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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. B. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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. jan30-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. Whf.,
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.

NATURAL MINERAL WATER
FOR THE DEBILITATED.
VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS
and other Waters, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872. No. 40.

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.

Obituaries will be inserted at one half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A CARD.

I respectfully inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my

DRUG STORE ON HIGH STREET,

where I will be at all times, ready to

COMPOUND MEDICINES

Accurately and with Dispatch.

I take pleasure in showing my

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

Which is varied and attractive.

☞ **No Trouble to Show Goods!**

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

T. W. WICKES.

P. S.—Persons wishing Medical advice will always find Dr. T. S. HOLTON in attendance, when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3—tf. T. W. WICKES.

Ratification Notice.

WILLIAM J. VANNORT,
versus
Jacob Toomey and Catharine Toomey his wife.

On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County, January 18, 1872.

ORDERED that the Report of William J. Vannort, Mortgagee, of the sale of the real estate in this cause mentioned and described, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown before the 27th day of March next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the twenty-second day of February next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $340.00. JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
Jan 27, 1872—4t.

Ratification Notice.

DENNIS McCAULEY,
versus
William McCauley, Albert Medders and Caroline V. Medders, his wife.

On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Jan. 15, 1872.

ORDERED, that the report of George Vickers, Trustee for the sale of certain Real Estate mentioned and described in the above entitled case, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twenty-eighth day of March next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in some paper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, before the first day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $8,250 00. JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
Jan. 20, 1872—4t.

☞ *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.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:

I hereby certify that on this 25th day of January, 1872, personally appeared before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, William Walraven, and made oath in due form of law that there is a stray trespassing upon his enclosures, a Blue COW, about four years old, with straight horns, crop off left ear, and underbit off the right; since the last of December, 1871. Given under my hand.

T. W. RUSSELL, J. P.

NOTICE.—The owner of the above described Cow is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
jan27-3t. WM. WALRAVEN.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:

I hereby certify that on this 27th day of January, 1872, before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, personally appeared Leander Christy, colored, and after being duly sworn says that on the 10th of January, 1872, was left on his premises at Sassafras, by a person calling himself Adam Barnes, colored, a SMALL BAY HORSE, left hind foot white, blind in right eye, and white stripe down his forehead. JOHN T. HURTT, J. P.

NOTICE.—I hereby notify Adam Barnes, colored, or whoever the above horse may belong to, to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise I shall proceed to advertise and sell him according to law.
feb3 3t* LEANDER CHRISTY.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Put on the airs of an eight-keyed flute,
If you're only a penny whistle;
Pass where you can for a garden rose,
If you're only a wayside thistle.

Blow, whenever you blow your horn,
So people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat
In society's great brass band.

Pass the plate or the hat in Church
With the usual Sabbath air,
But move with a mild, religious squeak,
That people may know you're there.

If you carry a nose six inches long,
(And a beak can scarce be longer,)
Believe a sign of perception strong,
And the longer it is the stronger.

But if in the order of nasal tubes
Your organ is brief in measure,
Then, brevity being the soul of wit,
Consider your pug a treasure.

Clink your dime in the Deacon's pan
As if you were throwing gold,
And give with an eye to the business, hope
Of reaping a hundred fold.

Whether your reading is little or great
Quote right, or never quote;
Polish your uppers, though down in the heel,
And never endorse a note.

Always advance best had, best foot,
(Best hand, best foot, your own,)
And thus you may feast on the fat of the land,
While others enjoy the bone.

HOW I WAS CAPTURED.

I was sitting in my study, reading Moliere, when she entered the room—perfectly unannounced at that.

I looked up, and saw an angel in white marseilles, flounced; jaunty blue hat, about the size of a saucer, tipped to one side in a most bewitchingly heart breaking manner; and she wore cream-colored kids, and carried a white pongee—taken in all, a fairy!

She smiled and held out her hand.

I took it mechanically. What did this mean?

She pouted—ah! those cherry lips!—she stamped her little No. 1 impatiently on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said, pettishly.

I murmured that I was delighted—entranced. So I was—such visions were not of every day occurrence to me.

"Well," said she, gleefully, "that's a comfort! Now, they all told me that you wouldn't receive me—that I would be turned out of doors."

"Reptiles!" said I.

"But I came—and you are not angry?"

"Angry?"

I could say no more.

Then she walked up and down the room.

"How do you like my dress?" she inquired, as she revolved before me as if on a pivot.

I murmured something about "angelic superbness."

"I did intend," she said, half doubtfully, "to get a dress of grey satinteen, with the underskirt cut as usual, and trimmed with deep plaiting—the spaces to be filled with bias folds above the plaitings in a band of velvet silk—the overskirt quite short in front, and square—the side gores rounded up four inches longer, and looped up into a jonnier. That, with a pretty little sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to match the underdress, would be nice, wouldn't it?"

I murmured an unqualified assent—not that I understood what she was talking about, for she uttered the full description in one breath; but then I didn't know what I was saying.

"But," said she, "I bought this marseilles because I like it. Don't you?"

"I admire your taste," I said faintly; for I was fast losing my senses, though wondering as to who and what she was.

"You're a dear, good fellow!" said she rapturously; "and I know we'll get on famously together."

So she intended to stay here! I was getting into very deep water.

"Now, then," said she, "show me some place to put my things, and then you and I will have a talk."

I mechanically pointed out a small room opening out of the library. She hurried in. I sat like a statue carved from adamant. Deeper water.

Presently she returned, divested of little hat, pongee, and kids.

She cast a searching glance around the library.

"Horrid dirty!" she said disdainfully, "when was it cleaned?"

"About a year ago," said I, meekly.

She gave vent to a pretty little scream.

"A year! Shocking! Oh! I could'nt sit down in a room that had'nt been cleaned for a year. This must be put to rights."

She said this in a very determined tone and went to work. She converted my linen coat into an apron, tied a cunning little handkerchief over that pretty head, and snatching up the fly-duster, dusted away valiantly—raised a cloud of dust in which I sat gazing on the vision? What did all this mean? I consulted Moliere, my standard authority, but Moliere could give no explanation. Could she be an angel, sent to cast a ray of light over the dismal path of life? Perhaps! but did angels wear white marseilles, and talk about satinteens and joiners? Impossible! It must be a dream.

She suddenly paused and came to me through the cloud, and held out her arms, and said:

"Roll up my sleeves. I can work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeves up, and then immediately scouted the idea of its being a dream. Couldn't dream of such arms, with a beautiful dimple in each elbow.

Certainly not! They were real! I did not think that a sculptor would have been proud to have them for a model because I was morally certain that any sculptor would have been distracted at the sight, and have dropped his chisel, despairing of ever doing them justice.

And then she dusted, and while she dusted she sang. What a voice! Don't mention Nilsson—I won't hear of it.

And then she drew up a chair, and sat down beside me, having first removed the handkerchief and the improvised apron. Then she shook her curls and addressed me:

"My dear uncle, let us have a talk."

Her uncle! If my heart had suddenly changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't have sunk any quicker than it did then.

"You know," she continued, "that you wrote me a letter saying that you considered it best for me to stay at the farm, until you wrote again? But, then, I did not want to stay; I felt so lonely way out there, hardly seeing a new face once in a month, for the twelve years I have been there—for you know you left me there when I was six years old. Well, I thought I would come up to the city, so I took the fifty dollars and bought the suit. Mrs. Marsh picked it out for me. You know she has been in the city, and so I came; and you are not angry, are you? Because if you are, I'll go right back again—indeed I will!"

My feelings during this brief speech had been very painful. I gradually awoke to the fact that it was all a blunder—that the visit of this angel was not intended for me, and I felt very bitter over the discovery; but my duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I humbly, "will you have the kindness to inform me what your name is?"

She opened her eyes and then laughed.

"Why," she exclaimed, "surely you cannot have forgotten me? Little Bess, you know?"

"Little Bess?" I repeated.

"Bessie Ludlow," she said gravely.—"Your niece."

"No," said I, sadly, "not my niece. I have no niece! There has been some error; my name is Floyd."

"Then," said she, "you are my uncle—Mr. Richard Floyd. I saw the name on the door, and I came in. Now you do remember me, don't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ludlow," said I, calmly, "but I am not your uncle. You saw the name of R. Floyd on the door; my name is Robert."

"Then," said she, helplessly, "where is my uncle?"

I felt bound to confess my ignorance, whereat she sat looking incredulous. I explained that, strange as it might seem, I did not know everybody personally who happened to rejoice in the same surname as myself.

"But," said I, cheerfully, seeing her look blank, "we can soon find out. Here is a directory. Now, your uncle's name is Richard Floyd?"

"Yes."

"His occupation or profession?"

"Eh?"

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nothing. He's rich—awful rich!"

"Ah! a gentleman? Behold! here are two Richard Floyds, both gentlemen. Let us hope they are. Now, get ready, and we'll go and find your uncle."

She stood by my side in the street and looked ten times more bewitching than ever. We walked along the streets, and how my male friends stared, and wondered and envied me!

We found the first Mr. Floyd just stepping into his carriage in front of his residence. He was big, pompous and vulgar. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your niece, Mr. Floyd," I said, and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

"Nothing of the kind—not my niece, but an adventuress, no doubt. You're a swindler, I suppose. Drive on."

I inwardly vowed to assassinate that man some dark night. My companion grasped her pongee fiercely.

"Oh, I could beat him!" she exclaimed savagely.

I trembled at this outburst.

"But, however," she said laughing, "that's not my uncle. He's a very quiet man. I saw him about eleven years ago. He only came to see me once—I suppose because I'm a poor relation."

Here she laughed as if being a poor relation was something funny—which it isn't.

Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd. He was the uncle. We found him reading a book of sermons.

I accosted him, introduced myself and his niece. Then I explained everything and turned to go.

He stopped me, and inquired if I would do him a favor.

I answered that I would.

"Then," said he calmly, "take this young lady and put her in the cars. I desire her to return immediately to Cedar Farm."

"Uncle!" said she.

"Niece!" said he, "do as I bid you. I am your only friend. Don't make me your enemy by foolishness. Stay at Cedar Farm, and I am your friend; leave Cedar Farm, and you may regret it. Go!"

We went.

She sobbed. (Looked prettier than ever.)

"I can't go back," she said, "they don't know I left. I'm afraid to go back."

"Then," said I, "what will you do?"

"I don't know," said she defiantly (prettier still.) "But I won't go back!"

I found myself in a nice predicament—young lady aged 18 on my hands, a bachelor aged 30.

A sudden thought! I would!

"My dear," said I, "I will take care of you."

"You!" (astonished and prettier.)

"Yes, I! Marry me! Instead of my niece be my wife. Will you?"

She could not give an answer immediately. Such important questions require deliberation. She was silent about two minutes, and then she said:

"I like you."

"Bless you," said I.

"And you want some one to take care of you?"

"I do."

"I will marry you, for that room isn't half dusted."

She was angelic! She was an angel! I embraced the angel!

"And that little room is such a cunning little one!"

Words fail to express how handsome she was!

We are married.

And that's the way it happened.

AT a public "Tea Party" recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following:

Three long dreary years I have waited for this,
Now if you'll pop the question, I'll surely say yes.

To which the lady promptly responded as follows:

The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing.

MEEKNESS in a virtue by which a man may know a Christian better than by his name.

COMMUNICATED

A Friend to Temperance.—No. 2.

Messrs. Editors:—We were much surprised at an article in your issue of the 3d instant, headed "The Liquor Traffic." We think there is less "common sense and justice" in that article, than in the "theory" of 'Now and Then.' We propose to discuss a few points. "A Friend to Temperance" says, "Any man has as much right, abstractly, to sell liquor, as any other man has to buy and use it."—This assertion is much too broad and sweeping in its character. According to Paley, "actions in the abstract are right or wrong, according to their *tendency;* the agent is virtuous or vicious, according to his *design.*"

What is the *tendency* of the sale of liquor? Generally the interruption of the peace and happiness of domestic, or social and civil society. It places often an irresistible temptation in the way of many. It causes the impoverishing and degradation of many men. It increases intemperance in the neighborhood where it is sold. Intemperance deprives many of the necessary comforts of life: deprives children of proper food, clothing and education, and places a stigma upon them. It engenders disease and transmits it to posterity. It dethrones reason, and incites to quarreling, fighting, profanity, lewdness, and often murder. It makes many widows and orphans. It breaks the hearts of many noble women and causes untold misery to others. It makes many paupers, to be supported at public expense. It makes many criminals, whose arrest and punishment create an expense to be met by the tax-payers of the community. These are a few of the evils resulting from the use of liquor. If such is the *tendency* of its *sale,* and "actions in the abstract are right or wrong, according to their *tendency,*" is the sale of liquor right?

"A Friend to Temperance" endeavors to fortify his position by several illustrations, but they are not at all analogous to the subject. 1st. Concerning "the man who sells an ax," &c. If the maker and seller of axes knew that nine-tenths or ninety-nine hundredths of the axes he sold would be used to "wantonly mutilate" his neighbors' orchards, and, moreover, that there was *something contained in the ax* that would make the owner and user vicious, and *cause* him to "wantonly mutilate," would the sale of axes be right? Ought not something to be done to prevent the manufacture and sale of such axes? We think the rum-sellers themselves would vote for a prohibitory law in this case.

2d. If men generally were in the habit of committing murder with "revolvers and cartridges," and had been restrained for a time, only because they had not such weapons, and the makers and sellers knew the fact; would not the makers and sellers be morally responsible for the result of their manufactures and sales?

3d. Certainly "John Brown" ought to be restrained from going to Niagara to drown himself. But what would you think of the men, who, instead of restraining him, would create one or more Niagara's in J. B's vicinity, and thus facilitate his opportunities for drowning himself?

4th. If "Now and Then" had been known to try to hang himself almost every time he got hold of a shirt, *and with nothing else,* we think his wife would certainly be reprehensible for supplying him with that article. He had better do without a shirt.

5th. If John Smith deliberately drinks liquor, dnowing its effects, "is not he responsible ALONE for the acts he does under its influence?" Certainly not. If the *seller* knows that the sale of liquor will work evil, will make men mad, and he *deliberately sells,* should not some responsibility rest upon *him* for the evil done? Would there be no blame upon the druggist who would sell a man strychnine, knowing that he intended to take it and would in all probability destroy his life and entail misery upon his family; even if he would go to the drug-store deliberately and buy and use it?

"If such a law were on our statute books could it be maintained or enforced?" Why not? Does "A Friend to Temperance" intend to insinuate that the officers of the law indulge so freely in the use of liquor that they would perjure themselves and fail to bring offenders to justice? If liquor has such a demoralizing influence surely it should not be sold.

"Would not the majesty of the law be violated?" Would "A Friend to Temperance," because murder and theft and arson sometimes go unpunished, have the laws against these crimes removed from the statute books?

Again, he calls "such a law" "unjust." Unjust to whom? The object of civil society is to procure the greatest good to the greatest number. Paley says, "A public advantage is measured by the advantage which each individual receives, and by *the number of those who receive it. A public evil is compounded of the same proportions.*" Who are benefitted by the sale of liquor as usually conducted? Except pecuniarily, none; and none thus, but those engaged in the traffic, and who form a comparatively small portion of society. Who are wronged? It is enough to make the heart bleed to recount the tale of the woes produced by the sale of liquor. Go ask the thousands of ragged, hungry, ignorant, brutally-treated children; the impoverished, heart-broken wives or widows, and the poor besotted drunkards themselves; many of the paupers in our almshouses, and the criminals in our jails. *Unjust law!* Let the man who wrote "unjust law" blush to think that any *friend* to temperance would call "such a law" an unjust one. We think the injustice in the case is in *legalizing* the traffic. No man has a *natural* right in this State to sell liquor. The right is a *delegated* one. And when the mass of the people demand a change in this law, they have a right to have it changed.

It is well the writer of the article, "The Liquor Traffic," *tells* us he is a friend to temperance, for we are sure none would guess it from the tenor of his communication. All friends of temperance and good citizens should make *the sale of liquor odious,* as much so as theft.

"Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark *Beverage of Hell!*" M.

WE gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

Written for the "Kent News."

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

Home, how sweet the word! calling up images of years long gone by and never to return; images that are faint yet powerful, indistinct yet seemingly of yesterday; images bringing no vivid recollection, no clear and distinct remembrance of separate acts and occurrences, but blending each different scene and deed into one soothing, pleasing memory of our innocent sports and pleasures, and of the happy, contented days of our youth, when, free from care and sorrow, from anguish and strife, we lived in blissful ignorance of the coming storms and trials. We do not attempt to retain and analyze this feeling, which glides into consciousness unperceived and unawares, floating like a shadow through the portals of the mind, and departing with a tear that falls in memory of the sweet but saddening reminiscences of by-gone days. If we attempt to separate and distinguish its qualities, it is destroyed, leaving only a vague sensation of mingled joy and sorrow created by this transient woof of phantasy.

We can only enjoy its soothing, pacifying influence, when with minds projected backwards it steals our consciousness gradually from us and instils in its place a mazy, undefinable vision which, unexamined, unexplained, we receive with a sensation of love and pleasure, as a representation of our early, much loved home—Consciousness returning, the vision is dispelled, and in its place succeeds a feeling of unhappiness and melancholy, that a vision so sweet and pleasing should have vanished, to give place to the knowledge of the real and existing present. As the echo that resounds from cliff to cliff round the rocky dell to the voice, so the loved and cherished home of my childhood to the vivid reality of my present existence; the one seemingly dim in the distance yet filling the heart with tender and pleasing emotions; whilst the other, characterized only by the conviction of daily and hourly trials, of despair, arising from the increasing flow of troubles, and of the never ending struggle of life, fills my soul with heavy despondency. There is no word that brings such pleasant memories, such calm and peaceful thought, such refreshing and consoling reflections to man as the loved word, Home. From the time that he first leaves his mother's side, a thin and slender stripling, to plunge into the tumultuous sea of life, from the time that he has first to act and think, labor and toil for himself, until he has become ripe and ready for the unsparing scythe of our common enemy, Death, the loved image of home continually cheers him onward toward his final goal, giving him new vigor in his moments of despair, snatching him from the jaws of sin and temptation, drawing him with tender, loving arms from all that degrades and lowers the human race.

What we owe to this one word the mind of a Homer could scarcely conceive. The poet, that with imagination clothed with beauty, pure and holy, could transcend the bounds of thought and describe in true and symple words its mystic, heart-felt influence, would indeed deserve an eternal place in our memory, and an everlasting tribute of love from our hearts.—Who has not when bowed down by sorrow and shame, by grief and despair, called upon this loved name; and, encouraged by its gentle influence, felt that consolation and comfort which he can derive from no other source? All through the various scenes and changes of life its image is enshrined in our hearts; through storm and strife, through trials and misfortunes, through misery and sin, its influence never ceasing, always living, is forever felt in the kind and healing effects it produces. Man may dig deep into the bowels of the earth, and into the depths of the sea, inspired with an unconquerable, insatiable love for knowledge, and impelled by an ever present admiration of the strange and wondrous beauties of nature, discovering and exploring its vast works, traversing with silent awe its gigantic caves and caverns, decorated with quaint and curious ornaments, supported by pillars sparkling, shining, gleaming, dazzling the eyes with their wondrous brilliancy, and stupefying the imagination with their stupendous size. He may labor steadily and unceasingly on the great work of philosophy, in tracing the mind to its primitive source and deducing therefrom the end and perfection of man, in analyzing and understanding his faculties, and in establishing his pre-eminence in the universe, as made and fashioned after the form and image of his Maker. He may advance beyond the sphere of our present knowledge, seeking to examine and comprehend the mysterious workings of the intellect, and endeavor, as did Bacon, to determine and expound the true principles of philosophy, dispelling the false theories and illusions of his predecessors, and establishing upon a firm and stable foundation the basis of all future theories and expansions. He may traverse the earth from pole to pole and visit the cold and sterile regions of North, or the warm and fertile plains of the South, where an eternal summer blesses yet enervates man. In fine, he may give reins to his imagination and soar, as did Milton, above this lilliputian world of ours into the gloomy heavens beyond, and view the angels in their heavenly devotions around the throne of God; yet wherever he goes, whatever he does, and however his mind may be engaged, the thought of Home, the loved Home of his youth, still calms and soothes him with its gentle, magnetic influence, giving a purer, nobler turn to his thoughts, and exciting him to better and more deserving achievements; overcoming with its silent force his vicious and sinful desires, and implanting a purer, holier feeling of love in his bosom, which twining around his heart, renders him capable of higher and more lofty sentiments, and more worthy to fulfill the duties incumbent upon him as the most perfect of God's creatures. All through the long vista of life, from childhood to manhood, and even when he is, like the setting sun, passing slowly away with lessened but more pleasing light, shedding joy and happiness upon the world, even in his departure, man feels the gentle sway of the loved word, Home. It awakens chords long untouched, and opens afresh the fountain of tears long since dried up, pouring balm into the soul, in thus giving expression to his saddened, chastened feelings.

The hoary headed patriarch dwells with a softened feeling of joy upon his youth, his boyish sports and pastimes and his home, to the fond children assembled around his knee, causing them to cherish a holy sentiment of love for the home so dear to their aged parent. The strong man, stricken down in the prime of life, finds his last moments of suffering and pain alleviated and even rendered pleasant by the reviving thought of a home long forgotten, of the days when seated by his mother's side he listened to the hymns of praise and adoration to God; and when in his pleasant, happy boyhood he basked in the sunshine of her love, only leaving her presence to obtain a fond kiss that welcomed his return; he feels his heart moved with mingled emotions of love and reverence for benefits so numerous and so undeserved. And when his soul is about taking flight from its temporary abode, he is comforted with the thought that he is now going to a home which he will never leave, and where he will again meet those who were so dear to him in his early earthly home, and around whom all his happy and cherished recollections of home are entwined, thus causing him to feel that he is indeed going to his own home. What beggar is so poor and friendless as he who has no home; who knows not its gentle, soothing power, its calm and peaceful influence, who, a wanderer on the face of the earth, is maddened by its very mention, feeling that his wretchedness is made more insupportable by hearing expressions of sympathy and sorrow from those who, happy in the possession of a home, feel deeply for his forlorn and unhappy state. He may writhe in abortive efforts to throw off the maddening thought that he is an outcast, a homeless wanderer, but, wrapping him closer in its folds, it will drag him with fatal certainty into its hideous den of degradation and shame.

"Oh, homeless child, what thy fate may be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me,
A fallen star, thou may'st wander wide,
And of shame and sorrow become the bride.
Shivering, quivering, through the cold street,
With a curse before and behind thy feet,
Ashamed to live and afraid to die,
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky,
Merciful Father! my brain grows wild;
Oh, grant a home to each homeless child."

The dearness of home is not felt in its full power until by force of circumstances we are compelled to leave it, for we are then made sensible of the blessings heaped upon our heads, and which we now have lost; we then feel a sense of loneliness and want of sympathy which calls into perfect energy all our recollections of the cheerful, happy home circle, with their smiles adding a new feeling of pleasure to our joys, and their tears softening and mitigating our griefs and sorrows; and imagination, recalling these happy associations, adds a more perfect mantle of loveliness and goodness to the loved forms and faces that there surrounded us, shedding a brilliant light upon the qualities which endeared them to us, and enshrouding in darkness all that would tend to lessen the affection for home.

And so of home as all things else, we know not how deep and earnest is our love for it until it has passed away from us, and dwells only in the memory of the past. ABSENT FROM HOME.

CEDAR RAPIDS had a jealous husband, but he feels better now. He is old and rich, and married to a young and pretty wife. Suspicions of her fidelity gradually increased until the unhappy man resolved to test them by stratagem. Announcing his intention to spend a month at an Eastern water-cure, he departed one morning, but returned by the next train. Reaching home late in the evening, he armed himself and started for his residence. Yes, he was right; there was a bright light in his wife's bedroom. Crouching under the window, he heard a low murmuring of voices, and at once began to work himself into the necessary passion. Quietly entering the house, and hastening to his wife's room, he demanded instant admittance. There was a hurrying of feet within, and his wife said, tremblingly, "Wait a minute." This was enough.—With a tremendous kick he smashed in the door, just in time to see his wife close a closet door and place herself against it. Now he had him! Pistol in hand, he thrust the partner of his sorrows aside, and pulling open the door of the closet, stood face to face with a scantily attired young lady who had come to stay with his wife. He put up his pistol and went away.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.—"Who," says the *Saturday Review,* "can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as females, and of a man as an individual; who never begins a thing but always commences it; who does not choose, but elects; who does not help, but facilitates; who does not supply, but caters; nor buy, but always purchases; who calls a beggar a mendicant; with whom a servant is always a domestic, where he is not a menial; who does not say anything, but states it, and does not end, but terminates it; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live, but resides; with whom place is a locality, and things do not happen, but transpire?"

SOME men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule and was measuring his hindquarters, when something appeared to loosen up behind the mule. Just before the expert died, from the kick in among his ribs he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he weighed not far from 47,000 pounds and a trifle over.

A LADY says engagements are very unsatisfactory sort of affairs, for if you are not very polite and attentive the gentleman thinks you do not care for him, and you are afraid to be polite for fear the engagement might sometime be broken off, when you would be sorry to think you had wasted so much sweetness on some other woman's husband.

IT is Montgomery who says:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
An' likewise so've I;
The reason, too, 's the same—
It comes o' gettin' dry;
But here's th' difference 'twixt th' leaves an me:
I falls more harder an' more frequentlee!"

A WITNESS in a liquor trial at Lyndon, Vt., last week aroused an unpleasantness in the court room, by testifying that he drank with two men—one of the lawyers employed in the case, and the justice who was hearing it.

Marriage in Russia.

A Russian marriage is always a weighty affair, the ceremony at the church consuming at least two hours; but that part being the climax of the happy event, it is no wise considered irksome. Not so, however with the preparatory arrangements. The trousseau and the collecting of household goods are affairs of serious moment to the young lady's family. Not only garments of every description by the dozen are required, but all manner of crockery, silver ware and household furniture in the bargain. For a young couple, as in this country, to wait until after their marriage to furnish the house would never be countenanced. The bride must bring everything with her as nearly as she can. Among the indispensable articles are the house linen, kitchen utensils, table services and a piano; and in order to provide these articles parents of limited means commence from their girls' earliest childhood to lay aside articles for that purpose, and often long before any attention whatever has occurred undergarments are made at odd times and reserved for the hoped for event.

Among the wealthy the outfit is tremendous, the quantity of clothing, linen and table ware being sufficiently large to last throughout the lady's own life, and give some of her daughters, when their turn comes, a comfortable "setting up." The husband elect, however, contributes his share in the way of jewels, ornaments, etc. After the marriage festivities are over the young pair retire to their new home, the chattels following in the lumbering wagons peculiar to the country. Eighteen for the bridegroom and sixteen for the bride are the earliest ages at which a couple may be married, and eighty for a man, sixty for a woman the latest. Fourth marriages are not lawful, and a third is considered anything but proper. To belong to the Orthodox Church is almost compulsory in Russia, and consequently every act of a Russian's life is more or less connected with his religion. Therefore a marriage must be religiously legal to be legal at all. A second marriage places the parties under a penance of two years. Marriage between kindred, however far distant, even unto so called "forty-second cousins," is against the law, and considered by all Russians as an abomination. Neither may a young person marry a God-parent, the latter coming under the head of "spiritual relations." Priests marry but once, and although there is no law forbidding a priest's widow marrying a second time, it is by no means considered "the thing," and should the lady persist in becoming engaged, she may be sure of making a sensation among the clergy, if not in society generally. Divorces are unheard of, and secret marriages, that are nine out of ten cases bigamies, are null and void, and also but seldom heard of.

TO BE TAKEN FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH.—A writer in the stockton (Cal.) *Herald* sends the following prescription, supported by the assertions of several persons who have tried it, as a certain cure for the small-pox. The writer says:

"I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his hand; when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this panacea for the small-pox it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure small-pox—when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis,) one grain; half a teaspoonful of water; when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age."

FLORIDA.—Florida must be a beautiful State, possessing charms to which we are strangers here. Silver Spring, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep and about an acre in extent, and sending from it a deep stream sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extends six to e