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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, payable 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 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 dispatch.

FOR SALE:

600 Acres of Rappahannock Lands

THESE LANDS all lie immediately on the RIVER, are fertile, easily tilled, and well adapted to TRUCKING and FRUIT.

MARL in abundance—farm under fence and well improved with Buildings.

A YOUNG ORCHARD of 1,600 Fruit Trees coming into bearing.

For particulars, price, &c., address
J. L. SMITH,
a19-3m* Harmony P. O., Middlesex Co., Va.

A Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his FARM situated in Caroline county, Md.,

Containing 140 ACRES

More or less. It lies on the public road between Denton and Greensboro', within two miles of the latter place, and within 1½ miles of Greensboro Station on the Md. & Del. Railroad.

The Improvements are a comfortable FRAME DWELLING in good order, with Barn and Out-Buildings.

With small outlay and moderate enterprise it can be made a valuable Trucking farm. This property will be sold very low, as the owner desires to remove from the county.

For further particulars, terms, &c., consult M. DeK. SMITH, Chestertown, Md.
d3-3m. ROBERT C. MORRIS.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale his Farm, situated in Kent county, Maryland,

CONTAINING 162¾ ACRES.

It lies on the public road between Chesterville and Galena, about two miles from the former place and 2½ miles from the latter; about half a mile from a Catholic Church, and only one-fourth of a mile from Lambson's Station on the Kent County Railroad.

The Farm is divided into five fields, with ordinary fencing. The land has been improved and is in a good state of cultivation, and the soil is well adapted to all kinds of grain and fruit. There is a

PEACH ORCHARD

containing 400 Trees in bearing, and 2100 Trees one year old. Also, 500 Concord Grape four years old, in bearing, and a lot of Blackberry and Raspberry.

The Buildings

consist of a

FRAME DWELLING

with four rooms below and three above, and the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS.

The Farm will be sold low and on accommodating terms.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber, or address him at Chesterville, Md.
jan21-3t* THOS. G. JARMAN.

MILLING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has taken possession of his Mill, and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same.—By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.
jan7tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE.

The undersigned as agent for Mary Ann Harrison, is prepared to furnish WOOD sawed and split to order in any quantities. He is conducting the wood yard formerly belonging to S. S. Usilton, and has on hand a large supply of GOOD WOOD which he is prepared to furnish at reasonable rates.

The patronage of old customers and of the public generally is solicited.
ENOCH HARRISON,
Nov. 12-3m. Agent.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

Persons wishing to improve their Lots in Public Cemeteries and Private Burial Grounds, will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call and examine our large and new stock of
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE
MONUMENTS,
MONUMENTAL TABLET HEAD
AND
FOOT STONES
VASES AND STATUARY,
All of new and beautifully proportioned designs, at the STEAM MARBLE WORKS of
GADDESS BROS.,
ap3-y. Sharp and German sts., Baltimore.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

For the purpose of supplying persons in town and country with Oysters, by the bushel, the undersigned will make two trips each week to Chestertown, and may be found at the Wharf Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. By this means the public may rely upon obtaining them FRESH, and at reasonable prices.
oc15-3m. CHARLES D BROWN.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL!

READ'S SORE THROAT & CATARRH POWDER is the most wonderful article I ever heard of for SORE THROAT. It almost vanishes at the touch. For sale at
jan7tf. WICKE'S DRUG STORE.

TO MOTHERS.

Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.

This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 31. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871. No. 39.

DRAWING of LOTS AT MASSEYS.

THE undersigned have taken charge of the Property recently purchased by Dr. C. H. B. Massey, comprising TEN ACRES, conveniently and pleasantly located

IN THE VILLAGE of MASSEYS,

THE JUNCTION OF THE

KENT and QUEEN ANNE'S & KENT R. R.,

and will offer the following inducements to persons desirous of making a good investment:

This property we have divided into

EIGHTY BUILDING LOTS

37 of them fronting on the road from Masseys to Millington and from Masseys to Galena, 43 feet front and from 84 to 114 feet deep. The balance, 43 Lots, will front on streets running at right angles with the main road to the property of Wm. Cacy, 40 feet front and from 108 to 131 ft. deep. By this arrangement it will be seen we offer Twenty Lots worth double the amount asked for them, Thirteen of them being Corner Lots.

TICKETS, drawing these Lots, will be sold at $100 each; $25 cash, balance in note with interest, on six, twelve and eighteen months, and each purchaser shall have a chance of drawing one of

THREE PRIZES!

Prize No. 1—Embraces CORNER STORE and DWELLING, with lot 52 by 116 feet,

VALUE $2,000.

Prize No. 2.—Embraces STABLE, CARRIAGE HOUSE and GRANARY, all new, lot 54 by 118 feet.

VALUE $650.

Prize No. 3.—Is Lot No. 2, 42 feet by 112 with ONE SMALL BUILDING,

VALUE $350.

This lot is desirably located, being next to the corner on road from Masseys to Millington.

We call this a rare inducement, as in most cases of this kind your chance is about one in two hundred. Here we offer you

One Chance in 27 for the THREE FIRST PRIZES, AND A LOT CERTAIN!

With a chance in EVERY FOUR of getting a Lot worth double your money, and for EVERY CHANCE a Lot not two hundred yards from the business centre.

Possession given on day of drawing, except Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 77, which are under rent for the present year.

Parties buying tickets shall say how drawing shall be done. For this purpose a day will be set and each ticket holder notified.

☞ Persons in Chestertown, and others to whom it may be more convenient, desirous of taking chances in this drawing, can leave their names at the KENT NEWS OFFICE, where a plat of the ground can be seen.

SPARKS & BOYER,
jan28-4t. MASSEYS, MD.

GOOD HARNESS

MADE AND SOLD AT

J. F. HOWARD'S HARNESS STORE

FOR $20.

Chestertown, Jan. 7, 1871.

FOR SALE,

300,000 Giant Asparagus Roots,

Two years old, $1 per hundred, $4 for 500, $7 per 1000. Two thousand Conover's Colossal Asparagus at $3 per hundred.

Orders filed in rotation and filled as soon as roots can be planted in March. Terms cash with order. W. F. MASSEY,
jan7tf. Chestertown.

NEW STORE.

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

MISS MARTHA EARNEST has rented the store room lately occupied by the Misses Middleton & Wyatt, and has just opened a well selected stock of

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

which she is prepared to sell at prices to suit the times. Her stock consists in part of the following articles: Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, Corsets at $1.25, French Corsets $2.00, Ladies' & Children's Hose, Kid Gloves, white and colored, Sash Ribbons, Handsome Ribbon, Bows; all qualities of Ladies' Handkerchiefs; Laces, both imitation and real; Cambric Edge and Inserting, white and colored Tarleton, Velvet Ribbon, Dress Buttons, Black Net and Green Berage for veils, Clouds, infants' and children's Hoods, Collars and Cuffs, and in short every article usually kept in a FANCY AND NOTION STORE.

☞ She respectfully invites an examination of her stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. MARTHA EARNEST.
Jan. 7, 1871—tf.

EXPOSITION at T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE!

BAZIN & BARNES' MAGNOLIO and FLORIDA WATERS—the most lasting, agreeable and Refreshing of all PERFUMES for the Handkerchief, at the Toilet and in the Bath. jan7tf.

TO RENT, for the year 1871, my DWELLING HOUSE and LIVERY STABLES, with lot attached, on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by John W. Rasin. Also, a Three Acre LOT, near the upper part of the town. For terms apply to R. HYNSON, Esq.
jan7-tf. D. A. BENJAMIN.

FOR RENT, for the ensuing year,

The Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops,

known as the "Hanesville Manufacturing and Repair Shops." Also a commodious and comfortable DWELLING. A full sett of Blacksmith Tools for sale. Apply to
E. A. VANNORT.
oc22-tf. Hanesville, Kent county, Md

FOR RENT, for the year 1871, the DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, in Chestertown, now occupied by Mr. William Cannon. For terms, apply to
n19-tf WM. VANNORT.

A CARD.

The report is being industriously circulated that I have disposed of my entire stock of Peach Trees, which report is incorrect. I have some TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND (25,000) GOOD TREES yet to dispose of. N. BARNARD,
Nov. 26—tf. Still Pond, Md.

A LOT of STONEWARE at Factory prices Pans, Jugs, Jars and Pitchers.
je25. L. S. FOWLER.

After Many Days.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

Aye, after many days,—
No matter when or where;
The bread thus cast, the seed thus sown
Shall spring up fresh and fair.

Cast it around thy home—
Be sure 'tis not in vain;
Though thou mayest never see
That scattered bread again.

Though after many days,
The bread shall still be found;
And what thy love hath cast,
Shall clothe the barren ground.

And when the golden gates
Shall open to receive
Some, whom perchance thou didst
In doubt and trembling leave.

Then, "after many days,"
How shall thy heart rebound,
When harps of gold shall hail
The "bread" forever found!

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Marriages are happy where they take place from pure love, between two persons who are already thoroughly acquainted with each other, and who are thoroughly content with each other as they then are.

First, love must be the motive. Marriages of convenience, as they are called, almost always turn out to be anything but convenient, and, on the contrary, exceedingly inconvenient.

If people marry for money—even if the money be obtained—the husband or wife who is taken with it, is, of course and necessarily, regarded merely as an incumbrance, to be endured for the sake of the more highly prized pecuniary acquisition. Then, if it chance that the coveted money be not received, or that it be subsequently lost, the situation is still more deplorable, for the incumbrance alone remains without the compensation calculated upon for its indurance, and becomes all the more unendurable.

If people marry for what is called position, they marry for something that cannot be obtained in that way. A sound title to position can only be got by merit, never by matrimony.

Secondly, happy marriages can only take place between people who are well acquainted, and who are satisfied with each other as they are.

Young persons who are so blinded by love that their judgment is rendered torpid, who are unable to perceive each other's faults, and who marry, in real form, an imaginary character, are soon and sadly undeceived by the experience of married life; and such matches are most miserable.

So of those who marry, not because they are satisfied with each other as they now are, but who are quite confident of their ability to change the character of the person they wed. Such hopes prove delusive. Do not be deceived by the idea that you can re-mould a character already cast, in consequence of assuming the matrimonial relation. The probability is, that the objectionable, or disagreeable qualities which you already perceive will increase, and not diminish, after marriage; while the possibility of discovering new ones always exist.

STRANGE WEDDING SCENE.—At Leominster, not long ago, a strange scene occurred at a wedding, which really proved no wedding at all. When the clergyman inquired whether any cause existed why the marriage ceremony should not be completed, the bridegroom remarked that six months before he asked the lady to release him from his engagement. She declined, and afterwards stated that her father would not consent to its being broken off. He went on to say that coercion had been used to bring him to the ceremony, and so he should marry her because he was bound by law to do so. The service was then continued, and when the bride was asked whether she would take this man to be her husband, she replied, emphatically, "No, I will not!" which caused intense excitement in the chapel. This, of course, brought the service to an abrupt termination. The bride immediately left the chapel, and the bridegroom (who seemed perfectly satisfied with the result) drove away, followed by an immense number of persons, who cheered him most heartily.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—A Persian poet gives us the following instructions upon this important subject:—"When thou art married seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says.—From man's right side a rib was taken to form woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks but bends not. Since, then, it's plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, or coertion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

A SINGULAR ARABIAN CUSTOM.—When an Arab widow intends marrying again, she goes the night before the ceremony on a visit to her late husband's grave, and, kneeling, she prays him not to be offended. The widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave, and having well saturated it, she departs and makes her preparations for the approaching nuptials.

EXCELLENT jelly or glue is now made out of old boots. At a recent meeting of the Liberal Club, Professor Vander Wyde demonstrated the feasibilty of such a transmutation. The leather being treated with lime, under increased atmospheric pressure, parts with its tanning, and reverts to the condition of gelatin, when it may be either converted into glue, or cast in a mold for edible or ornamental purposes. Think of boiled boots as a light diet!

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?" When her father asked this question in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dare not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and its our fault after all, as much as her's, and you won't break her young heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only"—gasped the little woman; and hearing Lucilla coming she went to a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all the disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty to fall in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little waite envelopes, tied up together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

"Lock these up till I return home this evening," said he to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile Lucilla is not to see the music master on any pretence."

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees.

"Oh! dear papa," she cried: "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it—indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he's a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond; "he has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With this remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms. "It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But, Oh! dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me; I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you; and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasant! I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters, there will be no hope, I'm very much afraid," sobbed Miss Lucilla; "Fred is so romantic and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful, (he thought so, you know,) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dare not promise that he would. She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down: then went up into her own room to put the letters in her desk; and, as she placed them into one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also.—One who had received them years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number—and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's head. She dared not oppose her husband by word or look; she never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came the husband, more angry and determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then having adjourned to the parlor Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

"Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear ma'am."

And the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes dear, I believe I have them," and gave him a pile of white envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. I am shocked that a child of mine should practice such duplicity.—Hem! let me see. Number one I believe—June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah—! 'From the first he adored you,' eh! Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. ——'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla. A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty, the loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear, how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented.

"I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such raphsodies, I am sure. Ah! now in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinance to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor Lucilla.—"He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then with an ejaculation of rage he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll murder him. As for you by Jove, I'll send you to a convent—elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here John, call a cab!—I—

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy? Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles. Papa these are your love letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, too, you know?"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said sternly.

"I did it on purpose?" and paused as though she expected a sudden judgment. But hearing nothing she dared to rise and crept up to her husband timidly.

"You know Charles," she said, "Its so long ago since and I thought you did not exactly remember how you fell in love with me at first sight, and how papa and mamma objected; and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it back plainly to you as it was then we might let Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and not gone half so far as elopement; and in course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the approbation of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

The New Slate.

See my slate! I dot it new,
Cos I b'oke the other.
Put my 'little foot wight foo
Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots of sings
Fass as 'ou tan tell 'em,
T's and R's an' big O rings,
Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig,
With his turly tail-y,
'Ittle eyes and snout so big,
Pokin' in a pail-y.

I tan make a elephant,
Wid he trunk a hangin';
An a boy—who says I tan't?
Wid de dun a bangin'.

An' the smote a tummin' out,
(Wid my t'um I do it,
Rubbin all the white about),
Sparks a-flyin' froo it.

I tan draw me runnin' 'bout,
Mamma's 'ittle posset.
Slate so dusty, rubbin' out,
Dess oo'd better wass it.

A GENTLEMAN was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady upon whom he called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of her stern father, who at length ventured to very plainly intimate that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour."

"MARY MAGDALENE had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled an old bachelor in the course of a discussion on the 'woman question.'

"No, they are not cast out yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

WHEN a Fort Scott girl is slyly kissed, she puts on a frown and says: "Put that article right back, sir, where you stole it from."

REMEMBER!

Whatever life may be, or bring,
In May-time or December,
The sweetest burden of its songs
Will always be—Remember!

Though we have seen our youth depart
Lost friends, and still regret them,
Beheld our dear ones fade and die—
We would not yet forget them!

Not yet, nor ever; for when age
Covers o'er life's dying ember,
The way to keep our old hearts warm
Will still be—to Remember!

Snow a Benefactor.

We wish to show how the Creator of all sends the snow in winter as a blessing to the earth.

All northern-born boys and girls should like the snow. It is a blessing to the poor man as well as the rich. We have heard a poor boy grumble over the snow in this way: "Oh, dear! I wish the snow would keep away. It is all very well for boys and girls who can ride in a sleigh, and have nice sleds; but I can't see the good it is to do us poor folks."—Stop, friend:—your father cannot afford to protect his garden with manure. Our heavenly Father sends the snow to protect the grass, roots, and vines from the chill blasts of winter. Vegetation is always more beautiful after a winter of deep snow. Even the little snow-storms of spring invigorate the roots and flowers, because of the ammonia in the melted snow. It is called "the *poor* man's manure"

Melted snow whitens the complexion, and it is said to remove freckles. It softens the skin wonderfully. It removes stains from garments of all kinds. We have seen nice silks cleansed entirely, with no remaining spots, simply by the use of melted snow. A good frolic in the snow is healthful. Boys and girls, never in winter sit shivering in the house all day because it snows! Protect yourselves with warm garments, and then take a brisk walk on the snow. It will give heat to your whole system, far better than the heated air of a furnace. We always lament what is called an open winter; we know sickness will follow.

Remember, everything God gives us has its uses. Keep your eyes and ears always open to learn the uses and beauty of even the common things of this earth.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE FOR FARMERS.—Farmers necessarily live at considerable distance from each other, and in consequence of this and their habits of steady labor, confine themselves too much to their own fields and firesides. They and their families need recreation, need pleasures, need something to counteract the effect of the constant labor in which they are engaged. The mechanic in the village or city has his mind frequently drawn away from his work by that which is going on around him, but the farmer, being differently situated, finds nothing to break up the monotony unless he seeks for it elsewhere. It is quite probable that more work would be accomplished and a better tone of feeling be experienced, to say nothing of the more cheerful countenance which would be worn, if a half day each week were given to social intercourse with fellow farmers, instead of devoting six full day's each week to unremitting labor. After a day spent pleasantly away from home, the labor is not so irksome—the laborer is happier. Allowing as much was not accomplished by giving a little time to relaxation, it should be borne in mind that food and raiment for the family, forage for the stock, and money for the bank, are not the only things worth striving for. We need happiness as well. But if a portion of this time be given to a wide awake farmers' club, ideas will be gained, practical knowledge acquired, which in time will bring about results far in excess of those which will be realized by the farmer who does not improve these opportunities.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

HEALTHFULNESS OF THE APPLE.—No vegetable is more extensively used as an article of food, or more universally relished, than the apple. Every farmer should have an apple orchard. To lay in a good supply of apples every summer bespeaks a good housekeeper. There can be more economical investment in all the line of culinaries. An apple, a good mellow one, is digested in a single hour after it is eaten, and also aids in digesting other food, while fresh pork takes five or six hours to digest. No more healthful dessert can be used than a stewed, baked, or even a raw apple. It may be taken at breakfast with simple coarse bread, and produce a healthy result upon the system by removing constipation, correcting acidity, mitigating feverishness, and producing a much more happy effect upon the body than medicine. Apples would be a splendid substitute for pastry, cakes, and the whole paraphernalia of sweetmeats; and if they were made to take the place of those articles of cookery with which children are crammed, they would be much more healthy, and doctors' and apothecaries' bills greatly diminished.—*Good Health.*

INFORMATION NOT KNOWLEDGE.—Prof. Huxley lays great stress upon the importance of making scientific instruction practical. "In explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature," he writes, "you must as far as possible give reality to your teaching by object lessons. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of one upon the other for himself. In teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge."

Josh Billings on the Cat.

The cat is called a domestik animile, but I never hav bin able tew tell wherefore.

You kant trust one enny more than you kan a case of the gout. There iz only one mortal thing that you kan trust a cat with and cum out even and that iz a bar of hard soap.

They are as meek as Mosiss, but az full of deviltry az Judos Iscarratt.

They will harvest a dozen ov yung chickens for you, and then steal into the sitting room, az softly az an undertaker, and lay themselves down on the rug, at yure feet, full ov injured innocence and chickens and dream of their childhood days.

All thare iz about cats that iz domestik, that I kno ov, iz that yu kant lose one.

You kant looze a cat—they are az hard to looze as a bad reputation.

You may send one out uv the State dun up in a meal bag, and marked "C. O. D.," and the next morning you will find him, or her, (according tew sex,) in the same old spot alongside ov the kitchen stove, reddy to be stepped on.

Cats hav got two good ears for melody, and often make the night atmosphear melodious with their opera musik.

But the wonderful thing about a cat that has been discovered yet is their fear of death.

Yu kant induce one, by enny ordinary means to accept ov death—they aktoally skorn to die.

You may kill one az much as yu hav a mind to, and they will begin life anew in a few minutes, with a more flattering prospektus.

Dogs I love, they carry their cridentials in their faces, and kant hide them, but the bulk of a cat's reputation lays buried in their stumuk, az unknown tew themselfs as tew enny boddy else.

Thare iz only one thing about a cat that I like, and that iz, they are very cheap—a little money, well invested, will go a grate ways in cats.

Cats are plenty in this world just now. I counted 18 from my boarding house window one monlite nite last summer, and it wasn't a fustrate nite for cats neither.

TOLD HIM SO.—An old lady, who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of an unusual event that she had predicted it, was one day very nicely sold by her worthy spouse, who had got tired of her continual "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, wife, wife, what—what—what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and ate up our grindstone!" the old lady was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she broke out at the top of her lungs, "I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors."

A SPEAKER at a juvenile picnic is said to have delivered an address of which the following is a sample: "You ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with sweet words of kindness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so that he couldn't go to school for over a month, on account of not being able to put on his hat."

GOV. MERRILL, of Iowa, made a visit to the State prison, at Davenport, a short time since and commenced an address to the prisoners, by saying "he was glad to see so many there." This rather dashed the spirits of the audience, who failed to applaud, and looked generally uncomfortable. The Governor, too, was not a little flustered, and, after an awkward pause, took back what he had said as gracefully as possible. The faculty of saying the right thing in the right place does not belong to every one.

A MAN once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker. "Will he draw well?" asked the buyer. "Thee will be pleased to see him draw." The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step. He returned and said, "That horse will not draw an inch." "I did not tell thee he would draw, friend; I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw: so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

A TALKING match came of at New Orleans for $5. It continued thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were talked to sleep, and when they woke up in the morning they found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

"HAS a man," asked a prisoner of a magistrate, "any right to commit a nuisance?" "No, sir, not even the mayor." "Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and as no one has a right to commit me, I move for a nonsuit."

THE New York *Times* doubts if the elaborate mechanical devices for children's toys of the present day give the rising generation as much genuine pleasure as the comparatively rude play-things of a simpler day.

THE Comanche Indians, afrer numerous unsuccessful experiments, have given up trying to scalp any of the colored troops on the frontier. It's impossible to get a good hold.

"Now, children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the catechism, answered quickly: "All women!"

A GERMAN out West being required to give a receipt in full, produced the following after much mental effort: "I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swackhammer."

"WOMAN is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

A LITTLE boy, returning from Sabbath-school, said to his mother, "This cat-e-chism is too hard. Ain't there any kitty-chism for little boys?"

THE hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and kicking horse considerably.

"SETTING a man-trap" is the title given to a picture of a pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.