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The Kent News:

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

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

Terms of Subscription:

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. 37. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876 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 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.

1876. *Summer.* 1876

MILLINERY and DRY GOODS!

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS calls the attention of her lady friends and the public generally to her recent purchases of

Millinery and Dry Goods

suited to the present season, which she is selling at a GREAT REDUCTION in price.

WHITE GOODS and Figg'd Pique, worth 25 cts., now selling for 20.
ALPACAS, worth 75c., selling at 60 cts.
" " 50c " 40 "
" " 40c " 30 "

Also, great reduction in

Fine Dress Goods,

Muslins, Prints, Flannels, &c.,&c.,

NAINSOOK, TABLE LINEN, Toweling, Handkerchiefs, for Ladies and Gentlemen. HOOP SKIRTS of new styles. BALBRIGAN HOSIERY, at low prices.

The Latest Styles in Millinery Goods

The general Stock thoroughly replenished and improved!

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.

C. R. FIDDIS,
Old stand, opposite new M. E. Church.
April 1, 1876.

DRESSMAKING
AND
MILLINERY

MISS ROSA DOWLING.

HAVING taken the Store on Main Street, nearly opposite the Voshell House, I have opened a NEW AND SPLENDID VARIETY OF MILLINERY GOODS, embracing all the novelties of the season in HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.

Basket and Frosted Silks in all the New Shades.

A Fine Assortment of LADIES TIES, TUCK COMBS, HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES, and NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS usually kept in Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

DRESSMAKING and STAMPING

done also. Having made a choice selection of NEW STAMPING MATERIALS, both in Braiding and Embroidery, cannot fail to suit all tastes.

Children's Clothing, Dresses,

and all articles requisite to a Ladies' Wardrobe will be gotten up in the Best Styles. All orders will be neatly and promptly executed, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

MISS ROSA DOWLING.
Chestertown, April 8, 1876.

NEW SPRING & SUMMER

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

Mrs. L. J. Davis,

Has just received and opened a fresh and beautiful assortment of

Spring and Summer MILLINERY,

embracing HATS and BONNETS of the latest fashions and styles; Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

A Large and Varied Assortment

of every description of goods usually found in a first class Millinery store, to which she invites an examination by her lady customers and all others in want of anything in her line.

Give her a call at her old stand.
apr29-tf. MRS. L. J. DAVIS.

☞ *To the Ladies.*

Spring & Summer Millinery

JUST OPENED.

BEAUTIFUL, GOOD and CHEAP!

MRS. H. USILTON, at her new stand below Wickes' drug store, has just received and opened a well selected stock of new and beautiful

Millinery and Fancy Goods

For Spring and Summer wear,

of the latest and most fashionable styles. In HATS, BONNETS, LACES, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments, she is satisfied of her ability to please, both in quality and price.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. No effort will be spared to give full satisfaction to all who favor her with their patronage. MRS. H. USILTON.
April 29, 1876—tf.

MRS. ELLEN N. MELVIN

Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.,
(*At Mrs. N. E. Emory's old Stand,*)
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S
Patterns of Garments
AND THEIR
Celebrated Shears and Scissors,
And Dealers in
Worsteds, Silks, Cotton, Canvas,
WAX FLOWER MATERIALS,
CHROMOS and PICTURE FRAMES, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, Wicks, Toilet Powder, Hair Dye, Hair Tonics, &c., &c.
☞ Ladies fitted with Shoulder Braces.
ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS.
May 20, 1876.

☞ LOOK AT THIS! ☜

Go to JOS. H. THOMPSON'S
SHOE STORE,

To get your BOOTS and SHOES. He will sell you for the money lower than any other man in the county, goods of same quality. TRY US, money will buy low.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, against the lands and tenements of Joseph Harris, at the suit of George Vickers, administrator de bonis non of the late Thomas B. Flower, I will expose to public sale at or before the Court House door

ON TUESDAY,

The Twenty-ninth day of August, 1876,

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

All That FARM,

NEAR ROCK HALL, in Kent County, the property of Joseph Harris, occupied by Mrs. F. E. Scone, and lying in part on the public road leading to Demby, called

"Pascoe's Poor Lot," or "Parson's Poor Lot," and sometimes called "The Juliett Harris Farm,"

containing

95 Acres, 3 Roods and 32 Perches,

MORE OR LESS,

and as recently surveyed by Mr. J. V. Crosby, surveyor, and the Plot and certificate of survey will be exhibited at the sale. The said property was devised by the late Capt. Thomas Harris to his daughter, Juliett Harris, for life, and after her death to the said Joseph Harris in fee simple, and which said Juliett Harris has deceased.

THERE IS

A BRICK HOUSE,

AND FRAME ATTACHED,

two stories and an attic; the Brick about 19 by 24 feet; five rooms and a hall. The Frame containing Kitchen and Dining room, is about 27 by 18 feet.

There is a STABLE AND CARRIAGE HOUSE on the premises; also Corn House.

The Farm is divided into four fields,—fencing good and mostly chesnut. There is sufficient Woodland on the farm for ordinary uses with Chesnut Timber.

This property is about half a mile from Rock Hall Landing. Post Office, Church and School House near. It adjoins the property of Mr. A. P. Sharp, Henry Urie, and others.

And will be sold to pay and satisfy the said Venditioni Exponas, debt, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
SHERIFF.

Chestertown, July 29, 1876—ts.

N. B.—The plaintiff being anxious that the property above mentioned should bring its full value, is willing to modify the terms, and will sell for part cash and part credit, to be made known at the sale.
jy29. P. MEDDERS, Sheriff.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Office of the Secretary of State,
ANNAPOLIS, July 19th, 1876.

To all Whom it may Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application has been made to the Governor for a pardon in the case of

THE STATE
vs.
JOHN GALE, Colored.

convicted in the Circuit Court for Kent county at October Term, 1869, for Burglary, and sentenced to confinement in the Penitentiary for ten years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after

Friday, the 4th day of August, 1876,

until which time protests against the said application will be heard, and the petition in the case open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor,
R. C. HOLLYDAY,
1t. Secretary of State.

1876.
JULY 4th!

Great Bargains.

WE are now running off our SUMMER STOCK OF CLOTHING at *GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,* for the money, for the purpose of closing it out. ☞ NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS at

S. MERRITT & CO'S.

P. S.—All persons indebted to us are most respectfully, but earnestly, requested to call at once and settle their bills, as we must close up our books. Take due notice, if you wish to look to your own interest.
July 8, 1876. S. MERRITT & CO.

Farmers!

We have on hand a number of styles of
CULTIVATORS,
And Grass and Grain RAKES,
which we are offering at City Prices. We call your attention specially to the
Malta Cultivator,
which is new and good. Also,
CULTIVATOR TEETH,
ROCK SALT, HORSE YOKES,
WATER TANKS, &c.
☞ Call at our Warerooms, next door to the Kent National Bank, Chestertown.
June 3, 1876—tf. HINES & CO.

Lime! Lime! Lime!

50,000 BUSHELS
Of the BEST SHELL LIME,
landed on the Chester or Sassafras rivers, or any of the Creeks where there is five feet of water, at 7 cents per bushel, *Cash on delivery,* 6½ cents per bushel on three months' time; 8 cents per bushel on four months' time, with negotiable note and interest.
May 20, 1876 WM. PERKINS.

HOUSEKEEPERS

USE ANDERSON'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, Vanilla, Lemon, Almond, Rose, Celery, etc. Great care is taken in preparing these extracts, consequently they are always reliable, and are the strongest known. Vanilla Beans, Liquid Rennet, &c., always on hand at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, (Harr's old stand,) *Middletown, Delaware.* sep18-tf.

Written for the Kent News.

"ONLY A BABY!"

BY ROSALINE.

My way was stopped as I hurried on,
A carriage or two, and the way was clear;
But my glance took in the tiny box,
And the stricken parents bending near.

Only a baby—some lightly said—
As we safely crossed the street,
But my heart went after the little group,
And the darling at their feet.

Only a baby! God only knows
The mother's bleeding heart,
And the father's white, set face would tell
How hard it was to part.

Only a baby! What an aching void
In a merry, cherry home,
An empty cradle, a half worn shoe,
A mother's broken tone.

Only a baby! The tearful eyes
Look out on the busy street,
And fall on little laughing babes
And the stilled form at her feet.

Only a baby! A decolate home
These stricken hearts will know,
When they lay their darling down to rest
'Neath the willows bending low.

Only a baby! How cold it seemed
To speak of an angel now,
'T was all the world to the mother's heart—
Her jewell rich and rare;

Only a baby! Ah, the weary day
And the sleepless, shadowy night,
The feverish longing, the terrible pain,
A baby lost to sight!

Only a baby! its fingers clasped
The lids veiled o'er its eyes;
The little heart now calm and still,
Its soul bourne to the skies:

Only a baby! the heart sobs out
What hopes lie scattered here!
The broken bud, the tiny frame,
An angel hovering near.

Only a baby! (the years creep by,)
'Twill ever be, though the locks be gray,
Growing no older—only their babe,
As years before they laid it away.

A GENTLEMAN.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man. To be a gentleman is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Phillip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—Mirror thought he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waved a draught of cool spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; regarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works, before a profane world."—*Bishop Doane.*

ONE STEP AT A TIME.—A great many people dishearten themselves by worrying too much about possible future troubles. Prudence and forethought is commendable, but mere unreasonable worry should be avoided. It is an act of folly for a man to conjure up all the troubles that might befall him, and mass them before him as so many obstacles to overcome at once. A man at the foot of a flight of stairs which he is about to ascend, would be foolish to assume that he must take all the steps at once, and that because he cannot do that he cannot ascend the stairs at all. He has only to take one step at a time, and when he gets to the top step he takes that almost as easy as he took the first. But when he gets to the top let him be careful lest he does not fall all the way down by one misstep. It is the same way with the affairs of life. All we have to do is to take one step at a time.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—We are touching our fellow beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the garden breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person of the household. The same process, on a wide scale, is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and made strong by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.

THE other day a man took a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and, after reading them to his wife, he tenderly said: "Now, Angelina, you may sometimes imagine that you hear me kissing the servant girl in the other room, and you see how base a thing it would be to accuse of such a thing." "John Henry," she replied in a smooth voice, "if ever I imagine such a thing, you'll need a doctor within fifteen minutes, no matter what that book says."

A COLORED preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence: "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and the soul not saved," put it: "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't anymore work, and de debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

A SIGHTLESS SHOT.

THE MAJOR'S DUEL WITH A BLIND OPPONENT.

Major Buford, called by way of eminence "The Major," was one of the most noted duelists of the day. A dead shot, a perfect master of fence, and in his enmities utterly relentless, his name had become a terror to all who knew him.

In the midst of a knot of admiring friends, one day, the Major was discussing his last "affair," and complacently explaining how it came that he mortally wounded his adversary, instead of killing him on the spot, when one of two men standing within hearing suddenly advanced and struck him in the face. The spectators stood aghast. What could have tempted the stranger to rush thus madly on his fate? He was an old man. Already, to appearance, had threescore and ten years passed over his head. He must, indeed, have been weary of life, whose brief remnant he was ready to cast away so recklessly.

The major was perfectly astonished. The very audacity of the act struck him with amazement.

"Is this provocation sufficient, or must I repeat it?" inquired the assailant.

The major's first impulse was to return blow for blow, but, fierce and violent as were his passions, he schooled himself to complete mastery over them, and a moment's reflection told him how bootless, under the circumstances, would be a public brawl. The indignity he had received would admit of but one reparation, and that he determined to lose no time in seeking.

"The insult is sufficient," he answered, with a forced calmness. "Oblige me by naming a friend."

And the two strangers took their leave together.

At sunrise on the following morning the principals and their seconds made their appearance on the ground selected. No one else was present—not a surgeon. The major, in his own past experience, never had needed one; and his opponent, it was evident, was careless of the consequences.

There was no necessity for delay. The preliminaries had been settled. The parties were to fight with pistols, at ten paces, the combat to continue until one or both had fallen.

One condition had been insisted on by the stranger, which called an indignant blush to the major's cheek, as it seemed to imply an imputation upon his honor, though he submitted with the best grace he could. It was that, before placing the combatants, the bodies of both should be inspected, to see that no secret protective device was employed by either.

The ground was measured, and the men placed. There was a marked contrast between the two in more respects than that of years. The old man, erect and motionless as a statue, his whitened locks floating on the breeze, never once looked at his antagonist, though his side was turned. His face was stern and determined, but nothing malignant in it. The major, on the other hand, glared fiercely at his foe—seemed even to grudge him the few moments of life yet eked out to him.

"Were he my own father I would kill him!" he answered, audibly, to some whispered expostulation of his second, who was evidently touched by the old man's venerable appearance.

The pistols were put into the hands of the principals, and the giving of the word explained.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," both answered.

Still the old man moved not, nor did he direct a single glance at his adversary. His eyes were fixed in front. His attitude was one of rapt attention. He seemed like one listening intently.

"Fire!"

Without changing the direction of his gaze, or other movement than that of his arm, which arose with the precision of a nicely adjusted machine, the old man brought his pistol to the level of his enemy's breast. For an instant he held it there. Still the appearance of eager listening.

The major was in no hurry. He could afford to take his time with a man who held his pistol at random, without looking whitherward. He was determined to make sure work. If his ball missed his adversary's heart, even a fraction of an inch, he would never make any pretension to skill again.

The sharp report of the stranger's pistol was followed by a convulsive jerk of the major's arm, causing the discharge of his weapon far wide of its mark, while he, staggering a few paces backwards, fell heavily to the ground.

"Conduct me to him," said the man to his friend.

The latter took his principal's arm, led him to the prostrate form of the major, whose second, kneeling by his side, had torn open his garments, exposing to view the fatal wound in his breast, made by the stranger's bullet.

"Is your friend seriously hurt?" inquired the latter, coolly.

"You can see for yourself, sir," the second answered.

"There you're in error," replied the other; "I am totally blind!"

The wounded man, who by this time revived a little, and his second, looked upon the man in astonishment. There was no visible defect in his organs of vision; but there was a fixity of look—that "bending of eyes on vacancy"—which so unmistakably evinces the absence of sight.

"Who are you, and what is your motive in seeking this encounter?" the major faintly murmured.

"First, are you in a condition to renew it?" inquired the stranger.

"There is no need—I am dying."

"When I have told you who I am," the stranger resumed, "you will scarce require my motive for what I have done. No wonder you have forgotten James Merton," he continued, "for he is greatly changed, no doubt."

The dying man started and groaned bitterly.

"But I have not forgotten you, Richard Buford, nor the injuries you have done me. A cherished daughter, the pride of my eyes, and the joy of a mother's heart, you enticed from her home, deceived by a sham marriage, and then left her to die of a broken heart. My son and only remaining child, in a rash attempt to avenge his sister's wrongs, fell a victim to your accursed skill. You even robbed him of the ordinary chance of combat, unequal as they would have been, by encasing your cowardly body in concealed armor. The loss of both of our children unsettled my wife's reason, and she died in a madhouse. Could I have found you then, I would have given you no chance for your life, but valiant as you have always professed to be, but coward as you are, you evaded me. Yet I knew you should some day meet me; and I registered a vow that when we did I would offer you a sacrifice to your infernal art. To this end I studied to become an adept at it, and succeeded. And when at length blindness cast its shadow over me, and seemed to render hopeless the fulfillment of my vow, instead of abandoning it, I betook myself to a new species of practice. I sought to make hearing take the place of sight. Again I succeeded. I learned to take aim with ear instead of eye. When I heard your answer "ready" to-day, I knew the exact direction in which to point my pistol, as well as if I had seen you. Besides, I could hear you breathing where you stood. You lost your chance in delaying your fire. You wished to make sure work, and overreached yourself."

More than once the major looked appealingly at the speaker's face, but in those remorseless, sightless eyes there was no sympathy. And as the labored breathing grew fainter, the old man resumed his listening attitude. At last all was still.

"He is dead!" he said; and his wonted expression of sober melancholy settled on the old man's face, as, taking his companion's arm, he turned and walked away.

LUDICROUS SCENE IN A PULPIT.

A south German paper relates the following: In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced Catholic orthodoxy, the priest preached lately against the Old Catholics, and related such horrible things about them that his pious hearers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catholic impieties. At last he cried out, "The Old Catholics are so vile that they will be cast into the pit, and if what I tell you is not true, may the devil take me on the spot." His excitement was terrible, and he so struck the cushion that the book fell from it.—Not far from the pulpit there was an American, who had a negro servant with him, to whom he beckoned to take the book up to the priest, who, perhaps, had never seen one of those sons of Ham in his life. The negro obeyed, and, as he mounted the lowest of the pulpit steps, the clergyman repeated his wish that the devil might come and take him, if what he had said against the Old Catholics was not true. Although the negro went softly, the preacher heard his footsteps, and, turning round, he saw a black object solemnly, steadily, surely approaching him. He looked at him with terror, and believing that he would be the next instant collared by his Satanic Majesty, he cried out, with a trembling voice:

"It is, after all, possible that there may be good people among Old Catholics."

Turning round to see if the object had disappeared, he saw it steadily approaching. The perspiration burst out on his brow, and full of despair he called out:

"There are even many good people among the Old Catholics!"

Thinking that this would suffice, he turned round, but what was his horror to find that the object was close at hand.—Imagining himself in the very grasp of Beelzebub, turning partly to the negro and partly to the congregation, he cries out:

"May the devil take me if all the Old Catholics are not better than we are!"

The terrified priest fainted from fright and it was only after some time that he recovered.

The Prompt Juror.

Judge Gibson, of Atlanta, tells an amusing story of the way a juror went for a conviction. He says he was trying a murder case a few years ago down in one of the wire-grass counties of Georgia, and experienced great difficulty in getting a jury; that eleven jurors had been sworn in, and in the next panel that was brought in was a small, lean, lank, cadaverous looking fellow, who had on one shoe, his pants were nearly above his knees, his shirt opened both from the back and front, and the aforesaid trousers were held up by a single suspender. The solicitor proceeded to ask the usual questions in such cases, as follows:

"Have you, from having seen the crime committed or heard any of the testimony delivered under oath, formed and expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

The 'single gallus' fellow, in a clear and distinct voice, answered: 'Not any.'

Second question—have you any prejudice or bias resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?

Answer: 'I hain't.'

Third question—is your mind pefectly impartial between the State and the accused?

Answer: 'Hit air.'

Fourth question—are you conscientiously opposed to capital punishment?

Answer: 'I isn't.'

The State did not like the juror much, but being late and jurors scarce, he was put upon the prisoner in the usual manner, the solicitor saying: 'Juror, look upon the prisoner,' and when this command was given, he bent over him, scanning him from head to foot. The juror looked the prisoner firmly in the face, and then, turning to the judge, said in a firm, solemn voice: 'Yes, Judge, I think he's guilty."

THE latest amusement is termed the "Printer's Delight," and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of note paper, fold it up carefully, and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and a year in advance. And what adds immensely to the feat is, to send along the name of a new subscriber, with the cash to balance. Keep your eye on the printer, and if you detect a smile, the trick is a success. Try it.

A YOUNG man in Western Wisconsin, who was about to be married, the other day, suddenly remembered that he hadn't fed his horse, and the ceremony had to wait until the horse had been cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found every day, while thirteen different girls wanted to marry him.

HOGG was a good writer; but he can't be considered a-side of Bacon.—*N. York Commercial Advertiser.*

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respected citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave the society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours!" continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Mr. Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business.

A Robber's Cave in Spain.

A strange story comes from Spain. A detachment of soldiers some time ago discovered, in a secluded part of a mountain chain, a cavern which was inhabited by robbers, who had taken advantage of the civil war in order to ply their criminal avocations. An alcove was attached to this subterranean dwelling, the door of which the soldiers broke open. They were astonished to find the apartment decently furnished, and provided with books, flowers, and even a piano. In an easy chair sat a venerable old man. The soldiers interrogated him, but obtained only incoherent replies. It has been ascertained, from the confession of one of the robbers, that the old man was the cashier of a banking firm at Burgos; that they had broken into the bank and stolen the safe, and taken the cashier with them, in hopes that he would assist them to open the safe. During the retreat, which was marked by many adventures, the intrepid old man succeeded in evading the vigilance of his guardians for a short time, and secreted the safe in a place where he would be able to recover it afterward. When the booty was missed and the robbers failed to ascertain the place where it was concealed, they revived the proceedings of the famous chaffeurs by roasting the feet of their victim in order to extort a confession.—But the inflicted tortures had a different effect. The man became insane, and it was with the object of restoring him to reason that the robbers bestowed the utmost attention on him, in the hope that when he recovered he would reveal to them the place where the safe was concealed.

A Common Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be accomplished if a man has reached the age of thirty or forty years. Nine-tenths of our clever men have actually exhibited more vigor of intellect at fifty years of age than at forty. Franklin was forty before he began, in real earnest, the study of natural philosophy. The principal of one of the most flourishing colleges in America, was a farm servant until he was past the age when most students have completed their collegiate education. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Greek was the first foreign language which Cato, the celebrated Roman censor, acquired, and he did so in his old age. Alfieri, whose writings have caused a revolution in the dramatic literature of Italy, was left without a father in his infancy, and wasted his early years. John Ogilby, the author of poetic translations from Virgil and Homer, began the study of Latin when about forty years of age, and Greek in his forty-fourth. Boccaccio, one of the most illustrious writers that ever appeared in Italy, suffered nearly half of his life to pass without improvement. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Bugby, learned German at forty, in order that he might read Niebuhr in the original.

DESTROYING BED-BUGS.—A correspondent writes: After fighting them eight years, I learned from a girl, who had served as a chambermaid in a large boarding-house, that bugs could be entirely exterminated for all time. I immediately followed her directions, which were to take grease that was melted out of salt pork, to melt it, and to keep it melted (the vessel can be kept in a pan of coals) and to put it with the feather end of a quill in every place where I could find a bug. It is necessary to see that the bed cords are entirely free from the pests, and I warrant there will be no more trouble. It is more than thirty years since a bug has been seen in my house.

THE editor of the Shelby (Ky.) *Republican* sends fourth this pæan: Hurrah for the Centennial Fourth! "Wrap us up in the American flag, tuck us under the eagle, tickle our ear with a barley straw, pop goes the weasel."

WITH OR WITHOUT.—Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and, when she get one, finds she can do nothing with him.

Secrets of the Latest Fashions.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES MADE TO FIT CLOSER THAN MEN'S.

[*From Scribner's Monthly.*]

A Parisian lady is not said to be dressed nowadays, nor does she even order a dress to be made for her. She asks her dressmaker to mould a dress upon her and, when this is done, she is called a "moule."

To be moulded, you must begin by adapting every article of your underclothing to the shape and size prescribed by fashion. Therein lies the only secret of perfection in dress which the Parisienne possesses over other women. Next to the Parisiene it is the American woman who is consider to be "the best dressed." She has one fault, however—she is not always jupoenne according to the requirements of her toilet.

As a rule, each dress should have its separate set of skirts, to be worn exclusively with it, and this should be supplied by the dressmaker herself, as it should always be almost of the same length and width as the skirt of the dress, and always of the same shape. Now two underskirts, at the utmost, are worn. The one which accompanies the dress, and which is of white muslin, is trimmed with lace insertion and edgings. No flounces are worn on underskirts. They are too bulky for present style of dress.

The skirt to be worn under this muslin skirt is of white foulard, which material clings better than any other to the figure. And the skirt (which is gored, so as not to for a single plait) is stitched to the edge of the corset, in order to leave the figure perfectly untrammelled by band or belt, however thin. The skirt is also trimmed with lace insertion and edging. The corset is very long—*à la Jeanne d'Arc.* As a guide, it should be of the length of the dress cuirasse, which cuirasse, by the by, is now only simulated by trimming on the dress. This again, is to avoid giving extra size to the figure.

Some dispense with the second skirt of white silk; they wear an undergarment of white silk under the corset, which garment they trim with lace, as if it were a skirt. It is made as long as an ordinary skirt, and it takes the place of one. In reality, therefore, no skirts are worn by the most strict.

To recapitulate, a fashionable lady's toilet consists of a white silk bodice inlaid with Valenciennes, which white silk bodice is continued into a skirt, which is also richly trimmed with lace insertions and edging. This garment answers two purposes and is called by two names. Then comes the long cuirasse corset of white and pink satin, which improves the entire figure. An extra white foulard skirt may be stitched to the edge of the corset, but this is not necessary. It should, however, be worn under customs not provided with a special underskirt of their own. The dress itself, of whatever material it may be, is of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece from neck to hem or skirt.

The trimming on the dress simulates cuirasse and even tunic. But separate cuirasses or tunics are quite laid aside, as being too bulky, and hiding the outlines of the figures too much. It thus follows that nothing is worn under a dress body excepting the under corset. Bad, indeed must be the figure that does not look moulded under this system of underclothing. You may wear a cotton dress of five dollars, if you will, but under this must be worn the finest foulards and the richest lace.

Nor is it the dressmaker who can make the figure. This depends entirely on the corset manufacturer. There is even a talk of having dress cuirasses made by corset makers, and the skirts would then be fastened to the corset, which would at the same time form the body of the dress.

A Child of Shadows.

Months ago a Detroiter was sent to the House of Correction for habitual drunkenness. The wife, a hard working woman and sorely afflicted in health, managed to provide food and fuel for herself and child until the other day, when death came to end the struggle. The little girl, hardly eight years old, was all alone in the house when her mother died. The event occurred at dark, and at midnight the child was heard singing in the darkness. A pedestrian who halted heard her say:

"Mother, wont you wake me up and light the lamp? If you will I will sing some more."

Suspecting what had happened, he roused some of the neighbors, and as they went in the child sat in the darkness holding its mother's cold hand and singing:

The Lord will lead a little child,
And teach me how to pray.

A dark room, death on the bed, poverty, hunger and cold to make her situation more desolate, and yet the child of shadows was not afraid:

"I kept still a long while to let mother sleep. Then I sang all my songs to keep me awake. Then I looked out of the window and didn't move, so that the angels couldn't be afraid to come and talk to her and make her smile! I wish God had made more daylight for poor folks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FRAUD EXPOSED.—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal* states that an old time fraud of that city was recently exposed. A negro man had for years claimed to be a woman, and had so successfully disguised himself in female apparel that he had worked no little mischief. The police of Memphis, by the aid of three physicians, exposed the wretch and had him sentenced to the chain gang. During the Memphis riots this brazen rascal, who claimed to be named Frances Thomas, and a former Maryland slave, testified before a congressional investigation committee, of which Hon. E. B. Washburne, now minister to France, was chairman, to having been outraged by white men eighteen times, and to have been robbed of a number of silk dresses and $300, all of which were duly reported to congress, and made the basis of a heavy indictment against the white people of Memphis.

"SAY, country, have you got any hay-seed in your hair?" cried a city chap, who was walking with his companions down West street, just behind a farmer, "Waal, I guess there's lots of it there, seen' how the calves run arter me," was the satisfactory answer.

The favorite flower for wedding garments—Marry-gold.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

OVERGOVERNING CHILDREN.

Children are often brought up without any particular habits of self-government, because the governing is done for them and on them. A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her till she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them, it is on the way towords knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is fed, and never has anything to do with his food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might about as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight, solid, comely, unvital and good for nothing, but to be burned up.

The poor weaver who has a large family of children, without bread enough for half of them, and sets them to work before they are five years old, is a philanthropist. You may gather around them, and mourn over them; but blessed be the weaver's children! The twelve children of the poor weaver will turn out better than the twelve children of the millionaire! I would rather take an insurance on the weaver's children than on the millionaire's. Blessed are those that learn by the hard way of life what every man must learn first or last or go ashore a wreck—namely, self-restraint. The steel that has suffered most is the best steel. It has been in the furnace again and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vice; it has felt the rasp; it has been heated, hammered and filed, until it does not know itself, and it comes out a splendid knife. And if men only knew it, what are called their 'misfortunes' are God's best blessings, they are moulding influences which give them shapeliness, and edge, and durability, and power.

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.

Many people worry about this and that, thinking it injurious to health, and live in dread lest they should do something to shorten their days. But it may do us all good to remember that longevity is largely a matter of inheritance, and depends very little on what we do or do not do, provided we do not commit suicide.—Whether we live long or briefly on the earth is a matter that was largely settled before we were born. Our ancesters, and yours, reader, had more to do with the solution of that problem than we have.—The truth is, as science teaches, longevity is a family trait. Sobriety, and a regard for principles of hygiene, will not necessarily insure long life. These may maintain a condition of health and vigor, but length of life is largely determined by inheritance. Longevity is a talent. It may be improved like any other talent, or it may be wasted, but no amount of cultivation will create it. Golembrewski, a Pole, notwithstanding the hardships of eighty years of service as a common soldier, the fatigues of thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon, the sufferings of the terrible Russian campaign, the effects of five wounds, and the recklessness of a soldier's life, survived, and in 1864 was still living at the age of one hundred and two. But it is to be observed that his father attained the aged of one hundred and twenty-one, and his grandfather one hundred and thirty. A well known literary character, M. Quersonnieres, was living at five score in full possession of all his powers. He said: "My family descends from Methuselah; we must be killed to die; my father was killed by accident at one hundred and twenty-five years of age; and I," he added, "invite you to my burial in the next century."

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.—The average ages of the signers of the Declaration on the Fourth of July, 1776, scarcely reached forty-five years. John Hancock, the president, was but thirty-nine years old. The six oldest representatives were Benjamin Franklin, aged 76; Stephen Hopkins, aged 69; Francis Lewis, aged 63; James Smith, aged 63; Matthew Thornton, aged 62, and George Taylor, aged 62. The seven youngest were Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina, aged 27; Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, aged 27;