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Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872. No. 46

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.

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.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his

MILL

near Chestertown, for the present year.

His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of

CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,

which he is determined to sell at reduced prices. He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.

He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.

Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1872—tf.

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.

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.,
e22y. *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

FOOD FOR THE SICK!
CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE.

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.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFELLY.

S. Merritt & Co.,

HAVE JUST OPENED A NEW

Clothing and Furnishing Goods Store

IN CHESTERTOWN,

at the Old Stand on BORDLEY'S CORNER, where

Gents' and Boys' Clothing

can be had in every style and quality, from the lowest to the finest grades.

Our stock of

FURNISHING GOODS

is very full, embracing every article worn by gentlemen, except Shoes and Boots. Our line of HATS and CAPS cannot be surpassed in the town for variety and styles.

Having purchased our stock of the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore for the cash, we are confident we can make it to the advantage of our friends and the community generally to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, our motto being "Whatever is to the advantage of our customers, is also our interest." Oct. 14.

THE BICKFORD
IMPROVED
Family Knitting Machines.

PERFECTION in work and simplicity of construction, has been attained in this Machine. It knits both circular and flat web with perfect selvage edge, making a perfect hand stitch. It narrows and widens, knitting heels and toes of stockings to perfection, with ribbed or plain stitch, and is a Crocheting as well as Knitting Machine.

It makes all the intricate fancy stitches of the Crocheting needle better than hand work. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and the rapidity of its work is truly wonderful—20,000 stitches per minute.

This Machine has carried the First Prize at the Maryland State Fair, Maryland Institute and Virginia State Fair, this Fall, and was the principal Machine at all of them. They are more valuable in the family than the Sewing Machine. Price $25 and $35. Send for circulars. Agents wanted in every part of Maryland. Liberal terms.

Address J. A. HAMILTON,
General Agent for Maryland,
d16- 47 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

R. B. RUSSELL,

High Street, near the Voshell House,

Has now in store a full supply of very superior

Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco

for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town

Chewing Tobacco,

of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.

Smoking Tobacco,

SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.

☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call.

Also, in store an assortment of

CANDIES, FRUITS,
AND
GENERAL PRODUCE.

FRESH BREAD every afternoon.

Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec 16.

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, &c

INGRAIN, LIST, COTTAGE, AND HEMP CARPETS.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, NEW STYLES.
BEST AND INFERIOR GRADES.
MAHOGONY & ROSEWOOD TABLE OIL CLOTHS, BEST GOODS.
CARRIAGE CANVASS, PLAIN, TWILLED & DUCK,
For Sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Jan. 17, 1872.

Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!

CALL AND EXAMINE MY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FARMERS' and BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.,

For sale at very small advance on first cost, at the TIN, STOVE AND HARDWARE STORE of J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 9, 1872.

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.

WISHING.

Of all amusements of the mind
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as 'wishing.'
A very choice diversion, too,
If you but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish,—a common wish, indeed,—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make Oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the Tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion,
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From Treachery and Slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

Written for the Kent News.

LIFE.

What is life? Ask the youth, and perhaps he will tell you that life, to him, is a season of enjoyment. Ask the middle-aged man, the energetic business man, the scheming, hoarding man, and wrapping more closely around him the mantle of his avaricious principles, he will reply, a time to make money. Ask that aged Christian whose race is well nigh run, and who totters as he walks, and his answer is, the way to Heaven. Who is right?—Can we gather a solution of the problem here? The pleasure seeker pursues his way unmindful of our doubts; the moneyed man carries out his opinions by his acts, and all are alike equally oblivious of the one great business of life. Life, as some one has defined it, is a probationary term through which we must all pass to the *after* life. And at its close we shall be thoroughly tested, and if we have finished the work that was given us to do, we shall come off more than conquerors; but if not we shall be thrust aside as worthless objects. Is it not the duty of every one to work out this probationary term in such a manner that Heaven will be the reward? Should we not devote the span of life—so short that it is but a moment compared to the long, never-ending eternity—to the accomplishment of that which is given us to do? Consider young man, you who are wasting the precious moments—given you for some nobler and better purpose—in idleness and dissipation, where your life will bring you.—Think of it, middle-aged man, in the solitude of your office, in your business transactions, let this thought have a place, before you send your soul, clogged and deeply freighted with this world's goods, into the other life. Remember that a life of idleness, of pleasure, of disregard here, begets a life of misery and of woe hereafter. Again, life is compared to a river rolling along through the realms of time and emptying its waters into the broad ocean of eternity. With some, this life river flows along gently and smoothly, its waters are never troubled for the benefit of others; they pass easily from life unto death, and are as easily forgotten. How different is it with others. The howling winds of adversity sweep along the current of their humble lives, lashing it sorely by the violence of their fury; fagged rocks spring up as though they would stay it in its course, until broken down and beset by calamities which make life a burden, they would fain give it up and sink into the tomb. But let them remember that though the night be dark and the tempest wild, there is still a ray of light to cheer them on. Let them remember that the cruel thorns lacerated our Savior's brow, and he groaned beneath the heavy cross for *our* sakes.

This is life: to endure our trials patiently and without murmur, remembering that they are but stepping stones by which we mount up to the kingdom on high; to suffer the hardships that may fall upon us without complaint, and be cheered by the comforting thought that if the cross is great the crown will be the brighter; to bear the burden that presses heavily upon our brother's shoulder, to comfort and cheer the weary and drooping souls by the way, and thus forgetting, in our task of Good Samaritan, the heaviness of our burdens. Let us also work, lest we be considered drones in the great social hive. Idleness is a vice, and it worketh well for no man. But while we work let us work for something—for the good of ourselves and others; let our deeds be of such a character that when we are weighed in the balance we shall not be found wanting. And let us so live that when our last moments come, and we look back over our lives, instead of finding a void space from beginning to end, may we see good results from our deeds springing up here and there like mile stones by the way side.

It will be a sad comment on our lives if when we go to the Master we have no golden sheaves from life's harvest to present to him; if all through seed-time and harvest, through the sowing and the reaping, we have garnered nothing but leaves.

"Nothing but leaves. No golden sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain.
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves" H.

THE question of admitting female preachers to Methodist pulpits has assumed tangible shape among the Methodist ladies of St. Louis, Mo. A meeting was held in that city on Saturday by ladies interested in the subject, and a committee appointed to present a memorial to the General Conference, which assembles in May, asking that body to sanction and provide for the ordination of women as ministers of the Methodist Church.

OHIO, Illinois and Iowa have adopted in their State Legislatures the bill to secure intelligent jurors in criminal trials, by repealing the law which prohibited readers of previous newspaper reports of the cases on trial from sitting on the jury. Missouri now takes up this necessary reform, New York has it under consideration, and it bids fair to become general throughout the country.

A SMALL lot on the corner of Broadway and Wall street, New York city, recently sold at the rate of $16,000,000 an acre.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—In submitting their report to the Legislature, the State Board of Education, through Prof. Newell, State Superintendent, suggested certain amendments to the school law, and prayed that honorable body "to take action thereon." Inasmuch as said "honorable body" is nearly upon the eve of its dissolution, without having done anything in the premises, I think we can safely say it does not intend to do anything—hence this is no effort to "influence legislation." Nor, perhaps is it worth while to write this article at all—however there is nothing (that I am aware of) in the Constitution prohibiting it, therefore I'll take the privilege of inditing these lines. The request of the Professor that the tax be increased is an eminently right and proper one. The request that the *average system* be introduced "doth amaze us." The Professor, I *must* believe, has never come in contact with this *system.*—If his information is derived from hearsay evidence, it must have been *ex-parte.* This average system is based upon an assumption wrong in fact and in reason. It is absurd and partial, and its tendencies must inevitably be detrimental to the cause of education and a sound system of instruction. It assumes that the teacher has a control over the child at least equal to, if not beyond, that of the parent. Is it necessary to say that he has no such control, nor can have? To say that a teacher does not use every proper influence to have prompt and full attendance at his school, is to accuse him of gross violation of duty and a want of even a natural regard for his own interests. The law alone can furnish the remedy—as it does in Germany (where perhaps the most complete and successful system of education prevails), and as it does in many of our own States.

Another request of the Professor, and which he prays may be engrafted upon our statute law, is that the appointments of the teachers be invested in the county boards instead of in the district boards as at present. "At sight" this request seems to be reasonable—upon two minutes' reflection its unreasonableness is apparent. Is it a most *unreasonable* desire that the district boards should wish to select the instructor to whom they intrust their children? With due respect "to all whom it may concern," there are many, *very* many people (old fogies perhaps) who think that the whole parapernalia (examiner, county commissioners, &c.) of the school system could and should be "wiped out," and a mighty impulse would be thereby given the schools and their interests. They believe in the soundness of the old proverb of the cooks and the broth. However, as I said before, the Legislature having other and more important (?) matters to engage their time will, I fear, hardly bestow its concentrated wisdom upon school matters. Hence let us not waste time begging and waiting for a new law; rather let us look into the system as it is and as it works and *is worked,* and see if there is nothing to be done—no "screw loose." Let us see if they who have the control of things are working with all their "might and main," as, according to their duty, they should do—and as, in their *best* judgment, the interest of their charge demands. Are they doing all they can to promote the success of our schools and give us the best they can? Do they admit that to have good schools we must have competent teachers, and to obtain competent teachers we must PAY for their services—pay *promptly when due*—pay in "lawful money of the United States," or check, which is equivalent; but not in orders, due bills, and such like, that in all probability cannot be collected under six months, and then it comes in by instalments—through much tribulation of soul and body. That man is bold indeed who will assert that teachers are *rich,* or have much more of this world's goods than they can conveniently manage. It is a pretty well conceded fact nine-tenths of our pedagogues are poor men, and many of them depend solely upon their salary for support. They are mostly strangers in the community in which they teach—they come "unhonored and unsung"—they bring no bills of exchange or letters of credit, and consequently, in very many instances, have to depend upon their "cheek." They obtain board wherever they can, and there seems to be a tacit understanding that it is to be paid out of their salary—at the expiration of each term. The teacher, if he is a gentleman—and we must admit there are some gentlemen engaged in the profession—very naturally desires, when the time of payment comes round, to be ready to answer all demands; he feels particularly anxious at least to settle for what he *eats,* and if he can't respond he doubtless feels what must have been the feeling of "the poor man at the feast"—he feels like an unwelcome guest under a strange roof. We are told on "confirmation strong as holy writ" that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and verily if ever laborer earned his "hire," the faithful teacher earns his. Teaching is as thankless as it is onerous. The teacher needs some encouragement; but he asks no more than what is justly *due*—he does not ask it as a favor but as his *right.* The State has provided the money, or means of getting it, and if properly managed ought to be sufficient for the purpose; the law has appointed agents to collect it and pay it *out,* and there should be (some say there *is*) no excuse why arrangements are not made so that the *check,* the *cash,* will be ready for the teacher when it is due.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." Let the worthy gentlemen at the head of our schools and in whose hands these matters rest, correct this great and crying evil, and verily they will have their reward. "A CHIEL."

THE following is a verbatim copy of a letter recently received by a schoolmaster in Indiana from a householder in his locality: "Cur, ass you are a man of no legs, I wish to intur my sun in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address disappear on translation. What was intended to be written was:—"Sir, as you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my son in your school."

KNOXVILLE, Tennessee, has a youthful feminine tax-collector—Miss Lucy Stevens—who collects more in a day than a dozen male publicans could in a fortnight.

JOSH BILLINGS says: Next tew the man who iz wuth a millyun, in point uv wealth, is the man who don't care a cuss for it.

The Telegraph as an Errand Boy.

Electricity is to be reduced from its proud position as a messenger between the continents to the humble uses of domestic life. It is to be made an errand boy, to answer every household call. A company has been formed which proposes to establish offices at convenient places in various parts of New York and Brooklyn, whence messengers can be sent on demand to any house within the respective districts. These offices are to be connected by telegraphic wires with the houses of such persons as pay a certain amount monthly ($2.50) for the benefits offered by the company. The occupant of a house, by touching a key, will simply give notice at the office that a messenger is wanted. The offices will be numerous and so distributed that any house can be reached by a messenger within three minutes after the notice. It will be the duty of the messenger to go on any errands required of them, to any part of the city, the persons employing them to pay the company fifteen cents for every half hour of service. The telegraphic apparatus, consisting only of wires and the small key instrument, will be placed in the houses or offices of the subscribers without any charge. The batteries will be at the company's offices only.

It will be seen at a glance that this system will bring many conveniences. There are thousands of little services which persons in moderate circumstances would gladly pay for at the rates named, but cannot afford to keep an errand-boy. If burglars are in the house two touches of the key will bring a policeman at any hour of the night. In cases of fire, too, the system would be invaluable; many small fires become great ones on account of the unassisted efforts of servants or others to suppress them without a general alarm.

The Seventh Year Rainy Season.

Mr. J. E. Hickok, of Whitesville, Mo., writes as follows to the *Farm Journal.*—We submit without comment:

"Would it not be well to draw your readers' attention to this year, 1872, as being the regular septennial rainy season? "Being forewarned is being forearmed." In 1858 I was farming in Illinois. We had some forty acres of corn we could not cultivate at all. In 1865 I cultivated in the mud. No matter how many wet seasons intervene, I think we may surely prepare for abundance of rain every seven years. Let our farmers all strive to get their corn ground ready for the seed early and plant, while fresh, before the weeds have started. Then, perhaps, one good cultivation can be given the crop, which on new lands at least, will give a fair yield. The great secret in raising a good crop of this important staple (any season,) lies in getting the young plant started ahead of the weeds, when it is comparatively easy to cultivate properly."

THE CONSIDERATION OF YOUNG LADIES.—Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for any emergency in life. Learn to work and not to be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your own floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their parents by the work of their own hands; while you care not for, and receive into your company, those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, so as they keep body and soul together, and sufficient to live in fashion.

Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their hearts and habits. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds that will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft delicate hand—and fine appearance of the young man. Let not foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

WE MAY NEVER KNOW.—We may never know of the anguish hidden beneath smiling eyes.

We may never know of the weary hearts beside us day by day, whose prayer is for strength to wait till God shall say: "Well done." We may sit down at the same fireside, clasp hands at the same social board, look into other's faces, but we cannot see the heart; and who may tell of the sad failures—the soul-sick pining for a Father's hand to lead beside still waters of peace and rest.

Ah! never till we soar beyond the stars and all the tears be wiped from our eyes, shall we understand that inscrutable mystery, the human heart. Ah! despair not when life seems hard and dreary; by and by the shadows will fall apart—the fetters that bind us will be dissevered—the burden be removed, the tired hands be folded, and sleep, with her healing wings, shall hover over us, and rest be won.

Thank God for the rest of the quiet grave. Thank God for the home beyond it! and be sure, "when you awake in his likeness ye shall be satisfied then."

FATAL EFFECT OF VANITY.—At an inquest upon the body of a young girl in Burlington, Vt., the evidence proved conclusively that she came to her death by *eating arsenic to beautify her complexion.* She had been in the habit of eating chalk, pickles, cloves, &c., for the same purpose, and having seen it stated that some ladies in the old country ate arsenic to whiten their skin, she took some of the poison for that purpose, and with fatal results.

LEAP YEAR BALL.—The Cambridge *News* says: As soon as lent is over, the ladies of Cambridge will give a leap year ball, where the general order of things, masculine and feminine, will on that occasion, be reversed. The gentlemen invited are expected to act as lady-like as possible; they are not to dance unless invited by a lady; not to go to supper unless a lady accompanies them to the meal and waits upon them while eating; and the ladies will see them home after the ball. It would be well for the gentlemen to remember, that if they are fatigued or worn when invited to dance, they have the privilege of gracefully declining.

MR. A. S. SOLOMON, a Jewish gentleman, residing at Washington [illegible] ed the removal from [illegible] Webster's & Worcester's dictionaries of the word "Jew; to cheat or defraud; to swindle."

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

All the John Smith's Not Dead Yet!

The following comedy of errors was enacted in a Court of Quarter Sessions in the West, a few weeks since:

The Clerk of the Court called over the names of twelve jurors. Two answered to that rare and romantic name—John Smith.

The Clerk, well knowing that there was *one* certain John Smith, if, indeed *any* John Smith can be *certain,* returned by the Sheriff as a petit juror, took it for granted that John Smith had answered *twice* to his name, and that by some mistake he (the Clerk) had written a duplicate of the name of John Smith.

Proceeding upon his absurd hypothesis, namely, that there could be only *one* John Smith on a venire, or in a box, he, after a while, succeeded admirably in bewildering himself and everybody else.

Clerk—If the Court please, there is one juror wanting

Court—We have counted the jury and there are twelve men in the box.

Clerk—Some man must have got into the box by mistake who is not a juror.

Court—Call their names.

Clerk—Gentlemen of the jury, please answer to your names.

Here he called them over again; and the two indomitable John Smith's answered to their names like men.

Clerk—There must be something wrong here.

Court—How many John Smith's are in the box?

"One!" answered the *two* Jno. Smith's simultaneously, for they were strangers to each other, and from the noise of the court-room and the crowd, it escaped observation that there were two John Smiths and the John Smith's did not know it themselves.

Court—Send for the Sheriff. [Enter Sheriff.] Court continues—Bring your list of jurors until we compare it with the Clerk's list.

Sheriff—[Perusing his list.] If the Court please, there is but *one* Jno. Smith here.

About this time a Constable bawled out, clear the way for the grand jury, and in the bustle and noise of their approach, one of the John Smith's slipped out of the petit jury box, quietly and unobserved, and seated himself to the back row of the grand jurors.

Clerk—There are, as I said before, only eleven jurors in the box, and two of them, I think, must be John Smith's.

Court—There are twelve, sir! I counted them, and if there are more John Smith's than one, then there are thirteen jurors in the box, as a matter of course.

Clerk—Their voices are most wonderfully alike.

Court—It is impossible that there should be more than one John Smith in the box, as there is but one on the Sheriff's list of jurors; call them again.

Here the Clerk called them over again, and although there were but eleven jurors in the box, one of whom was the veritable John Smith, who was so obfuscated with what had transpired, that he answered to the name *twice,* and, as he felt the matter was becoming personal, he answered with tremendous vociferation, and highly excited. If he thought that a loud answer would clear up the mystery he was very much mistaken.

Here outspoke an attorney, who thought himself very wise, and said as the name of John Smith was a very common one, he had no doubt there were two men of the same name in the box.

Court—Sheriff, who summoned these jurors?

Sheriff—My deputy, John Smith.

Attorney General—Is there no end to human calamities?

Here an unpledged attorney, who had read Shakspeare more than Blackstone or the Bible, exclaimed:

"I could not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of my own eyes, and I may add, ears.

About this time the Attorney General's eye, who was growing very impatient, happened to gild the forehead of a young member of the bar who had responded from his youth upward to the multitudinous name of John Smith, when the former broke out upon him with a jumble of misquotations: "Abjure thy country, and forswear thy name. Let the pernicious name stand, aye, accursed in the catalogue."

Court—We are making no progress.

Clerk—What supposing I call all the names in the box except John Smith's?

Court—Go on.

The Clerk called all the names except John Smith's, and there were only ten jurors in the box, barring the Smith's.

Clerk—I told your honor before that there were but eleven jurors in the box.

Court—[Counting the jurors and elevating his dexter forefinger at each individual he counted.] It is even so; there were twelve before. Lucifer has dropped into the box in the shape of a John Smith, and vanished again without leaving the smell of brimstone behind him. [Court continues]—Let all the John Smith's empanelled in the petit jury box stand up, and accordingly one very diminutive individual shot up, his head scarcely taller than those of the other sitting members.

At this crisis a very good looking man upon the jury, after, looking carefully around him, told the Court there were two different and distinct jurors who answered to the name of John Smith, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Silence, sir, interposed the Court, but the remark had its weight with the Court for all that; as the Court had affirmed before, there were twelve jurors in the box, and afterwards acknowledged there were but eleven.

Court—Sir, are you a veritable John Smith?

John Smith—If it please your honor, I don't understand "veritable."

Court—You don't? Is your baptismal name John? Are you John Smith?

John Smith—May it please the Court, I never was baptised.

Court—This is no time to trifle with the Court. You don't understand "veritable?" Do you understand keel-haul? [The Court had been a sailor one.]

John Smith—No, sir.

Court—Well, if all the John Smiths were keel-hauled, as they ought to be, they would be baptised with a witness.—Answer the question, sir, is your name John Smith?

John Smith—I am so flabby gasted that I hardly know my own name from any other body's. I believe my name is John Smith. I could not conscientiously swear to it.

Court—What is your trade, occupation and calling? Report.

John Smith—I am a gunsmith.

Attorney General—He is a son of a gun.

Court—Are you not a nephew of old John Cannon, of Cyres township?

John Smith—Yes, sir.

Court—[Musing.] The family has degenerated wonderfully; he is a mere pistol. Sheriff stand nearer to the juror or he will go off like his invisible namesake.

Attorney General—The Court had better discharge him.

Court—Sit down, John Smith. Clerk see to the grand jury, they are coming in.

Clerk—Gentlemen of the grand jury, have you any bills?

Foreman—I hold some bills in my hand, but we have no quorum. Upon calling the names in the grand jury room the right John Smith was absent, and the John Smith, as he calls himself and fancies himself a grand juror, is not the one at all; he is a stranger to me. [Grand jury here retired, but John Smith went with them and succeeded in persuading them that he was a grand juror.]

About this time the little John Smith bustled up and manifested a desire to be with the grand jury, when the Court interposed.

Court—John Smith, are you a grand juror?

John Smith—I don't know, sir. I am a juror.

Court—From what township?

John Smith—Moon.

Court—I thought so. You have moon-stricken the whole of us.

Constable—Make way for grand jury.

Clerk—Gentlemen of the grand——

Court—Call over their names.

And the names were called; and the last man who answered to his name was John Smith.

Clerk—May it please the Court, the grand jury has a quorum now, with John Smith.

Foreman—Here are six true bills and four ignoramuses.

Sheriff—If it please the Court, I think the last John Smith that answered to his name in the grand jury box is a petit juror from Middlesex township. I know him—he makes rifles for shooting matches.

Court—He has rifled us out of a day's work already. Call another petit juror, and let us proceed to business.

Attorney General—If the Court please, I now see a doubtful twilight dawning on the mystery; we have the corporeal John Smiths here, but I think they are each in the wrong box.

Court—Sheriff, bring in your list of grand and petit jurors. And he brought in two boards, with the names of the jurors pasted on, which looked like two tombstones inscribed with eulogies written in short metre. The Court carefully read the lists of the Sheriff, from which it appeared that little John Smith, of Moon, was a grand juror, and John Smith, of Middlesex, who had usurped the grand jury box, was a petit juror. The township alone, from whence they came, could distinguish between the two John Smiths, gunsmiths.

Clerk—John Smith, of Moon, you may retire, sir. John Smith, of Middlesex, you may retire, sir.

The two John Smiths would have retired in the arms of Zimmerman, and remained in solitude forever, had not the Court interposed and said, in a loud voice John Smith, of Moon, go into the grand jury box; John Smith, of Middlesex, go into the petit jury box. Why, indictments and verdicts are worth nothing with such strange mistakes.

The John Smiths exchanged places, when the Court said, as well it might, gentlemen of the grand jury, you had the wrong John Smith with you, and, therefore, had no quorum. Take back the indictments to your room.

Attorney General—I think we may proceed to business now.

Court—What is the first cause?

Attorney General—*Commonwealth vs. John Smith,* for assault and battery, with intent to kill.

Court—Don't make merry with our miseries.

Attorney General—There is the indictment—read it for yourselves.

Court—Continue his case—increase his bail—double his recognizance. The name—the name alone ought to be an indictable offense. Who is his bail?

Attorney General—John Smith.

Court—Adjourn the Court.

SINGULAR CONDUCT OF A MINISTER.—At the late session of the Baltimore M. E. Conference Rev. Charles H. Potter, a young man highly recommended, was appointed to the charge of the Twelfth St. M. E. Chapel (East Washington.) On the 13th instant (Wednesday last) he arrived here and took up his quarters near the church, in which he conducted the prayer meeting on the following night, and made quite a favorable impression.—On Friday morning, without any explanation other than he did not think that he was the proper man for the place, he packed up his trunk and left the city, as is supposed, for his home.—*Washington Star, 19th inst.*

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both.—Let them, then, at least have the sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious cannot fail to mistake my meaning. If you ever meet the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled with tears when a little child crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children, too much love not one.

NOTWITHSTANDING Forney's admiration for Sumner and Morton, the *Press* says Gen. Schurz is unquestionably the Senatorial Saladin.

A Fearful Walk.

The following tragic story is clipped from the Titusville *Courier:*

There are now stopping at the American Hotel, in this city, a couple of young men who are truly worthy objects of charity. One of them has neither arms nor feet, while the other has only lost his feet. Their names are Devillo and Francis Presler, and this is the story of their misfortune:

Their father moved from McKean co., in this State, to Martin county, Minnesota. In 1866 these boys, with a younger brother and sister, together with two children of a neighbor, went to a singing school in the neighborhood. In that bleak country no one knows when a storm is imminent.

When the school was out they started home, packed in the ox sled. The eldest boy was but sixteen, the rest considerably younger. As they plodded their way toward home the storm increased, the track was filled with snow, and finally they lost their way, but still they wandered on until their faithful team became exhausted, and refused to go further. The weather was intensely cold, the thermometer standing at thirty degrees below Zero.

One of the children died the first night, and all gave themselves up as lost. The day dawned, but no aid was in sight; all was a dreary waste of snow. The entire day they spent in the sled, but before night two more were relieved of their sufferings by death. On this day one of the boys, in attempting to get out of the sled to start the team, fell down and remained in the snow all night, but was alive in the morning. Then he determined to make one more effort to reach home. Hobbling to the sled he found his two brothers alive, though Francis was frozen to the knees.

He tried to start the team, but could not. They refused to move, and on investigation the cause was found to be that their eyes were frozen shut. He picked them open with his fingers and got them started for home, which was only a mile and a half away. He reached home at last with his sister and her mates dead, and his two brothers badly frozen. One of the two at the American had to have his arms and legs amputated—the other only the legs.

They came to this part of the world to visit an uncle near Warren, in hopes they would find him with means sufficient to enable them to get an education and otherwise help them start in the world. In this they were disappointed. He is a poor man like their father, and hence their expedition to the oil region to seek aid from the charitable.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—The multiplicity of breach of promise suits during the last few years is fast establishing a host of precedents which will serve to regulate hereafter the always granted damages. It is curious to note these attempts to reduce emotion to a cash valuation. It is the general practice for maids and widows all forlorn to file the love-letters of the perfidious man, in order that the jury may gather from their inanity the depth of his affection, but it has been reserved for a delicately organized, sensitive Indiana maiden to file her own letters as well, so that the jury could see the intensity of her love, and transmute each heart throb and soul-thrill into the more practical form of dollars and cents. It is at best a queer love that seeks to soothe its wounds by plastering them over with greenbacks, and it is difficult to see how any amount of money can recompense a true woman for the inevitable publicity and scandal that a plaintiff in such a case must endure.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—There is a place in Oregon called Smoky Valley, where the people have a very curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettles, coffee pots, and whatever else they need, and cook at the boiling springs. The water seems a great deal better than common boiling water, and all they need to do is to have their kettles in it for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight saucepan, and lowered into the boiling flood for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, with a thin rim on the crust over it. Meat is cooked here and beans, which are the miner's great luxury. It takes but a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea, but if there should chance to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," the food would be gone beyond recovery.—*Exchange.*

MISS RACHEL'S BONNET.—"I wonder if Miss Rachel means to wear that old bonnet again this winter," said a youthful teacher to another, as a lady, plainly attired, walked in and took her seat before her Bible class.

"She is really growing miserly!" said her friend. "With her ample means, to appear as she does, is absurd. That old satin dress has been in use as long as I can remember, and as for the bonnet, it has been altered and trimmed half a dozen times. I really would like to know what she does with her money."

Just then a little hand pulled the teacher's shawl, and a little eager face, all aflush with earnestness and reproof, looked into the eyes of the young ladies.

"Please don't speak so about Miss Rachel, teacher. She sent us a ton of coal this week, and she brought my sick brother a chair with wheels, and she helps lots of folks besides us."

The bell rang, and the opening exercises began. Miss Rachel, in her plain bonnet, joined heartily in them all; the blessing was on her, that comes to those who let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth. The teachers who had called her miserly, felt some pricks of conscience.—*S. S. Times.*

NOT CATCHING.—A lady school teacher in Omaha, having an inordinate dread of the small-pox, sent home a little girl because she said her mother was sick and had marks on her face. The next day the little girl presented herself at the school house