trammelling fogs—
Why still! some comfort 'tis, to feel we change
the form of ill:
I'm sick of aspirations clogged—and praise that
speaks to chill.
Let loose from flesh and blood that stays, and
drags us down to earth,
To harmonies as yet undreamed, the soul must
sure give birth.

And thou—Bianca! Think again! wouldst
take this leap with me,
And from the ills thou know'st, perhaps to even
greater flee?
That pearly skin—those rounded limbs, were
made for love's delights:
In beauties arms swift glide the days, and swifter
still—the nights.
What anchorite could gaze unmoved, on glories
like to thine!
See how like threads of living gold, the careless
ringlets twine!
Thou wilt! then no more words we'll waste, but
hand in hand we'll try—
Since living is so hard a task—how hard it is
to die.
Where shall I aim? Through your tired heart!
'Tis well—Bianca—Friend!
That where the trouble first arose, there should
we make amend.
She falls! Great God! how slight a thing doth
make the life blood flow!
Her spirit calls. Persia—farewell! Bianca—
Friend—I go! C. L.

VERBAL VICES.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into sensuality, crime and perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and I need not tell how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man who could live as Lot lived in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convoy. This obvious principle of itself, furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourselves as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.—*Indian Arcana.*

WE ALL HAVE OUR SATANS.—Each one of us has a different Satan. Satan comes to one man in the form of idleness, and makes him waste day after day, year after year, until he has wasted his whole life doing nothing. Satan comes to another man as work, and makes him destroy himself in the opposite way, wearing out prematurely his brain and his body. He comes to another as Christian zeal, and the man becomes a bigot, full of fire for the Lord; but the Lord he serves is a God of wrath, a God who cares for trifles, a God who prefers sacrifice to mercy. He comes to another as charity, but it is a charity which tolerates evil and lets it alone, which has no edge to it, no courage; an indolent charity, which is not love at all, but only easy good nature. So he disguises himself as an angel of light, calling himself patriotism when he wishes to make nations hate each other; calling himself Christianity when he wishes to make men persecute each other; calling himself honesty when he wishes to encourage a man in his rude and overbearing ways; and so on, changing himself into every virtue and every grace.

READ AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a a lad who at fourteen was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his readings by. He stayed seven years with his master, and it is said that when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in, in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be 2,555 hours, which at the rate of eight reading per day would be equal to three hundred and ten days, equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months—nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now. In years after you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.

THE original greenbacks—frogs.

"DOOR-STEPS."

The following warm weather suggestion comes to us from the country:

A country house in summer is delightful in proportion to its piazzas and its shade trees. The shade trees are for noonday heats, but the piazzas belong to the "golden hour," the gloaming and the moonlight. The house itself has to be, but when one can make the compromise between the pastoral simplicity of living altogether out of doors and the civilized necessity of architecture, it is fair to suppose that the happy medium is attained. And just at the door steps there is this combination of security and freedom, of unconstraint and the proprieties, which satisfies at the same time the natural proclivities and the artificial tastes. Certainly the summer breezes and odors have something to do with one's enjoyment; but the ascetic value of the surroundings is a large unknown quantity.

One does not often sit solitary on one's doorstep to watch the stars. There is a sort of sociability that is of the summer. Perhaps it comes more perceptibly to us who have just escaped the rigors of winter; at any rate, it belongs especially to the summer time, and takes tone and color from the surroundings. It is a part of the twilight in the country, and has a prominent place in everybody's "vine and fig-tree" ideal.

At first the family is attracted to the one person on the door-steps. The modern piazza is a mere expansion of the primitive door-steps, and is the same significant border country. The cares and anxieties of life are "to be continued" another day, like a serial story in the next number of the magazine. In the meantime, there is the border country, where there is neither house work nor garden labor. After the family are assembled, friends drop in, and neighbors stop at the gate. They have something sensible to say, as, "What beautiful roses you have?" or, "I've brought you some harvest apples." Then they come up the gravel walk; you extend to them the hospitalities of your door steps, and sociability is accomplished. There are no elaborate toilets to prepare, no "fuss and feathers." And to be social, without the aid of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," is beyond belief; one accepts it as certain spiritual manifestations are accepted—as a matter of experience. It was in this way that our Sociables originated, and we called them significantly "Door-steps." It is a good name. Gradually we found out the *morale* that I've already attempted to indicate. It does not limit us to the outside or the inside of the house, but only means a homely, home-like, hearty hospitality, better than mere *sans souci*.

The silver moon rolls on to our faint praises, and we talk commonplaces to its accompaniment. Does anybody suppose that on this account we don't know how beautiful it all is? The light falling softly on the tree-tops and in silvery shafts among the branches; the dim, hazy shadows on the lawn; the lake or river glittering in the valley, and the pale gray mountains beyond. Of course we know all about it, but we don't encroach on the domains of the poets and essayists. So we talk our commonplaces, and find ourselves refreshed thereby. I can't pretend to tell why this is so, but the knowledge is drawn from observation.

Sagacity of a Horse.

The following extraordinary story of equine intelligence and fidelity is taken from Thompson's history of Montpelier:

"Not far from the year 1806, Mr. Chas. Stevens, who lived on East Hill, made a horseback journey to Massachusetts, passing down on his way home over the high bridge, across the Winooski, about three-fourths of a mile below Daggett's Mill's Village. During his absence the bridge had been stripped of all the plank preparatory to replanking, or putting in some new string-pieces. While the bridge was in this dismantled condition (which condition was wholly unknown and unsuspected by Mr. Stevens,) he reached home, on his return from his journey, at a late hour on an unusually dark night, totally unconscious that he had passed through any peril in passing over the river, which was only a mile or two from his house.

"Which way did you come?" asked his family.

"The way I went, of course."

"No, you couldn't, for the river is roaring high, and there is not a single plank on the bridge."

"Yes, I did come the same way, and over the same bridge, and you can't beat me out of it."

"Here was a complete issue; and neither party being in the least disposed to yield, they the next morning, in company with a neighbor—a Mr. Parker—repaired to the bridge, and, to their amazement, discovered by the tracks on the ground, and the calk-marks of the animal's shoes on the timber, that the horse, after selecting the broadest hewn string-piece, had mounted it, and passed so quietly and safely over it to the other side, that the rider was not made aware, in the great darkness of the night, that he was undergoing the dangerous transit."

A SEA MONSTER—*A Specimen for the Centennial Exhibition.*—Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, has on exhibition a leather turtle. The monster weighs 800 pounds, and measures six feet from tip to tip and eight feet in circumference. It was caught in Long Island Sound, off Stonington, by Captain E. F. Wilcox, of Mystic Bridge, Connecticut. It has not been sold, but Mr. Blackford expects that Professor Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, will take it. He is making a collection of fish caught in our waters for the United States Centennial. The monster is of a black brown color, and encased in a polished shell with seven longitudinal ridges, the shell looking like a coat of fine French calf-skin. The under portion is marbled and of a yellowish dark color in spots. It breeds in the Tortugas or Turtle Islands, but is a great wanderer. Several of the species were caught in adjacent waters in the early part of the present century, and one about five years ago in Martha's Vineyard Sound which weighed six hundred pounds. A specimen is in the New York Museum. Mr. Blackford says thirty men were required to move this monster from the vessel to the market, where it will be on exhibition for a few days.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

ANECDOTES OF HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Clay's knowledge of human nature was thorough and profound; and he was able to put it to use at any moment, as the following anecdotes will show:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress.

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the Compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I'll pick the flint and try you again." So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

At another time Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who couldn't fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to Congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was. Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home.

"No matter. Here's 'Old Bess,'" answered the hunter, giving him a gun, "and she never fails in the hands of a marksman. She's put a bullet through many a squirrel at a hundred yards, and has let daylight through a red-skin at twice that distance. If you can shoot with any gun, you can shoot with 'Old Bess.'"

"A target was set up, and Mr. Clay aimed "Old Bess" at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's-eye in the center.

"A chance shot! a chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try it again.—*William H. Rideing, in St. Nicholas for July.*

A GOOD STORY.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Sheaf, grocer, in Portsmouth, N. H.:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been carefully weighed and paid for, and Mr. S. had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it, and exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again.—"There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't take it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S., on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim milk cheese at the rate of forty-four cents per pound, the price of the wool.

PIANO PLAYING BY MACHINERY.—A patent piano player has, it is alleged, been invented by a Frenchman, by means of which it is said the veriest novice can perform the most difficult pieces. The instrument is thus described: It occupies a position in front of the key-board of the piano, and extends from above it to the floor. Over the keys of the piano are keys corresponding to those beneath them. These are the fingers of the machine, and they have this advantage of the human hand, that they have a finger for every note. The top of the machine is about one foot in width, and has in the centre two rollers one foot in width, which are moved by a crank. These carry the music through, and as it passes the piano plays it. The music is on paper, and the notes are made by cutting holes in squares. As these holes pass a certain point they allow a hammer to pass through, and the stroke of that hammer is communicated to its own key on the piano. Each key has its hammer. It only requires that these holes be cut at proper intervals to strike any number of keys in given series, and we presume, in given time. The machine may be adapted to any instrument with keys. It is, no doubt, if practicable, ingenious, and may be made to a certain extent, useful; but, if it in any way resembles the piano organs which have recently begun to infect our streets we can only describe it as a contribution to the long list of instruments of musical torture.

KINKS.—A kink is a spontaneous twist in a thread, and a constitutional whimsicality in a man. A thread-kink has all the effect of a knot in a thread, interfering with the work of the seamstress. A man-kink so twistifies him, and knots him up, that the pastor can't use him, the church can't manage him, and society don't know what to do with him. A thread-kink is a great annoyance when it occurs too often. A man-kink, a whim, a crotchet, annoys a pastor, wearies and disgusts a church and interferes with her work. A kinky church member never agrees with his brother members, always has a word of advice for the pastor, is always trying to carry a point, is happy only when he can gratify a notion, give his 'views,' or force a disagreeable alternative upon his 'dear brethren,' and all for the 'glory of God.' Brethren, pray to be delivered from kinks.

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 old enough to take care of the same; but simply to get married, is only a small part of the plan designed by our 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 existance; 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 everything 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 another, or remember 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 first excitement of being "the bride," and "observed of all 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 real 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 accept 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 a part of your mission.

Wrong Kind of a Shirt.

It was a respectable looking colored man who brought his washing home.

"Your wife is a good washerwoman, isn't she?" said the young bachelor to the polite and obsequious man.

"Yaas, sir; she commonly always give satisfaction," replied the husband of the laundress.

"Well," resumed the young bachelor in his blandest and most insinuating manner, "you can tell your wife that I esteem her very highly as one possessing many womanly and Christian virtues—a domestic gem and household ornament, a social luminary and moral beacon, an exemplary Christian, a genuine, loying wife, a washerwoman among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; but there's one objection."

"What's dat, sar?" inquired the smiling African, who had been showing two rows of spotless ivory and a cavernous opening of the head while his wife was being so extravagantly eulogized.

"What's dat, boss?"

"She puts all the starch in my socks and none in my shirts; she washes or irons all the buttons off and forgets to replace them; exchanges my clothes for those of some other patron, and if you'll look at this (holding up a garment) you'll see how inconvenient it would be to wear either pantaloons, cuffs or collars with such a shirt as she sends me. It may be that she cuts off the arms and collar to make the tale longer, but I cannot see what the deuce she should want to ruffle the edges for."

The darkey looked a little disgusted as he wrapped the garment up to take it home, and he only said: "Idea sending a man dat kin' o' shirt!"—*Vicksburg Her.*

How a Chicago Girl got Her "Feller" Out of the Army.

Last April, a fine-looking dry goods clerk employed in Mandle Bros., in an hour of despondency, enlisted in the army. He was engaged to be married to a handsome young lady of eighteen, and when she heard of it her distress can only be imagined, for a common soldier she could not wed. His father, who, by the way, is a Methodist minister, did everything in his power to have him released, but without effect. The young lady then took the matter in hand. She saw General Logan and Congressman Farwell, and with their signatures to a petition for a discharge she forwarded it to Washington. In due time the answer came saying the prayer could not be gran