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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 24.—No. 22. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863. WHOLE No. 1218.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

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

Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

Advertisements inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for ten lines.

Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

J. J. PEARCE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
SHOP IN THE REAR OF THE TOWN HALL.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS received every season. CUTTING done at short notice. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.
Chestertown, jan17y.

Dr. J. T. TWILLEY,
DENTIST,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent Co., that having removed to Chestertown, he can always be found (except on Thursdays,) at his office on the corner of Main and Water Streets, in the dwelling recently occupied by Capt. J. F. Taylor.

☞His charges are moderate and all work done by him guarantied to be as he represents.
jan4-y.

BENJ. H. GARDNER,
DEALER IN
Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, Pipes, &c.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

He has now in store a large and excellent assortment of TOBACCO and SEGARS of every description; SNUFF, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, and everything in this line of business, which he will sell at Wholesale and Retail at the very lowest rates.

Call and examine for yourslves.

Store on Main Street, nearly opposite Mc Daniel's Hotel. [my17.

NON PAREIL OIL COMPANY,
26 CALVERT STREET, CORNER MERCER,
SIGN OF GREEN BARRELS,
PURE REFINED CHRYSTAL
NON EXPLOSIVE
BURNING OIL,

Guarantied to be the best in market, and as cheap as any of the commoner Oils herrtofore sold to the public.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR ALL KINDS OF LUBRICATING OILS, for Machinery, Railroad Cars, Engines, Steamboats, Threshing Machines, Sewing Machines, &c.
MANUFACTURE
Non Pareil Axle Grease,
for Wagons, Carriages, and bearings.
Lard Oils, Adamantine Candles and Soap.
RICHARDSON & CO.,
aug22 tf. 26 *Calvert Street, Baltimore.*

E. MAHLON PRICE,
WIRE and SIEVE Manufacturer,
No. 58 S. CALVERT ST.,
BALTIMORE

Keeps constantly on hand, and Manufactures to order, all kinds of WIRE GOODS.
SIEVES, RIDDLES,
SCREENS, RAT AND MOUSE TRAPS,
Rolling Screen Wire for Mills,
Plain and Fancy Wire Work for doors and Windows.
Also, WOVE WIRE of every description,
Wholesale and Retail at the "Old Stand,"
No. 58 S. CALVERT ST.,
j25—3m. BALTIMORE, MD.

Commission Card.

THE undersigned would inform the public that he has established an Agency in Baltimore, and will sell on Commission
Grain, Peaches, Apples, Pears,
POULTRY, EGGS,
and PRODUCE of every description. He will have the advantage of the experience of a gentleman who has been in the business for many years, and will thus be enabled to obtain the highest market prices.

Consignments are respectfully solicited.

Orders for the purchase of any article in Baltimore promptly attended to.
WM. T. PEARSON,
102 Light St. Wharf, opposite the
aug1tf. Chester River Steamboat Wharf.

A CARD.

THE undersigned respectfully isform the Farmers of Kent and the adjoining Counties that they are still carrying on the
Grain Commission Business,
and take this opportunity of returning thanks for the patronage thus far extended to the firm, and hope to merit a continuance of the same.

This notice is deemed necessary owing to an impression prevailing that one of the firm having recently purchased a farm intended to withdraw from the business.
COX & BROWN,
No. 10, Bowly's Wharf,
Corn Exchange Building.
Baltimore, Aug. 1, 1863.

GENTLEMEN'S fine Calf Skin sewed Shoes, a nice article, for sale at less than the usual prices by WICKES & BRO.

Select Poetry.

Time to me this Truth hath Taught.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
('Tis a truth that's worth revealing,)
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness;
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet view of kindness.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lonely breast
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

Among the saunterers in the Ramble, says a writer for the New York Courier, I had often noticed a youthful, *spirituelle* figure, very girlish in manner and appearance, which flashed upon me with the suddenness of one of Professor Pepper's famous ghosts from some sharp turn or angle in that delightful promenade. The lady was attired in the deepest mourning, and her features wore that air of superhuman loveliness which one sometimes sees in old paintings of the Madonna. She was never accompanied—always alone—and appeared to be possessed by a settled melancholy which rendered her a thousand times more interesting in the eyes of the frequenters, some of whom began to notice her with marked attention.

Her apparent want of friends by degrees attracted the sympathy of a romantic young scion of the Upper Ten, who, having more time than he knew what to do with, was energetically cultivating the park. Open to all outside impressions, the soul of this chivalrous youth was soon impregnated with a passion for the fair unknown, which grew more intense from the fact that it had nothing more tangible than an image to feed upon. For weeks our Strephon haunted the paths she frequented, growing daily and hourly thinner with corroding thought. No prospect appeared of obtaining the desired introduction; the lady was as distant as ever, and cold withal as an icicle. He doubted whether she had noticed him, and yet, with such marked observation as he had bestowed upon her, such blindness seemed hardly possible. At last the fates relented. One afternoon, during the performance of one of Dodworth's waltzes, the eyes of the fair unknown encountered his. They were swimming in tears. Observing his regards, she rose, and with a melancholy smile, led the way to the Ramble. Strephon followed, at that respectful distance prescribed by the rules of ordinary politeness. In a remote corner of the maze he found her again. She was seated on a bench, and was observed in pensive revery, her cheek leaning upon her jeweled hand, as pale as that of a statue.

"Now's the time if ever," thought Strephon, as he plumped himself down by his inamorata. A hap-hazard remark respecting the loveliness of the spot elicited a brief response, and a heavy sigh. "What a sigh was there," quoth Strephon, "surely some secret grief, some irremediable sorrow must underlie so profound a melancholy. If my humble endeavor might cause a blush to come upon that cheek," etc., etc. He studied it from the latest fashionable novel, and had not miscalculated the effect. The lady was both flustrated and flattered, but the manner and appearance of Strephon were so much in his favor that she could not feel otherwise than flattered with such attentions.

The unknown was an heiress in her own right, residing with her parents in a fine brown stone front in one of the avenues adjacent. Her story was a sad one. At an early stage of the war she had bestowed her affection upon a noble youth, who had unfortunately taken service in the rebel army. An only brother commanded one of the regiments on the opposite side. During a recent engagement these two had come in collision, and the sword of her brother had drank her Theodore's blood. This was why she was so sad;—this was why she haunted the Ramble and the Mall with such persevering assiduity, since she had once delighted to stray with the object of her affections.

"Excuse me, sir," she added, "but you look so like Theodore."

Now she had described Theodore as being very handsome, and encouraged by this compliment, the youth ventured to offer his arm for a stroll. The intimacy thus begun resulted in an invitation to the paternal mansion. Pa' and ma' were absent at Newport, but she thought there could be no objection to a step which gave her the acquaintance of the son of one of the most unexceptionable families in the neighborhood.

Strephon became exceedingly infatuated, and finding that owing to her parent's absence he had the whole field to himself, he laid vigorous siege to his adored. Understanding well the influence that money wields, even in affairs of the heart, he plied the lady well with costly presents, besought her to make use of his checks to any amount, and acted more like one demented than one as the possessor of a fortune.

At last the climax came, as come it must The lady had given an entertainment at which were present a number of invited guests The music and refreshments were of the best, the loved one had laid aside her mourning and came out in the most resplendent of butterfly costumes. She would dance with no one but Strephon. He was intoxicated with love and happiness.

But hark! What sounds are those that rend the air without? There is a gabbling of voices, a banging open of doors, a trampling of footsteps, a rush, and enter a portly, red-visaged elderly personage whom our enamored Strephon was speedily taught to honor as the proprietor of the mansion.

Adored one fainted, and was carried out in hysterics. The irate father followed up by the mother, and the genuine daughter, suddenly cleared the house and Strephon, to his dismay, learned that he had been paying his addresses to the servant in charge!

These are the simple facts of the case, but names are reserved, as the matter will shortly be made the subject of judicial investigation.

TOO LOUD TALK BEFORE MARRIAGE.—A London journal relates the following as of actual occurrence: "Some time since the salons of Paris were entertained by a matrimonial adventure, the hero of which was the son of one of the wealthiest bankers. The gentleman was engaged to marry a young lady of high rank, and everything was prepared. The bridegroom had sent in the *corbeille*, which was extremely rich, the diamonds alone being worth over one hundred thousand francs. Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, he followed closely on the heels of his present, and finding no one in the parlor, ensconced himself behind the curtain. Presently a whole bevy of girls fluttered into the room, and all began talking at once: "Oh! did you ever see such a beautiful *corbeille?* Louise is lucky—what a gentlemanly husband she will have!"

"She ought to be happy, to be sure; but do you know what she told me just now?—why, that she would rather have the *corbeille* without the gentleman who gave it."

"It can't be; she never said so."

"She certainly did; and there she is—ask her for yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the *corbeille* alone without Mr. ——?"

"Yes, I say so; but that's between ourselves."

"Much obliged to you, Mademoiselle," said Mr. ——, coming forward; "you shall not have either."

So saying, he coolly put the splendid present under his arm and walked off, leaving the ladies in an embarrassment "easier conceived than expressed."

GOT WHAT HE WAS AFTER.—Young gent is discovered surrounded by his friends who are jesting with him concerning his attention to a certain young lady.

Young Gents.—Boys, I'll tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket-book that I am after.

Chorus of Friends—Ha! ha!

Second Scene—A parlor. Time, 11, P. M! Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks: Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object.

Young Lady.—Ah, yes, so I have heard, and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire. Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it displays an old fashioned, empty morocco pocket-book. This, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it to you, and congratulate you that you have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions.

THAT BANGOR minister was a bold one who recently preached against crinoline During the tirade he is reported to have said: "The path to heaven is narrow, while that to perdition is broad, and I would advise you to suit your garments to the road you wish to walk in. To my mind hoop skirts were made for the broad road and the wearer who designs to go in the narrow one will find them a serious impediment to her progress. Mark me, you ladies, it will be a hard thing for you to get to heaven in a low-necked dress and hoop skirts. It will be a hard road to travel."

TWO GOOD 'UNS.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking-cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him, he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel."

Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

RELIGION IN EVERY CALLING.

Spurgeon never uttered more truth than when he spoke as follows with reference to the every day devotion which Christ demands of his people. There is no obligation that binds a preacher to a devoted life, that does not fall equally upon the lawyer, the tradesman, or the mechanic. He says:

"Sometimes when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said: 'Mr Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?' In very many cases the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say:—'My dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office. Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in the days of yore.—This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good upright teachers; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom, though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too.—He would have you to be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but to make holy men; the preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but *ye* are God's husbandry; *ye* are God's building; *ye*, in your common acts and common deeds are they who are to serve God.'"

CURIOUS LEGAL DECISIONS.—An English correspondent writes as follows: We have had some more curious decisions in English courts of law during the last week or two, to wit: A poor man was charged with trespassing in a field, and doing damage to the extent of one penny, (two whole cents.) When brought before the magistrate he pleaded guilty, and it was proved that he was a hardworking man, with a wife and two children, earning only a shilling a day, and that he had only gone into the field to get a few mushrooms for their dinner. The chairman of the bench, a clergyman of the Established Church, calmly ignored his plea for mercy, said the land of the gentry must be protected, and sent him to the House of Correction for a month. One of the London coroners has just given the decision in a case that came before him, that "if a man, passing along the bank, saw a boy fall into the water, and the mere fact of his stretching out his hand could save him, and he did not do it, still it was no part of his (the coroner's) duty to take cognizance of the matter."

"GREENBACKS."—Few people, perhaps are aware why the national currency is printed with green backs, therefore I will explain the reason. Ever since the adoption of paper currency, it has been the constant study of bank-note engravers to get up some plan of printing bills that could not be counterfeited. In this they only partly succeeded till as late as 1857, when a man named Stacy J. Edson invented a kind of green ink, which he patented June 30th of that year. It is called anti-photographic ink, because it cannot be photographed on account of its color, and cannot be dislodged with alkolies by counterfeiters, to get a complete fac simile of the bills. And as it is a secret only known by the American Bank-Note Company and the inventor, it is impossible to counterfeit the greenback money. It was used by many banks before the war, but it was never a leading feature in the bill. Even if the composition of the ink was known, it would be of no use, as the work cannot be copied from the genuine bills as with other kind of ink. The date of the patent can be seen on all the bills, in small print.

A FRIGHTENED SOLDIER.—The Wheeling (Va.) Register, noticing the arrival there of a number of Confederate prisoners, remarks:

There is one man in the crowd who is but twenty-four years of age, whose hair is as white as snow. He says before he joined the army his hair was nearly black, but in the first engagement in which he participated he became so frightened that his hair turned gray. He is a fair complexioned man, but appears very delicate.

AN EDITOR, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession going down his throat.

INDIGNATION AGAINST JEFF. DAVIS.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, of the 5th inst., has a severe article on Jeff. Davis. It says:

"Although carefully covered over with the mantle of secresy by Congress, enough has been disclosed by stern realities to show the total incompetency of President Davis to govern the affairs of the Confederacy. *He has lost the confidence of both the army and the people*, and if an election to-morrow was to come off for the Presidency, we believe that he would not get the vote of a single State in the Confederacy. Yet, if the Provisional Congress had done its duty—if the present Congress would do its duty, President Davis could readily be driven into a course of efficiency. He is President of the Confederate States for six years. The Constitution has not been proved to be inadequate to rectify his imbecilities. He can be controlled and directed as the King of Great Britain is.

"That Government is a constitutional monarchy, having co-ordinate branches. In Great Britain no policy of the Government, no cabinet adviser, can stand against the expressed opinion of the House of Commons. Are the people less potent in the Confederate States, through their representatives in Congress, than the people of Great Britain in Parliament?—We do not believe it. Parliament has no power like that of Congress, to pass a law in spite of the King's veto; yet no King, since 1688, has dared to veto a bill passed by Parliament. No King has dared to defy public opinion in the appointment of the national counsellors and the commanders of armies, setting up personal favoritism and partizanship above efficiency.

* * * * That our cause will ultimately triumph we do not doubt, in spite of the incompetency of President Davis and his silly and most disastrous policy, by which the Confederate States have been deluged with blood and covered over with suffering and misery. His inefficiency and Yankee efficiency will both be overcome.

"But if President Davis is to be treated as "our Moses," we really do not see the use of Congress. If the people, through their representatives in Congress, are to exercise no power but at the bidding of the Executive, Congress is a nonenity.—It is worse; it is a tool of the Executive, by which the Constitution is practically overthrown and a military dictatorship established in its stead, characterized by a bare assumption of power on the part of the Executive, and a baser betrayal of trust on the part of Congress."

FRENCH INTERVENTION.

About every other arrival we have from Europe, brings a newly hashed up story about the intervention of Napoleon, or of his intended recognition of the rebel concern in this quarter. This has been repeated ever since the rebellion begun, and notwithstanding the next arrival refutes the tale, still there are those who are frightened at the renewal of the canard, and hasten to the stockboard to sell or buy upon the strength of it. The same game was for a long while played off in regard to England, but the plain language of the British ministers in denying any intention to interfere with our affairs, has left the rebel agents in Europe no other chance of keeping up an excitement, than to fall back upon the "mysterious man" of Paris. Whatever intentions Napoleon may have had in regard to our affairs, the time has gone by for him to make his interference effective we have no doubt that a formidable body of our heroes from the army of the Mississippi are now in possession of the most prominent points of Texas, and prepared for the French or the rebels in any shape or form—and the results of Gilmore's and Dahlgren's operations before Charleston, has probably left our fleet now before that nest of treason, free to act elsewhere, and prepared to meet any advances Napoleon may think proper to make against us. We are just about as ready now, to meet any contingency that may arise from the quarter indicated, as we could well desire to be. Let Johnny Crapeau come on, if he really feels disposed to try his hand with his old ally, and he will find we are just in trim for him, and ready to meet him on any field or in any quarter. In addition to the fleet at Charleston, and that at New Orleans, ready for any new work, the flag ship of the old sea dog Farragut is just being fitted for sea, and ready to accompany the expedition now fitting out at New York.—If Napoleon wants a fight, we are now ready for him.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

TALBOT COUNTY UNION NOMINATIONS.—The following are the nominations of the Union party of Talbot county, Md:

State Senator, John W. Kemp; Delegates, David Kerr, James H. McNeal; Clerk Circuit Court, Samuel T. Hopkins; Register of Wills, John Goldsborough; State's Attorney, Wm B. Clark; Sheriff, Chas. H. Mayfield; Judges of Orphans' Court, Thomas H. Leonard, Henry P. Hopkins, Skinner Grace; County Commissioners, Edward Y. Davis, John L. Smith, Abner Hall; County Surveyor, Chas. E Shannahan.

A HIGH HONOR.—The death of Yancey has started an interesting discussion in the rebel journals. It is simply who is entitled to the *honor* of starting the southern revolution.

UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY.

The receipts of the government *for the last week*, from duties on imports, will amount to nearly *ten millions*, those at the port of New York alone were between seven and eight millions. And yet one of the fictions of the brain of the South, at the commencement of their rebellion, was, that the commerce of the North would be destroyed if war took place to prevent their secession! The country never was more prosperous and flourishing in this respect than at the present time, notwithstanding the immense war we have been carrying on for nearly three yaars.—"Where (justly remarks a cotemporary) in the history of similar contests, will it be found that, in proportion to the demands made on the financial resources, the physical energies and the numbers of a population, the capacity to meet them has increased? And yet all this we have seen occur in our own case. The greater the need the government has for money the more abundantly does it flow into the treasury, the greater the difficulties our arms encounter the more the national spirit rises with them, and the more we draw upon the military element in our population the more rapidly is the void filled up by emigration." And yet the rebels at the South, and their sympathizers in Europe, are flattering themselves with the idea that the war is rapidly exhausting our resources."

THE THREE GREAT NAVIES.—In view of the present threatening aspect of our foreign relations, the following statement of the New York Journal of Commerce, is of interest and importance:

"Stated in the aggregate, the navies of the three leading commercial nations compared last year as follows:

	Iron-clads.	Steam vessels.
France,	16	325
United States,	54	*323
England,	16	†341

*All classes. 437 †Including all.

France and England each have four iron-cased ships at sea. The former has two more, nearly, if not quite ready, for sea and ten on the stocks. England has four more launched and eight in an advanced state of construction. The United States, at the date of the last annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, had 54 iron-clads, including 32 armored iron vessels (many of which were unfinished,) and a number have been added since."

THE ROAD TO POOR FARMING.

As the road to poor farming is not generally understood, though it is crowded with travelers, we throw up the following land-marks, from the Springfield Republican, for the common benefit:

Invest all your capital in land, and run in debt for more.

Hire money to stock your farm.

Have no faith in your own business, and be always ready to sell out.

Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen and cheap tools.

Feed bog hay and mouldy corn stalks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame; fiery cattle are terrible hard on old rickety wagons and plows.

Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than hay or meal, keeps the air lively and pounds all the grubs.

Select such calves for stock as the butchers shun—beauties of runts, thin in the hams, and pot-bellied; but be sure and keep their blood thin by scanty herbage; animals are safest to breed from that have not strength to herd.

Be cautious about manufacturing manure; it makes the fields look black and mournful about planting time; besides it is a deal of work to haul it.

Never waste time by setting out fruit and shade trees; fruit and leaves rotting around a place makes it unhealthy, while the shade might make your stock lazy and the fruit make your family sick.

WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.—Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that the hole would weigh?"

Mr. M. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

THINK OVER.—Profane language is abominable. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and lasiness is shameful.