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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 25.—No. 3. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864. WHOLE No. 1241.

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 eight 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.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

CONFECTIONERY,

Tobacco and Cigars.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of this town and county, that they can be supplied at his Store ADJOINING THE BANK, with every description of

CONFECTIONERY,

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PERFUMERY, &c.,

which he will be constantly receiving fresh from the city, and will sell at the lowest rates. Considerable experience in this line of business, will enable him to select and offer such goods as will give general satisfaction.

CHAS. N. COOK.

Chestertown, Feb 13, 1864.

FARMERS

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

THE subscriber has just received from the city an assortment of

SADDLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS,

Cart Harness, Bridles, Collars,

HALTERS, Carriage Reins, Hitch Reins, &c., which he will sell *twenty five per cent. Cheaper* than can be bought in Chestertown. He also has on hand and constantly receiving

Furniture of all Descriptions,

which he can sell as low as can be bought in the city. He still continues to carry on the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS in all its branches, and is prepared to send Corpse to any part of the country.

He will give 8½ cents cash for good Beef Hides, 4½ cents for good clean Rags, and the highest cash price for TURKEYS, CHICKENS, and EGGS.

CHARLES STANLEY.

feb27—tf.

MARYLAND:

Kent County Orphans' Court, APRIL 26, 1864.

On the application of William Gale, Administrator of Isaac Gale, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the *Kent News*, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 26th day of April, 1864. (SEAL)

Test, JOS. P. IRELAND, Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Isaac Gale, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of November, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of April, 1864.

WILLIAM GALE, Adm'r of Isaac Gale, dec'd.

ap30-4t.

MARYLAND:

Kent County Orphans' Court, APRIL 26, 1864.

On the application of William T. Adkinson, Executor of Caroline Strong, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 26th day of April, 1864. (SEAL)

Test: JOS. P. IRELAND, Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Caroline Strong, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of November, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of April, 1864.

WILLIAM T. ADKINSON, Exec'r of Caroline Strong, dec'd.

ap30-4t.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

JUST received a good lot of SEASONED

WHITE PINE LUMBER,

such as 1, 1½ inch, and 5-8 SIDING, *DRESS FLOORING BOARDS, SHINGLES, SCANTLING, SIDING, PALES and LATHS,* which will be sold at as low rates as the market will afford. Give me a call.

Apr. 23, 1864. WILLIAM VANNORT.

GILLING TWINE AND ROPE.—The undersigned has just received a lot of very superior 3 cord Irish Gilling Twine.

apr16. A. W. SPARKS.

PREPARE FOR HARVEST.

THE "KIRBY REAPER."

THE undersigned having been appointed agent for the sale of the above Machine in the lower part of Kent county, takes this method of informing the Farmers of that part of the county, that he is prepared to furnish them at Manufacturer's prices, with a COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER, that cannot be excelled in the country, just such a machine as every Farmer needs at this time, when labor is so scarce.

It Reaps, It Mows, It Rakes!

A perfect Reaper, a perfect Mower, a perfect Self-Raker, and a perfect hand raker.

All Machines sold by him will be put in running order, and the following warranty given if required:

WARRANTY—That they are well built, of good material, and capable of cutting with one span of horses an acre of grass or grain per hour. The purchaser to have the privilege of cutting two acres of grass or grain as a trial of the Machine. If it should not work well he shall give notice to the agent, and allow him time to send a person to put it in order; if it cannot then be made to work satisfactorily it will be taken back and considered no sale.

Early orders solicited.

GEORGE H. THOMPSON, Agent Near Edesville.

The CLIPPER MOWER, the Cheapest and best single Mower in the world. apr2-3t.

1864. NEW GOODS! 1864

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

WM. VANNOT,

HAS just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with a complete Stock of GOODS, which he invites the public to call and examine. His stock consists in part as follows:

DRY GOODS.

Bleached and Unbleached MUSLINS, CALICOES, PLAID DOMESTICS, GINGHAMS, PLAID LINSEY, STRIPE SHIRTING, CHECKS, DENIMS, CASSINETS, CASSIMERES, Sheeps Grey Sattinets, cheap. Mallalieu's fine and common Kersey, white Flannels, Red Flannels, Domestic Flannels. A beautiful assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

NOTIONS—Ladies, Gents, Misses and children's woolen and cotton Hose and Gloves, Gents' Buck Gloves and Mitts, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Gents' Collars, Neck Ties, &c.

Boots and Shoes.

Special attention is called to his stock of Boots and Shoes; Men's and Boy's coarse Boots, and fine Shoes; Women's Shoes in great variety. A complete assortment of children's Shoes. Men and Boy's HATS and CAPS.

Always on hand a complete stock of HARDWARE suitable for Building purposes.

GROCERIES in great variety.

The highest market price paid for country Produce.

No trouble to show Goods. Give us a call.

WILLIAM VANNORT.

Chestertown, April 16, 1864.

NEW

SPRING GOODS.

T. W. Eliason,

HAS NOW OPEN

A NEW

STOCK OF GOODS,

purchased in Philadelphia at the lowest rates for cash, and for sale at moderate profits.

His stock embraces a good assortment of

DRY GOODS,

for the season, also

FUR AND WOOL HATS,

BOOTS, SHOES, BALMORALS & GAITERS,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES,

GROCERIES, &c., &c.

His customers and the public are invited to examine his assortment.

April 16, 1864.

United States Ten-Forty Loan.

First National Bank of Baltimore.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITARY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Baltimore having been designated as Financial Agent and Depositary of the United States in the City of Baltimore, is now prepared to receive subscriptions on account of United States Bonds authorized by the act of March 3d, 1864, bearing date March 1st, 1864, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after ten years, and payable forty years from date, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable in Gold *annually* on Bonds not over one hundred dollars, and *semi-annually* on all other Bonds.

Subscribers may have the option of Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

The accrued interest from the 1st of March to date of subscription will be payable in coin; or in United States notes or the notes of National Banks—adding fifty per cent. premium until further notice; or interest may commence from date of subscription.

Coupon Bonds are now nearly ready for delivery, and Registered Bonds are expected on or before the 30th April next.

Subscriptions and remittances will be received at the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BALTIMORE.

ap16-3m. J. S. NORRIS, Cashier.

Kent County, To Wit:

I HEREBY CERTIFY that George T. Cosden, farmer of Kent county, brought before me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said County this 26th day of April, 1864, as an estray trespassing upon his enclosures, one RED BULL with horns, a hole in the right ear and a slit in the left ear. Given under my hand.

HENRY W. EARNEST, J. P.

NOTICE.—The owner of the above described Bull is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

GEORGE T. COSDEN, near the Trappe.

apr30-3t.

APRIL 23d.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL!

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

New Styles Mozambiques, plain Tamartines, Paul De Chevres, New Style Delaines, Chambrays, New Style Mozambique Shawls, Stella do., Shepherd Plaids, &c.

ap23. J. R. CHANCE & SONS.

For the Kent News.

SAD THOUGHTS.

BY GUESSY E. COURTENAY.

The wind is howling fearfully,
And rushes hoarsely past:
The rain is dashing 'gainst the pane,
The hail is pattering fast—
The lightning flashes vividly,
And seems to part the clouds
That hang so dark and heavily,
And night's fair orb enshrouds;
The thunder follows growlingly,
Like distant cannon's roar—
Alternate flash and rumbling crash,
Then darkness as before.

My thoughts are roaming waywardly,
First *home* then back again,
Then off they fly to sadder scenes
That fill my heart with pain.

I see a dear one searchingly
Look in her lover's eyes,
Some thoughts of ill her heart doth thrill
As from her side he hies.

This is in the morning early—
He leaves her with a kiss;
Now evening's come and brings him home,
But brings no happiness.

Her eyes are watching tearfully,
His flushed and altered face;
In heated brow and glittering eyes
The *wine cup's* CURSE can trace.

She's bending o'er him kindly,
She cools his fevered brow;
Nothing but *pity* fills her soul
For him who *broke his vow.*

But can she so confidingly,
E'er trust him as before?
Can she forget his *broken word?*
No, never, nevermore!

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves!—the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life.
Sins committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept;
Hatred, battle and strife—nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves!—no garnered sheaves
Of Life's fair ripened grain;
Words—idle words for earnest deeds—
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain—nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves!—Memory weaves
No veil to screen the past.
As we retrace each weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day—
Sadly we learn the truth at last—nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
We stand before Him—humbled, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes—nothing but leaves!

STANDARDS OF BEAUTY.

Different nations and tribes differ as much in their tastes, customs and fashions as do individuals. Dr. Hall compiles the following facts for his *Journal of Health*, on female beauty:

"The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and their toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament the face with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to make them beautiful in Guzerat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tatoo the bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric, and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, the tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and by keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem ornamental; and another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off at infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumutra and Aracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to give it new beauty. The modern persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks on the contrary are warm admirers of it. In China round small eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is her feet, which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another standard of beauty consists in finger nails so long that coverings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a piece of wood or bone inserted.

SOMEBODY who knows, says that when two or more women, approaching you on a narrow walk fall behind one another to enable you to pass, you may be sure they are ladies of uncommon politeness and consideration. The usual course pursued by women is to charge all abreast, sweeping everybody into the mud.

MANY a fellow, who talks of laying down his life, had much better elevate it.

THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

The triumphs of Christianity are innumerable. But few of those triumphs are more signal than that witnessed in the penitential yet peaceful death of Henry Clay. He was at Washington. He had often expressed the wish that he might die in the midst of the scenes which had been rendered memorable by his arduous life. From the commencement of his sickness he was conscious that he could not live. As the dread realities of the eternal world opened before him—the grave, resurrection, judgment, and endless ages—he expressed the most earnest desire that he might have an interest in that great redemption which alone can take from death its sting.

His expressions of regret that he had not consecrated his manhood, as a disciple of Jesus, to the service of his Saviour, were exceedingly impressive and apparently heartfelt. In fervent prayer he confessed his sins and implored forgiveness. Most emphatically he declared his faith in the doctrines of the gospel, the fall and sinfulness of man, the atonement as the only ground of the sinner's hope, the necessity of renewal by the Holy Spirit. "I endeavor," said he, "and I trust that I do, repose my salvation upon Christ. I have never doubted the truth of Christianity. I now wish to throw myself upon it as a practical and blessed remedy."

He desired to receive the emblems of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood, and his wish was gratified. "Being extremely feeble," says the Rev. Mr. Butler, "and desirous of having his mind undiverted, no persons were present but his son and servant. It was a scene long to be remembered. There in that still chamber, at a week-day noon, the tides of life flowing all around us, three disciples of the Saviour, the minister of God, the dying statesman, and his servant a partaker of the like precious faith, commemorated the Saviour's dying love. His eyes were dim with grateful tears, his heart was full of peace."

This scene strongly reminds one of the dying hour of Napoleon. He too in that dread hour felt the need of a Saviour. At the close of his stormy life his soul also craved that support which religion only can give. In the gloom of his cheerless room at Longwood, in the anguish of approaching death, alone, all alone, save the presence of the Abbe Vignali, he confessed his faith in Jesus, and avowed his trust in the atonement.

The sufferings of Henry Clay were at times very severe. But unrepiningly he assented to the sentiment that every pang was needed; that after a life so worldly, so tempted, so yielding, he needed peculiarly discipline of chastening. And when at last the dying moment came, as his spirit was leaving the body, his lips trembling with the utterance, repeated again and again, "Lord, have mercy upon me." Thus pleading he passed away to the throne of Him who said, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find."

Reader, you will soon be upon the bed of death. Have you, by penitence for sin and trust in the Saviour, prepared for that dread hour? If not, then commence that preparation at once. Do not wait until the dying hour. That *hour* may never come. You may be summoned to appear at the Judgment without a moment's warning! Then be always ready "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

OLD AGE.

Many a poet has sung of youth, the spring-time of life, when its flowers are blooming, its airs are joyous, and existence wears its most beautiful aspect. And many has been the lamentation sounded and penned over its departure. It is sad to see its fiery enthusiasms dying away. It is sorrowful to see its bright hopes fade, as the petals fall away from the germ they have nourished with heavenly airs. But there are no compensations for the years that are gone—that are passing away?

Yes, verily, unless the bright season has been all misspent. Many a valuable experience has been gathered from its passing hours. The hopes that bloomed are maturing now—not so beautiful, perhaps, but with a nearer, better, safer promise. The spirit has grown strong in the struggle, just as the massive muscles have hardened in their constant use. Youth is beautiful, but maturity is higher, fuller, nobler in every manifestation of a true manhood.

And how beautiful is the age that follows a well-spent life! How full of peace, and joy, and comfort is growing old to the good man! Knowing passions dead, temptations conquered, experience won, and delusive hopes and expectations merged in the calm Faith that is content to wait for the revelations of Eternity, who would not desire to chant its praise and wear its crown?

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the Eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered:—"What would you say, my dear, if I had my new silk dress on?"

IT is a sad thing for society that the graces are more admired than grace.

SOME hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

POWER OF A WORD.

Wendell Phillips, in one of his lectures tells the following story:

A mother on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the greatest temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink."

Said he, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over; Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single name? And yet it was but half; "for," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk into your presence, on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I slept off intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours, at the garden gate; and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam—the mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained the following beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to the young hands. We are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry passing us; we are exercised at some shortlived appointment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

LEAP YEAR.

It must be a subject of solemn reflection to the whole estate of bachelorhood that during the entire year 1864, the privilege of making love is taken from them and bestowed upon the ladies. It may not be known to all the unmarried what their respective duties are. We will therefore produce the law on the subject, showing that the advent of every leap year completely overturns the old rule which has governed the kingdom of love. In an old law book printed in the year 1606, where it treats of "courtship, love and matrimony," we find the following: "Albeit, is now become a parte of the Common Lawe in regard to the social relaytions of life, that so often as exerice besextile year dothe return the ladyes have the sole privilegs during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they may doe either by words or lookes, as unto them seemeth proper, and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of the clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of the ladies, or who doth in any wise treat their proposals with slight or contumely."

"If that is law," said an incorrigible bachelor, one morning on hearing the above authority read, "if that is law, then let the draft come—conscription is stripped of all its terrors."

A WEALTHY man passing at evening near the house of one of his tenants, was attracted by a voice, and listening, found it was his tenant in family worship, thanking God for giving them food to eat and raiment to put on, and supplying them with all that was necessary for the present life. As he listened he said to himself, "Does this poor man, who earns his scanty fare by hard day labor, give thanks to God for his goodness; and I, who have all that heart can wish, have never bent my knee in acknowledgment to him!" It pleased God that this occurrence should prove the means of bringing the wealthy man to see his ingratitude and his sins, to go to Christ for mercy, and consecrate his life to his service.

RENO, the philosopher, was once asked if wise men ever fell in love. He answered:—"If wise men do not fall in love, beautiful women must be very unfortunate."

PHILOSOPHICAL FACTS.

Sound travels at the rate of 1155 feet per second in the air; 4960 in water; 11,000 in cast iron; 17,000 in steel; 18,000 in glass, and from 4636 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Farenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible clouds exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2160 lbs. An ordinary sized man, supposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 40,249 pounds.

Heat ratifies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5500 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 lbs. to produce the same effect.

During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 1800 times.

One hundred pounds of water of the Dead Sea contains 45 lbs. of salt.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the Equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth increases uniformly as we descend at the rate of one degree in 46 feet, at the depth of 60 miles it will amount to 480,000 degrees of Fahrenheit—a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined gunpowder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

Hail stones sometimes fall with a velocity of 112 feet in a second, and rain at 34 feet in a second.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Electricity moves with a greater velocity than lights, which traverse 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at a distance of 30 miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflection at the distance of 200 miles.—*N. Y. Trib.*

A DREADFUL CALAMITY.—A terrible calamity by fire occurred on Monday morning at the corner of Doyer street and Chatham square. Shortly before six o'clock a fire broke out in the third story of 210 Chatham square, in the apartments occupied by John Sullivan. The flames spread into the adjoining building and to the dwelling apartments of William Henning, whose wife and three children perished in the flames. Henning in his endeavor to make his escape, fell or jumped from the third story window. He was picked up insensible and conveyed by the police to the New York Hospital, where he died in a few hours. The bodies of Mrs. Henning and her three children (aged from fifteen months up to about five years,) were removed from the burnt ruins, by order of Capt. Jourdan; the other occupants of the premises talk about the origin of the fire as one of great suspicion, and Fire Marshal Baker has the matter under investigation.—*New York Herald, 3rd.*

ARTEMUS WARD thus gives his idea of re-organization: I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin sevral people's healths; and wishing to make em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin their healths until my own became seriously affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at nite, with considerale licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and remembrin some cranky observashuns of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt that whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice I said, 'Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have come, Betsy,' I continued, crackin the whip over bed, 'I have come to reorganize you!' I dreamed that nite that somebody laid a hosswhip over me several consekootive times, and when I woke up I found *she* had. I haint drunk much of anything since; and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

QUICK ANTIDOTES.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water with a heaping tea spoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for many poisonous articles, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half pint of sweet oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quick.

"MA, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan put that boy to bed."

A COUNTRY EDITOR received a remittance with a request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" the next week, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber that according to his own terms his subscription was out.