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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per annum, *payable in advance*. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Advertisements not exceeding *eight lines* will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES half price.

Job Printing, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch.

The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868. No. 9.

BRICK HOTEL
At Private Sale.

THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale, his

BRICK HOTEL

In the village of Millington, Kent Co., Md.

It is a Two-story Building, situate on the corner of Sassafras and Cypress Streets, within seventy-five yards of the Depot on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad.

On the first floor there is a Parlor, a Dining room, Sitting-room and a Bar-room, a Pantry and Kitchen. On the second floor are nine chambers. There is a LARGE DRY CELLAR under the whole of the building.

THE HOTEL LOT

is about 75 by 200 feet.

There is a Meat House, Carriage House and proper Stables.

The whole property is in fair order.

The property is now occupied by Mr. JAMES R. HANES, who will take pleasure in showing the premises to any who wish to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:

The following terms of sale are proposed, subject to such modifications as may be found expedient: $896 on the first day of September next. $800, with interest on the residue from the day of sale, on the first day of May, 1869, and the balance on the first day of January, 1870, the whole to be secured by bond, with security approved by my Attorney, RICHARD HYNSON, Esq., Chestertown, Md.

WILLIAM T. URIE.

Chestertown, June 6, 1868—tf.

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale about THIRTEEN ACRES OF LAND in Queen Anne's county, Md., lying on Chester River, directly opposite Chestertown.

The Buildings

are a good Frame Dwelling, one story and a half, two rooms below and two above, and Kitchen; also a Tenant House, Barn and Stable. Between five and six hundred Peach Trees and thirty or forty Apple Trees of choice varieties are now on the land, in good bearing condition. There is a Spring of excellent water near the dwelling.

The land is specially adapted to Trucking and Fruit Growing. To persons wishing to engage in that business a rare opportunity is presented for making a good bargain.

The following terms are preferred but may be modified: One-half of the purchase money cash or in sixty days, and the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, secured by mortgage on the land or by bond with security.

For further information consult Hon. George Vickers or John O. Slay, Esq., my Attorneys, at Chestertown, Md.

JAMES SHUSTER.

April 11, 1868—tf.

New Goods at Kennedyville.

JUST OPENED, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF GOODS for the Household and Farm.

DRY GOODS, a Full Assortment,

Among which we will quote CALICOES from 8 to 19 cts., MUSLINS 10a30 cts.

Clothing.—A fine and complete assortment; COTTONADES, SATINETS; CASSIMERES, plain and fancy. Plain Black Cloth Suits from $10 to $20, and all at REDUCED PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—A large stock, especially of Misses and Children's.

Notions, Queensware and Groceries.

Also, a large stock of MEDICINES. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

CHARLES W. WARREN.

April 25, 1868.

NEW BOUNTIES.
United States Bounties.
State of Maryland Bounties.

AS it is confidently expected that both Congress and the State Legislature will, at their present sessions, enact laws providing Bounty for those Soldiers and Sailors who have never yet received any, it is important that those interested should have their claims in the hands of some one who will look to their interests and see that their claims are put upon file early and in due form for prompt payment.

I shall be glad to receive the papers of any who desire to avail themselves of my experience and facilities in the collection of all just claims.

All papers will be promptly acknowleged, and while in my hands will be kept in a fire and burglar proof vault, specially built for the increasing number of valuable papers in my possession.

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
N. E. Cor. of Fayette and St. Paul St.,
jan18. BALTIMORE, MD.

BURNS & SLOAN,
132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.

May 16. 1868—y.

WOOL! WOOL!

I AM buying Wool for Messrs. Mallalieu & Co., for which I am paying the cash or exchange, optional with the seller.

I also have the agency for Seymour, Morgan & Allen's Self-Raking Reaper and Mower, known as the "NEW YORKER," which has been giving such general satisfaction in the Northern and Western States. Any orders left with me will be promptly attended to.

I will inform all persons indebted to me either by note or otherwise that I greatly need the money to do business with, and will take it as a great favor if they will settle with me.

E. N. ROLAND.

Bell Air, May 30–1m.

A REQUEST.—The gentleman who stole two odd Gaiters from the undersigned one day last week, is politely requested to bring one back and get the fellow of the other. By so doing I shall lose but one pair instead of two, and he will be likewise the gainer. No questions asked.

JOHN W. COLLINS.

N. B.—On hand and constantly receiving a supply of GAITERS, SHOES, &c., of the best quality, for Ladies and gentlemen, to which the attention of buyers is respectfully invited.

je6. J. W. COLLINS.

FOR SALE a good WESTINGHOUSE THRESHER AND MIX HORSE POWER, in good order. Will be sold cheap. Terms easy. Apply to

G. H. BRICE,
je6-4t. Head Sassafras, Kent Co.

VALUABLE LOTS FOR SALE
At Public Auction.

BY proper authority,
ON TUESDAY,
THE THIRTIETH DAY OF JUNE, 1868,
the undersigned, at the Voshell House in Chestertown, at 11½ o'clock, A. M., will offer at public sale

TWO LOTS OF LAND,

lying a short distance from Chestertown, in Morgan's Creek Neck, Kent county, Maryland, containing about TEN ACRES.

These lots are in a good state of cultivation and are susceptible of being made very valuable at a small expense.

The Improvements

are a Frame Dwelling, nearly new, and some Out-houses, upon one lot, and upon the other a GOOD FRAME DWELLING.

THE TERMS OF SALE are, one-third of the purchase money in six months, one-third in nine months and one-third in twelve months; the purchase money to be secured by bond with approved security, bearing interest.

je6-3t. WM. S. LASSELL.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE
IN VIRGINIA.

THE owners offer for sale in Amherst Co., Va., SEVEN CONTIGUOUS FARMS, of very valuable land, well watered and well timbered. These lands comprise an aggregate area of 1255 ACRES, and vary in size from 134 to 200 acres. Six of these farms are enclosed with good fences, and all have comfortable Dwellings upon them.

LOCATION.—Five miles from the James River Canal, ten miles from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and fourteen miles from Lynchburg. PRICE—$12.50 to $35 per acre.

For further particulars apply to

R. C. BERKELEY,
Principal of Washington College,
je13-4t* Chestertown, Md.

FARMERS!

YOU need not go any further than Chestertown now to get your

Reapers, Mowers, Rakes,
THRESHING MACHINES
OR HORSE POWERS.

They are all kept by

HINES, WOODALL & CO.,

at the Foundry of Mr. CHAS. A. ESTES, in Chestertown.

REAPERS.—Woods' self-rake Reaper, and Woods' Reaper and Mower combined; New Yorker self-rake Reaper, and New Yorker self-rake Reaper and Mower combined; Johnson's self-rake Reaper, and Hoffkin's self-rake Reaper.

MOWERS.—Monitor Mower, Woods' Mower and Hoffkins' Mower.

RAKES.—Harman Wheat and Hay Rake.—Sinclair Wheat and Hay Rake; Hoffkins' wheat and Hay self-discharge Rake.

THRESHERS.—Gueser Thresher, large and small size.

All kinds of Horse Powers.

For other articles we refer you to the advertisement of R. Sinclair & Co., for whom we are acting agents. All the above articles for sale by HINES, WOODALL & CO.

June 13, 1868—4t.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY YOUR MACHINERY!

McCormick's Celebrated Self-Raking Reapers,
McCormick's Prize Mowers,
Kirby Combined Reaper, Mower & Self-Raker,
Kirby Clipper Mower,
Ridgaway's National Reaper, Mower and Self-Raker,
Shaw & Co.'s Combined Iron Harvester,
" " " Clipper Mowers,
Hauck & Bro 's Celebrated self-discharging Hay and Grain Rakes,
Stevenson's Patent Grinder for sharpening Reaper knives.

☞ All of the above Machines are warranted to give satisfaction, or they will be taken back and considered no sale. Call and see these Machines and get Pamphlets, containing certificates of farmers who have used them. For sale by CHARLES STANLEY & SON,

je6-6t. Chestertown.

ICE CREAM, ICE CREAM!

W. HUDGINS would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has fitted up his Saloon, and is now ready to supply the public with ICE CREAM, CAKES and SODA WATER.

Thankful for past patronage I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

NOTICE, NOTICE!

PARTIES, PIC-NICS,
EXCURSIONS and FESTIVALS

supplied on the most reasonable terms.

All in want of BREAD, RUSK, PIES and CAKES, wholesale and retail, fresh every day, should apply to

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
je20-3m, Opposite Post Office.

WOOD AND COAL.

THE subscriber has in his yard, and is prepared to supply OAK, HICKORY and PINE WOOD at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish COAL of all sizes and quality. Persons wishing to engage their Coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market. WM. H. HAMILTON.

June 20, 1868—tf.

FOR SALE, the Hull and Spars of a BATTEAU just completed, and not yet launched; finished with deck cabin and private centre board. Dimensions: length 40 ft., breadth beam 11 feet, depth hold 33 inches. If immediate application is made the above will be sold at less than the cost of building. Enquire of

C. A. LEARY & SON,
je20-2t. Near Rock Hall, Kent County.

FLY NETS! FLY NETS! FLY NETS!

A large assortment, of various colors and prices, just received and for sale at the "People's Harness Store" of

je20 JOHN F. HOWARD.

40,000 Cabbage Plants
Large Flat Dutch, for sale by C. C. HYNSON, at the residence of his father T. W. Hynson. Price 20 cents per hundred.

June 20, 1868—3t.

For Sale Low, a good REAPER, with self rake, in good order. Any person desirous of purchasing one can call at my residence near the village of Still Pond, and examine it. LOUIS HEPBRON.

June 20, 1868—3t.

NOTICE.—Found at Fairlee Creek, on the 5th instant, a SEINE, 2 Guns and 2 Oars. Supposed to have been stolen. They are now in possession of the undersigned at Bell Air, where the owner or owners can procure them on paying charges.

je20-3t* JAMES KENDALL.

At Private Sale,
A FARM containing 205 ACRES, Situated on Swan Creek, adjoining the farm of Mr. Walter Miller. Persons wishing to purchase will call and examine the premises.

Terms made very easy.

je20-6t* THOMAS COLEMAN.

BETTER THAN ALL.

A moderate share of wealth is good
To cheer us on our way,
For it has oftentimes the power
To make December, May;
And so is beauty, so is health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every springing flower,
That smiles alike at winter storm
And gentle summer shower:
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the wand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And blush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo with our fame;
'Tis well if on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That aideth weakness in distress,
And beareth duty's call;
Oh! such a loving, human heart,
Is better than them all.

THE CROSS WORD.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

"Lucy, if you mean to sew this button on, I wish you'd do it—I can't wait all day." Tom didn't speak a bit cross, only emphatic, but I was out of temper that morning, and my head ached badly from sitting up too late the night before. Tom had gone to a supper the second time since our marriage, and had come home the worse for it. It provoked me intensely. To make the matter worse, just as he spoke to me about the button, the knife slipped, inflicting a deep wound on my hand; and the baby awoke and set up a sharp little cry from the cradle.

"You can wait as well as I did last night, I reckon," I replied sharply, really angry at last. "Don't hurry me—I do all I can, and more than I am able to do with one pair of hands."

Tom dropped his button and turned toward me with a startled,

"What, Lucy?"

"Don't Lucy me," I retorted, throwing down the bread and catching up the baby, while the blood streamed from my hand over her white gown. "You've broke my heart. I wish I had never seen you—I wish I was back with father and mother."

I broke down with a hysterical burst of tears, and seeing the blood on my hand, Tom came and knelt down beside me.

"Why, Lucy," said he, his voice and eyes full of tenderness, "you've cut your hand. Why did'nt you say so? Here give me the child, while you bind it up—see how it bleeds!"

He held out his hands for the baby, but I snatched it away and continued sobbing

"Don't cry, Lucy," he continued, stroking the hair back from my forehead—"please don't; I know I've done wrong dear, but I didn't mean it. I fell in with some of my old companions, and they persuaded me against my will. But it's the last time, Lucy—*the last-time.*

Why did'nt I turn to him then, and help to encourage him? Because my mean temper got the better of my woman's heart and I sneeringly replied,

"Oh yes, it's easy enough to make fine promises—you told me the same thing before. How can you expect me to trust you now after last night?"

Tom was spirited and quick tempered—great, loving-hearted men always are. He sprang to his feet like a flash, and, before I had time to think or speak, had left the room. I tossed the child into the cradle, and rushed to the door, but it was too late, he was gone. I just caught a glimpse of him turning the corner.

I went back to the little breakfast room. How blank and drear it looked, and what a sharp, stinging thorn was at the bottom of my heart! I loved Tom, and he loved me. We had been married only eighteen months, and this was our first quarrel. I sat down with the babe in my arms, heedless of my morning work, and fell to thinking. All the old, happy days came back; and one in particular, when we sat in Dunbury Woods. It was in autumn, and all the world seemed a blaze of gold, and the sun slid down, and the squirrels chattered overhead, dropping a ripe nut now and then into my lap as I sat there, with the last rose of summer in my hair, knitting a purse for Tom.

"Lucy," he said, as I wove in the last gold-stitches, "you've knit my love—my very life—up in that purse. Tell me, now, before you finish it, how is it to be? Am I to leave you, and—and—Ah! I wont think of it even—Lucy, it would be too dreadful!"

"No, Tom," I replied, "you are to have the purse and the hand that knit it too."

Poor Tom, he cried then just like a little child—he, the bravest man in the village.

"No fault to find, only he's a little too wild, too fond of gay company; you must tame him as your mother did me, Lucy."

That was my old father's advice on my wedding day.

Had I done my duty? Had I followed the example of my mother, who never let fall an unkind word? My heart smote me dreadfully as I called the morning to mind. But Tom would be home to dinner! The thought brought me to my feet. I did up my work briskly and went about cooking just such a dinner as he liked.—The plum pudding was done to perfection—the baby was in clean slip, and myself all smiles to receive him when the clock struck one. But he did'nt come at the usual time.

I put by the untasted dinner and prepared supper, and lit a bright fire in the little parlor. He should have a pleasant welcome. But he did not come. Eight, nine, ten o'clock, and I put by the untasted supper to watch and wait!

How the little thorn in my heart pierced and rankled! Tom had broken his promise, and my unkindness was the cause.—Nothing else rang in my heart throughout the long hours.

About two o'clock I heard a noise below and went to the window. There was a man on the porch, and I could just see him in the dim light.

"Tom, is that you?" I asked softly, putting out my head.

"Yes, open the door, Lucy—quick, *the police are after me!*"

My heart sank. The police after him? What could he have kone? I ran down quickly and unlocked the door. But as I did so, two men, wearing official badges, stepped up on the porch, and one of them laid his hand on Tom's shoulder and said,

"I arrest you, sir."

"For what?" I cried.

"For murder!"

The floor seemed sliding from beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself, and looked at Tom. At that instant the official uncovered his lantern, and, oh, my God! there was blood upon my husband's hands.

All the rest is blank. When I came to life again I was in my own room in bed and kind compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison awaiting his trial.

There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and he had struck his antagonist. The man was not dead, though they thought he was at first, but he was badly hurt about the head. But if he recovered—well, it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose and went down to the prison, but they would not admit me. No one was to see my husband until after trial.

Another day crept by—a night—and then a morning. I went down to the door and opened it with that vague feeling of expectation that always accompanies severe affliction, and looked out.—The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything, even at the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly, as we catch at a straw or twig, sometimes without any power of volition. The superscription caught my eye—it was my own name, and my husband's writing. I opened it and read:

DEAR LUCY:—I have broke out of jail; am going—well no matter where. I did not strike Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated, and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die—and then—at any rate it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I was never worthy of you. Now you can go back to your father and forget me, and be happy. You will find the bond for what money I have in bank in my desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable. Forgive and forget me, Lucy. God bless you and the baby. TOM.

That was the end. That was the reward that my cross words has purchased for me! Truly, truly, the wages of sin is death. We shall need no corporeal punishment, one spark of real fire to perfect our torment, we are lost.

Conscience is all-sufficient—remorse, that never dies. It is useless for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the weary, weary days that followed that morning! Words could not express it, and no soul, save one, one that has passed through the same furnance of affliction could begin to understand it. But I lived—for sorrow and death rarely walked in each other's steps—nursed my babe, and did the work my hands had to do.—I did not go back to my father. I remained in Tom's home, and kept his things all about, and everything to remind me of him even to his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him! Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault, he said, than Tom was.—Then he put a notice in all the papers telling Tom to come back; but he came not.

The winter passed away, with long, long nights of bitter remorse and tender recollections of the dear husband, whose strong arm had been my stay and support. The spring came—the summer—another winter—three years went by—crept by slowly.

My child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairly little thing, with fair blue eyes and golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied with its childish prattling.

All day long she sat on the door step, where the evening sumbeams slanted in, lisping to her doll, and listening while I told her of her father who surely would come back to us one day. Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such tears, such bitter repentance as my soul had poured forth.

That third spring was peculiar somehow—the far off sky seemed to drop down in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore a softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the flowers, a diviner, tenderer beauty.

I rose up every morning and looked out of my window at the kindling glories of the morn, with a feeling of strange tremulous expectation. I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight above me—the one prayer of my soul seemed about to be answered.

One evening—oh, that evening! A May sky soft and blue, hung over a green blossoming earth. The turtle cooed in the distant wood, and the robin twittered to her young brood amid the milky bloom of the orchard. God's love shone on the golden brightness of the westward going sun. My child, little Effie, sat on the doorsteps, talking to her doll, and watching the birds. All at once she clasped her hands and bounded to her feet.

"Mamma," she cried gleefully, "pappy comin'—pappy comin'; Effie go meet him!"

The words stirred my heart to the utmost depth, and, dropping my work I followed my darling to the door.

A man was coming up to the garden path—his garments tattered—his step slow and uncertain. A beggar, no doubt! I called Effie to come back, but she ran on heedless of command. Tom's little spaniel that I had petted and cared for, for his sake darted from his kennel with a peculiar cry, such as I had never heard from it before.

What did it all mean? My heart throbbed and my knees began to tremble.—Little Effie ran on, holding up both dimpled hands, her golden brown hair all about her rosy face.

"How-de-do, pappy? It's your little child Effie," she lisped as she reached the man's feet.

He stopped and raised her in his arms, and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that neither, for my frantic arms grasped something, some tangible form.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried, "is it you?—Speak speak, and tell me!"

"Yes, Lucy, it's me. I couldn't bear it no longer—I'm dying, I believe—and I couldn't go without seeing you and the little one again."

My arms held him fast, tattered garments and all; my kisses fell on the poor, pale face like rain. I would never let him go again.

"Tom, Tom," I sobbed, going down on my knees before him, "oh, forgive me! forgive me!—I have suffered so much."

"It's me that must ask forgiveness, Lucy," he said humbly, "not you—I was wrong—"

But I stopped him short.

"No Tom, my cross word did it all," I said, "but for that we might have been happy together, all these weary years—"

"Mammy, don't cry any more, pappy's come back again."

Yes, thank God, he has come back, poor and tattered and hungry—like the Prodigal, but my Tom, my husband, nevertheless. I would never speak cross to him any more.

It is spring time again. The sweet May morning steals in at my window, as I write, and I hear the turtle cooing in the distant wood.

My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of temptation. I know that God's mercy is equal to His justice, and His love greater than either.

Fight Your Way Up.

The many who have taken the world rough and tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles and on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets, and climbs over its foot-blistered gravel, is apt to complain of being placed on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which is the birth-gift of his do-nothing neighbor. The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse, when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, without being willing to work for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a motive to be applied to enterprise which give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life, to loaf luxuriously. We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire. They lack energy to break their way to the wordly independence for which they yearn and whine. They do not know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall.—There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining a golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated. Your accidental Crœsus knows nothing of the pride of success, the earnest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned a right to enjoy.

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—knows that he can do it better than anyone else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every engagement that a man enters, into every action that he attempts, he is guaged and stamped. In every troop of boys that hoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says,—"It's of no use; we shall find him out tomorrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WHEN an English parson who also acted as a justice of the peace (which is quite common in England) was heard by one of his parishioners using profane oaths, he replied to the reproof of the amazed rustic, "I did not swear as a clergyman, but as a magistrate." "But," retorted the other, "when the devil gets the magistrate, what will become of the clergyman?"

WHO SHOULD MARRY.

In the March number of the *Herald of Health*, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has an article on "Choosing a Wife," from which we make a few extracts:

It is not wise to marry a woman of a different religious faith, nor one far removed from your own social rank; nor an ignorant woman.

Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue.

Do not marry a sentimental woman, who is sure to run into the lackadisical one; let her love sentiment, high, noble sentiment, but beware of the sentimental.

Do not marry one of the delicate, dieaway woman, who are sure to degenerate into invalids, and take a pride in their feebleness.

Only handsome men and woman ought to marry. Those having a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Let others look the matter squarely in the face, and admit that their imbecilities, their diseases, thier unhandsome looks, their discordant minds, ought not to be perpetuated; and let them go to work manfully to make the best of themselves by eschewing marriage. Let them be honest, hearty old maids and bachelors, earning money for the good of others.—Teaching, and farming, and helping on good wholesome ideas.

The true, good, and handsome men and woman adapted to marriage ought to be treated with distinguished honor in the world, as benefactors of the race as foreshadowing that beautiful future when we shall be hardly lower than the angels and covered with glory and honor.

One reason why it is well to marry a pretty woman in preference to a plain one, is that the former is more free from jealousy and discontent than the latter. Being better satisfied with herself, she is more likely to be pleased with others.

It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one, for the meanness of stature is apt to go through the character also. A certain roundness of contour; a composure and self-poise, devoid of heaviness or sluggishness; an elastic buoyancy, a bright uppish look, more of pride than vanity; a clear, open eye, and pure, child-like smile; hands and feet well-proportioned, not too small, are outlines easily discriminated and constitute a safe, reliable character. A cheerful woman, one who will not make mountains of mole hills; who can find something bright and beautiful everywhere; who has pretty feminine resources, and knows how to devise ways and means to make others happy and content about her, is a jewel of inestimable worth.

The voice (not for singing) is a great indicator of character. Beware of those high, sharp tones of voice, as well as too low and hesitating, the first belongs to a shrew, and the last to deceit and imbecility.

Cheerfulness of temper, candor that rejects every species of falsehood, and owns to the truth at any peril; tenderness to be detected by fondness for and faithful care of pets, rather than by outward expressions; purity, instinct in thought and action; intelligence to appreciate all that is noble and good; and health, sound and elastic, are traits to insure duty as a wife and happiness in a household.

Advantages of Crying.

A French physician publishes a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions.

If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

TIME TO FISH.—An old fisherman says that if a man wants to catch fish whenever he visits the creek, let him not pick the full moon days to do it in. He gives a philosophical reason for the advice.—He says when the moon is full, the nights being bright, enable the fish to do all their foraging in the night time. Of course, having their wants supplied, they lay up all day, and consequently there is a scarcity of bites. Under a new moon season, the fish sleep at night and work by day, which makes the difference in the fishermen's string.

A STUPID fellow tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh and before me."

From the Detroit Union.

The Song they Sing in Michigan.

A SERENADE TO JOHN BROWN WELLES.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to oblivion we hurried;
Not a groan escaped from a Radical throat
When negro suffrage was buried.

We buried him deep in Micigan soil,
So deep that they ne'er will uncover him,
Unless some Radicals boring for oil,
By the dearly-loved scent should discover him.

His coffin was made of a ballot box,
With white men's ballots we bound him,
And he looked like a baboon taking his rest,
With *Posts* and *Tribunes* around him.

Few and short were the speeches we made,
And we sung not a doleful ditty;
But his body and spirit together we laid,
Just out of the white man's city.

And as we were hastily tramping him back,
'Twas said if the d—l don't take him,
He'll quietly sleep in that grave so deep,
Till the trumpet of Gabriel shall wake him.

Salted His Tea.

A plucky old gentleman had a son, who was a student at a New England college, and one day thought he would visit the institution. He did so, spent the day there, and was invited to stop to tea. He accepted the invitation, and upon receiving his ration of the celestial fluid, reached out and seized a bowl of what he supposed to be white sugar, but which was in reality salt. With this condiment he proceeded to liberally season his tea. Presently he perceived from the dry glances toward him, and by the general whispering and suppressed "snickering," that something was wrong, and he rightly conjectured that it was some act of his; and when, upon his tasting the tea, the "snicker" expanded into a "horse laugh," he hadn't much doubt as to what the matter was.

The old gent didn't like to be laughed at, especially by a parcel of school boys, so, with Spartan resolution he worried down the abominable compound, wishing, no doubt, that those boys could be made to drink a quart each before going to prayers in the morning. Giving a final gulp; and putting on a face that was intended to make everybody think that he liked his "dose of salts," he called for another cup, and upon receiving it, said to the head snickerers: "Young man will you be kind enough to pass that bowl of salt." The salt was passed, and amid the most breathless silence he dipped a couple of spoonfuls into his tea, stirred it up, and tasted it with a look of apparent satisfaction. "Why, Mr.——," said the young man opposite to him, "do you drink salt in your tea?" "*Always!*" answered the plucky old man, with great emphasis, and in his pleasantest manner.

PUNGENT.—Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?

"No; how was it?"

Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the *sauce*, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knifefull into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trowsers and commenced wiping his eyes!

"What *troubles* yer, Jemmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and I was a thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung!" he replied shrewdly.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had as sudden use for the handkerchief; whereat Jemmy as coolly enquired, "And what *troubles yer*, Pat?"

"Troth," he replied, "that you wasn's hung with yer father!"

AN idle fellow complaining of his lot said he was the last child his mother ever had—he was born on the last day of the year, and the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behindhand. He believed it would have been fifty dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all! This man belonged to the same school of wits, no doubt, with him who hired himself out for life, at eight dollars a month, half down, and the rest when his time was out.

BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "Do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.

A DEAR KISS.—An old bachelor in New York offered a young lady a pony for a kiss. She gave him the kiss, and he then refused her the pony. She brought suit against him, and he put in a plea of "no consideration;" but the Court decided that a kiss was a legal consideration, and compelled the crusty old fellow to "pony over." Served him right.

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

A COUNTRY editor gives the following case of absence of mind: A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in bashful trepidation she blew us out, and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it.

A WESTERN publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

IN reply to a refusal by his parents to take a small boy to church "because he was too small," the latter replied, "Well you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." The philosopher attended church that day.

A ROGUE asked charity on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "From my birth, madam!" "Poor fellow!" said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

JOSH BILLINGS, in a burlesque answer to correspondents, says: "Your line that frogs grow more bobtailed as they grow older, is too cumed good to be lost."