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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics 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. H. USILTON.

PLUMMER & 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 may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y

C. T WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER.
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jun30-tf.

PAINTING!

C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville.
aug26-tf. C. W. WARREN.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

J. H. SMITH

Has now in store a large assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing a general variety of
TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!

COMEGYS & BRO.,

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,

FENCING,

PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF
Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.
LEE STREET, near Light st. Whr.,
a22y. *BALTIMORE.*

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.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S MERRITT & CO.

WHITE LEAD, Oils, Glass, Paints and Putty. JOS. S. WEER.

FINE assortment of POCKET CUTLERY C. F. STAM & BRO.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will expose to public sale at the store door of G. T. Hollyday, Esq.,

ON SATURDAY,
TWENTY-SEVENTH of JANUARY, 1872,
At 12½ o'clock, P. M.,

A LOT OF LAND,

late the property of Richard Hodges, deceased, lying at Edesville or Forktown, in Kent Co., containing BETWEEN TWO AND THREE ACRES, adjoining the property of Mr James H. Eder, and bounding on the two roads leading to Pine Neck and Rock Hall. It fronts 405 feet on the Pine Neck road, and thirty-six feet front This lot will be divided into building lots suitable for dwellings and stores.—Either front will be suitable for building lots. A portion of the lot is in Peach Trees, healthy and the fruit good. The neighborhood is a populous one, and the country is improving in this section of our county.

Also, about ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND, a part of the Garden of the Hodges property, on the opposite side of the road, occupied by Mrs Mary M Hodges, and which will also be laid off in Lots suitable for building purposes.

The property is to be sold to pay debts.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE—on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, payable in three equal instalments, with interest from the first day of January, 1872 to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustee. It will be sold clear of dower.

The creditors of the late Richard Hodges are notified to file their claims, duly proved with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, Jan. 6, 1872—4ts

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles
&c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT
W. G. RUSSELL'S.
FROM NEW YORK,
A large and well selected stock of
Watches, Clocks and Spectacles,
which will be sold *fifty per cent. cheaper* than can be bought on the Shore.
He is also prepared to do any and all kinds of Repairs on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry at short notice, and much cheaper than can be done in the State. *All work guaranteed for one year.* Satisfaction given or money refunded
☞ Ask for W. G. RUSSELL, adjoining T. W. Ellason, Jr. sep30-3m.

☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

New Goods! New Prices!

JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,

HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,
Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.
Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town.

Notions of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

CROCKERY.

Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

Tobacco and Cigars

of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

Pure Cider VINEGAR.

Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring. Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps, Philadelphia Concentrated Lye, "Fisher's" Washing Chrystal, Soaps of all kinds, Rumford's Yeast Powders, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Spelling Books, Copy Books, Letter writers, Slates, Ink, Ready reckoners, paper, etc. Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

SAPPINGTON'S,

and you will save time, trouble and money.
I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.
☞ Store on Cross St, opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

REMOVAL!

THE subscriber has removed to Middle Store Room in the BURCHINAL BUILDING, corner of High and Cross streets, where he will keep on hand an

ENLARGED STOCK OF GOODS,

in his line, and will be pleased at all times to see his customers and friends. Goods very low for CASH, or to prompt paying customers.
jan6-3t. A. MING.

REMOVAL.

MRS. CLARA RAWLEIGH,
Would inform her customers and friends that she has removed her Millinery Store to the room lately occupied by Miss Annie Dayer, next door above the Bank. Residence at same place on Queen Street. jan6-3t.

TAKE NOTICE!

We have leased the farm belonging to John N. Usilton, Esq., adjoining Chestertown, for *our own sole use and profit.* This use and profit we do not propose to divide with the public, and we hereby warn every one that ALL TRESPASSES of every kind, whether committed by men, boys or beasts, must cease at once, or the trespassers must take the consequences.
MASSEY & HUDSON.
Chestertown, Jan. 6, 1872—3t.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
APOTHECARIES,
Cor. High and Court Sts., Chestertown, Md
Have just received a large lot of
WINDOW GLASS,
of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap.
Sept. 30, 1871.

OVER-COATS.

We have just received a large and handsome assortment of Over-Coats. Call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE are just opening our third supply of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Under Shirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.
Nov. 18, 1871—tf

100 LBS. OF PURE NEW LEAF SAGE For sale by
Nov. 11-3t. WM. F. BAKER.

LEAVES.

If this were all—
The cradle, couch, the coffin-pall,
And then the end—as leaves to fall,
The gain were small.

But drooping leaves
Reveal the bud that's newly formed,
That by the autumn sunshine warmed,
New strength receives.

The covering
Drops off our soul as the leaf doth,
And shows the fruit-bud in its growth,
Waiting for spring

The autumn is
The sister of spring, and clasps
Her hand cross winter's chasm—grasps
The coming bliss.

And so we lie,
With souls that meditate upon
The year to come, the year that's gone,
And wait reply

To questions broad;
While shadows of eternity
Wave across our souls, which see
But dimly God.

The untranslate
Within us stirs; but, strong and wise,
Gon's hand lies heavy on our eyes—
We feel its weight;

And powerless
We lie throughout the winter's cold,
And hide our feelings manifold,
In lowliness.

Yet all is right;
The tree that last year blossomed well,
And bore of fruitage branches full,
This year bears light.

And souls, as trees,
Must have their rest—their winter time,
Hidden beneath its snows and rime,
As snows hide these.

When warm days come,
The buds stir 'neath their covering;
Our thoughts awake; we dream of spring,
And press for room.

THE CHILDREN.

In a sermon recently, at Plymouth Church, Henry Ward Beecher thus let himself out on children. No one will, we think, deny the force of his remarks:

What we are fighting for needs push and perseverance and pluck. You are trying to be a Christian and so you think you must be meek, and if you feel that you love praise you must watch yourself and confess. You sweet, dear fool, let your love of praise be guided and not taken out. If your child is fond of praise, praise him; not for his curly hair, but for something good that he does. If he is tempted to tell a lie, and tells the truth, praise him for that. It has been said that the minister's children is the devil's grand-children. I don't believe that, but I do believe that some good people try to bring up their children so exquisitely that when the children go out for themselves they have no self-control, and are immediately bankrupt. Let children make mistakes and learn by their mistakes — Just in proportion as a child is worth anything he is full of force, and it must have an outlet The damnation of thousands of young men is in bringing the full, fresh power of youth to the city, with no work for an outlet. They soon find something to do. O, the slaughter of young men! My heart is sick and heavy. Occupation—work that uses you, that fills you, is your salvation. There is nothing more dangerous than an educated community with nothing to do. There are thousands of educated women who do not work.—No doubt God intended that men and women should marry. But in the inequalities of the present condition of society many women cannot be married. If these women are in feeble health or have little force there is not much trouble; but I don't wonder that the bold eagle-like natures fret in their limits and detest life, or that the great hearts dash themselves out in waste. There must be outlet for these immense forces, or society will go on getting worse and worse to the end.

"PERFECT PEACE."

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee—HOLY WRIT.

Perfect peace! just think of it all who are harassed with doubts and fears. Perfect peace! God, who holds our lives in His own hand, shall keep thee in *perfect peace.* Naught shall disturb the unruffled calmness of thy being, oh pilgrim, who art relying upon His strength. Let the wild tempest of earthly turmoil and strife rage and beat above thy head, it cannot harm nor disturb thee if thy mind is stayed upon the Rock of Ages. Thanks to the Blessed Father that He has given us His cheering assurance. Do cares annoy and perplex us? Praise God there is for us perfect peace, for if our minds are stayed on Him, naught can disturb us. Does sorrow threaten us—and dark clouds obscure our pathway? All is well—our trust is in One who is mighty to save—to save us now—to-day. He will keep us in "perfect peace," and at the last, when cares have no more power to annoy, when trouble can no longer threaten, He will welcome us where all is peace and joy forevermore. Sweet, comforting assurance to the tempest-tossed, weary pilgrim. Remember, it is only when we wander away from the shelter of His loving arms that we are harrassed and perplexed. So long as we remain under the "shadow of His wing" we may have perfect peace. Then let our heart's cry be:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

AS ROOTS of plants, by mysterious forces, draw in the materials of life from the earth and throw them upward, and themselves lying in darkness, minister to shining glory of blossoms and leaf in the sunlight above, so prayers uttered here in darkness and tears and with no seen results, shall in heaven disclose fruits whose transcendent loveliness the utmost wishes of earth did not measure.

MANY a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage charity of unforgiving public opinion.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, than when the injury began on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.

THE benevolence of the genuine child of God is like a majestic river; broad, placid and refreshing in its course, and his liberality is bounded only by his ability.

CHRISTIAN graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hours.

HE is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

OUR GIRLS.

Between the eras of swaddling bands and corsets and crinoline there used to be a period of a few years when arms and limbs could climb trees and scale heights like their progenitors mentioned by Darwin, and muscle, sinew and blood bade fair to hold their own. The little bare-headed, tanned girl of ten years, astride a bridleless and saddleless horse, or paddling down the stream on a raft of her own constructing, had a season of pure animal enjoyment, and it was thought enough if she grew plump and rosy, was "early to bed and early to rise," and was able to sing the "fives" to the tune of Yankee Doodle She must have been far in her "teens," or out of them, before she caught a glimpse of the model young lady with tapering waist, pinched feet, fastidious appetite, and a general air of langour pervading every movement and utterance. She looked upon the lady-figure with admiration, and forthwith commenced remodeling herself, but with indifferent success. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Nature had a good start, and she would not yield to Art without a hard struggle.

The few robust women of fifty to-day, are the ones whose young lives were free and careless as the birds, whose clothing never fretted limbs nor pressed lungs, whose impulses and instincts were never checked or killed outright by Mrs. Grundy's strictures.

Where are the girls now who can play? and where are the clothes in which they can enjoy play without fear and trembling? Think of trying to wade through a brook in summer, and to enjoy the delicious sensation of water running over bare feet and around bare ankles, when at every step one must ask, "Sue, does the lower flounce touch the water? Will the overskirt get splashed? Is the panier too low? Are the ends of the sash tucked up?" Think of trying to climb a cherry tree, and enjoying the feat and the fruit, when every limb threatens your chignon and frizzled "top-knot"! or of jumping from a beam into a hay-mow when your nether limbs are laced in high gaiters and bound in tight bands! One would drop down as straight and unelastic as a mummy.

It is unwise generosity in American children to give up these sports to the Irish and the German youth, reserving for themselves croquet and picnics, at which elaborate toilets can be displayed and studied etiquette observed. These amusements will do for grown people; but a child, if left to act out its childhood will no more choose a play that is bounded by limits and rules than would a lamb or a squirrel.

New Year's Resolutions.

O sons of men! addicted to anything (whether it be the smoking of pipes, the quaffing of cups, the swearing of oaths, the playing of billiards), let us swear off until the Fourth of July. The first of January is sacred unto those perjuries at which Jove laughs. Now the tippler, stricken of conscience, says to himself, his wife, his mother, or some boon companion, "I'm going to swear off and not touch a drop until the Fourth of July," and some go so far as to say "until next New Year's Day," or some other specified date. He means to keep it. Far be it from the table talker to cast the faintest shadow of doubt upon his honesty. But, of course, New Year's day doesn't count. On the 2nd he wakes up with a headache and a good resolution. He perseveres in his noble course until about the 8th; vainly for him do bar-keepers sling the refreshing cocktail or shake the artistic sour. The 8th is a raw, cold, wet day. He is chilled and soaked. He would like a hot drink; the Devil entering into him saith, "Do like Timothy; take a little hot Bourbon for thy stomach's sake." After temptations many, and strong resistance, he takes one. The average reader can picture the sequel.

This is no fancy sketch. Saloon keepers will tell any one who inquires, that during the week after New Year's Day—professionally known as Swearing Off Week—their business is almost at a stand still. Therefore, O young man, rejoice in the strength of thy youth. Swear off. He who aims high will hit something.—Starting for the Fourth of July thou mayst reach the 8th of January, and thy cocktail shall be all the sweeter for temporary abstinence.

Looking for a Wife.

"London Society" remarks that, "After all, in looking for a wife a man must consider how she will show at the fireside, rather than at parties. You can learn so much of literary and æsthetic tastes, the favorite books that are always in hand, the music that is regularly studied and sung, the kind of associations and the general order of tastes It is by far the best way of getting up a flirtation, which is not unpleasantly done under parental eyes when such eyes are kindly and benignant. Love-making is an uncommon pleasant employment for the long winter nights. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come up to town, but there is no better safeguard than giving such young fellows the associations of home and sweet women. Parents often make a great mistake in taking too severely monetary views of a young fellow's prospects. I never knew a young fellow under ever so dun a cloud who, with purpose and ability, could not work his way into the sunlight. Better even the long engagement, or the early marriage, than many other suppositions that might be put.

ONE of the most remarkable Sunday Schools in the country is at Rahway, New Jersey. The church with which it is connected is older than our nation, having started in the colonial days. The Sunday School was founded in 1814 by the Quakers, not as a religious school, but as a secular one, after the order of Robert Raikes. The design was to gather up the poor children in the street and teach them to read. After a year or two it came into the hands of the church. It has had but three superintendents. The last one, who died the other day at the age of 90, had been an elder and superintendent for 62 years.

WE hear a great deal about "labor reform," but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those lazy fellows who don't labor.

"SHE IS A WORKING GIRL."

We have frequently heard the above remark, and it always excites in our mind a sentiment of ineffable contempt for the worthless piece of humanity that uttered it. It is a source of deep regret to us that it may ever be our duty to deal harshly with any portion of the fair sex who maintain a reputable standing in society, but, there are some, and not a few either, who though their fame being unspotted are so filled with envy, jealousy, hatred toward their sex, who happen to be less favored by fortune, but more perfectly moulded and finished by nature than themselves that their hearts are gall, their souls are wormwood, their breath is pestilence, whenever they can make it convenient to speak of them.

These are they who, with a sarcastic leer, and scornful turn of the nose, stigmatize as "nothing but working girls," such young ladies as have the moral courage and virtue to work with their hands for an honest livelihood, rather than be dependent, destitute, or disreputable.

It is sometimes applied opprobiously to married ladies after the following manner: "Did you ever see the like, how Mrs. —— dresses herself and children of late? I knew her when she was a working girl, and her husband a poor working mechanic and when he worked for my father. Now they have got a little something in the world, and they stick themselves up as somebodies. It is always just so with such creatures, as soon as they get a little in the world, they forget the poverty they sprang from, and then begin to put on airs of gentility. I can't bear them for my part."

Reader, if you are a young man, and should hear anything like the above sentiment uttered by a young lady to whom you are paying your addresses, let that be your last visit. Even if you are under promise of marriage, it would be better to break off and incur the penalty of breach of promise, than to be united to one so utterly devoid of kind-hearted sympathy for those of her sex thus virtuously struggling with adversity, and who holds it is disreputable in a young lady without a fortune or able friends to draw upon, and relies on her own physical faculties for support, in an honest useful vocation.

Finding the Drowned.

Casting bread on the water was made to mean more than a figure of speech, at Detroit, the other day. While a party was at work dragging the rapid current of the river for a drowned man, an observant Italian, David Bepito, modestly propounded a method for finding the whereabouts of the body. After incredulous expostulation on the part of the workmen, the Italian was obliged to try his plan unaided, and calmly got a loaf of bread, and, placing a quantity of quicksilver carefully in one end, threw the novel buoy into the stream, while the draggers looked contemptuously on.

The Italian asserted that the bread thus charged would stop over the spot where the body lay. The current carried the loaf downward rapidly, until some distance from the shore, and from the spot where the men were at work dragging, but suddenly to the surprise of all, the loaf stopped in mid-current, and spinning convulsively about, as vouched for by a number of spectators, absolutely stood in the face of the current, and finally dashing down the stream. Sure enough, when the drag-nets reached that spot the body was grappled, and the despised Italian was regarded along the docks as a dealer in legerdemain.

ARTIFICIAL MILK has been prepared by a French chemist from sugar, dried whites of eggs, carbonate of soda, olive oil and water. By substituting gelatine for the whites of eggs, and with less admixture of water cream is obtained. Another chemist, Goudin, in discussing the preceding suggestion, gives his testimony as to the depriving fat of all unpleasant odor by mere subjection to an appropriate temperature. He also states that very good artificial milk can be prepared from bones rich in fat, by purifying this fat by means of superheated steam, and combining the fat thus obtained with gelatin. The milk is, he says, almost like that of the cow; and, when kept, acquires first the odor of sour milk, then that of cheese. The gelatin in it represents the caseine; the fat, the butter; the sugar, the sugar of milk. It serves for the preparation of coffee and chocalate, of soups, and creams of excellent flavor, and its cost is but trifling.

IN Iowa the planting of both useful and ornamental trees is encouraged by law. If a man plants an acre of forest trees he is released from taxation on one hundred dollars valuation for ten years. For each acre of fruit trees planted his tax is exempted on fifty dollars for five years.—The same allowance is made on ornamental shade trees along the highways. There are now maple trees growing from which sugar is made where fifteen years ago only the coarse prairie grass flourished.

A BURGLAR was shot and killed by a trap-gun, at a foundry near Newark, N. J., on a recent Saturday night. He had forced a panel of a door, and thus effected an entrance. The trap-gun was so fixed as to point at a drawer in which some valuable brass castings were kept, and the burglar opening the drawer exploded the gun. His corpse was found Sunday afternoon.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—An old gentleman who has tried the experiment says that the worst cases of chilblains can be effectually cured by exposing the affected parts to a hot fire. The longer the person can withstand the heat the more rapidly will the cure be consummated.

A GIRL of the period comments thus on Mormonism: "How absurd! four or five wives to one man, when the fact is each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support me decently."

A CHICAGO boot-black recently appeared in Detroit and brought a nine-hundred-dollar lot, for which he paid in fractional currency, mostly of the denomination of ten cents, and which it took three hours to count. He is only eleven years old, and says he made this money in boot-blacking in three years.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Young man, if ever inclined you be
To enter the portals of matrimony,
Be wary how you go through it!
If asked of my wife not to fret and fuss
She only replies, You're ac-cus, you're ac-cus,
You're ac-cus, you're accustomed to it!

No matter how tidy she once may have been,
If madam thinks slovenliness is no sin—
And PLENTY OF WOMEN SO VIEW IT—
The more you complain and kick up a muss,
The worse she will be, till you are really ac-cus,
You're ac-cus, you're accustomed to it!

So I say, young man, take warning in time!
Look well to the lesson contained in my rhyme,
Or twenty to one you will rue it!
If once you submit, 'twill always be thus;
So in getting a wife, pray don't get ac-cus,
Get ac-cus, accustomed to it!

American Absurdities in Dress.

How shocked would these ladies of our "first society" be, if they knew that the torturing and ill-forming shoes on whose stilt-like heels they tilt and suffer, no Paris shopkeeper would ever offer to a lady! To suffer the excruciating pain of the inquisition, to be crippled for life for the sake of playing the French lady, would be hard enough; but, after such martyrdom to be only like the demi-monde of the boulevards, is too bad.

For more than two years American women, especially young girls, have walked the public streets with conspicuous chains and lockets, or flaunting bows of ribbon attracting the attention of every passing gazer to their bare throats and dresses open a cœur, solacing themselves for the exposition by the thought that it was "perfectly French." If so, it was a costume which no French lady would wear on the public pavement.

The dress of the French lady is artistic, simple, faultless—faultless often because it is simplicity itself. She may wear brilliant colors in her drawing-room, and in her carriage, never on the street. When she walks, she wears black or gray, and it never drags on the ground. When she goes to church she wears the same colors—is always attired in the simplest manner. This is true also of Italy. In the Sistine chapel, Rome, no lady can enter unless attired in black, with no covering on her head but a veil of the same hue.

What a contrast to the church attire of American women! They are accustomed to think themselves perfect saints compared with the Italian and French women, yet they enter the house of God as they would a theatre. They don their gayest plumage, hang on all their chains and lockets, take off their kid gloves to show their diamond rings in the sacred temple, just as in the academy of music. Worse—they stare and comment on each other's costumes, and absolutely make the church of worship a place in which to study the fashions—this is not French.

The same lack of fitness in dress is seen in the utter disregard to age as well as occasion in the adaptations of dress. The woman of 30 or 40 may be as beautiful as a woman of 20, by her own right, if there's no incongruity between her years and her attire. It is only when the woman of 40 dresses like the girl of 20 that she looks absurd. We despise her, not for what she is, but for trying to appear that which so palpably she is not.

A French married lady never wears a round hat; an English lady only in traveling; an English maiden never at church. Yet everywhere, American matrons with faces lined and scarred, may be seen with staring jockeys, set on their gray heads like helmets, bedlowered and befeathered and more fantastic than the ones worn by their little daughters of ten; while the little girls of ten may be seen dancing at the ball in brocade silks, and point lace collars, old and grand enough for their grand-mothers. Flannel and linen and muslin are worn by little princes and princesses abroad, but are by no means fine enough for the little princes and princesses of America. All of which is not French, though to be "perfectly French" has been the alpha and omega of our alphabet in dress. Plainly we must begin to learn it over again.

Difference in Women.

There is nothing more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age among them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one weary in mind, faded in person, deadened in sympathy; the other fresh and young, both in face and feeling, with sympathies as broad and keen as they were in her first youth, and more so; still as easy to be amused, as ready to love, and as quick to learn as when she first emerged from the school-room. The one you involuntary suspect of understating her age by half a dozen years or more, when she tells you she is only forty; the other makes you wonder if she has not overstated her's by just as much when she laughingly confesses to the same age. The one is an old woman, who seems as if she had never been young; the other only a girl, who seems as if she never would grow old, and nothing is equal between them but the number of days each has lived.

BUSINESS.—Within five months the Rev. Mr. Brock buried his wife, engaged himself to three women, married one of them, and was sued for breach of promise by one of the others, got a divorce and married the one who sued him for the breach of promise, was tried by an ecclesiastical council and suspended from conference, then went and joined the Campbellite church, and he and his third wife were both baptized. It is almost unnecessary to add that this happened in Indiana.

AT Boston, at one of the engine houses wires like bell pulls are placed in various parts of the building, up stairs and down stairs, connecting with the stable. When an alarm is sounded, by pulling one of these wires the horses are unhitched and the stable doors thrown open. As the horses are trained to start from their stable at the sound of the gong, it sometimes occurs that they are in their places at the pole of the engine before any of the firemen can reach the machine.

AN old sailor finding a corked-bottle on the sea opened it with the following soliloquy: "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by jingo!" and then threw them back into the water.

THERE are 80,000 different shades in ribbons.

SPARKIN' SUNDAY NIGHT.

BY A BACHELOR.

We, who have seen as many as sixteen years in this vale of tears, understand to a verity the mingled joys and sorrows of our Sunday nights' courtship.

With what trepidation, half doubt, half triumph, we noted the effect of "Warren's Blacking" on our new sewed boots; or, with trembling fingers, essayed to tie the fancy neckcloth, for which our tailor had charged us such an outrageous price, unblushingly affirming that he was making a present of it at that amount! How we palpitated as we approached the house which was the casket containing our jewel, and perhaps lost heart as we approached it, and made a circuit of a block or two before coming to the door! How our heart beat tumultuously as we laid a shaking hand upon the knob and gave a pull, and heard the bell ring out in the hall!

Would she come to the door? Would she be glad to see us? No, it is the cook, who propels the mop and wrestles with the frying pan in the lower regions, and this hard-hearted female, supposing that we are in search of the younger brother of our divinity, announces that he is not in.

Master Ned! Ridiculous! A mere school-boy—whole months younger than we are. We faltringly pronounce the name of our inamorata, and are admitted.

What is this female grinning at?—Does she see anything wrong in our apparel? or has she the impudence to class us in the same light with a boy like Master Ned?

Our indignation is soon lost, as we stumble into the presence of the fair one, and do wonderful things with the hat which has cost cash money, before we consent to relinquish it to the tender mercies of the servant. We feel that the eyes of the world are upon us—that pater familias is regarding us with a placid smile, and that the partner of his joys and sorrows is "watchin' us."

And then when the old people have asked all the questions they can think of, and have found business in other parts of the house, and we are alone with our charmer! She has a wonderfully low voice, at first, and yet she leads us on, as women will do to the end of time, until we are talking glibly enough, and have gone so far as to be seated on the sofa, when pater familias comes mooning in with an earthly question, receives his answer, and meanders out again.

We have taken her hand, when a whirlwind enters the house in the shape of Master Ned, who inflicts his presence upon us for half an hour, and is off again.

The moments fly swiftly, and we are in the seventh heaven of happiness, when again the doors open, and a solemn procession enters. Pater familias, mater familias and Ned, outwardly demure, but inwardly rejoicing, like a demon, in our discomfiture!

After awhile we feel for our hat and depart, inwardly full of wrath and vowing never to return. But, as surely as the cycle of time brings round the next Sabbath night, we are back again. And so it will be with the sons of men while the world goes round.

How a Dutchman Got Even.

Once on a time lived a jovial Dutchman, whose name was Hannes Von Shrimpetiffel. He had a wife. He also had a little grocery where beer and such personal property was sold. He gave credit to a parcel of dry customers, and kept his book with a piece of white chalk on the head-board of the bedstead.

One day Mrs. Shrimpetiffel, in a neat fit, took it upon herself to clean home things. So she did, and cleaned the head-board and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts by wiping away every chalk mark. Before long the old vender of things came into the house and saw what ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Frau Shrimpetiffel, what for you make ruined man of me I guess not? You make vipe away all dem names and figures what I owe dem fellows what's going to pay me before they are ready and I lose more as swei hundred tollars!"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned he had recovered the headboard with chalk marks.—Then said she:

"Hannes, you have make them all right again don't it?"

"Well, mein tearer frau, I make the figures all right, but I put down some better names as dem old fellows vot you wiped out!"

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—Rev. L. J. Fletcher, of Buffalo, on Sabbath evening last, in a sermon on marriage, said:

Marriage does not depend for its happiness upon itself but upon those married. Physical strength and the proper development of bodily power are necessary to happy marriage. The disregard of the laws of nature unfits young ladies for the duties of wives and mothers. Young men will not marry, not because they don't want to, but because they are afraid that they will unite themselves to women who will prove constant sources of unhappiness and expense, instead of joy and delight. Men want to lead to the altar health as well as beauty, strength as well as wisdom. When women recognize this fact old bachelors will be as scarce as snow birds in June. There are thousands waiting anxiously for a reform in female education. Solomon gives his description of a model wife, and if Solomon, with his large experience, did not know what a good wife was, (he had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines) we may despair of ever obtaining a perfect description.

A COLORED debating society at Covington, Ga., lately considered the stupendous question. "Which is the more useful, paper or gun-powder?" The president was for a long time in great doubt as to which side had produced the strongest argument, when one of the powder side arose and very gravely said: "Mr. President: 'Spose dar was a bar out dar at de door, and you was to go dar and shake the paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jes shoot a cannon at him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The president forthwith decided in favor of powder.

BAD habits are thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

Rates of Advertising:

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. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

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Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Spoiling the Eloquence.

The *Round Table*, in one of a series of reminiscences of Washington Irving, tells the following capital story. We have seen something like it before, but nothing so well done. It is hard to imagine how the eloquent and flute-voiced Mr. Williams felt when he saw his "pathetics" so ludicrously murdered:

The case, if remembered rightly, was an act of murder. Mr. Williams, of course, on the ground of his power over the jury, was for the defence. His peroration was exceedingly touching and beautiful.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he is charged, after the adverse and irrefragable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict. Send him to lie in chains upon his dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands; then go to the bosom of your families—go lay your head upon your pillows—and sleep if you can!"

The effect of these closing words of the great legal orator was at first thrilling, but by-and-by the pettifogger, who had volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: I should despair, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying anything to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than what he spoke it just now. Once I heard him speak it in a case of stealing down to Schaghticake; then he spoke it again in a case of rape to Æsopus; and the last time I heard it, before just now, was when them niggers was tried and convicted too, they was—for robbing farmer Van Pet's hen house over beyond Kingston. But I never knowed him to speak it so affectin' as what he spoke it just now."

This was a poser. The jury looked at one another, and whispered together; and our pettifogger saw at once that he had got them; he stopped at once, closing with the single remark:

"If you can't see, gentlemen of the jury, that this one speech don't answer in all cases, then there's no use of my saying anything more!"

And there wasn't; he had made his case, and they awarded him their verdict.

Attachment to Newspapers.

A strong attachment of subscribers to well-conducted newspapers is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper," words of dread to beginners in business, lose their terror after a paper has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as hard to break by an outside third party as the links which bind old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its purusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which had slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes or office for a few weeks, becomes an insupportable deprivation, and they hasten to take it again, and possibly apologize for having it stopped. This we may believe to be the common experience in the history of all established papers. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the reader for a journal which makes an honest and earnest effort to merit his continued support. Hence the newspaper which is conscienciously conducted becomes a favorite in the family.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.—A recent monthly meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, was enlivened by a description and exhibition of an aerial ship, the invention of Mr. Judson, a Philadelphia machinist. The new flying machine consisted of a cigar shaped balloon float made of oiled silk and intended to be inflated with hydrogen gas. Beneath the float and running its entire length is a beam, beneath which runs a pipe conveying compressed air from a large copper receiver, made sufficiently strong to withstand a pressure of one hundred pounds to the square inch, to a pair of cylinders in front, the piston of which gives motion to a large cog wheel, which furnishes the motive power of the machine. Crossing the cylinders is a frame work supporting shafting and spur wheels which drives the fans, four on each side, thus propelling the machine through the air. Beneath the float is suspended an enclosed car for the operator and passengers. The float, when inflated, is calculated to