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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

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 or 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:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,

CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

T. J. McWHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,

DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL

LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted

for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL:

J. J. Turner & Co.'s

FERTILIZERS,

which are the best in the market.

They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

New Wheat

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

E. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Md.,

DEALER IN

Grain, Coal, Lime

FERTILIZERS,

Agricultural Implements,

&c., &c.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED

McCORMICK SELF BINDER

And IRON MOWER,

The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.

Look for the Best!

You'll find them by calling

ON

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WE CLAIM to make as good

Cultivator Teeth

AS CAN BE MADE. We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.

BUY OUR

Iron-Frame Cultivators.

They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. Jacobs,	Abraham Hurlock,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	Wm. H. Stewart,
Geo. W. Davis,	Thos. J. Vickers,
S. J. Roseberry,	Thos. J. Tucker,
S. A. Merritt,	W. F. Massey.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 7, 1881. Chestertown.

NEW STOCK

OF

HARDWARE.

FARMERS and others needing

FORKS, SHOVELS,

SPADES, HILL HOOKS,

GRUBBING HOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

FARMERS should go to
s8ep1 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.

RICH'D J. FOARD,

DEALER IN

Grain

CHESTERTOWN,

MARYLAND.

New Wheat

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

RICHARD J. FOARD,

OFFICE in F. Platt's Hardware Store, next to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store, High street. June 18—3m.

HYLAND & Co'S

CELEBRATED

IRON FRAME

CULTIVATORS!

THESE celebrated CULTIVATORS, made by HYLAND & CO., are surpassed by no other manufactured in this country. Our *CULTIVATOR TEETH* are a new style FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH that has ever been introduced in this county. They can be used with either wood or iron frames. They are made of the very best *Polished Saw Steel*, and are sold for less money than any other make of tooth. The plates are reversable and the shanks stationary.

They can be had at our shop in Galena or Chestertown.

Persons wanting *NEW REAPERS*, or needing old Reapers and Mowers repaired will please bring them in early, as we sell low. For testimonials we refer to the following named gentlemen:

B. F. Sappington,	Henry W. Carvill,
V. Hendrickson,	A. Hurlock,
Wm. Ford,	G. W. T. Perkins,
J. Ambruster,	E. F. C. Perkins,
G. H. Watts,	J. P. Hendrickson,
Samuel Cacy,	R. H. Corbaley,
R. C. Johnson,	Jos. W. Peacock,
Andrew Woodall,	Henry J. Gray,

and many others in Kent, and

Wm. Knight,	Duncan Veazey,
Wm. Ward,	of Cecil county.

We are also selling the justly celebrated *WALTER A. WOOD'S TWINE BINDER.* Farmers will please give us an early call.

May 14, 1881. W. A. HYLAND & CO.

SUMMER

Announcement

—OF—

LOUIS K. STAM

Please Read carefully:

In Painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have House and Carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—J. W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co.'s. It is guaranteed neither to *Crack, Peel* nor *Blister*, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs for WALL PAPER are most beautiful, and have been selected with great care from the largest houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work, and will give directions to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full stock.

VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE.

Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.

Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. E. N. Melvin's.

May 7, 1881. L. K. STAM.

LIVERY

And EXCHANGE STABLES

CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.

ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

PLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Cringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA

CREAM MEAD

IS THE MOST POPULAR DRINK NOW SOLD.

T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.

June 25, 1881.

Notice to Farmers!

RAMBO LIME.

MR. H. E. COOPER Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT in Kent Co. to furnish the

Genuine Rambo Lime

at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.

The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*

Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.

We challenge all tests.

R. McCOY & CO.

ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

apr30-3m*

C. F. STAM,

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST

PREPARES MEDICINE

FROM THE CHOICEST

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

Money Saved?

HOW?

BY buying your goods where you can get the BEST for the least money.

Well, where can I find such a place?

At SPARKS'

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

He keeps quite a VARIETY STORE.

Confectionery,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Oranges,	Cakes,	Sauces,
Lemons,	Crackers,	Extracts,
Figs,	Pickles,	Chocolate,
Nuts,	Chow-Chow,	Gelatine.

Cigars and Tobacco.

We keep a good stock always on hand. Gravely's Best Tobacco, Durham and Bob White Smoking Tobacco. Also, a full line of PIPES.

Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!

We are still in the Clock business, and are selling them lower than they can be bought elsewhere. Come and see!

A Splendid Line of LAMPS.

We make this a specialty in our business and cannot be undersold by any one.

GLASSWARE.—In this line we know that we keep finer goods than any house in town.

NOTIONS.—Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Purses, Paper and Envelopes, we are selling at or near cost, as we intend changing this part of our business.

Now Don't Fail

to look for the place. It will certainly pay you, for we are selling goods very low.

SPARKS.

Mar. 26, 1881. opp. Court House.

Beautiful!

Artistic!

Antique!

FINE MAJOLICA WEDGEWOOD, and CHINESE WARE.

A large Show Window full!

Stop and look as you go by.

Also, a case inside our store full of beautiful SILVER-WARE of the very finest Triple Plate.

We are glad to have you come in and look. You are always welcomed.

C. F. STAM, Druggist.

May 21. 1881.

For Spring and Summer!

Just Received March 3, 1881,

A Large Lot of

SHOES

for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.

Give me a call.

JAMES A. SHAW.
mh5. COURT STREET.

A CARD.—Mr. S. MERRITT, lately in the clothing business in this town, is now with A. Friedman at the New Clothing House in the Masonic Hall building, where he will be pleased to receive a call from his old friends and customers. tf.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

THE MODERN BRIDE.

Take my cloak; and now fix my veil, Jenny—
How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
But, then, there's one comfort—it's lace.
Well, what has become of those ushers?
O, pa, have you got my boquet?
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby;
Why doesn't the organist play?
They've started at last—what a bustle!
Stop, pa; they're not far enough—wait
One minute more—now do keep step!
There, drop my trail, Jane; is it straight?
I hope I look timid and shrinking;
The church must be perfectly full—
Good gracious! now don't walk so fast, pa;
He don't seem to think that trip pulls!
The chancel at last! Mind the step, pa!
I don't feel embarrassed at all;
But, my, what's the minister saying?
O, I know, that part 'bout St. Paul.
I hope my position is graceful;
How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!
"Not lawfully joined together,
Now speak,"—as if any one would!
O, dear! now it's my turn to answer—
I do wish that pa would stand still.
"Serve him, love, honor, and keep him."
How sweetly he says it—"I will."
Where's papa? There, I knew he'd forget it
When the time came to give me away.
"I Helena, take thee—love, cherish,"
And—well, I can't help it—'obey.'"
Here, Maud, take my boquet; don't drop it;
I hope Charley's not lost the ring;
Just like him—no; goodness, how heavy!
It's really an elegant thing.
It's a shame to kneel down in satin—
And the flounces real old lace—but I must;
I hope that they've got a clean cushion;
They're usually covered with dust.
All over—ah, thanks! Now, don't fuss, pa;
Just throw back my veil, Charley; there—
O, bother! why couldn't he kiss me
Without rumpling up all my hair!
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ.
Who'd think there would be such a crowd!
O! I mus'nt look round, I'd forgotten—
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?
Why, it's Nelly Allaire, with her husband—
She's awfully jealous, I know;
Most all of my things are imported,
And she had a home-made trousseau.
And there's Annie Wheeler, Kate Hermon—
I didn't expect her at all;
I vow, that's the same old blue satin
She wore at the charity ball.
Why, there's Fanny Wade, Edith Parton,
And Emma and Kate—all the girls;
I knew that they'd not miss my wedding—
I hope that they'll notice my pearls.
Is the carriage there! Give me my cloak, Jane,
Don't get it all over my veil,
No; you take the other seat, Charley,
I need all of this for my trail.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

HOW A PRODUCT OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN IMMIGRATED TO THIS COUNTRY.

From Harper's Young People.

You have seen and admired the weeping willow tree—the Salix Babylonica—upon which the captive Hebrew hung their harps when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept when they remembered Zion. It is a native of the Garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it immigrated to this country.

More than 150 years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a seaside city in Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the river Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubberry and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs, Pope discovered in it a small twig of a tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the east, he planted the twig in the ground near the edge of the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from the weeping-willow tree, probably from the bank of one of "the river of Babylon," which flourishes best along the border of water courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree spreading wide its branches and drooping, graceful sprays, and winning the inspiration of the poet's friends as well as strangers. It became the ancester of all the weeping willows in England.

There was a rebellion in the English American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to end it in a very few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing-tackle with them to enable them to enjoy sport after the brief war. Others came to settle on confiscated lands of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oil silk, a twig from Pope's weeping-willow at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston which kept the British imprisoned in the city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson, John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British head-quarters under the protection of a flag, with dispatches to General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, was glad to fly by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent of all the weeping-willows in the United States.

A PROMINENT Galveston merchant visited Austin not long since, and Gilhooly asked him to step across the street and take a drink.

"No, you must excuse me. I never drink away from home."

"Why is that?"

"I'll tell you," responded the Galveston merchant, "but it is strictly confidential. We do an immense business in the interior, and I am terribly afraid to drink in a bar-room, for fear I might get hold of some of my own whiskey.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE man who has an iron constitution, nerves of steel, a silver tongue and cheeks of brass, can soon line his pockets with bars of gold and scales of "tin."—*Whitehall Times.*

YOUNG MAN, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.—*Josh. Billings.*

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL AFFAIR.

THE SOUDER-CULLEN COMEDY.

A LADY OF CRISFIELD, MARYLAND, MARRIES AND REPENTS NEXT DAY—THE LAW INVOKED AND DIVORCE AND DAMAGE SUITS TO FOLLOW.

From the Princess Anne Herald.

The matrimonial comedy enacted in the lower part of this county, on the 26th of May, in which Miss Annie Cullen and Mr. C. W. Souder, both of Crisfield, were the principal actors, is still furnishing food for the gossip of the place. It will be remembered that the above named parties were married by a minister near Westover, on the day named above, and that the bride next day refused to have anything to do with her husband, saying she did not love him. Her father, it is stated, immediately took counsel on the subject of obtaining a divorce.

We had an interview with Mr. Souder on Saturday last and gathered from him some of the facts in the case. Taking it altogether it is a very remarkable affair. Miss Annie Cullen (at present Mrs. Souder) is represented as a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, with piercing black orbs and fascinating manners. For some time past she has been the recipient of the attentions of many young gentlemen of the community in which she resides, and many a stout heart has been made to beat fast and ache by her coquettish smiles.

Mr. C. W. Souder, the other principal actor in this unfortunate affair, is a stout, heavy-fet man of thirty years of age, and is known over the Peninsula as the traveling jewelryman. He went to Crisfield on the first of March to engage in the jewelry business, and was very successful in selling his goods and was found to be reliable and honest. He soon made the acquaintance of Miss Annie Cullen, and became her constant attendant; she received his attentions with apparent pleasure, and accepted many handsome presents from him, among which we name a gold watch and chain, ear-rings, breast-pin and amethyst ring. Her parents seemed satisfied at the turn affairs had taken, and Souder believed that his attentions to their daughter were not distasteful. For instance, when Souder, who is a widower, was visiting his little daughter near Elkton, Md., Mr. Cullen, Miss Annie's father, also went to Elkton for the purpose of buying a vessel, and stopped with Souder at the home of his father-in law, and gave him (Souder) a pressing invitation to take his little girl to Crisfield to his (Cullen's) house; also offered him the use of his carriage-house and stable if he would bring down with him a fine colt which he was then breaking. Souder had not yet asked him permission to address his daughter, but his intentions were no doubt plainly understood by the lady's father. About a month previous to this Souder asked her mother, and she did not object. He took his little daughter to Crisfield and left her at the house of Mr. Cullen, where she was kindly treated.

Mr. Souder had been engaged to Miss Annie for some time, when one evening he proposed that they get married the next day; she replied she was willing if the consent of the old folks could be obtained. Her father being away, the mother was asked, and she interposed no objections. Two days afterwards he secured his license, and on the 26th of May drove to Mr. Cullen's house, he being at home. Souder asked his consent to the marriage, but he objected to the union. The contracting parties then went out for a drive, the lady knowing full well that the gentleman had the license in his pocket, and she, holding the reins, drove to the residence of Rev. Collins, near Westover, and in the presence of a half dozen or more witnesses were united in wedlock. Both minister and witnesses are ready to testify to her apparent willingness to get married and wonderful self-possession during the ceremony.. After the ceremony they drove direct to Crisfield—the bride was left at her father's house and the groom went to the hotel. The understanding between them at parting was that they would take a trip to Baltimore the following evening. We learn that when the "old man" was informed of the marriage of his daughter he raised quite a storm.

Early next morning the brother of the bride went to Souder's room, at the hotel, with the request from his wife that he would send her a trunk to pack her trosseau. Souder promptly handed the money to the messenger to buy the trunk, and not until late that day was the new made groom apprised of the fact that his wife had decided to discard him. He denies that he in any way forced her to marry him (as was rumored) and his statement is accepted as true by the citizens of Crisfield and community, with very few exceptions. The most surprising part of the whole affair is the sudden change in the mind of the bride. What caused her to refuse to accompany, or have anything to do with her husband, are questions that may hereafter be asked before a court of justice.

We have reason to believe that Mr. Souder is perfectly willing to forgive the past, knowing full well that some influences have been brought to bear upon his wife which she could not cast aside. There is no doubt that he is still fond of his wife and anxious to care for her to the best of his ability.

MR. CULLEN'S STATEMENT.

From the Crisfield Leader.

After the appearance of the above article our reporter interviewed Mr. Cullen, the defendant in the above suit. Mr. Cullen denies most of the statements contained in Souder's account of the affair. He states that he was at home very seldom during the winter and spring, being captain of an oyster-boat employed in waters distant from Crisfield. He knew very little of what was going on, and has never interfered with his daughter in regard to her receiving attentions from young men. He believes that generally children ought to be allowed to chose for themselves.

As to the visit to Elkton, he says that one day in Crisfield Souder overheard him talking about purchasing a vessel, and said he knew of one owned by a gentleman, near Elkton, that he thought would suit him. Mr. Cullen said he would like to know how much she would carry and and what she could be bought for. A month or so afterward he received a letter from Souder, telling him that the vessel would carry 1,200 bushels of wheat and could be bought for $700; that he should come on at once, as the vessel was then at home, and that he should inquire for a Mr. Merrey, at whose house, on the river, the vessel was. Mr. Cullen did as requested and found the vessel was too small for his purposes, as she would not carry over 300 bushels of oysters. He also found to his surprise that Mr. Merrey was the father of Souder's first wife, a fact which he did not know until he reached the house.

As to what occurred on the 26th of May, Mr. Cullen knows nothing, except what happened at his house, only from what he is told by his daughter. Souder asked his consent to marry his daughter, and he refused to give it, though he said that he didn't intend to interfere with his daughter's choice. When Souder started out to ride with Annie he promised not to take her to the minister's. On their return Annie told him (Cullen) that when more than twenty miles from home, on a strange road, with a strange horse, it being then nearly night, and she having refused to marry Souder time and again during the drive, Souder took his money, watch and marriage license, handed them to her and said: "Annie, you take this money and pay all Flora's (his daughter's) bills and send her up to Elkton to her grandmother's." Then he drew his revolver and said, "You will never see me any more; I shall never go back to Crisfield; I would sooner shoot myself in this woods than to go back there to be blackguarded, as I would be if I were to return without marrying you." Being overcome with fear she said don't do that, stay in the carriage, put up your pistol, go to the preacher's and I will marry you. She went to the preacher's, they were married and returned home. Souder stayed a few minutes in the sitting room after they returned, and then went out, when Annie told him in substance the above story. His reply was that she could do as she thought proper, and that if she did not love the man she should continue to have a home at his house. She replied that she never had loved him, she didn't love him now, and she never would live with him. That was the only position he had ever taken in reference to the matter. Souder has been fooling around the house since then about three weeks. He has had several interviews with him, several with Annie, both in his presence and out of it, and as he didn't intend to turn his daughter out of doors, and as his daughter had declared emphatically to every one, as well as to Souder himself, that she would not live with him, he saw no use in Souder's continuing to come there and to annoy the family, and he had given him fair warning not to come on his premises again. Mr. Cullen says he knows nothing about the man. He understands that he lives in Frederica, Delaware, and does business for a jewelry merchant in Philadelphia, and that he travels through Pennsylvania, Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. If his daughter chose to follow him in his wanderings, Mr. Cullen says he would interpose no force to prevent her doing so. That although he had heard rumors derogatory to Mr. Souder's character, yet they are not of such a shape as to justify him in putting constraint upon the young lady.

The case will probably come up, if at all, in the October term of the Circuit Court, as Souder has brought an action against Mr. Cullen for alienating the affections of his wife.

VICTUALS AND VALOR.

Patriotism is no doubt a powerful lever in urging a soldier to take desperate chances, but the late war proved that there were other levers of equal force. A New York lieutenant and thirty-four men held possession of a block-house along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in 1862. One morning a scout came in and reported that a force of 150 rebels was advancing to capture the post. The lieutenant ordered the men in line and thus addressed them:

"Soldiers, the enemy is advancing upon us. He will be here in half an hour. We shall be outnumbered four to one, but I appeal to your patriotism—to your love of country—to your respect for that dear old flag, to defend this post to the last. Will you do it?"

"Lieutenant," said the sergeant, as he stepped forward after an ominous silence, "we are too few and the Johnnies too many. We shall all be killed or captured, and the men won't stick. They go for evacuating right away."

"Patriots and heroes," continued the officer, after drawing a long breath, "we have just received fresh rations of coffee, sugar and bacon. We haven't been to breakfast yet. If we evacuate we have got to march twelve miles on empty stomachs. If we remain and defend the post I'll issue double rations as soon as the last reb is driven off. If you don't want to fight for your country, let's fight for a good, square meal."

Every hat was thrown up and every man cheered, and twenty minutes later, when the enemy appeared, he was greeted with such a hot reception that he soon sounded the retreat.

When the Union forces under Nelson made their stand at Franklin, the Confederates had been tight after them for several days, and it had been a march of empty haversacks. As the Confederates formed for battle many of the regiments had been without food for twenty hours. Their first attack, after a patriotic address, was speedily repulsed. Cleburne led a part of the force making the second advance. As he rode along the lines he saw the men chewing leaves from the cherry and apple trees, and he said:

"Brave Confederates, there is the enemy. Behind those earth-works are cannon and muskets, and men who know how to use them. Behind those is a big wagon train with heaps of rations. We have got to lick the enemy to get this train, and if we don't get his rations we will have to fill up on grass, for there is not a Confederate hard-tack within twenty-five miles of Franklin. Follow me to glory and—rations!"

They followed him to the earth-works and over them, but he was killed and the lines driven back. His men, however, were the only ones who mounted the earth-works during that desperate battle; and it is an open question whether an appeal to a soldier's hunger won't make him fight as well as an appeal to the sentiment.—*Free Press.*

A MEXICAN BULL FIGHT.

MEN IN RIBBONS AND SPANGLES MAKING A BEAST MAD TO KILL HIM.

The Mexican Cor. of the Boston Transcript writes:

"The bull fight is still an institution of Mexico, performances being given nearly every Sunday and holiday. It is a relic of barbarism inherited from Spain. I will endeavor to give an account of the main features of one of these shows which I observed a few weeks since in Cuantitlan, a town reached by a ride of an hour and three-quarters over the Mexico, Toluca and Cuantitlan narrow-guage road. This road has been largely built from the proceeds of a lottery. The cars are taken in the central portion of the city and are drawn by mules until without its limits. We are left within a short distance of the 'Plaza de Toris,' so called which is a circular arena of about seventy-five feet diameter, surrounded by a board fence six feet high, which is striped with the national colors, red, white and green. Outside of this are the seats for the spectators, made of rough boards and arranged in tiers, each about two feet above that below. At the top is a space roofed over and divided into sections, which are provided with chairs. The main portion of the arena is entirely exposed to the sun or rain. A band of about twelve pieces occupies a stand at one side and furnishes music continuously through the whole performance. Cries of 'Toros! Toros!' begin to exhibit the impatience of the audience at the delay in commencing. At length the doors to the east are thrown open and the performers enter. These consist of two clowns, three men mounted on poor, jaded, blindfolded horses, and a number of men with red clothes to exasperate the bull. The men are dressed in suits of green or red, spangled with silver tinsel, with short knee breeches and white stockings, and they wear the hair knotted in a queue down the back. The riders are provided with long poles, armed on the end with iron points to ward off the attacks the of bull. A door to the west is now opened and the animal enters, walking first to the centre of the circle and gazing around with an astonished look at the scene presented. A red cloth is now flaunted before him, and with his head lowered he dashes toward the one dared to offend him. The men easily jump to one side or, if hard pressed, take refuge behind a guard consisting of boards placed at a distance of two feet from the inclosing fence. The bull often rushes at the horses, and, in spite of a thrust from the lance of the rider, succeeds in goring them, often throwing both to the ground. Sometimes the bull himself is thrown. Nearly every bull kills one or more of the poor horses, but the men are seldom hurt. When this has continued for some time the horsemen retire, and one of the men, hold a pointed stick adorned with variously-colored papers and ribbons in each hand, approaches the animal and throws them into his neck. They penetrate deep enough to draw blood, and the slight pain exasperates him. Finally the matador appears with a sword in his right hand and a red cloth in his left. Concealing the weapon behind the cloth he boldly approaches the now infuriated animal, and, as he lowers his head to rush at him, stabs him, in the neck. When done by an experienced man the wound proves fatal in a few minutes. The bull staggers and falls, and is dispatched by a thrust from a short knife into the spinal cord in the back of the neck. A rope is now fastened to his horns and some horses drag out the carcass. The earth is shoveled over a little, and the arena is ready for another combat."

CAR SICKNESS.

A PIECE OF PAPER WORKS LIKE A CHARM IN PREVENTING IT.

Many persons, especially ladies, are great sufferers from that form of nausea and headache known as car sickness. A journey by rail has for them the discomfort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to the majority of travelers. The effects of the motion of the car range from a mild disturbance of the stomach and an accompanying headache to deathly sickness, with intense nausea and complete prostration, according to the condition and sensitiveness of the victim. In its highest form the sensation is sufficiently unpleasant to make travel by rail thoroughly disagreeable; in its worst and by no means uncommon type, it invests this necessary and convenient method of journeying with dread and dispair. A simple and harmless preventative of car sickness has recently come to the knowledge of the writer, under circumstances that leave no doubt of its efficacy with some persons; and if the device will work equally well in other cases, a knowledge of it ought certainly to be spread abroad. It is at least worth a trial by all who suffer this inconvenience in traveling. A lady who had occasion to make a short trip on a northern road—and she never travels by rail for pleasure—was, as is usual with her, as thoroughly sick as ever a landsman is on the "heaving deep" by the time she had ridden a dozen miles. The conductor of the palace car, who was apparently very familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing paper worn next the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventative of the trouble in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travellers and rarely knew it to fail. The prescription seemed very like a "charm"—a horse chestnut carried in the pocket to ward off rheumatism, or a red string around the neck to prevent bleeding at the nose. But it was simple and could at least do no harm. For the return trip a sheet of common writing paper was fastened inside the clothing, as directed. Result—a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a terror. It was so like a superstition or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day journey to New York, and, that hardest trial of all, a night trip in an alleged sleeping car. Both were taken in triumph.

A VERY agonizing idea is for a young lady to decorate a shaving set and forward it to her best gentleman friend. This signifies, "I don't like the perfume the barber puts on your mustache," or "Two ten cent shaves saved equals two ice-creams won."

A FISHING EXPEDITION.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a social sort of a grin, "how would you like to go fishing?"

"Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I never was fishing in my life and I always wanted to try it. Where can we go?"

"Well, there are lots of places around Brooklyn. Last summer I saw boys catch a good, many fish off the dock at the foot of State street. We might go there."

"Just the place," conceded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Perhaps we can catch some sardines. I'll bet a spool of thread I get the first shad!" and in her glee Mrs. Spoopendyke waltzed across the room and back again.

Mr. Spoopendyke smiled pleasantly upon his wife and strutted out into the yard to dig some worms, while Mrs. Spoopendyke rigged herself up for the pending excursion.

"Got any fish sticks?" she asked as Mr. Spoopendyke returned, rather warm from his exercise.

"I've got some fishing rods, if that's what you mean," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "but I could only find four worms."

"Can't we break 'em in two?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke anxiously.

"Could if we had a buzz saw," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Come along if you're coming," and thoroughly equipped for the expedition Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke set out for the State street pier.

"How long before they bite?" asked Mrs. Soopendyke, hoisting her hook out of the water and examining the point of a worm her husband had impaled thereon.

"They'll probably bite at that as soon as they can borrow a stepladder," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the dangling hook. "If you calculate to get any fish you'd better let that thing down in the water."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping the hook. "Do you think I could catch a gold-fish?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Hi! hold on! there, I lost him!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, firing his hook up toward the Heights.

"So did I!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she fell over backward and shot her sinker into Mr. Spoopendyke's ear, "I declare we both lost him!"

"What ye doing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did ye lose? When I'm pulling in a fish you just sit still, will ye? Think my head's a fish pond? Drop it, I tell ye! drop it in the water. There! Now sit still and fish. Another time I'm pulling in a spanish mackerel you let things alone. You made me lose that fish."

"You ought to have caught him," said Mrs. Spoopendyk, soothingly; "you fished splendidly for him."

"I understand the business," rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, somewhat mollified. "You see he didn't even get the bate, big as he was."

"I'm glad of that, because we've only got three worms left. How I'd like to catch an oyster! Do you know I—"

"Hist! Sh-h-h? Quiet, now! I've got him! See me play him! Now I'll fetch him!" and Mr. Spoopendyke reeled in until he landed an old boot.

"I didn't know that fish had burrs on, like chestnuts," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, quivering with excitement. "Crack him and let's see what he is."

"Crack your grandmother!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, shieing the boot up the pier. "He wasn't good to eat, anyway. I'll get something—"

"What's the matter with my stick! Let go, you nasty thing! Here's another one! Quick!"

"Pull him in, can't ye? You've got a bite. Haul up!" cried Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to untangle himself from his line and help his wife. "Lift him out of the water!"

"He won't let me," squaked Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding both arms out at full length. "Take him off! Scat! Go away, you monster!"

"Lift your pole straight up in the air!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Hoist the dod gasted thing right up!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke exerted herself and disclosed an eel, dangling.

"It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. "Don't go near him! Fire! fire! murder! police! police-e-e!"

"Hold your yawp, will ye?" bawled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Get him over the dock so I can catch him! What ye holding him out there for? Waiting for him to dry? Stick that pole straight up in the air, I tell ye!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke threw the pole over her shoulder and flopped the eel into Mr. Spoopendyke's countenance.

"Dod gast the measley eel!" he howled as he spit it out. "Stop waving that slam basted lightning-rod like a flag will ye? Hold it still, I say! "Think you're a tree?"

"Don't touch him! Throw him overboard! He'll sting you to death!" gurgled Mrs. Spoopendyke, and forgetting that the pole still exercised an influence over the eel, she gave it a jerk and it slipped through Mr. Spoopendyke's fingers. That gentleman made a spring for it, and swashed into the water.

"Heu! blab! baa! waggle, gin, hic, ga, gaggle!" spattered Mr. Spoopendyke as some lightermen fished him out.

"Did you catch cold, dear?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, with solicitude, as they made their way home.

"If I did, I landed!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, blowing mud like the exhaust of a tug.

"Anyway, I caught an eel, didn't I! asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, carrying out the woman's idea of comforting a man with only thing he don't want to hear about.

"Oh, you caught it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "You'ee a fish woman, you are! All you want now is glass sides and some bubbles running through you to be an acquarium! Another time we both go fishing you stay home! You hear?"

And with this novel mathematical suggestion, Mr. Spoopendyke hunted himself to his domicile and took a rum sweat.

JAY GOULD has at last got to work on a railroad on Mexican soil. As he is a man that never says much about his personal affairs, it is not known who he intends leaving Mexico to, in his will.—*Peck's Sun.*