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The Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserved 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 dispatch.

A VALUABLE FARM
On Chester River, AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale their FARM lying in Kent county, Md., containing about

350 ACRES,

nearly all arable and under good fencing. It is about five miles from Chestertown, lying directly on Chester River, convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

The Improvements

are a FRAME DWELLING with Kitchen attached, Barn, Granary, and other Out-Buildings, all in good order. Also, two Tenant Houses.

A Fine Apple Orchard and about 300 *Peach Trees in bearing.*

TERMS OF SALE:—One-sixth cash; one-sixth in twelve and one-sixth in eighteen months and the residue in four years—the purchaser to give bond with approved security for the credit payments, with interest from day of sale. For further particulars consult R. HYNSON, Esq., our Attorney. FORD & BARKMAN.
Nov. 21, 1868—tf.

For Sale Cheap

In Middlesex county, Virginia,

About 1,000 Acres

of good Land, in lots to suit, part cleared and part in extra fine virgin Timber fronting on main road and Peyanketank River.

BUILDINGS GOOD.

PEACH ORCHARD of earliest kinds, one year out, 1600 trees will market ten days earlier than Maryland or Delaware. Splendid soil and climate for early fruit and vegetables.

Also, a superior WATER POWER & MILL SEAT. Price low and terms easy. Rappahannock steamboat from Baltimore in about ten hours—lands at North End, within 2½ miles of the farm. Apply to W. C. CONRAD, Wood Port, Sandy Bottom P. O., Va., or JOHN H. GEMMILL, within one mile. d5-8t.*

Small Farm for Sale

THE undersigned, intending to remove to Virginia, offers at private sale his farm situate near Belair, Kent county, Md., adjoining the lands of Messrs. I. C. Taylor, John T. Shirven and Comegys Cosden, and containing

About 60 Acres.

The land is all arable, except a small meadow, and divided into three fields—one of which is in Peach trees (about 1,900) planted last spring. The Dwelling is brick, and with some repairs might be made a very comfortable house. A pump of good water in the yard.

The farm lies in a good and improving neighborhood, and is within a mile and a half of a mill, churches and school. The Railroad will pass within half a mile of the farm on the western side.

This farm will be sold a bargain. For further particulars consult the undersigned, or address him at Chestertown, Md.
jy25-tf WM. R. APSLEY.

New Harness Store!

JOS. W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and the public generally that he has again commenced the Harness making business at his old stand opposite the Voshell House, and has now in store a fine assortment of

SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS.

WHIPS, HORSE BLANKETS,
Sleigh Bells, all kinds of OIL for Harness, all kinds of BUTTS, &c.

HARNESS manufactured to order out of the best material, by good workmen. Repairing of every description done at short notice.

Having had some eighteen or twenty years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I can give general satisfaction, and shall spare no effort to please all who favor me with their patronage. Give me a call.
d26-tf. J. W. EDWARDS.

Chestertown Bakery AND CANDY MANUFACTORY!

Corner High and Queen Sts.

CANDY AT CITY PRICES! CANDY AT CITY PRICES!
ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRENTS,
RAISINS, ALMONDS, FILBERTS,
WALNUTS, GROUND NUTS,
AT CITY PRICES.
KISSES, TAFFE, CAKES, BREAD, &c.,
At City Prices.

☞To get the worth of your money, call at HUDGINS' BAKERY and supply yourselves for Christmas at City prices. d5.

BOUNTIES!

I am still receiving all classes of State Claims, for Collection, upon my usual Commission of ten per cent. NO CLAIMS BOUGHT.

No Charge unless Successful.

Notwithstanding the recent Limitation Act, it is believed that provision will be made for the payment of the large class of just Claims still unsettled.

Papers entrusted to my care will be kept in a *Fire-proof Vault*, specially built in the office for the purpose.

ALL KINDS OF U. S. BOUNTY, PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS still promptly collected by
WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
N. E. Cor. of Fayette and St. Paul St.,
sep19-y 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.

FOR RENT,
A FARM OF 280 ACRES,
near Colgan's X Roads, about six miles from Centreville and Church Hill. Good HOUSE and necessary Out-Buildings; all under good fencing. The Railroad passes within a half mile of it. For particulars apply to Col. H. S. McCOMB, Wilmington, Del., or to
THOS. Q. PRIMROSE,
d19-3t. Queen Anne's Co

PREACHING IN SALEM M. E. CHURCH at Bell Air, every Sabbath Afternoon, at 3 o'clock, commencing Jan. 3rd. d26.

NEW STORE.

WILLIAM S. ELBURN

HAS opened a New Store in Chestertown, opposite the Kent National Bank, where he has now on hand and for sale

A CHOICE VARIETY OF
CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
at low prices, such as

FRENCH AND COMMON CANDIES, FIGS, RASINS, PRUNES, DATES, LEMONS, ORANGES, and NUTS of all kinds.

☞I have also made arrangements to supply the reading public with some of the best

Weekly Papers and Periodicals

published, and shall keep on hand the NEW YORK LEDGER, MERCURY, DAY BOOK, HARPER'S WEEKLY, &c.

I have also a variety of BOOKS for sale or hire. WM. S. ELBURN.
Jan. 9, 1869—y.

BEEF! BEEF!

R. S. USILTON, BUTCHER, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he may be found every day during the winter (Sundays excepted) at the store formerly occupied by John L. Stam, Esq., where he will be pleased to supply all in want with BEEF of the best quality, at lowest prices.

He returns thanks for the liberal patronage received in the past, and hopes by constant personal attention to business, and renewed efforts to please, to secure a continuance of public favor. ☞WANTED, all kinds of HIDES, Beef, Sheep and Calf, for which the highest cash price will be paid.
jan9-2m. R. S. USILTON.

A. H. ROCKWELL'S EATING HOUSE.
CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having opened an Eating House on the corner opposite the jail, is prepared to accommodate the public with

OYSTERS, Beef Steak, Tea and Coffee, &c.,

gotten up in the very best style. I will spare no effort to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

OYSTERS by the quart or gallon supplied to families. A. H. ROCKWELL.
Dec. 12, 1868.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

JOHN H. REDUE,
(adjoining the Bank,)
has just opened a fine assortment of GOODS embracing

TOYS of every description.
CANDIES, French and Common,
RAISINS, ORANGES, FIGS,
CITRON, CURRENTS, NUTS,
APPLES, &c., &c., &c.

Everything calculated to please the little folks' may here be found, together with articles suitable for presents, &c. A call is solicited.
d19. JOHN H. REDUE.

TAKE NOTICE.

Having discontinued the Wheelwrighting and Blacksmithing business at Still Pond, the undersigned hereby gives notice to all those with whom they have unsettled accounts, that they desire a settlement with one and all, by note or otherwise, on or before the 12th day of January next, so that the books of the concern may then be finally closed. All accounts not settled by that date will be placed in a train of collection. HARBOURD & CLINTON,
d26 3t. Still Pond.

Notice to Creditors.

MISS ANNA M. L. EARLE, having given up business and removed from the county, has left her accounts for settlement with the undersigned. All persons indebted on book account or otherwise, are respectfully requested to make settlement on or before January 14th, 1869, as I am directed to place all accounts unpaid at that time in the hands of an officer.
d26-2t. J. A. PEARCE, Attorney.

CALL AND EXAMINE
The Splendid Assortment
of
Watches, Jewelry,
CHAINS,
SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE,
at
d12. **WILLIS'.**

NOTICE.

The Second Annual Session of the Parochial School of Chester Parish, for Boys and Girls, will begin on Thursday, October 1st, at 9 o'clock, A. M. No pains will be spared to make the instruction given in the school thorough and systematic. For terms, &c., apply to the REV. MR. GOODWIN,
sep12-tf. Queen Street.

REMOVAL.

TO MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.

I have taken the store owned by Mr. Jno. H. Burchinal, formerly occupied by R. P. Stewart and lately by Clark & Usilton, where I am now opening a new and cheap lot of Goods.

My friends and the public generally are invited to give me a call. My motto is still not to be undersold. WM. W. PARKS.
Dec. 19, 1868—3t.

FOUND.

Having looked over my books I find that I have bills standing from twelve months to six years, which must be paid. After the first of January these bills will all be made out, and those not settled by the FIRST OF FEBRUARY will be placed in an officer's hands for collection. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

After the first Jan. may be found at the old stand opposite the Bank.
d26-3t. JAMES BRICE, Butcher.

FOR RENT,
A PRODUCTIVE FARM
near Williamsburg, Va., containing 350 acres of arable land. There is on it an excellent House, &c. This property will be leased for several years on liberal terms. Also, a smaller Farm in Cecil county, Md. For particulars call promptly on JAMES B. GROOME,
d26-3t* Elkton, Maryland.

A CARD. JOHN O. SLAY will attend to professional business, during the temporary absence of G. VICKERS, at their office in Chestertown. VICKERS & SLAY.
Dec. 12, 1868—8t.

NOTICE.

All accounts left at the office of WM. BACCHUS, Esq., in Chestertown, to be collected according to law or on commission, will receive prompt attention by
sp11-tf. R. W. CALDER, Constable.

Mules! Mules!

ONE PAIR OF MULES AND ONE HORSE for sale by N. BARNARD,
sep19-tf. Still Pond, Kent Co., Md.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hands and ringlets of gold
Lie low in a marbled sleep;
I stretch my arm for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where not a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and the amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

Female Piety.

The gem of all others which encircles the coronet of a lady's character is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much upon her person—the enchantment of the countenance, the gracefulness of her mien or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned until piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of her charms; she then becomes unearthly in her temper, her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affection to things below is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it will be her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thraldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw a magical charm over many princes, and conquerors may bow with admiration at that shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in history and song—yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl. Her name must be written in the "Book of Life," that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of Heaven. With such a treasure every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet; life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its posessor shall be presented before the throne, faultless, with exceeding joy, and shall wear away a crown of life.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile nature of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in the paradise of God.

Follow the star—it will light you thro' every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in the dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death into the promised and settled rest.

The Wonderful Ring.

There is a story of a certain prince who had a wonderful ring, which pricked his finger whenever he was doing anything wrong. It was given him to help him always to keep upright and good, and he was told that so long as he wore it he would prosper. At first he set great store by this ring; but in time he began to be vexed at being so often checked by its pricking, and so often stopped from doing what he wished. One day he had set his heart upon something that he was yet well aware that was wrong, and he was about to do it in spite of the warning of the ring but it pricked him so sharply that he drew it off his finger in a passion, and threw it away, and from that moment he fell into bad ways and misfortunes, and came at last to a very sad end.

Now this is only a pleasant little story; but it is meant to help us to understand a great truth. We have all of us something like the prince's wonderful ring, which checks us when we do wrong, and makes us uneasy. Any one of us knows quite well that if we say a thing that is not true, or do a thing we know we ought not to do, and that we are afraid of being found out to have done, we feel something within us that makes us uneasy and seems to whisper to us that we are guilty. This is conscience. Conscience is like the wonderful ring.

TOUCHING INSTANCE OF CHILDISH DEVOTION.—Three children in New Brunswick got astray. One was about 6 years old, the others 4 and 3. It was a wild region and in wild weather, and at the edge of night. From signs it seems that the six year old soon felt sure that there was no hope of their being found, or finding themselves that night, and so it took measures at once for the safe keeping of its little ones. Putting them in the most sheltered spot it could find, it then stripped away most of its own garments to put on them, and set out to gather dry sea weed and brush to cover them up in. Quite a quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babes into a sort of nest, and there they lay when the people found them still alive; but the six year old matron and martyr lay on the shore, dead of the cold—lay beside the vast pile of brush it had been able to gather, but was not able to bring in.

A FELLOW who has some "music in his soul," says the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside music are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife and a crowing baby.

Will Woodhouse's Courtship.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mr. William Woodhouse was naturally a very timid man. Not that he was lacking in moral, or physical courage, but he was afraid of the women. On all other occasions he was usually equal to the emergency, be it whatever it might; but place him *tete-a-tete* with a women, and to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, he was done for.

His mother had long ago settled down to the uncomfortable conviction that William would never marry; and the girls had arrived at the same conclusion; it had become quite the thing to say in making comparisons, "As great a fool as Will Woodhouse!"

For—take note, bashful young gentleman—however much ladies may admire modesty in the other sex, they invariably despise a man who has not heart enough to say to the girl of his choice, I love you.

Will admired all the girls in his way, but he looked upon them very much as sensible people do upon a hornets' nest, as a curious piece of architecture, but not safe to be familiar with.

So he kept his distance, and in the meantime arrived at the mature age of twenty-three. Then he met, for the first time, at a pic-nic party, Miss Adelaide Browne. We believe people with the stoniest hearts fall in love at pic-nics, and from that hour poor Will had no comfort of his life. Sleeping or waking, his dreams were full of the beautiful Miss Browne. Surely there never was another of the numerous Browne family like her! Blue eyes, white muslin dress, with knots of pink ribbon—brown hair, red lips, pearly teeth, snowy hands—all danced together in a miscellanous "all hands around," before his distorted vision.

Adelaide, all unconscious of the trouble she had caused, went her way, breaking the hearts of most of the young gentleman in Highbridge, and trying hard to fracture the few that remained whole.

She was visiting Aunt Hooper, and it is an undeniable fact that ladies always take best where they are not known. This is no libel on the sex—no indeed! for with gentlemen this truth is still more applicable.

Mrs. Hooper was a widow lady of no small personal attractions in her own estimation, and if she was not so young as she might have been, she thought she was and behaved accordingly. She still affected short sleeves, and profuse ringlets of glossiest black—though envious individuals persisted in it that her curls were made at the hair-dresser's. These same persons also believed that she was anxious to supply the place of the dear deceased as soon as possible.

For a week after meeting with Adelaide, Will bore up bravely. The second meeting destroyed all the stock of composure he had been storing up. He took desperately to the muses, and walked the whole night away to the infinite destruction of shoe-leather, and the infinite disgust of his practical papa.

He met Adelaide now quite frequently. Highbridge was very gay. There was a singing-school, a lyceum, a "society," and then the young folks got up excursions to the surrounding hills—for it was yet early autumn, and nature was in her robes of state.

There was an excursion to Mount Giblo one fine day, and there Will had the ecstatic pleasure of treading on Adelaide's dress, thereby throwing her head-long into a pile of brush, and while Laura Blake picked her up and helped her pin on her flounces, he stood by frightened half out his wits, and momentarily expecting the mountain to open and swallow him up.

From that time he pined rapidly. His appetite was a thing of the past. His mother thought him in a quick decline, and dosed him with hoarhound and Dr. Perkin's patent pacific pills. He grew worse and worse.

At last, thinking himself near his end, he confessed to his mother. She was thunderstruck, at first, but afterwards like a sensible woman, she advised him to put on his "tother clothes," and go right over and lay the case before Miss Browne.—It couldn't kill him, she said, and then if she refused him—why, there was as good fish in the sea, etc.

Will took three days to consider, and at the end of the time his mind was made up. He swallowed a double dose of blackberry cordial, donned his flamecolored vest, and blue plaids—brushed his hair till it shone like ebony, covered his head with his father's ten dollar beaver, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Hooper's.

As good fortune would have it, he found Mrs. Hooper alone, in her best gown and humor. She was unarmed to see him, and treated him to nuts and cider, and a seat on the sofa so near herself that poor Will was at his wits end to frame the first word of his errand.

They talked of the weather and the crops till the clock struck ten. The widow tried to make him think it was only nine; but he was not so far gone but that he could still count. He felt that the terrible moment could be no longer delayed. He must make a begining.

"Mrs. Hooper," said he, "I came over this evening—" he hesitated.

"Yes Will," said she encouragingly.

"I came over—"

"Yes, I know you did," still more encouragingly.

"I came over to ask a great favor of you!"

"Well, you couldn't have come to anybody that would be readier to do you a favor, William."

"Well,—I wanted to ask—ask—"

"Go on. Don't be afraid. I am listening."

"The fact is, I'm in love!" desperately, "there, I've done it!"

"Mercy me! Why, William! and I never mistrusted it—never. Well, of all things!" And the widow edged a little closer, and put her fat hand in his.

"Yes, I'm in love and I came to ask you if you would—"

"Will I? To be sure I will! How could you think otherwise? I have always thought so much of you! But it is so sudden! What will folks say?"

"Deuced if I care!" cried Will, elated at the prospect before him; it's nobody's business! Am I to be wretched on account of what people will say? Don't hug me so, Mrs. Hooper—I beg—I ain't used to it; and—and what was that noise?"

"The mice, I guess. Dear William, how glad I am you told me!"

"And you'll ask Adelade and make it all right with her?"

"Adelaide? Oh! she'll have no earthly objections! Of course not!"

"Are you sure? If I was only certain of it! Oh, Mrs. Hooper, I loved her the moment I set eyes on her!"

"Her? Who?"

"Why, your niece, Adelaide Browne. She is the only woman on earth that I could be happy with! I shall die if I don't get her!"

Mrs. Hooper turned purple. She caught up the poker and flew at our hero like a maniac. He made for the door, she following close.

"I'll show you how to insult a respectable woman" she cried, "I'll show you how to steal the affections of a guileless heart, and then prove false!" each "showing" accompanied by a thump from the poker.

Will had at last put the door between him and his antagonist, and, in frantic haste, he dived down over the steps, and at the bottom reeled full into the arms of Adelaide Brown herself, who was just returning from a friend's.

"Don't let her get at me!" he cried; "I'd rather die than she should hug me again! It's you I love, not her, and she's madder than a hatter!"

It was not a very elegant proposal, but Miss Brown's self-possession insured Will's everlasting weal. She accepted him on the spot, for she had liked him all along, and nothing had stood between them but his abominable bashfulness.

Will is a happy husband and father now but even to this day the sight of a widow will make him tremble; they are so intimately associated in his mind with pokers.

In a Fog.

A few years ago, there lived in the town of ——, a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry.—There also resided in the neighborhood a planter named W., who kept a saloon. Now W. was a great practical joker. On one occasion Joe came into W's saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair.

Joe was very near-sighted, and always wore specs. After he had slept some time W. took his specs, blacked the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamps, and then awoke Joe, telling him it was about 12 o'clock at night and he wanted to shut up. Joe started, and remarked that he had slept some time—W. said:

"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again I'll lend you a lamp."

W. lighted a lantern, gave it to Joe, and helped him out. Joe went off home—up the main business street—in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him and wondering what was the matter.

AN IRISH VERDICT.—There was a man before an Irish jury on his trial for murder. The defence produced in court, alive and well, the man who was said to have been killed. But the trial went on, the jury went out, and not to be daunted by any such little fact as the presence alive of the man who should have been dead they brought the prisoner in guilty.

"How is this?" said the judge, "there has been no murder; the man is alive in court."

"Well, your honor," said the foreman, "the jury is convinced that the prisoner did not murder this man, but he is a dangerous person. I am sure he killed my gray mare—and we believe that hanging him is necessary for the safety and peace of the country!"

A NEW ORLEANS JUDGE.—A "colored individual" was arranged at a New Orleans police court a few days ago for larceny. The Judge, rather dignified, inquired—

"Are you guilty or not?"

"Sar?"

"Did you steal the shoes?" he repeated.

"Golly, boss, 'clare never done it."

"This man says you did."

"He ain't nothin' but white trash."

"And what are you?"

"Me! Why don't you know me? I rid with you in the percession. I helped to tote you home when you got tired on dat night—don't you remember me now?"

There was the "suddenest" *nol. pros.* in that darkey's case that judicial annals afford an example of in good society.

THE nephew of Thaddeus Stevens, who was to have $100,000 of the great Commoner's wealth if he abstained ten years from liquor and tobacco, or would be obliged to surrender it to the orphans of the soldiers if he indulged, says he will not rob the poor orphans.—*Village Record.*

A DEVOTEE of Bacchus thus addressed his hat which had fallen on the pavement.

"If I pick you up, I shall fall and if I fall you will not pick me up—then I leave you," and he staggered proudly away.

THE HORSE.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

If a man does not like a horse his head is not level. We believe that the heads of our readers are level, *ergo*, they must like horses. The majority of those who like horses generally manage to own one or more of them, and owning must be interested in knowing how to keep in good health and vigor this noblest and most serviceable of animals. The following common sense directions from the *London Horse Book* contain the most practical information in the shortest space of anything we have seen upon this subject:

1. All horses must *not* be fed in the same proportions, without due regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work, because the impropriety of such a practice is self evident, yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

2. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is not proper nourishment in it.

3. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

4. Chaff is better for old horses than hay—they can chew and digest it better.

5. Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

6. Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

7. When a horse is worked hard its food should chiefly be oats; if not worked hard its food should chiefly be hay, because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

8. For a saddle or coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay is sufficient. If the hay is not good add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

9. Rack feeding is useful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger, because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

10. Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

11. Oats should be bruised for an old horse but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva and turned into wholesome nutriment.

12. Vetches and cut grass should always be given in the spring to horses that cannot be turned out into the fields, because they are very cool and refreshing and almost medicinal in their effects; but they must be supplied in moderation, as they are liable to ferment in the stomach if given largely.

13. Water your horses from a pond or stream, rather than from a spring or well, because the latter is generally hard and cold while the former is soft and comparatively warm. The horse prefers soft, muddy water to hard water, though ever so clear.

14. A horse should have at least a pail of water morning and evening, or (still better) four half pailfulls at four several times during the day, because this assuages his thirst without bloating him. He should not be made to walk directly after he has a full draft of water, for digestion and exertion can never go together.

15. Do not allow your horse to have warm water to drink, because if he has to drink cold water, after getting accustomed to warm, it will give him colic.

16. When your horse refuses food after drinking, go no further that day, because the poor creature is thoroughly beaten.

THE New York *World* well says that what "the Indians and what the negro wants, is not the poor power of putting the thing in a box, but a frank recognition of the fact that here is an inferior race to be protected by the superior race, and not left, poor things, to be the prey of unconscionable scoundrels who can outwit them, had they fifty thousand ballots apiece, any day in the week. The sword must not be put in the child's hand, and then the child told to take care of himself, but the grown man is to hold the weapon and, with it, protect the child. Indian suffrage, negro suffrage, boy suffrage—how long, at this rate, before we verify Carlyle's sneer by coming down to horsehood and doghood suffrage? Suffrage is the power of saying on what principles government is to be administered, and for the possession of this power there is no test but fitness—a test so lacking in any other than the white race that the wildest fanatic does not even seek to justify the piebald ballot on any such ground. Protection of the inferior race by the superior is what is wanted, and not the protection of the inferior by itself. Just and humane laws for the Indian, negro, Chinaman and Chinook. Not the ballot."

PEACE AND AMITY.—The Richmond *Whig* says that it has reason "to know that influences are now at work in Virginia looking to the desirable end of a return to peace and amity, and that the intellects and purest characters of this State are seriously devoting themselves to the preparation and organization of measures, designed to end strife, and to satisfy any reasonable demand that can be made."

ALL the cigar makers of the country are sending specimens of their wares to President Grant.

A Great Many Ducks.

The Louisville *Courier*, in noticing a visit of "Johnny" Morehead to that city, is reminded of an amusing incident that occurred in the good old days when his father was Governor of Kentucky. Powell, who kept a restaurant and drinking saloon in Frankfort, rendered his monthly account to Johnny, (the boys could get credit then,) which amounted to $150.—Johnny went to his father to get the money.

"What! one hundred and fifty dollars, Johnny?" exclaimed the Governor; "it's a large bill, son."

"Yes, I entertained a great many of my friends during the month."

"Have you the bill with you?"

"I believe so"—hesitatingly.

"Let me see it, son."

Johnny drew slowly forth a long strip of bill paper, in which there were exactly thirty-one items put down as "D'ks." ranging from ten cents to as many dollars.—The Governor adjusted his specs, and regarded it attentively, and said:

"D. K. S.,—D. K. S.; Johnny, my son, what does D. K. S. stand for?"

"Ducks, father, ducks! But of course they were not *all* ducks—some were snipe and patridges, and even eggs and oysters. But Lou Murray puts them all down as ducks."

The Governor looked first at Johnny and then at the bill, and giving an ominous "hem" wrote a check.

Nobody ever believed the Governor was fooled, but after that, "Will you take a duck?" was for a long time a convivial invitation with the Frankfort boys.

Dead Man's Gulch.

In California a miner died in a mountain digging, and being much respected, his acquaintances resolved to give him a "square funeral," instead of putting the body, in the usual way, in a rougly made hole, and saying, by way of service for the dead, "Thar goes another bully boy under!" They sought the services of a miner, who bore the reputation of having at one time "been a powerful preacher in the States." And then all knelt around the grave, far Western fashion, while the extemporized parson delivered a prodigiously long prayer. The miners, tired of this unaccustomed opiate, to while away the time, began fingering the earth, digger fashion, about the grave.

Gradually looks were exchanged, whispering increased until their parson's attention was attracted. He opened his eyes and stared at the whispering miners:

"What is it boys?"

Then his eyes suddenly lit on the sparkling gems of gold, and he shouted:

"Gold, by jingo! and the richest kind o' diggins; the congregation's dismissed!" Instantly every many began to prospect the new diggin, our clerical friend being quite active. The body had to be moved and buried elsewhere, but the memory of the incident yet lives in the name of the locality, for "Dead Man's Gulch" became one of the richest localities in California.

ADVANTAGE OF BEING POOR.—A poor man never has any taxes to pay. He can sit down and laugh the assessors to scorn, and read of the big appropriations made by councils with a feeling of indescribable exhileration.

A poor man can enjoy life. He lives in a rented house, and it needn't worry him to see it abused, and his equanimity need not be disturbed if it burns down.

A poor man can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling around after rich daughters.

Nobody wants the poor man to die; nobody is laying around in misery and impatience waiting for him to die, so as to absorb his funds.

Another thing—no poor man is ever worried by debt, for nobody will ever trust him, and when he does see a greenback he heartily enjoys it—he does.

A SHORT AND CHEAP TRIP.—When the railway across the continent of America is completed, there will be constant conveyance by means of railways and mail packets for passengers desiring to travel round the world. The grand tour will be twenty-two thousand miles in length, and will cost $1,500, and will be accomplished in about eighty days. The American tourist will be able to visit England, Japan, China, Ceylon and Egypt. He will cross the Atlantic, North Pacific and Indian oceans, the Red and Mediterranean seas, the continent of America and the delta of Egypt. He will be able to sail the beginning of May, and to arrive home again about the middle of July.

SALARY OF A QUEEN.—The income of Queen Victoria is fixed by law at $1,925,000 per annum, but this amount is not under her personal control. The sum, mentioned is divided into six items, the first of which, $300,000, is the money paid to the Queen in monthly installments. Item second is $656,300, for the payment of the salaries of the household, from the lord of the bed-chamber to the pages.—Item third, $862,500, is for the expenses of the household. The remaining items, amounting to $106,200, are for the payment of civil pensions, and are under the control of the premier.

A QUAKER and a Baptist were traveling together in a stage coach. The latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath, where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains on a gibbet. "I wonder," said the Baptist, "what religion this man was of." "Perhaps," replied the Quaker, coldly, "he was a Baptist, and they have hung him up to dry."

THE following is a receipt for the "Grecian Bend:"

Throw up the chin and out the chest,
Assume the form of the letter S;
Like a kangaroo your arms extend,
And then you'll have the Grecian Bend.

"I HAVE nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had conducted a suit for her.

"Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk—he takes the fees."

Josh Billings says he has "seen some awful bad throte diseases completely cured in three days by simply joining a temperance society."

The name of the young lady who behaved badly in church, the other evening, was Misconduct.