Montgomery County Sentinel.

DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. | Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

BY M. FIELDS. | ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1872. | VOL. XVIII.—NO. 19.

Professional Cards.

RICH'D M. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ROCKVILLE, MD.

Will practice in the Circuit Court for Montgomery county, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

OFFICE in the Court-House yard.
nov 24—tf

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rockville, Md.

Particular attention paid to the sale of Real Estate. [jan 27—tf

R. ROSS PERRY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Washington, D. C.

Office, No. 5 Four-and-a-half street, may 15—tf Residence, No. 413 F street.

SPENCER C. JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rockville, Maryland,

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and Frederick counties.

OFFICE, directly opposite the old Washington Hotel. [June 12—tf

WILLIAM BREWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rockville, Md.

Particular attention paid to conveyancing and the sale of Real Estate.

Office west of the Court House, and one door north of the Presbyterian Church.
aug 19—tf

J. W. VEITCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rockville, Md.,

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and Frederick counties.

Office, in the corner room of the old Washington Hotel. [jan 24—y

JOS. H. BRADLEY, JR. | H. W. TALBOTT.

BRADLEY & TALBOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Rockville, Md.

Strict attention given to all business entrusted to them.

OFFICE, directly opposite the Court House. [sept 2—y

GEO. PETER. | JAS. B. HENDERSON.

PETER & HENDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Will practice in the Circuit Court for Montgomery county, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Special attention given to examination of Title to Lands, Collection of Debts, &c.
oct 29—yn

SAMUEL H. BERRY. | JOS. K. ROBERTS, JR.

BERRY & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Upper Marlboro', Md.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Prince George's, Charles, St. Mary's, and Calvert counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to them.

Will attend particularly the trial of causes in the Court of Appeals.
jan 3—yn

DENTISTRY.
DR. F. H. HANNAKER,
Surgeon Dentist, Mechanicsville, Md.

All letters should be addressed to him at Olney P. O., Montgomery county, Md.
sep 20—y

DR. T. SOLLERS WATERS,
DENTIST,
No. 43 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE, Md.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 3 to 6 P. M.
nov 5—tf

JAMES W. BOSWELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Rockville, Md.

Will attend to sales in any part of the county, and his terms will be such as cannot fail to please. All orders addressed to him, at Rockville, Darnestown, or Poolesville, will be promptly attended to. [dec 14—tf

ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE,
UNDER CHARGE OF THE
Misses DUGAN & WALLEY,
ROCKVILLE, MD.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SESSION will commence on MONDAY, September 2d, 1872. Parents are particularly requested to enter their children at the commencement of the session. No deduction is made for absence or withdrawal from the Institute, except in cases of protracted illness.

For particulars enquire at the Institute, corner of Washington and Commerce streets opposite the Post Office.
aug 2—tf

B. F. CARTER,
(LATE PARTNER WITH WM. OLDFIELD, ESQ.)
PUMP-MAKER,
Fountain Green, Harford Co., Md.

Will attend promptly to DIGGING AND WALLING WELLS, PUTTING IN NEW PUMPS and REPAIRING OLD ONES.

NEW PUMPS kept always on hand. Price 50 cents per foot.

ALL NEW WORK WARRANTED.

All letters addressed to B. F. CARTER, Fountain Green, Harford county, Md., or to Dawson's, Poolesville, Md., will be promptly attended to.
oct 7—3mo B. F. CARTER.

UNDERTAKING.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Rockville and vicinity, that he has bought the right, title, interest and good will of his father in the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, together with the Hearse, Wagon, &c. necessary for conducting the same, and that he will be prepared hereafter, upon the shortest notice, to accommodate all who may require his services. A liberal share of patronage is solicited.

W. REUBEN PUMPHREY,
Washington Street,
June 6—tf Rockville, Md.

JOSHUA DAVIS,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, SADDLES,
BRIDLES,
COLLARS, WHIPS,
ROBES,
BLANKETS, HOUSES,
COMBS,
FLY NETS, &C., &C.

Repairing promptly attended to.
No. 190, High St., GEORGETOWN.
apr 5—1yn

Groceries, Liquors, &c.

E. T. LYDDANE,
Corner 3d and Market Streets,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

Constantly on hand the choicest brands of GROCERIES, for family use, such as COFFEES, TEAS, RAISINS, FRUITS, CHEESE, SUGARS,
—ALSO—
PURE BAKER WHISKEY,
WINES and LIQUORS of all kinds, which he offers at extremely low rates. dec 15—1yn

CHAS. A. CARTER. | WM. P. BRADLEY.

CARTER & BRADLEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
Cor. Bridge and Congress St.,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

WE take pleasure in announcing to our friends in Montgomery county that we, the undersigned, have formed a copartnership for the purpose of conducting the GROCERY BUSINESS in all its branches. Our stock consists of

FINE TEAS,
WINES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,
CHAMPAGNES, BRANDIES,
PURE BAKER WHISKEY,
AND OTHER BRANDS OF ALL GRADES.
Coffees, Sugars,
SPICES, FRUITS,
CANNED GOODS, FANCY PICKLES,
SAUCES, CRACKERS, &c.,
of all kinds, always in store and for sale at the
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

COUNTRY PRODUCE bought at market rates.

We respectfully invite the public to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
sep 26—1fn CARTER & BRADLEY.

THOMAS H. METZ. | THOS. N. HENDERSON.

METZ & HENDERSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
89 Bridge St., S. W. cor. Congress St.,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

THE undersigned, having leased the old and well-known Grocery House formerly occupied by the late Geo. W. Oakes, take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Montgomery county, and the public generally, that they will keep on hand at all times a large and general assortment of

GROCERIES,
EMBRACING
TEAS,
COFFEES,
SUGARS,
SPICES,
FRUITS,
CANNED GOODS,
FANCY CRACKERS,
BACON, LARD,
FISH, SALT, &c.
FANCY PICKLES, SAUCES, &c.,
of every variety, constantly in store, and for sale at reasonable prices.

LIQUORS!

We shall always be supplied with a complete stock of Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors, &c., of the best brands.

FLOUR, of all brands, CORN MEAL, &c., always for sale at market prices.

Having purchased our stock upon terms that will enable us to sell AS LOW AS THE LOWEST, we respectfully ask an inspection of the same before purchasing.

COUNTRY PRODUCE bought at all times, at the highest market rates, and people from the country will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

METZ & HENDERSON,
89 Bridge Street,
Jan 26—y15 Georgetown, D. C.

The Cheapest Tea Store
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
is at the southeast corner of
Seventh and I Sts., Washington, D. C.
JOHN DOWLING, Proprietor.

THE PEOPLE of Montgomery county are respectfully invited to visit the

American Tea Store,

corner of Seventh and I Streets, and ascertain for themselves, by experience, the fact that they can here purchase

ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES,

as low as, if not below Baltimore prices.

COFFEE roasted daily by HYDE'S PATENT COFFEE ROASTER, and ground by steam in presence of the purchaser.
aug 16—tf

TO GROCERS AND OTHER DEALERS.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform GROCERS AND OTHERS, that he has taken out

Wholesale Liquor Dealer's License,

and is now prepared to furnish all who may favor him with a call, with all kinds of

LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &c.

IN ANY QUANTITY, and as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.

WM. T. HERRON,
Corner of High and Bridge streets,
June 30—tf Georgetown, D. C.

FOR SALE
JOHNSON'S IRON BEAM PLOWS and Castings at a reduced price, by
N. D. OFFUTT.

Dry Goods, Millinery, &c.

SPLENDID STOCK
OF
FALL AND WINTER
DRY GOODS
AT
POPULAR PRICES,
NOW OPEN AT
BENJAMIN MILLER'S,
101 Bridge Street, Georgetown, D. C.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF GOODS we have ever offered our customers. Consisting in part of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS
OF ALL THE NEWEST STYLES, such as Black Silks, from $1.25 to 3.00 per yard, Silk and Wool French Poplins all colors, Irish Poplins, French Merinoes, Empress Cloth from 50 cents up, Mohair Poplins all colors, Colored Alpacas from 25 cts. up to 50 cts.

MOURNING GOODS.

Black Bombazines, Henrietta Cloth, Black Sateens, Sumer Cloth, Empress Cloth, Black French Merino, Lupin's Black DeLanes, Australian Crape Veils, Mourning Shawls, Long and Square.

SHAWLS.

A splendid assortment—embracing 100 of the very popular Striped Shawls, in all the newest patterns, and very cheap.

Heavy Long and Square SHAWLS.

Water Proofs from $1.00 to 1.75 in Black, Mixed, Blue, Green, and Gold Mixed, Balmoral Skirts, 75 cts to $1.00, 1.25, Hoop Skirts, Embossed Felt Skirts, Ditto for children, Corsets from 50 cts. to $2.00

Goods for Men and Boys' Wear.

Black and Blue French Cloths, Beaver Cloth, Doeskin Cassimeres, Cassimeres for Suitings, Tweeds, Kerseys, Casinets from 37½ to 75 cts. Kentucky Jeans, 3-4 and 6-4 Virginia Full Cloths.

Housekeeping Dry Goods

50 Pair of Bed Blankets from 3.00 to $12.00 White Flannel from 25 cts up, Red Flannels, Table Damasks very cheap, Napkins, Towels, White Bedspreads large size $1.25, German Quilts, Bed Comforts, Carriage Robes with figures on them, Bleached and Brown Muslins at greatly REDUCED PRICES, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Sheeting, Good heavy Brown Muslin full yard wide at 12½ cts. Bleached, Ditto yard wide an excellent article 12½.

NOTIONS AND SUNDRIES.

Goods of all kinds for Ladies and Gents, a splendid stock of Kid Gloves, colored and black, at $1.00, Ladies' Merino Undervests and Drawers, Childrens' Merino Vests of all sizes, Mens' Merino and Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, Hosiery, of all kinds, very cheap, Misses Corsets, Bustles, Coats' and Clarks' Spool Cotton, all numbers, 6 cents a spool, 12 doz. Shirt Buttons at 5 cents, and a large stock of Notions of all kinds.

Our Goods have all been purchased for cash in the New York and Baltimore markets, and we respectfully solicit all in search of GOOD and CHEAP GOODS, to call and examine our stock, promising them GOOD BARGAINS.

We would respectfully return our thanks to our customers of Montgomery county for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to us.
BENJAMIN MILLER.
oct18—tfn

GOOD NEWS
FOR THE
LADIES OF ROCKVILLE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTY.
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,
IN GREAT VARIETY.

I HAVE RETURNED from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore with a beautiful assortment of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S

Hats and Bonnets,

Trimmed and Untrimmed, Flowers, Silks and Ribbons, and a regular assortment of

Fancy Goods,

Ladies' and Children's Parasols, at reduced prices.

I have on hand also a large assortment of Pompadour Braids, Chignons, Switches, Rolls and Curls. Corsets from 50 cents a pair upward. Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Ladies' and Gents' Cotton and Linen Handkerchiefs. A fine lot of Lace and Linen Collars and Cuffs.

HOOP SKIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

I will also state that by buying at 111 Bridge Street, you can save 20 cents on every dollar of investment. Please give me a call and convince yourself of it.

I have also on hand a large lot of TRIMMED HATS at 50 cents each. You will find an assortment of Goods at 111 Bridge Street which cannot be surpassed.

I have Buttons of every description, Silk, Pearl, Gilt, Bone, Agate and Glass.

Infants' Caps and Bonnets; old ladies' Dress Caps, and a great many other articles too numerous to mention.

Particular attention paid to orders. Country Stores supplied at Baltimore wholesale prices. Do not forget to go to
M. J. YOUNG,
111 BRIDGE STREET,
apr 20—tf GEORGETOWN, D. C.

AUTUMN AND WINTER
FANCY AND STAPLE
DRY GOODS!!
STOCK NOW FULL AND COMPLETE
In all Departments for the Present and Approaching Seasons of 1872 and 1873.

Northern and Eastern correspondents send us new supplies daily.

Strangers and sojourners will inspect our stock at their pleasure.

Our customers in Maryland, Virginia and other Southern and South-Western States are notified that we are amply prepared to fill their orders as usual.

ONE PRICE ONLY, MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PERRY & BROTHER,
PENN. AVENUE AND NINTH STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
(Established 1840.)

An extensive assortment of CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CURTAIN MATERIALS, &c. will be found in the UPPER ROOMS.
sep 6—y

Educational Cards.

MONTGOMERY FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The FIFTH ANNUAL SESSION of the Montgomery Female Institute will commence on Monday, September 16th, 1872, and close June 30th, 1873, the re-opening of the School being postponed from September 2d, on account of the interruption occasioned by the Fair.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR is divided into two Terms of TWENTY WEEKS EACH, commencing respectively, Sept. 16th, 1872, and February 14th, 1873. Christmas week, being a holiday, is not included in the SESSION OF FORTY WEEKS.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION embraces the usual English Branches, Book-keeping, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, Rhetoric, History and Literature, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Latin, Greek, French, German, Music (vocal and instrumental), Drawing, Composition, Penmanship, &c. Special attention will be given to *Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic and English Grammar*, as constituting the *ground-work* of a liberal education, and the Principal alone gives instruction in the *last two* branches, bestowing that care which they demand. Arithmetical and Geometrical Forms are used for illustration. Regarding the University of Virginia as a model of Southern Educational Institutions, the plan of study pursued, will be made to conform to that, as nearly as possible, with such modifications as are necessary in a course for young ladies. The object will be to furnish the advantages of a thorough, practical and accomplished education, and to promote the *moral* as well as the *intellectual* advancement of pupils; and with this in view, the Teachers will ever strive to imbue the minds of those entrusted to their care, with those principles which will secure this end. The great aim will be to teach the pupil *to think, to discipline her mind and to expand its powers.* The *pernicious Parrot-System whereby the memory alone is exercised, to the utter neglect of other and higher intellectual faculties, we entirely ignore.*

THE DISCIPLINE will be sufficiently strict and regular to promote the uninterrupted progress of pupils. The Principal's family, with the resident teachers and pupils, constitute one household, and thus compose a *Home School*. Pupils, *always accompanied by some member of the family*, attend such places of worship as parents and guardians may desire, nothing of a *sectarian character* being introduced in the School. The young ladies boarding with the family are not permitted to pay visits, or to receive visitors except members of their respective families. They are required to walk every afternoon (the weather permitting) with one of the Teachers, and are encouraged to take all healthful exercise that is proper, and consistent with duty and discipline. Every care is taken to promote *physical culture*. The strictest attention is paid to the laws of health, and the results have been marked and gratifying. The number of boarding pupils is limited this year, to six; yet the Principal, who has established this School especially to meet the wants of the people of Montgomery County, confidently hopes, in the course of another year, to perfect plans whereby he can accommodate an increased number. A Graduate of the University of Virginia, he has been engaged in teaching since 1860, *except during the four years of the war*. He will be assisted by Teachers of *successful experience*.

THE SCHOOL though a private enterprise, is emphatically a *permanent institution*. Being aided by no donation, either public or private, it is dependent solely upon the individual efforts of the Principal, and relies upon *merit* for the patronage of a generous, enlightened and unprejudiced public. It aims to be an institution of *sound learning*. It is situated in a quiet part of the village, with no surroundings calculated to interrupt pupils in the prosecution of their studies. The building is large, commodious and well ventilated, and is provided with every thing necessary to insure comfort.

The TEXT-BOOKS used, are such as the experience of our most successful educators has found to be the best, and are furnished at city retail prices. Besides the daily examination of classes, there will be two REVIEW EXAMINATIONS, one at the end of each term of twenty weeks.

Monthly reports stating progress, &c., of pupils will be sent to parents and guardians, who are respectfully invited to attend the examinations. No deduction will be made for late entrance, nor for absence, except in cases of protracted illness or of death.

TERMS:

For board, fuel, lights, washing and full course of instruction (*including Languages*) for Term of 20 weeks $112.50
Music on Piano 25 00

NO EXTRAS.

Daughters of Ministers are not charged for *Tuition* except in *Music*.

Reference is invited to the following Patrons:

Hon. W. V. Bouic, Rockville, Md.
Dr. E. E. Stonestreet,
E. M. Veirs,
U. Z. Muncaster,
James West,
S. M. Lyddane,
J. F. Braddock,
E. O. Edmonston,
S. T. Mullican,
B. D. Prettyman,
Rev. Dabney Ball,
Geo. H. Braddock,
D. H. Bouic,
H. B. Maus,
R. A. Bogley,
J. R. Miller,
L. A. Dawson,
T. J. Peddicord,
J. W. Haney,
Miss Mary McP. Hassell,
Mrs. H. U. Higgins,
Mrs. M. M. Dodd,
Mrs. E. B. Williams,
Mrs. Harriet Sage,
Mrs. E. O. Duley,
Mrs. Mary Granger,
Mrs. Harriet Wade, Barnesville, Md.
Mrs. D. Braddock, Baltimore, Md.
Maj. A. W. Russell, O. S. N. Phil'a.
Zadok Talbert, Md. Agr'l College.
B. C. Gott, Dawsonsville, Md.
W. B. Vinson,
J. W. Darby, Barnesville, Md.
Oceolo Clagett, Offutt's Cross Roads, Md.
C. A. O. Higgins, Brookeville, Md.
Wm. Huddleston, Tennallytown, D. C.
Henry Renshaw,
Capt. John T. Fletchall, Poolesville, Md.
Wm. T. Jones,
Joseph White,
J. M. Kilgour, Leesburg, Va.
J. T. Vinson, Washington, D. C.

Address, COOKE D. LUCKETT,
sept 20—tf Principal.

THE 32d ANNUAL SESSION
OF ROCKVILLE ACADEMY,
WILL begin the 1st Monday in September, 1872. Students who intend to matriculate are urged to present themselves at the commencement of the session, as the classes are then formed and those who come later must expect to accommodate themselves thereto.

Terms same as heretofore.
J. D. ABRAHAMS,
jy26d Principal.

Poetical.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear,
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly,
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipt
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
I could not blame you for your heart ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

—*Mrs. Albert Smith.*

Selected Miscellany.

A GAMBLING ADVENTURE.

One cold, rainy night, I found myself in the city of Paris—the city of all cities, where vice is never slumbering, but stares you in the face on every side, in the most bewitching forms imaginable. And woe be unto him with weak resolution to stand aloof from all fascinating temptation! for, when most unexpected, we find ourselves dragged down, down, in the unfathomable depths of iniquity.

Registering my name in the Hotel de Ville, I thought I would stroll out and admire beautiful Paris by gaslight. But a heavy mist hung over the city, and all the beauty (if it can be called that), was the flickering of a street lamp ahead. I sauntered along unconscious of the distance I had walked, until I found myself on the banks of the Seine. I was about retracing my steps, when I observed a brilliantly lighted house in one of the side streets.

I resolved to enter and ascertain the way back to my hotel. I crossed the street and ascended the broad, marble steps, which reminded me of some of our fifth avenue residences, as they were of the same style. I rang the bell, and immediately a very polite Frenchman opened the door, bowing and smiling as if I was some great personage. I requested him to inform me the nearest route to the Hotel de Ville. His face assumed a very important air and he answered:

"Monsieur will step within and inquire, I am not allowed to converse with visitors."

I stepped into the hall, and was soon ushered into a large, elegantly furnished apartment, and at a glance I took in the surroundings. Seated around a large, coffin-shaped table sat several men playing cards, who seemed to belong to the better class, who staked their all on luck, if their dress were indicative of respectability, and at one corner of the room I noticed a man turning an oblong box, out which dropped small, red balls, with numbers on the side, which he called in loud, clear tones. And every few moments the cry of "Keno!" would arise from a long row of men seated at a table near the window fronting on the street. The truth dawned upon me that I was in a gambling hell, so common in Paris, where ladies go incognito to invest in the game of chance.

Distinguishing the proprietor of the house, I gained the information I came in to ascertain, and he hospitably extended a cup of coffee, at the same time exclaiming:

"Monsieur must be wet, so coffee ees very good in so wet weather."

I took the coffee and drank it, handing him some change in payment. He held his hands up and shrugged his shoulders in astonishment, and seemed to be offended. I apologized, and accepted his invitation to accompany him, and hear an explanation of the game. He explained how this game was played, and what the cards and checks on the table meant.

In ten minutes I understood exactly how to play the game of ruin and misery which had blighted many a happy home (as well in the New World, as in the Old) of that boon called happiness, leaving nothing but desolation and dark despair. Why do such things prosper, when religion may pass unnoticed? Oh world, thou art an enigma!

Finally, I became so interested in the playing, that I seemed to be as much excited as the players themselves. And an incomprehensible resolve prompted me to participate in the game. I thought to myself it would do no harm as I would only play just one game. Oh human nature, how weak thou art! when in our own estimation we are the strongest, we find, too soon, that we are the weakest.

I paid for my checks and quietly waited for the game to proceed, picturing myself as a gambler, and all that was wicked.

But my musings were cut short by hearing the crier call the numbers, and one after another I covered my cards with the numbers corresponding, until the line of numbers were covered, and then in trembling tones I cried, "Keno!" and immediately a man came and gave me a large amount of gold. How long I played I know not, for I was blinded by the excitement, and knew not when to stop. At last a voice cried in French that the bank was broke for the evening, and I the winner—with a heavy bag of gold.

I arose from the table, and was about leaving the room, when a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice asked:

"Monsieur, may I ask your name?"

I turned around and beheld the proprietor. I answered:

"My name is Summers; from the United States. What can I do for you?"

"You may deem it quite impertinent in me, Monsieur Summers, for asking your name; but I thought, perhaps, you might never be heard of again, and by knowing your name I might be able to throw some light on your murder."

"Murder!" exclaimed I in astonishment.

"Monsieur, I presume you are aware that all eyes are fixed upon you, and as they know that you are a stranger in Paris they are likely to take advantage of your ignorance of the city and waylay you before you are half way between here and the hotel.

"I have kept this place for fifteen years," continued he, "and I feel bound to protect all who enter my house. I propose that you remain here until morning, for I can accommodate you with a room where you can sleep with safety. Take a glass of Maderia with me, 'tis of the best quality."

I weighed his words carefully and determined to remain all night. 'Tis true the house was in a very desolate part of Paris, with its rear shadowing the Seine, but his politeness and frank manner convinced me that there was nothing to fear. We sat up until all of the guests had departed, and, feeling the effects of the wine, I concluded to retire. At his urgent request, I consented to drink another glass of Madeira, and immediately after I became quite dizzy and could scarcely stand erect.

I was assisted up stairs and ushered into a room comfortably furnished. After locking the door I put the bag of money on a table and began examining the apartment. The room contained an old oaken bedstead, which stood in the centre of the room. It was the most singular piece of workmanship I had seen, as the head and foot of the bed rose to an equal height, both made of massive wood, at least three inches thick. If they had hinges (I thought) at the ends they would meet perfectly when let down. On the wall were hung three pictures, one representing the execution of Louis XVI, the gory head, staring eyes and matted locks, dropping into a basket, with the fisherwomen seated around laughing, taking a stitch in their knitting when a head fell into the basket.

The other was the death of Robespierre, the inventor of the instrument of man's depravity; and the third picture, which hung at the foot of the bed where the light fell upon it, seemed to me like a jumping-jack, with his hand about to lift off his hat which had a large plume stuck in it. I threw myself upon the bed, thinking of the illustrations upon the wall of the blood-stained past, which conspired to create a feeling of dread. I endeavored to keep awake, as I now had serious suspicion regarding the keeper of the house. I felt myself being carried to the land of dreams, and I tried to cast off the spell. I would open my eyes and gaze languidly around, but at last I fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not. I had a faint recollection of feeling something giving way under me, and awaking with a start of terror. I listened. All was still as death. I heard the faint sound of a bell in the distance strike two o'clock. My eyes wandered to the picture on the wall at the foot of the bed. Good heavens! the figure in the frame is moving, the hand is lifting the hat from its head, and I can see the plumes move! What can it all mean?

My attention is so absorbed in the movements of the figure, that I notice not the sinking of the bed. I see the foot of the bed falling, and feel the head almost crushing me. One herculean effort, and I manage to free myself and regain the floor.

The bed by this time looks like an immense sofa; the bottom had fallen out, and the cushioned sides take its place. Lifting one of the ends up, I can look down in the dark and murkey Seine. I turn away with an icy shudder, and think God for my narrow escape. While meditating upon the means of escape a panel in the door opens, and a hand thrust through to unlock the door.

In a moment I have one of the pictures down and snap the cord, and quick as lightning tie the hand to the door knob, taking out the key. A smothered oath reaches my ear, but I wait no longer. I snatch the money from the table and jump from the side window into the street. Bruised and bleeding I managed to reach the hotel.

The next day, followed by several stout gendarmes, I reach the place of my terror the night previous; but the birds had flown. The door had been battered down in order to extricate the individual's hand which I had tied so firmly.

To this day the vividness of the ordeal which I had passed through is strongly impressed upon my memory.

How to Cook a Dinner.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, writing from Memphis says: I heard of a young lady the other day up in Middle Tennessee, who, as the river men say, has taken another chute. The story told about her did my soul good, and for the comfort of other half-starved dyspeptics like myself, whose tardy sustentation is affected by means of fried chicken, soggy biscuit, greasy hash and sole-leather fritters, I'll relate it. For years past, as a mere matter of form—something handed down from remote antiquity—the officers of the County Fair, held in the neighborhood where this young lady lived, had been in the habit of offering a premium to the young lady (unmarried) cooking the best dinner. It was a dead letter. Nobody had contested for the premium within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. This year, however, the young lady of whom I am speaking determined to compete for the prize. Her name—I wish I could immortalize it—was Kate Janaway. The Fair men set up a stove for her, stretched a canvas to shield her from the sun, and about 11 o'clock of the last day she went to work. The matter had been talked of by every one in the neighborhood and curiosity was on tip-toe. A crowd collected around the place where the stove was set up, early in the morning, and kept increasing, but when Miss Kate herself, a buxom, handsome girl of nineteen, daughter of the ex-Mayor of the town, appeared on the ground, and putting on a white apron and rolling up her sleeves, commenced operations, all other attractions were nothing. Every one was eager to see so novel a sight. There was a tree near by which soon became black with spectators who had climbed up to get a better view. The branches were finally so burdened that one by one they broke, precipitating those upon them to the ground, until only one man was left in the tree. He sat in a lofty fork, with eyes riveted upon the scene below. No amount of persuasion by those beneath, envious of his better view, could induce him to come down—even a bribe of $10 failed. He said he was bound to see or die. Meanwhile the dinner preparations went on apace. The savory smell of the cooking food seemed to intoxicate the crowd, which pressed nearer and nearer. It took all the police force on the grounds to preserve order.

The time arrived for the trotting match, announced as the sport of the day, but the amphitheatre was empty. The judges (with the exception of one crabbed old widower), the timers, all were missing, and so nothing could be done. At half-past two the dinner was announced ready, and the judges, happy men, seated themselves at the table—the crowd regarding them with ill-disguised envy. A roast of beef, delicately done, was put steaming hot upon the table—then followed corn pudding, whose delicate aroma fell upon the olfactories of the excited crowd "like breezes of Araby the blest;" a profusion of vegetables, cooked to perfection followed next. The judges ate and ate, praising the flavor of the food and the skill of the cook at every mouthful. But when, at last, a dessert of piping hot apple dumplings made its appearance, the forbearance of the crowd was at an end. They broke through the ropes into the ring with one accord, and the dumplings disappeared in a trice.

One old fellow, proprietor of a store and owner of a big saw mill, proposed to the young lady on the spot, but he was quickly collared and led off the grounds by two younger aspirants, who made common cause against the aged suitor, saw mill and all. That young lady was the centre of attraction in her town after the cooking feat. She received twenty-five offers of marriage the first week, and her fame spread through all the country around. An old bachelor fellow down in Grundy county, with a farm so big that it takes him all day to ride around it, and cattle on a hundred hills, heard of her, and made a pilgrimage all the way to that town to learn the truth. He got the girl, too, although some of the young men of the place sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* to prevent her being carried out of the county. They were too late.

This is, I am aware, a rather bad ending for so good a story, but devotion to the truth compels me to give nothing but the simple, unvarnished reality.

She ought to have married that fellow who sat up there in the crotch of the tree so long and at such fearful discomfort. He wanted her, and he was a poor, bilious dyspeptic, whom her splendid cooking would soon have restored to usefulness and society, but he was poor. Ah!

That is a clever Persian story about Mohammed Ali and the camels. A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons. The eldest to have half, the second a third, and youngest a ninth. Of course the camel can't be divided into fractions, so in despair the brothers submitted their difficulty to Mohammed Ali. "Nothing is easier!" said the wise Ali. "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them, yourselves." The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again, the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

A young lady suggestively remarks, "If it was not good for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on the earth, what shall be said of old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls?"