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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. R. 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.

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.

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.

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. 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.,
o22y. *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
S. MERRITT & CO.

NEW GOODS!

Purchasers Look to Your Interest!

MRS. H. A. FOWLER

WILL continue business at the store room recently occupied by L. S. Fowler, and having made her purchases this week in the city, and added a variety of useful and necessary articles not heretofore kept in stock, would respectfully request ALL CASH BUYERS to examine her stock, as she intends to sell

Exclusively for Cash or Produce,

she hopes to be able to suit all who may favor her with a call, at prices entirely satisfactory.
Her stock will embrace
Ladies', Misses and Children's
(City made and Eastern) GAITERS,
BALMORALS
And HEAVY GOODS of the varied styles in demand.
A NICE ASSORTMENT OF
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, Handk'fs, &c.

☞ Also, a good stock of GROCERIES, Glassware and Varieties generally.
H. A. FOWLER.
Chestertown, March 2, 1872—tf.

N. B.—All persons having due bills or claims against L. S. Fowler, are notified that they will be paid when presented at the counter, and all persons owing him are earnestly requested to make immediate payment, as his business must be closed here or pass into other hands for settlement. mh2-tf

LATEST ARRIVAL!

Great Inducements Offered!

New Prices! New Styles! New Designs!

SPLENDID STOCK
OF
FINE and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

SHAWLS, SKIRTS, VELVETEENS,
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
FURS,
VERY CHEAP.
TABLE AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
CARPETS.

☞ Gentlemen are requested to examine our Latest Styles of HATS AND CAPS, Shirts and Collars, Scarfs, Ties, Hosiery, GLOVES at City Prices. Boots and Shoes, city made.

We ask an examination of our New Stock.

☞ *We are going to sell CHEAP.* ☜

WM. A. VICKERS.

MOURNING GOODS.—Now opening Black Merinos, Alpacas, Popelines and Tamise Cloth.

☞ *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.
Caster 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.

CAUTION!

AS AN IMPOSTER has been at various places collecting for PROF. LOW'S MAGNETIC LINIMENT, I hereby

CAUTION

all persons not to pay any person until the time (two months) has expired, and then only the person that distributed the Liniment, or (in case of his disability,) one that can show power of Attorney for collecting the same.
J. Q. BURNISTON, Agent.
A. S. LOW, 500 Locust Street,
feb17-3t* Philadelphia.

GAMBRILL'S
PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR,

Now on hand and for sale at Baltimore Prices by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
January 17, 1872.

GROCERIES.—A fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Buckwheat Meal, Flour of different grades, &c
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md

PATENT MEDICINES.—A fine assortment of Patent Medicines usually found in a country store. J. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md

PAINTS, White Lead, Oil, Turpentine, Glass, Putty, &c.
Feb. 24. JOS. E. WEER.

WHAT I SAW.

I saw a pretty cottage stand
In grounds that were both trim and neat,
Where graveled walks and charming flowers
Solicited the wandering feet.
A very Paradise it seemed,
With virgin joys and glories crowned;
A spot upon this sin-cursed earth
Which yet the serpent had not found.

I saw a woman, pure and good,
Upon whose cheek the roses bloomed;
Who deep inhaled the atmosphere
Her dearest husband's love perfumed.
A calm and happy life was hers,
No grief upon her spirits pressed;
And hope, the darling angel bright,
Sat monarch in her loving breast.

I saw a happy family,
With ruddy cheeks and faces bright,
Whose joyous heart expression found
In eyes that danced with pure delight.
The maids were modest, chaste, and fair,
The boys were brave and noble, too;
The families, as blest as this
The sun shines on, I trow are few.

I saw a man with form erect,
And with a calm, expressive face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a noble soul;
A sympathetic friend, and kind,
More ardent, constant, firm than whom
'Twas ne'er my privilege to find.

I saw that cottage once again;
But ah! 'twas sinking to decay;
The window lights were broken in,
The shutters had been wrenched away;
The grounds were overgrown with weeds,
No hand had trained the vines of late;
And want dwelt now where wealth had been;
'Twas blighted, cursed, and desolate.

I saw that woman once again;
Her face was thin, her cheek was pale;
And from old care's deep chiseled lines,
I read, with pain, her sorrow's tale.
Within her heart, where hope had reigned,
When all was joyous, bright and fair,
A monarch crowned with ebon sat,
Whose name I've learned to call despair.

I saw that family again;
But oh! the change, how very sad.
They wandered forth, to virtue lost,
In filthy, tattered garments clad.
Their eyes no longer danced with joy,
Nor could they longer happy be,
For sin, and poverty and shame
Had overwhelmed the family.

I saw that man but once again,
With blood-shot eyes and bloated face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a fallen soul;
A vicious, prostituted mind,
More wretched and depraved than whom,
May God forbid I e'er should find.

A man, a family, a wife,
Once good and happy, young and fair,
Have fallen from the heights of hope
Far down the starless gulf, despair.
The cottage, too, the home of peace,
Has been surrendered up to fate,
And now its many tongues repeat
"Behold, I, too, am desolate."

What agency, or arm so strong,
What evil genius, or spell,
Can so bring down the human race,
From heaven's gate, so near to hell?
In one short word of letters three,
Of human ills we find the sum,
The with'ring, blighting, damning scourge,
Which bears the simple name of RUM!

A Little Candle, but Shining Far.

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? yet that is not half; for still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of 40 years."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day, I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and I come to ask you to come and see me."

How far the little candle throws its beam! The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!—*Wendell Phillips.*

VALUABLE LOVE LETTERS.—A handsome young gentleman walked into the Adams Express office the other day and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who in making out his account desired to know what was the risk. The young gentleman hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a slight huskiness replied, "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought them worth about four hundred thousand dollars.—*Lexington Press.*

SELF-RELIANCE.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of their life in the vain hope of assistance from those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved, because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which was made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have, is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character and integrity.

PATRICK HENRY left in his will the following important passage:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

"MY SON," said a good mother to a young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy new year?" "No ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

Unlocking a Heart.

At the age of thirty Allan Moore married, taking for his wife pretty Mary Graham. He had been waiting until he might commence the new life fairly and independently; and when he said "independently," he meant that he would not be dependent upon lodging-housekeepers for a home. He did not hope to be independent of toil and fatigue; but he had planned that he and Mary would work together, and perhaps, in coming years, find competence upon which to enjoy healthful repose. Allan was a lawyer, with a fair practice, and had promised himself when Mary had become his wife she would help him in his labors; not that she would delve for him into the mysteries of law, or do the drudgery of copying, but he looked for sympathy and love—for a love that should make his labors light, and for a sympathy upon which he could rest his confidence.

It is said that "love is blind," but true love is not so blind as it is represented. The good qualities which are awakened in the heart to love are not wanting; and even the imperfections were seen and noted in the outset. The good seed was in the soil, and so were the tares. The trouble is, that love is apt to be over-hopeful. It is not blind, but looks through a sunny glass, and the future thus viewed presents only a pleasant prospect. Love is not so blind that it cannot see faults, but it is so kind and forbearing that it overlooks them, and thus it often happens that the tares are suffered to thrive, and finally to outgrow the better seed.

Allan Moore had known that Mary had her faults; but he had also known that her heart was good and true, and in his great love he found the assurance of peace and joy.

They had been married three years, and a cloud was upon the household. And whose was the fault? Allan examined himself very closely, but he could not discover that he had done wrong. And yet Mary was neither happy herself, nor did she try to make him happy. His business had increased until he had as much business upon his hands as he could possibly attend to; he labored early and late; he toiled without ceasing; but the sympathy which he had expected at home was not his. The result was that he often wore a cloud upon his brow. Expecting coldness when he entered his home, he came with compressed lips, and fearing that he should find no sympathy, he did not seek it.

Allan Moore wondered whether he had been mistaken in his estimate of Mary; had he given her credit for good that she did not possess? Certainly there was little of the good now to bless him; but evil continually. In short, his home was very far from being a happy one, and open rupture was frequent. Mary had become fretful and fault-finding, and instead of sympathy with her husband in his engrossing and oft-times perplexing business she would not permit him to mention his business in the house.

Mary was growing to have sharp features, and the old look of beauty was disappearing. But upon Allan the change was working with deeper effect. He was growing thin and pale, and there were shoots of pain and mysterious throbbings at the heart; and the pain was growing deeper.

Why was it? Was the good all gone, or had the tares only come up and outgrown the good—tares that might have been rooted out long ago, if the hand of prudence and skill had been applied. Had the heart been locked up and all its good hidden from the fructifying lights? If so, why could not some kind power unlock the closed heart and set the blessings free.

The good genius was at hand.

Dr. Ralph Graham, Mary's uncle, had seen the gathering cloud, and had marked the progress of the deepening gloom. He had known both the husband and the wife from infancy, and he had loved them both; and when he saw them thus unhappy, he wondered if he could not help them. He knew that the greatest fault was Mary's, and he knew, too, that she yet had a preponderance of good in her heart. He knew that she had in that heart the keenest of sympathies, and the fount of a true and enduring love. He knew, because, in other years, he had seen them; and he knew that all the good of her human heart cannot wholly die. It may be choked up—it may wither and shrink; and it may be pressed down beneath the superincumbent weight of evil, but while the human heart hath pulsations of life it may be probed to the fountain of good, and in its darkest night it shall yield flashes of generous impulse.

Dr. Graham, or "Uncle Ralph," as Mary called him, had been the family physician when she was a babe; he was a man of sense as well as of experience and skill. Lately he had been called to prescribe for Allan, who was troubled more and more with uncomfortable throbbing of the heart.

I cannot tell what uncle Ralph really thought. He may have thought just as another experienced physician would have thought—that the palpitation was simply the result of indigestion, and that the dull pain came from pneumo-gastric sympathy; and further, that the whole lay in nervous derangement. But, be that as it may, he would make use of Allan's heart in unlocking the heart of his wife.

"Uncle Ralph, what do you really think of Allan?"

"Mary, do you want me to tell you the truth?" He spoke very solemnly, and with a grave look.

"The truth, uncle?" she repeated, with a startled expression. "You do not think there is anything serious?"

"What can be more serious than a disease of the heart?"

"But Allan has no such thing."

"My dear girl, you must not deceive yourself. You may not keep Allan long with you. Excessive labor—ambition to achieve great results, and a want of healthful recreation, have strained his heart more than it will bear. I tell you plainly, Allan is dying."

"Dying?"

"Yes—surely. It is but a question of time. We may save him to prolonged and useful life if we can remove the cause of the disease. Have you not observed how pale and thin he has grown, and have you not marked how often the pain comes from his heart? Poor Allan! I dare not tell him how near he is to the brink! I spoke to him once—a few days ago—upon the subject. I told him there was danger."

"You told him? And how did it affect him?"

"He only smiled and shook his head."

"Smiled?"

"Yes—but with tears in his eyes. He said if he could only leave his wife and child comfortably provided for, he should be willing to go. That was when he had great pain in his heart."

Mary rose and went and placed her hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Uncle Ralph—do you—do you—tell me truly?"

"I tell you what I fear, my child. I tell you what is possible—nay, inevitable, sooner or later, if Allan continues to be overworked. But do not tell him what I told you; it might break him down at once He must not fail and die now, in the noontide of life, if mortal power can save him. But, my little girl, you must be prepared—the blow may fall at any time. These heart troubles are treacherous. It is for you to make his pillow smooth, and give him comfort for a few short days that ——"

"Oh, my soul! Allan must not die! Better a thousand times that I should go and leave him to use his bright and useful life!"

Dr. Graham drew his weeping niece to his bosom, and gently whispered:

"Stay with him, Mary, and give him strength, and hope, and courage. While I give him such medicine as I have, be it yours to draw him from his labors, when you can, and make the burden light.—Let us do this and leave the rest to God."

After her uncle had gone, Mary moved about the house like one awakened out of a troubled dream, gathering up the threads of the past, and weaving them in the woof of the present. How the old love burned up, and how dear to her were the memories of the brighter times! Her husband dying?—oh, it could not be—it should not be!

And yet—and yet—what could she do if the die were fatally cast? Ah! she could bless him while he lived. Yes, she could do that.

That evening, when Allan Moore returned to his home, his wife met him in the hall, and then kissed him.

"You are late, Allan, dinner has been waiting for you."

"But you have not waited, Mary?"

"Yes, Allan, I could not eat alone this evening."

"You could not?"

He spoke like one in a dream.

"No I wanted the light of other days, Allan—the light which only your presence can give."

And she helped him to remove his overcoat and led the way to the dining room. His old favorite dishes, the silver bright and clean; the china, drinking the light into the translucent substance; the napkins, white, like snow; and the food as she knew he preferred it; and, above all, her face wearing a smile of the old sweetness, presiding over the scene.

Was he dreaming, or was it real? Almost afraid to speak, lest a breath might dispel the happy illusions, he drank in the joy of the occasion. When the meal was concluded, he rose from the table.

"Now, now, Allan. Where are you going?"

"To my own room, Mary. I have papers to copy."

"Cannot another do your copying?"

"These are papers which I dare not trust to other eyes."

"But you will trust me, Allan?"

"Trust—you!"

He was in the dream again.

"Yes. If you will explain to me the work, and leave them with me to-morrow I will copy them for you. You know I write well."

"Mary!"

"Oh, Allan!—my husband—my own true love!"—she had now moved up and laid her hand upon his shoulder—"you are working too hard. If you will let me help you, I will help you; I will help you now; and by-and-by you shall rest. We will go away among the green fields, and the brooks, and the hills."

"Mary, my darling! What music is this?" He took her to his bosom, with his arms twined closely about her.

"Allan, I have been unmindful of your good, and I have been very miserable; but it will be so no more, if you will let me help you, if you will lean upon me when you are weak, and rest upon my bosom when you are in pain; if you will forgive me for all the wrong and the error—I will bless Heaven and take courage, and we will be happy always while we live!"

Oh, blessed, happy hour; blessing and happiness reaching out into all the coming years! The heart had been unlocked and its flood of true love, gushing out into a current broad and strong, had washed away the stains of evil, and purified the temper, and upon the sacred altar of their home, the vestal fires were burning brightly.

* * * * * *

A year had passed, when Mary said, as she stood and looked up into her husband's face—

"Allan, how strong and well you have grown! You don't know how happy it makes me."

He caught her to his bosom, and held her there.

"My precious wife! How could I help being strong and well beneath the influence of a love like yours? I owe you much, darling—very much—I cannot tell you how happy I am."

And Mary knew that the fountain of goodness in her heart could never be closed up again while sense and memory were hers.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CLOVE CROP.—It is positively asserted that the clove crop of the island of Java has been completely destroyed by a storm. We can manage to worry along without cloves, but what are those poor men to do who are obliged to be at the "Lodge" nearly every night till two o'clock, A. M., and then go home suffering with the toothache or something, and have no clove to chew to conceal the fact from their loving wives? Here is where the destruction of the clove crop is going to strike the hardest!

A SALOON keeper having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign. "Trunk Factory." Oh," said the friend, "just change the T to D and it will suit you exactly."

A Woman's Opinion of Husbands.

As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in strength, which enables them to go through labors and dangers, mental and bodily, from which females should be exempt; and that by education, they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed—besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex—with a great superiority of quickness, tact and delicate discernment in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors, in making the husband "endow with all his wordly goods" the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent upon the husband, and clings to him for support, just as the hop plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet pea on the sticks to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the language of the poets, "married to the elm." But, if you could conceive a hoppole, or pea stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for the flowers or fruit—and that the stakes are placed there merely for their sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now, just such is the office of the husband; and this state of things is what people approach to more in proportion as they advance in civilization.—Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force and is a mere drudge; in barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilized they are left free, and have more control; and in dear America, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than anywhere else.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what his wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Never make a remark at the expense of others; it is meanness.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

How gently glides the marriage life away.

When she who rules still seems but to obey!

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then preclude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Fatalism Illustrated.

A minister living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri was in the habit of saying to his family and church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care about your lives. The moment of your death was "writ" before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it." His wife observed when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, &c. It struck her one day as she saw him with his rifle on his shoulder that his conduct contradicted his teachings, and she said to him:

"My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? If it was "writ" before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course that rifle is unnecessary. So, why do you take it with you at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "to be sure, my dear. Of course you are right, and that is a very proper view. But see here, my dear—suppose I should meet with an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute what we can toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

A CIRCUS COMPANY in Iowa owed an editor a bill for advertising and refused to pay it. Thereupon the editor called upon the sheriff, who attached the Bengal tiger and brought him around to the newspaper office in his cage. He was placed in the composing room, and during the first two days he not only consumed fifteen dollars' worth of beef, but he scratched six dollars' worth of trowsers from the leg of the local reporter, who endeavored to stir him up with a broom handle to make him roar. On the third day the tiger broke loose, and the entire force of compositors descended the staircase with judicious suddenness. The editor was alarmed to find his exit through the composing room was cut off, and that the latch upon the sanctum door was broken. So he climbed out of the window and sought safety upon the roof. The paper wat not issued for a week, and even after the tiger was shot the editor had to slide down the water spout, because he was afraid to descend by the route by which he came.

A WORTHY deacon in town somewhere or other, gave notice, at a prayer-meeting the other night, of a church-meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining!" This reminds us of a clergyman who told in his sermon last Sunday of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house!"

VACCINATION STATISTICS.—In the Prussian army, in 1848, out of 28,950 persons re-vaccinated, in 17,872 cases the vaccine "took," and of the remainder the experiment was successful 1,579 on another trial. Of the entire number thus vaccinated, only one afterwards had the varioloid, and not one the small-pox.

IN a cemetery near Oswego is found the following epitaph:

"Here lies my two children dear,
One in Ireland and the other here."

The Masonic Sign.

At an inn in the West of England, several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which was a large passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a traveling woman and a tailor.

In this inn there was a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members passed through the kitchen on their way to the lodge apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult sign by which Masons could be known to each other.

The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for she could show anybody the Mason's sign.

"What?" said the tailor; "that of the Free and Accepted?"

"Yes," said she; "and I will wager a half crown bowl of punch, to be decided by any of the members you may please to nominate."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted; how is it possible that you can know the sign?"

"No matter for that," she added; "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited.

The woman got up and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying:

"Come, follow me;" which he did trembling, fearing he was to undergo some part of discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report.

She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the "Lion and the Lamb," asked him whose sign it was.

He answered that it was Mr. Lorder's (the name of the innkeeper.)

"Is he a Free Mason?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the woman, "I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against poor snip for being taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

"Knows How it is Himself."

"Fat Contributor" professes to know how it is, and tells it in this way: "I know when I have made a success without being told. The "committee" bring their wives up to the platform and introduce them to me. Some of the influential citizens come up and introduce themselves. The editor takes me warmly by the hand, and wants to know where the next number of his paper will reach me. If I stay over night with my friend, the Association President, he invites in some of the neighbors, and there is a social time in the parlor. Or, if I am at the hotel, the "boys" call around and invite me out to eat oysters, and it is difficult to get away from them sometimes to go to bed. There are people to see me off in the morning, and I hear it stated over and above board that if I should come to that town again the hall wouldn't be large enough to hold the people. Little boys on the streets are respectful. But when I fail nobody is to be introduced. The editor who in the afternoon said he must be *sure* and see me after the lecture, slips off home. His paper doesn't reach me either, (unless it reaches me under the fifth rib.) The Secretary hands me the stipulated amount with frigid politeness and departs. As I pass along the sidewalk on my way to the hotel, I hear some little boy shout "humbug!" in a voice of startling shrillness. The landlord surveys me with a look of pity as I enter—he has heard all about it—and I sneak off to bed as soon as possible. No one attends me to the depot in the morning to see me off, and I overhear a rude fellow tell another on the platform as I am about to step into the cars: "If that fraud ever comes to this town again he'll get a head put on him."

A DREAM VERIFIED.—The Jamestown (Tenn.) *Journal*, in detailing the death of a brakeman named Canfield on a railroad at Union, says: He was to have been married to a young lady of that town in about two months. On the 17th instant, when the train passed Jamestown on its way west, the young lady saw him and had some conversation with him, and that evening was in unusually light spirits.—The next morning at the breakfast table her appearance was so much the reverse of the evening previous that it attracted the attention of her mother, who asked her the cause of her apparent trouble. The young lady thereupon related to her mother that she had dreamed that her lover had fallen under the cars and had been so seriously injured that he had died in about two hours. She told the circumstances as she had seen in her dream, how he had fallen and the car wheels had terribly crushed and mangled his left leg and his left arm, and that he had lived in great agony for about two hours. Her story was generally discredited by her mother, who endeavored to persuade her that there was nothing in a dream, but to no purpose—she could not drive it from her mind. About noon a sister of the young man who had met so terrible a death came to the house of the young lady and said she had bad news for her. She then related the circumstances of her brother's death, corresponding in detail with the dream as told by the young lady some hours before.

"I HOPE you will be able to support me," said a young woman, while walking out with her intended during a somewhat slippery state of the pavement the other day near Regent's Park. "Why, yes," replied the somewhat hesitating swain; "with a little assistance from your father." There was some confusion, and a profound silence.

SENATOR WILSON wrote to H. Greeley inquiring the most approved method of cultivating beets. The philosopher's answer was short, but to the point: "Persist in your efforts to have Grant renominated."—*N. O. Times.*

AN old lady from one of our rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago by inquiring if he had "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

SUPPOSE a fellar that has nothin' marries a gal what has nothin,' is her things his'n, or his'n her'n, or his'n and her'n both his'n?

Barnum's Cannibal Princess Reads the Fiji Bible.

P. T. Barnum gave yesterday, at the Astor House, to about 150 editors, ministers, missionaries and correspondents, &c., a private exhibition of the cannibals he obtained from the Fiji Islands. There were three males—one a dwarf—and a woman called a princess. This princess was in appearance the same as an ordinary colored woman, with hair a la Circassienne. She accompanied the dancers on three sticks called a drum. She kept excellent time. Various dances were indulged in for the benefit of the critics assembled—a fan dance, challenge dance, festive dance, war dance and one in honor of the king. They were half naked, with thongs of hair around their limbs, pieces of native cloth, made from a kind of pulp from the Papuan mulberry, which hung from a belt on their waists. Their dark, olive-colored skins were savagely decorated with war paint, of the most approved cannibal order, and they wore around their necks a curious necklace of human bones and whale teeth, giving them a truly savage aspect. The princess read from the Fiji Bible, and appeared to be quite intelligent. We believe these are the first real Fijian or cannibal specimens ever brought to the United States, especially under these peculiar circumstances, and they cannot fail to be a very attractive and interesting feature of the great showman's traveling exhibition.

Otavah, the princess, is a fair specimen of a Fiji woman redeemed from cannibalism by the missionaries. Kena Bosa Yacha, Kora Tumasamora and General Ra Biau, the three captives, are wild, uncultivated savages. They were secured by Mr. Barnum's agent in Fiji, who paid a large sum for three years use of them, and also gave bonds in $15,000 through the United States Consul at Levauka, the Hon. J. W. Brauer, for their safe return to King Thokambau, at Na Viti Levu, at the expiration of that time. As they would be speedily remanded to their carnivorous persecutors immediately on their return, to be *eaten alive by piece-meal*, according to the custom of the Cannibal Islands, it need hardly be necessary to add that the philanthropic showman, now turned missionary in earnest, will never allow these poor fellows to return, preferring to forfeit his bonds instead. All the spectators were deeply interested in their strange performances.—*N. Y. Standard, February 24.*

Painless Extraction of Teeth.

Dr. A. C. Castle (*Dental Cosmos,*) observes that he has for thirty years adopted the plan of obtuding or benumbing the extremities of the temporal nerves, for painless extraction of teeth, with complete success, never having used or countenanced the exhibition of chloroform, ether, or nitrous oxide gas for this minor surgical operation. The benumbing of the temporal branches of nerves obtunds the whole nerve to a sufficient extent to allow the teeth to be removed, with so little sensation that, if not attending a special surgical operation, it would scarcely be noticed by the patient. By application of ice to the temples, which is somewhat distressing, the sensation of cold striking deeply. The other, to which he gives the preference, is done by an assistant, with each of his middle fingers pressing with persistant firmness into the *fossa*, or hollow behind the ridge or the temporal bone, which forms the external bone circle orbit of the eye. Pressure for one minute is all that is necessary. The practice is as simple as it is harmless, and leaves no after unpleasant sensation to annoy the patient. It is an instinctive method often adopted by people themselves, who press their temples with their fingers to relieve themselves temporarily of the paroxysms of nervous headache. This temporary pressure, with sufficient force, is all that is required to remove teeth painlessly.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—An exchange says: "In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to those with whom we are brought in business connection, those thus afflicted may be benefitted by trying the following remedy: Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night; we dissolved a large teaspoonful of common salt in about half a tumbler of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually, just before meal time. The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared; we attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat."

STRANGE EFFECTS OF VINEGAR.—In Washington a few days since the landlady of a certain boarding house in that city sent out for a gallon of vinegar. The servant brought back the jug, and the cruets were filled with the supposed vinegar.—At dinner the landlady perceived that her guests were using the vinegar (?) pretty freely, and she was compelled to have the cruets refilled several times. The vinegar (?) had a strange effect. The ladies began to chatter like magpies, and some of the younger ones began to tell of love scenes. The ladies looked decidedly spirituelle, though their tongues rattled as fast as a sewing machine. The gentlemen grew spirited, and talked with vehemence and volubility. Several members of the Legislature were present. One imagining himself in the representative hall, cast his eye on the youtaful wearer of a blonde chignon, and addressed her as "Mr. Speaker! I call the previous question." Upon an examination of the jug the