THE CECIL WHIG.

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The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

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FERTILIZERS, &C.

SEED POTATOES.

EARLY ROSE, CARTER and WHITE PEACH BLOWS.

PLOW CASTINGS of all kinds.

Best Quality of Whitewashing Lime.

For by J. E. ALEXANDER & BRO.,
mar 21, 1874—3m Elkton, Md.

Lister's Bones

THE CHEAPEST! THE SUREST! THE BEST!

We are EXCLUSIVE AGENTS for these Bones for Cecil county, Md., and offer them

Wholesale and Retail.

RETAIL PRICE $38 PER TON.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR LARGE LOTS to Farmers on *accommodating terms.*

Solicit the patronag of th F armers and Merchants of the county.

J. TOME & CO.,
mar 7, 1874—tf PORT DEPOSIT.

Fertilizers.

DIAMOND STATE,
NATIONAL,
LISER, TIERS, and
BONE MEAL PHOSPHATES, &C.
LIME, SALT,
Seed Oats & Early Rose Potatoes.
Highest Cash Price paid for
GRAIN, HAY and STRAW.

DAVIS, PUGH & CO.,
mar 28, 1874—tf NORTH EAST, MD.

D. SCOTT & BRO.,
ELKTON, MD.,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Coal, Lime, Salt, Feed, Fish, Plaster and Fertilizers
OF THE FOLLOWING STANDARD BRANDS:

Phosphates.
MORO PHILLIPS, WATSON & CLARK, COE'S & COPE'S.

Bone.
BAUGHS, (guaranteed pure,)
TIERS " "
LISTER'S AND OTHER BRANDS.

GUANOS.
PACIFIC GUANO,
A. A. MEXICAN "
ORCHILLA "
BAHAMA "
SUN "

PERUVIAN and all other Brands furnished when ordered, at lowest rates.

April 18, 1874—tf.

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES.

John Drennen's
STORE AT OLD STAND.

The public's attention is called to my

NEW STOCK OF GOODS,

Call and examine for yourselves, and ascertain quality and price. Particular attention is called to his stock of

Fine Groceries!

It is useless to enumerate Goods—just call in and inquire for what you need, and you will be shown with the greatest of pleasure, as it is

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

Don't forget to call and learn prices all the way through.

REMEMBER
DRENNEN'S
Cheap Cash Store.
GOODS
OF ALL GRADES,
AT REDUCED PRICES,
FOR THE CASH:
April 18, 1874—tf

L. Mauldin & Co.

AT ROCK RUN,

Are receiving almost daily ADDITIONS to their

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

WHICH THEY ARE SELLING AT THE
LOWEST Possible PRICE
FOR CASH.

Purchasers may rely on getting the worth of their money.

Please call and examine for yourselves.

May 2, 1874—tf

NO EXPERIMENT!

BUY for CASH & SELL for CASH:
CARHART & CO.,
ZION, MD.

Carpet Chain,
Wood and Willow-ware,
House Furnishing Goods:
CARHART & CO.,
ZION, MD.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &C.:
CARHART & CO.,
ZION, MD.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

at less than regular prices, on our usual terms, which is Cash on Delivery to every person, without regard to responsibility. Rich and poor enjoy the same advantages. We have tried this system for fourteen years, and ready to prove that "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling."

GAUGE—56 Inches to the yard.
16 Ounces to the pound.

N. B—"Whitewash"—Baltimore Lime.

NO CHROMO. [May 2, 1874.

From North East to Baltimore.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

THE
Steamer "C. P. SMITH,"

Will on and after MONDAY, the 16th instant,

Leave Pier No. 13 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the following places, viz: Buck Neck, Barnardis, Betterton, Reybold's Wharf, Charlestown and North East; returning on alternate days, stopping at all the Landings

For FREIGHT or PASSAGE, apply on board.

mar 7, 1874—tf JOHN H. BROWN, Captain.

MICHENER, at Colora, sells the best Corn Sheller.

PHILADELPHIA.

JOE GLADING,
No. 906 Arch St., Philadelphia,

8-4 to 36-inch Solid (French) HAIR BRAIDS, $6; Side Curls, $1; Combings made up, 50 cents an ounce.

April 11, 1874—3m

HILT & LUNING,
IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN
WALL PAPERS,
WINDOW SHADES,
Lambrequins, Cornices, Curtain & Picture Loops, Tassels, Bands, &c.,
106 and 108 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Paper and Shades hung by competent workmen in city or country

N. B—Store Shades made to order. [april 11—3m

CHAS. CAMBLOS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 38 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities,
Gold, Silver, &c.

STOCKS AND BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

Particular attention given to investments.

dec. 20, 1873.—1y

Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and examine our prices before **purchasing**, as we claim to sell **lower than other establishment in the City.**

REMEMBER the NUMBER,
1236 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

June 14, 1873—1y

BLATCHLEY'S
Improved CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP, Tasteless, Durable, Efficient and Cheap. The best Pump for the least money. Attention is especially invited to Blatchley's Patent Improved Bracket and New Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without removing the Pump, or disturbing the joints. Also, the Copper Chamber, which never cracks or scales, and will outlast any other.

For sale by Dealers and the Trade generally. Inquire for Blatchley's Pump, and if not for sale in your town, send direct to

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce Street,
mar 14, 1874—3m Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' SPRING and SUMMER SUITS,
JACKETS,
AND
COSTUMES.

AGNEW & ENGLISH,
NO. 920 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

Invite attention to their Large and Elegant Stock of SILK, HENRANI, CASHMERE, POPLIN, ALPACA, MOHAIR, LINEN and LAWN SUITS.

Cloth and Cashmere Jackets,
Embroidered Linen, and
Lawn Polonaise,
Lace Polonaise, Sacques and Shawls.

Best Black Silk for Dresses, by the yard. Umbrellas, Fans, Embroidered Sashes, Pockets, &c. Fancy Goods. Also, a full line of Ladies' Under Garments. (The only house on Chestnut street devoted exclusively to this class of Goods.) [may 9, 1874—2m

ALLEN'S
STANDARD MANURES
FOR ALL CROPS.

Reputation Established.

Send for Circulars, and see that our name is on the Bags.

Dried & Ground Fish Guano.

Super-Phosphate of Lime and Ammoniated Fertilizer,
(Formerly manufactured by T. H. Gray.)

FINE GROUND PRAIRIE BONE.
Rich in Ammonia and Phosphates.

No. 1 Peruvian Guano,
Received direct from the Government.

JOSIAH J. ALLEN'S SONS,
No. 4 South Delaware Avenue,
mar 7, 1874—3m3mf PHILADELPHIA.

APOTHECARY.

GREETING AND COMPLIMENTS OF E. B. FRAZER

TO THE CITIZENS OF

Port Deposit and Vicinity,

Respectfully announcing the Opening of his

NEW DRUG STORE,

(Opposite H. C. Nesbitt & Co.'s)

Where may be found a complete assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Chemicals,
AND
Toilet Merchandise.

Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded from new and carefully selected materials. *A Specialty.*

The patronage of his friends and the public generally most cordially solicited.

April 18, 1874—tf

THE TROTTING STALLION

WINFIELD,

Sired by New Jersey, by George M. Patchen. Dam by Long Island Black Hawk, by Andrew Jackson, the sire of Kemble Jackson and grandson of old Imported Bashaw. New Jersey's dam, Patsey Anthony, was by imported Priam.

WINFIELD is a dark chestnut, 5 years old, of docile temper, perfectly sound, with all the style and finish of a thoroughbred. His colts, now coming one and two years old, are large and blood-like, showing equal in every respect to any produce with which they are compared.

He will make the Season at Elkton, for $25, payable in advance. Mares not proving in foal, can be returned the following season, free of charge, if owned by the same parties.

All communications to receive prompt attention, must be addressed to

WM. A. WRIGHT, Agent,
Howard House, Elkton.

T. POOLE, Proprietor. [may 9, 1874—3m

Meetings of County Commissioners.

THE regular meetings of the County Commissioners will be held on the second TUESDAY of every month.

Persons having claims against the County, will please file the same in the Commissioners' Office, with a legal voucher; as no account will be allowed not properly chargeable to the same.

Collectors and others having accounts to be stated or settled will apply to the Clerk during the recess of the Board. By Order

I. F. VANARSDALE, Clerk
Commissioners of Cecil County.

De 14, 1867—y

CHESAPEAKE HOTEL.

W. T. EMMONS, - Proprietor.

First-Class accommodations for Tranzient and Permanent Customers

EVERYTHING NEW. [may 9, 1874—3m*

NOTICES, &C.

NOTICE.

An Election for ONE DIRECTOR to represent the interests of the Individual Stockholders in the Bohemia Bridge Company, will be held at the office of the Secretary, in Chesapeake City, on MONDAY, May 25th, from 10 o'clock to 11 o'clock A. M.

J. H. STEELE,
May 16, 1874—2w Secretary.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED,

In every Town and Village in the County, to sell the

NEW AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE.

NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED.

Printed matter furnished free of charge to responsible business men. Will give the most liberal inducements. Hundreds of dollars can be made during your leisure hours. For full particulars, address

J. WILKINSON,
May 9, 1874—tf ELKTON, MD.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice, that the subscribers, of Cecil county, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, letters of Administration on the personal estate of THOMAS MAXWELL, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated, on or before the 12th day of May, 1875; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under our hands, this 16th day of May, 1874.

SUSAN M. MAXWELL,
JAMES H. MAXWELL,
Administrators of Thomas Maxwell, dec'd.

Test—REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.
May 16, 1874—6w

NOTICE.

JOHN MARKEY AND WIFE
vs.
JACOB P. MARKEY AND WIFE.

In the Circuit Court for Cecil county. In chancery.

ORDERED, This fourteenth day of May, in the year 1874, that the second sale made and reported by William J. Jones and L. Marshall Haines, Trustees for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of July, next; provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Cecil county, once a week for one month before the 16th day of June, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,845.25.

A. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.

True copy: test, A. W. MITCHELL,
May 16, 1874—1m Clerk.

NOTICE.

WM. GIBSON VALENTINE, next friend, &c.,
vs.
CHARLES B. VALENTINE, AND OTHERS.

In the Circuit Court for Cecil county. In Chancery.

ORDERED, This 20th day of April, in the year 1874, that the sale made and reported by James T. McCullough, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Nancy Ward, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 27th day of June, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some paper printed in Cecil county, once a week for one month before the 20th day of May, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1200.00.

A. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.

True copy: test, A. W. MITCHELL,
April 25, 1874—1m Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice, that the subscribers, of Cecil county, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of RACHEL B. BROWN, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated, on or before the 14th day of April, 1875; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under our hands, this 19th day of April, 1874.

SARAH B. SCOTT,
ANNA E. B. TAYLOR,
Executrix of Rachel B. Brown, deceased.

Test—REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.
April 18, 1874—6w.

NOTICE.

ELIAS M. SERGEANT
vs.
MARY J. PENNINGTON.

In the Circuit Court for Cecil county. In Chancery.

ORDERED, This 8th day of May, 1874, that the sale made and reported by William J. Jones and L. Marshall Haines, Trustees for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings in the above-entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 12th day of July, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Cecil county, once a week for one month before the 12th day of June, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $350.00.

A. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.

True copy: test, A. W. MITCHELL,
May 9, 1874—1m Clerk.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

J. H. ROWLAND & CO.,
Lumber Dealers,
PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

Have a full and complete assortment OF

LUMBER,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

White Pine & Hemlock Lumber,
White Pine and Hemlock Pickets,
Cypress & White Pine Shingles,
Dressed Lumber, Flooring,
White Pine Siding, &c., &c.

Which they offer for sale at lowest market rates.

As we manufacture our Lumber at Williamsport, Pa., we can offer superior inducements to purchasers.

April 11, 1874—3m

DAVIS & KEYS,
STEAM PLANING MILL,
AND
Lumber Yard,
ELKTON, MD.,

OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN WHITE PINE, YELLOW PINE and HEMLOCK LUMBER, such as

BOARDS AND PLANK,
JOISTS, Scantling and Bill-Stuff,
SIDING, FLOORING,
Lath, Shingles, Pickets, &c.

We also keep on hand a well selected assortment of

DOORS, SASH,
BLINDS and SHUTTERS,

MADE OF THE BEST KILN-DRIED LUMBER, and warranted in point of workmanship equal to any in the market.

Estimates for Contracts made on application, and a comparison of prices invited.

April 25, 1874—tf DAVIS & KEYS.

NORTH EAST
STEAM SAW MILLS,
Lumber and Coal Yard,
NORTH EAST, MD.

We, the undersigned, would respectfully call attention to our facilities for CUTTING

White Pine, Yellow Pine, Oak and Hemlock

BILL STUFF.

ALSO, OUR ASSORTMENT OF

Boards, Scantling, Joists and Pickets

stock in our yard, which we will sell at Reasonable Rates. We have also for sale several cargoes of

STOVE, EGG & NUT COAL
OF GOOD QUALITY.

SASH, DOORS and all kinds of Finishing Work furnished at Port Deposit prices.

DAVIS, PUGH & CO.

We have also on hand and for sale the NATIONAL BONE. [Sept 13, 1873—tf.

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

Mid the flower-wreath'd tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm,

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feign'd distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill,
Here lie buried; here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Decoration Day, 1873.

T. W. Higginson; Scribner's for June.

JOHN STEPHENS' PERICARDIUM.

"Now I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, Doctor, word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back on the sofa pillow, the very picture of misery. The family physician, who was called on an average to the Stephens mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair close to the couch, and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night, you see, Doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so he dared to leave me, he concluded then we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him," said the Doctor—sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued:

"This spell is the same as I had the last time you were sent for, Doctor—"

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician, "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it—it was mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first, Doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, 'Kate, what shall I send you up?'"

"Says I, 'I don't want anything in the world but a good strong cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in the little tea pot.' I saw, Doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he, 'Tea! tea! tea! it's nothing but tea from morning till night, Kate,' says he, 'you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good piece of beefsteak, and a slice of brown bread, and a cup of chocolate; that would be a sensible breakfast!'"

"'But John,' says I, 'you forget that I am sick and have no appetite.' I was all ready to cry, but I was determined that he shouldn't have the satifaction of seeing the tears fall.'"

"'Forget,' says he; 'forget? I wish to Heaven I could forget! It's nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to the other. I have lost all patience with you,' he says. 'When we lived in a part of a house, and you did your own house work, you were as well and happy as anybody, and no man ever had a pleasanter little home than John Stephens; but what have I now to love, or to come back to?'" and this, Doctor, is what he ended up with—

"'Kate,' says he, 'you are nothing more nor less than a drunkard, and in the sight of God, more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets; because the majority of those poor devils have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—everything under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea.' Yes, Doctor, swilling was the word he used—boo! hoo! hoo! Oh dear me! to think I should ever have lived to have heard such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth; and then he says—'and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth.'"

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the Doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Oh, yes," sobbed the victim, "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had had a spell and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared a snap of his finger. I tell you, Doctor Ellis, there is such a thing as a man's getting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, with a laconism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that." This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner, than the one single work that had accidentally escaped his lips, and this the Doctor felt.

"Anybody would think by the way he goes on," continued the irrate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms and cramps and fainting fits. Anybody would think it was a pleasure to me to feel, every time I see a funeral procession, as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. Oh, yes! such a life is very enjoyable, very, indeed."

Doctor Ellis took no notice of these last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, setting himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that, Mrs. Stephens?"

"How? Why how do I know anything? By the evidences of my senses. Don't I know that John Stepens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost Mephistophelian.—"There are other troubles besides money troubles. How about health, madam?"

"Health?" repeated the lady with a smile she intended to be sarcastic to the degree.

"Health? Doctor Ellis! Why, there isn't a healthier or a sounder man than my husband in the United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach, Mrs. Stephens." Doctor Ellis shaded his face with his hand, and waited further developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment for emotion, and immediately assuming a sitting posture, brushed her eyes, and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word 'stomach,' so strongly, Doctor Ellis?" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the Doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet, he be far from sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick."

"I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"Oh, Doctor Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time—" and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the Doctor, with uncalled for deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health and life are of a good deal more consequence to me than my own."

"Ah indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of the bushy eyebrows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several very excellent reasons for said opinion.

"Doctor Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell me what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirit, and only the little quiver of her lip, to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained. There she stood, reproachful, defiant, determined, womanly. The Doctor was delighted, and such an honest face it was, that he carried around with him from door to door, from sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, that it was a mighty hard matter to keep it from an immediate betrayal of the whole purpose.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this, I feel certain I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but, as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you, madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I should really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know?"

"But, Doctor Ellis, I should think you ought to have understood that my own health and comfort are nothing, compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice that I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures!" muttered the doctor; "delightful bundles of contradictions! How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband? I am sure you have spent the last hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"O don't, Doctor Ellis, please don't. I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, Doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have treated him."

"This, then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty?"

"O—yes, for mercy's sake, go on."

"Very well; I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium?" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what that is, I suppose?"

Evidently Mrs. Stephens' anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair. "Something about the heart is it not?" she asked at last.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membraneous sac that holds the heart. Well, sometimes this sac—it is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Dr. Ellis suddenly came to a standstill.

"It is enough, though, for me to say that we are both passably anxious that his heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music.—You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?"

"Oh yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens' tones were so pitiful now that big Dr. Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware, the lacrymal duct had gotten the upper hand. "Well, try it again; get a teacher, and go to practising."

"But how am I going to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady.

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, and taking care of him—and I doing my best in my way—we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all, do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him, and all that, you know, just as you used to when you were first married."

Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens.

The Doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, Doctor?" she asked, as he prepared to leave. Do you think it very hurtful?"

"As an occasional tonic, I have no objection to tea; but as a daily beverage, madam, it is an invention of the devil. Good morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he believed a confirmed invalid, or hypochondriac—it mattered little which; one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances were of no avail, he was doubtful even whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch key. This had become habitual; seldom did the gentleman show himself to his beloved wife until after the dinning bell had summoned the family to the dining room.

A strain of music met and transfixed him on the very threshold. Abt's beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear—

"The eyes that cannot weep,
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year this charming voice had been silent as the grave.

"Company, perhaps," he muttered.—Curiosity overcame him. He opened the parlor door and steeped in. There was Mrs. John Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone, as enthusiastic over the fine rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked, with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up tea, and am going to try hard to be well. I guess my voice will all come back, John."

"I guess so," he replied, folding her tight to his heart.

Three months after this the cure was so radical, that Doctor Ellis made a clean breast of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephens as this physiologically scientific one—Pericardium.

The Moral Power of Women.

Nothing in American history has more nobly illustrated the moral power of women, than the past and current crusade against the vice of drinking, and the traffic upon which it feeds. The exhibition and demonstration of this power are so full of suggestion and instruction, both to men and women, that they demand more than a passing consideration, especially in their bearing upon some of the most stirring questions of the time.

Why is it that the hardened rum-seller who, behind his bar, has dealt out the liquid death to his victims for years, quails before a band of praying, beseeching women—women who, coming from their comfortable retirement, brave wind and storm and mud—brave obloquy and misrepresentation and curses, and all the harsh obstacles that brutality can throw in their path, to compass a reform that shall keep their natural supporters and protectors pure and prosperous? Why is it that men looking on form new resolutions of sobriety, and reform the vicious habits of their lives? Why is it that changes which involve the destruction of a brutal business, and of habits to which hundreds of thousands are wedded with all the power of a burning appetite, awake no more violence than they do? Why is it that so many good men, whose souls protest against the sacrifice of ease and privacy which these women make, bow to the movement as something supremely Christian, and, therefore, veritably divine?

First, of course, because there is no man, however brutal, who does not know that the women are right—that whisky is a curse, not only to those who drink it, but to the unoffending who do not drink it. Every man feels that the action of the women is an embodiment and expression of the dictates of his own conscience.—Approached in a way which disarms all violent opposition, with an appeal to God and to all the manliness which he possesses, the vilest panderer to a debased appetite trembles not only before the pure embodied conscience without, but before the answering conscience within. He hears God's voice in the souls which approach him, and the same voice in his own soul. There is something terrible in this. A mob which would tear his house down, a descent of the officer of the law, the threats of outraged fathers and brothers, would only stimulate his opposition, and give him an apology for continuing his crime; but this quiet appeal to his conscience, by those whose consciences he knows to be pure, is awful to him.

Second, the mind of man is so constituted as to feel most sensitively the praise and the blame of women. It is hard for any man to feel that he rests under the censure of all the good women by whom he is surrounded. The harshest words that have been spoken against the crusaders have been spoken by the women whom they have found behind the bars they have visited; and these poor creatures were speaking to win the approval of the brutal men they loved. A man who has not some woman somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone. All men, who deserve the name of men, desire the respect of women; and when a man finds himself in a business which fixes upon him the disapproval of a whole community of women, a power is brought to bear upon him which he certainly cannot ignore, and which he finds it difficult to resist. The power of woman, simply as woman, has had too many illustrations in history to need further discussion here. A man's self-respect can only be nursed to its best estate in the approval of the finer sense and quicker conscience of the women who know him.

The third reason is that the end which these women seek is purely and beneficently a moral one. They are not after money, they do not pursue revenge, they work in the interest of no party. All they desire, and all they labor for, is the reform and safety of their husbands, brothers, fathers and sons, and the extinction of those temptations and sources of temptation which endanger them. They bear no ill will to the dram-seller, but the moment he relinquishes his traffic, they cover him with their kindness and sympathy. They not only do not have the sympathy of party men, as such, but they are denied the sympathy of portions of the Christian Church. They pursue a much desired moral end by purely moral means. They seek nothing for themselves, but everything for the men they love, and for the men that other women love. The element of self-sacrifice is in it all. They go from peaceful home pursuits, from the retirement which is most congenial to them, from prayers where they have begged for the blessing of heaven upon their enterprise, into the street, into foul dens of debauchery, into private expostulations with brutal men, into atmospheres reeking with ribaldry, and all to save others. No man with a spark of manliness in him—which, after all, is only godliness expressed in human character—can regard such a spectacle as this without being moved to admiration and reverence.

And now for the lesson which this crusade teaches us. It will be a hard one for some women to learn, but a desire for the conservation of the best forces of society demands that it shall not only be stated, but heeded. The ballot, even when exercised in the right direction, has not yet, in any State, proved a cure for drunkenness. No law that has been enacted for the suppression of dram-selling, even in States where special constabulary machinery has been instituted for executing it, has done so much for the end sought as this crusade has done. In Massachusetts, the necessity of reform is as urgent as in New York. Does any one suppose that the moral power which the women wield to-day would be in their hands to wield if they held the ballot? Not a bit of it. They are strong because they are not political. They are strong because they have no party to serve, no personal ambitions to push, no selfish ends to seek. If women had the ballot, how long is it to be supposed that this crusade would be without political leadership and political perversion? If these women were the representatives of political power, how much toleration would they receive at the hands of those whose interests they imperil or destroy? What kind of treatment would an office-holder have in their ranks?—Would an office-holder dare to be seen in their ranks at all? If women had the ballot, such a crusade as this would simply be impossible. To respond that it would be unnecessary, is to trifle with the subject. Men would be obliged to execute whatever laws women might pass, under any circumstances, and they would execute the laws passed through the votes of women no better than they do their own.

Further, let it be witnessed, that the women who are doing the most of the work in this crusade never have asked for the ballot, and never will do so. They would regard the conferment of political suffrage upon them as a calamity, and it would undoubtedly be a calamity. It would rob them of their peculiar power—a power which all experience proves cannot be preserved too carefully. Woman cannot afford the ballot. It would tie her hands, weaken her influence, destroy her disinterestedness in the treatment of all public questions, and open into the beautiful realms of her moral power ten thousand streams of weakness and corruption. The woman who recently said that this crusade "means the ballot," proved only by that speech how poorly qualified she was to use a ballot. She ought to have seen in the crusade something greater than the ballot—something almost infinitely above the poor machinery of politics—something by the side of which the ballot is only a toy. This crusade does not mean the ballot; it means that woman does not need the ballot, cannot afford to take the ballot, will not have the ballot; and with this conviction let all American society gratefully felicitate itself.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Monthly for June.*

THE RELIGION OF RECREATION.

The practice of setting religion apart by itself as something too sacred to enter into every-day life—of confining it to certain times and places, and limiting its influence to special portions of our natures—is both unfortunate and pernicious. The religion that does not enter into the whole of life is unreal and imaginative. If its influence does not permeate the individual and vitalize his character, it is a mere sentiment and loses its significance. This separation is pernicious, because it strips daily life, with its labors, cares, hopes, joys and sorrows, of its grand purpose; divorces it from the spirit which alone can purify and animate, and thus sullies and degrades what should be ennobled and elevated.

Perhaps nothing is more commonly dissociated from religion, in thought and feeling, than our recreations. The time was when they were considered adverse to it, and part of a religious life was thought to consist in their renunciation. Even now, in many cases, they are only tolerated, while a very impression prevails that religion would lose something of its sacredness by being brought into close contact with them. We believe that were this error thoroughly effaced from the human mind, it would contribute much to the improvement and refinement of a large part of life, which is now, by common consent, deprived of the best influences. Whatever we find to be a necessity of nature, or whatever tends to its best development, becomes, by that very fact, obligatory upon us, and thus enters into the domain of religion. That recreation of some sort comes under this head, is proved by every one who thinks at all deeply upon the subject. Incessant toil is impracticable, and alternations of labor and rest are not sufficient for our needs. Both body and mind demand light and varied occupations, that shall employ, without taxing, the powers, especially those that have lain dormant during long hours of toil. Without this, we lose, not only the vivacity and sprightliness which are important elements of happiness, but also by degrees that very energy of will and purpose which alone can make labor successful. If this be so, then recreation becomes a religious duty, for all duty is essentially religious.

If this be once conceded, the whole matter of recreation is placed on a far higher plane than it commonly occupies, and we pass naturally to the consideration of how to preserve its position by guarding against its abuses. There is nothing, however good in itself, but what by excess or abuse may become evil, and one reason why amusements have incurred so much censure is that, not having been allowed their rightful place in life, they have overrun other domains and choked much good fruit. They have been treated as some good men treat politics—finding them corrupt, they retire from them altogether, when in truth they are for that very reason the more urgently called upon to throw the whole weight of their influence into the work of purifying and elevating them. The effort to extirpate, or even to ignore a necessity of humanity, because it is grossly abused, is worse than futile. It not only fails utterly of its object, but it actually cultivates the very abuses it condemns. Men and women must be and ought to be amused, and if debarred from pure and innocent pleasure, they will seek that which is impure and demoralizing.

If, then, the religious duty of recreation is based upon its necessity to our best development, the best test of its value is the degree to which it promotes its object. If, instead of refreshing our powers and renewing our energy, we find that our amusements enervate and weary us, there is something wrong—something demanding instant reform. If they engross us to the detriment of our regular labor, and make it distasteful; if they lead to impure thoughts or sensual excitement; if they unfit the mind for thought, the body for action, and the moral powers for command, then let us stop. If they draw away the affections from the pure delights of home; if they lead us into evil companionship, or undermine the sterling principles of honor, integrity, and virtue, their mission is unfulfilled, and their influence unblest. Let all our efforts, then, tend to encourage, not to restrain, the proper amusement of the people, and at the same time to purify, refine and elevate them. Let parks, gardens and fountains refresh the weary; let birds and flowers give out sweet song and fragrance; let our homes be embellished with tasteful ornaments, and welcome their inmates to scenes of simple, pure and heartfelt pleasure; let gaiety and laughter be heard among the children, and games and sports develop their activities; let music and painting and every form of art shed their refining influence; let nature, in all her varied phases of sea, forest and mountains beckon us away to enjoy her wealth of beauty and calm repose; and let recreation thus come within the plan of every life, not to be snatched as