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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.

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.,
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

FOOD FOR THE SICK!

CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872. No. 48.

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.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned as administrator of James Yeates, will sell at public sale at the late residence of said deceased near Millington, on

MONDAY, April 15th, 1872,

The Personal Estate of the said deceased, consisting of

ONE HORSE,
ONE TWO YEAR OLD COLT,
2 HOGS, 1 CARRIAGE & HARNESS,
TEN WASHING MACHINES.
1 SORGHUM MILL,
2 SLEIGHS.

Also, a general Assortment of

Household & Kitchen FURNITURE,

Consisting of Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, Tables, Chairs, Bureau, Looking Glasses, Stands, Carpets, &c., &c.

About 500 lbs. Bacon; lot Corn Blades; 500 Tile; lot of Clover Seed, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS.—All purchases of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of 6 months, the purchaser giving note with approved security, and paying for stamps. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

JAMES YEATES, Adm'r.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. ap6-2t.

Livery Stables.

The subscriber takes pleasure in informing the public that he has now

THE BEST LIVERY STABLE

that has ever been kept in Chestertown. The most of his horses are fine travellers, and his Carriages are neat and comfortable, while his charges are reasonable. Travellers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula.

He is also running a Stage, connecting with the Kent Co. Railroad. Any one wishing his services will apply at Hines & Burchinal's Express Office, and he will call for them at their residence. Also, Baggage called for and delivered at the Depot.
mb23-3m. JOHN W. RASIN.

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.

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.

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

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.

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

THE FRIEND FOR ME.

When you find a faithful friend
Keep him, trust him to the end,
For the world contains but few,
Steady, honest, firm and true.
Some are only friends by name,
With affections cold and tame,—
Such ones I would gladly flee—
They are *not* the friends for me.

Some return your love, and seem
Joyous as a sunlit stream,
Clinging to you when in health,
Blest with happiness and wealth.
But when sorrows come and pains,
And your wealth no more remains,
Then their love and friendship flee,—
Such are not the friends for me.

Give to me a trusty friend,
Standing by me to the end,
One whose hand may never tire,
One to guide and lead me higher,
One with loving, tender mind.
Leaving selfishness behind,
One to stand the closer by me
When the world-temptations try me;
Such a one I long to see,
That's the trusty friend for me.

Give me one who knows no guile,
One with steady, cheering smile,
One whom I can trust forever,
One who will betray me never,
One my secret thoughts to tell,
One whose heart can keep them well,
One whose love is strong and steady,
One whose heart for me is ready,
Waiting but my friend to be—
Oh, but *that's* the friend for me!

How Beecher Began Preaching.

Mr. Beecher thus tells how he began to preach: I was asked to cross the river from Cincinnati and preach in Covington; and I went over and began to preach there. I did not know but I was going to stay there. And I was perfectly willing to stay. But I was soon called by a woman to Lawrenceburg. She was the factorum of the whole church. And I went there and spoke to the well-nigh empty building. I was settled over a town with two distilleries and twenty devils in it. I was very poor. There was no patrimony coming to me, as you know. The moment I was out of the seminary I was without my father's support, and was obliged to take care of myself. I had a salary; but it was a salary of only $400. And I took half of that to go to New England to get married with. And as the parish paid half of it, and the other half was to come from the Missionary Society, I found myself very short of funds. I had just eighteen cents in my pocket when I came back. I was taken up by a good Methodist brother for about a week; and then I got two rooms. They were up stairs. One was the kitchen, cellar and sitting room; the other was the library, bedroom and parlor. So that we had six rooms, calling each three. The cellar was made by putting things under the bed, and the other rooms were added by sundry devices. You who go into flush houses, furnished by your grandpapas and grandmamas, do not know anything about the joys of housekeeping. Persons ought to begin at the bottom to know what these joys are. And I began down there.

"I had no idea that I could preach. I never expected that I could accomplish much; I merely went to work with the feeling, "I will do as well as I can, and I will stick to it if the Lord pleases, and fight His battle the best way I know how." And I was thankful as I could be. Nobody ever sent me a sparerib that I did not thank God for the kindness which was shown me. I recollect when Judge—— gave me his cast off clothing, I felt that I was sumptuously clothed. I wore old coats and second-hand shirts for two or three years; and at times, as I was physically a somewhat well developed man, and the Judge was thin and his legs were slim, they were rather a tight fit.

Liebeg on Beer.

The New York *Tribune* has a correspondent who had an interview, with Liebeg, at Munich. The following is part of the conversation:

"Is it necessary that people should drink as much beer as you do in Munich?" I asked. "Beer," said the Baron, "is better than brandy. Man must have a stimulant of some sort. Brandy is a great evil. We find that the consumption of beer is making headway, even in the wine districts, for instance in Stuttgart.

As a nourishment, beer takes a very subordinate place, not higher, indeed, than potatoes; and we find that in no city is there such an amount of meat consumed as in Munich where the greatest quantity of beer is also consumed. Beer must have meat, or albumen. Before every beer cellar in Munich you will find a cheese stand. Why? Because, in cheese you find that albumen which in beer is lacking. Therefore you see that beer and cheese go together like a law of nature. But as an article of nourishment beer is very subordinate.

Schnapps is a great misfortune, and destroys the working power. Through our late war we have won great respect for tobacco, tea, coffee and extract of meat. A physician told me that when the wounded would take nothing else they have grasped at cigars; their eyes glistened—they felt a lifting up of the sinking nerves. Tobacco must have this effect. We could not do our wounded, frequently, a greater service than by giving then cigars. And we came to the conclusion that tobacco was invaluable to us."

A SAD STORY.—Hon. F. C. Whipple, died in Howell, Mich., lately. Connected with his life is a sad history, which is thus briefly related: Twelve years ago not a man in Michigan could seemingly look forward with brighter prospects, being in affluent circumstances and a lawyer by profession, who stood among the first in the State. But by intemperance, and exposure therefrom, he was attacked with fits, from the effects of which he never recovered, his mind constantly fading until he became helpless, and he was for the past two or three years supported by public charity. His wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, became insane and was sent to an asylum, where she still remains with no hopes of recovery. Four beautiful, bright, and thus unhappy children, are penniless and scattered here and there, no two living together.

MASTER (who finds his apprentice reading a dime novel.) "Your Sunday-school teacher said you were a steady, moral boy, and I find you, in work time, reading that pernicious trash, eh, sir?" Boy. "Please sir, I was only a-readin' on in 'opes of the 'ero dyin' converted!"

[From the Phrenological Journal for April.]

Wright and Wrong Views of Life.

To diminish to their utmost the sorrows and the evils of life, to increase to their greatest extent its joys and pleasure, has ever been the great object towards whose attainment all the labors of men have been directed. The history of the world is but the history of humanity striving for this end; but various and often wonderful are the ways by which it has been sought, for the ideas of happiness and its attainment are almost as numerous as the inhabitants of the earth. What gives pleasure to one may create in another the feeling of disgust. One man's ideal of perfect bliss would seem a picture of misery to another. The Esquimaux would imagine for himself an icy heaven, with reindeers and sledges in profusion, and seas full of seal and walrus; but the inhabitant of a torrid country would shudder at such an ideal, and paint in its place a land of eternal summer. However, all agree this far: they make heaven of the very materials they have around them, only exalted in quality and degree. Is there music here? Then there must be music in heaven.—Are there flowers here? Then flowers bloom there. Are there rivers and lakes and bright sunshine here? Then all these are there also. The most perfect state of happiness of which the human mind can have any conception has all its elements in this life and the conditions connected therewith. It cannot be otherwise; for our imagination, however active, can form nothing new. It may change the order and position of elements, but can never create any. It may select, however, and when we form our ideal of a perfect world we place not in it the things that have been painful and disagreeable to us here. But otherwise it is only earth again.—True, it is impossible for fancy to paint the grandeur of the Christian's future home; but he can view that with pleasure only in so far as he can conceive of it as an object of contemplation, and therefore he forms an ideal world, and experiences the highest enjoyment in its prospect.—Could he view this world without its evil associations, he would derive a similar pleasure from this life; and the nearer we can approach to such a view of life, in that measure will our happiness be increased. True, it would be impossible for any right minded person to deceive himself into the belief that the world is without evil; and even if it were possible, it would be altogether unwise for him to do so. But there are a great many evils which it is far better for us never to know, and if we know them, soon to forget; and a willful and blissful ignorance of them is by no means impossible. Our minds not being capable of perceiving and grasping all there is in the universe, the more good we learn to view the less opportunity there will be for seeing evil. So the more we regard the sorrow and wickedness in the world, the less we can learn of good, and the greater must be our unhappiness.

Happiness or unhappiness, then, does not depend so much on our worldly conditions, as the manner in which we view it. If outward circumstances alone were the criterion of happiness, then those equal in this respect should be equally happy. But this is far from the truth. For of two persons in precisely similar situations, one may be enjoying a very high degree of felicity, while the other, in his wretchedness, pours forth complaints of wrongs and misfortunes. Whence arises the difference? Since they are situated alike, it can not be that one suffers more real ill than the other. But while the one allows his mind to be wholly occupied with the little griefs and misfortunes of life, the other, thankful for the great blessings he enjoys, has no memory for the little evils that may happen to accompany them.—The one grasping the rose, howls and curses when its little thorns sting his flesh, but the other, grateful for such a beautiful gift of nature, forgets the slight pricks in the pleasure he receives from its possession.

One of the greatest sources of our discontentment is found in our false estimations. We set too low a value on what we possess, and value that very highly which is out of our reach, even though it may be of the smallest importance. Men too frequently forget what a fortune they have in the possession of good health, true friends, and a good government, and worry life away because they cannot enjoy its luxuries. Is there any reason why any one who has a moderate provision of food and raiment should be grieved because he can not sport a fine carriage or live in a splendid mansion? Is it probable that these would increase his enjoyment? On the contrary, the man who is unhappy in moderate circumstances would still be unhappy were all the riches and luxuries of the earth his own. Luxury and superabundance of wealth seldom increase contentment. Men who are unhappy without these are never made happy by possessing them. Yet such is the inconsistency of men that they set the very highest value on things which are of least use, and give themselves far more pain and trouble in striving for the luxuries than the real necessities of life. If objects were valued only according to the degree in which they contribute to real happiness, your gaudy and costly dress would be given in exchange for plain attire. Your magnificent residence would be worth no more to you than the convenient cottage; and a good sharp ax would be taken in equal exchange for the most precious diamond.

There is no doubt that imagination has much to do with our lives. To *imagine* ourselves happy is to *be* happy. To imagine ourselves miserable is as truly misery as though it were absolutely real. A story is related of a Frenchman whose fortune, by some chance, was reduced to $500,000. This, compared with what he once possessed, appeared to him as nothing. He was made wretched with the ever-increasing fear of coming to want. He seemed to see poverty staring in at his door; but he held his money with a miserly grasp, and at last, through fear of starving, committed suicide. There were many beggars then in Paris, but none so thoroughly miserable as he; and all because imagination had deceived him into the belief that he was poor. In a similar manner, half the misery in the world derives its existence from imagination alone. If used properly, this faculty would always be a source of pleasure, but too frequently it seems to prevent men from taking a true and honest view of humanity. If we can not see men as they really are, it would be far better to consider them all good than all bad. But many never fully trust humanity. Every mistake which effects them adversely they seem to regard as the premeditated result of malice. Everybody, they think, laughs at their misfortunes, and envies their success. It is only in the past that they look for those who are truly noble and honest. Surely, it is better to believe that in past ages men were better than they are now than to think them always bad; and since our happiness must all depend on the present, it is of the utmost importance that we allow the men of our times the praise of all the virtues they possess. To believe that men's motives are good; to be charitable toward their mistakes; to allow the glow of one virtuous deed to hide many sins from our eyes, is the wisest way of viewing mankind. To regard any class of men as totally depraved, is as hurtful to our own happiness as it is absolutely false. Go to the burning shores of India, or search the wilds of Africa, or the icy regions of the poles, and you will seek in vain for the one in whose bosom no spark of virtue yet remains. True, it may seem to be faint, but never so faint that it will not sometimes glow with surprising radiance. You will seek as long for the totally depraved man as for the one who is absolutely perfect.

Life is to a great extent just what we make it; and to make ourselves wretched is no great task. To this end, a man need not put on sackcloth, or destroy his property, or shut himself up in a dungeon.—He need not even change, in the least, his outward circumstances. But let him view life on its darkest side, and think that no evil befalls others so great as himself; let him attribute to men the worst motives in every action, and regard none as worthy of his confidence, and he will need little more to make his misery complete. To make life as agreeable as possible, we should estimate at their true value our great general blessings; we should view the virtues of men through magnifying glasses, and, as far as possible, allow the glory of their good deeds to dazzle our eyes to their faults; and then, though our positions in life may be humble, yet the world will not appear to be so much a vale of tears, as a place in which to be thankful and contented.

WILL HE SUCCEED?

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father and mother kept him from contact with hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he mowed all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half as much his as that of weak, foolish parents. On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to his part, never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or permitted to dodge work, whether or not it made his back ache, or soiled his hand, until bearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his from choice, parents, as they bid him good bye, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his, and at some time, and in some way, the world will recognize his capacity.

Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread and clothing, and homes and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of his possessions. If he is miserably poor, it either argues some defect in his business ability, some recklessness in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.

When a country-bred boy leaves home it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood. If all the money he has had has come of planting a little patch in the Spring, and selling its produce after weary months of watching in the Fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head, or from trapping muskrats and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares for game and walking miles to sell them in the morning before the old folks were up; husking corn for a neighbor moonlight evenings at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.

On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends always kept him in spending money—pennies to buy candy and fish hooks, and satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood thinking that the world will treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend upon himself—did not make him wait for six months to get money to replace a lost or carelessly broken jack-knife. It will be wonderful if such a boy ever makes his mark in the world; he will be apt to go to the poor house, unless he can get friends to support him.

Everybody has to rough it at one time or another. If the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough, but not being educational, is generally useless.—And the question as to whether a young man will succeed in making money or not depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutilage of parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.

WELL PAID.—Rather corpulent old lady—"I should like a ticket for the train." Booking clerk (who thinks he will make a joke)—"Yes'm, will you go in the passenger train or in the cattle train?" Lady—"Well, if you are a specimen of what I shall experience in the passenger train, give me a ticket for the cattle train by all means."

THE SMALL-POX.

HOW NOT TO HAVE IT.

The Chicago *Journal* says that Dr. Carl Both has published, through Alexander Moore, Boston, Mass., a pamphlet of fifty pages, on the predisposing conditions to small-pox, and their prevention. It is a very clear and interesting exposition, and contains many valuable suggestions about diet, even to persons who stand in no fear of the malady which is now about.

Dr. Both has had a large experience of the safeguard which he proposes, and seems fully entitled to speak by authority. He has found his rules so effective that, during a practice of fourteen years, in all the families he has attended during this time, there is not a single child that has been affected by any of the catching diseases—small-pox, scarlet fever, or even the measles—although none of these children have been kept from free contact with other children, and with none of them have any preventive measures of any kind been used. In his own person Dr. Both has no less tested his rules. He has not been vaccinated since he was a small child. In European hospitals which he has attended he has exposed himself to the small-pox patient, without using or taking any preventive measures; at one time for six months regularly. In Hayti, he says, I have been exposed many times, but once especially, purposely remaining for an hour in a room with five sick and dying children of small pox, who had been treated according to the Haytian manner, namely, the pustules cut open and then rubbed with rum. Two of them died while I was present, and the other three within twelve hours, all of internal gangrene. This exposure was productive of no effect whatever upon my person, although the stench was of such a character as to effect any person if it were possible. Nor have I ever, nor would I ever, take any measures of disinfection in seeing small-pox patients, without the least fear of infection, so long as the blood is in good condition.

Dr. Both's exposition and defence of his position, that a good condition of the blood, such as can be readily secured by a proper diet, is the great safeguard against small-pox, must be read in his own pages, to which we earnestly refer our readers. But we may partially indicate his chief points. He claims to have discovered that small-pox consists in the escape of superfluous albuminous substances from the blood, and that to absolutely prevent the disease we have only to secure against the existence of too much albumen in the blood. This, Dr. Both maintains, is caused chiefly by the want of salt. The proper use of salt, he avers, is the scientific and most certain preventive of small-pox. Not that a dose of salt will be a safe remedy for a bad state of the blood, such as predisposes to the disease, for this is not the case. An organic acid, such as the juice of a lemon, is the best means of freeing the blood when clogged with too much albumen. It is by the regulation of the diet, not too much sugar, a sufficiency of salt, no improper use of stimulants, even tea and coffee, and other simple rules, that Dr. Both proposes to keep the body in a perfect security against one of the most fearful diseases which afflict mankind. Not only that, he claims that if the proper use of salt is taught, and practiced, we may entirely eradicate small-pox, at once and forever.

Dr. Both's explanation of the way in which excess of albumen in the blood is driven to the surface, to decay in the foul pustules and escape; of the way in which a proper use of salt, abstinence from any stimulants, and other simple measures of wholesome diet, will effectually keep the blood in such a state that there can be no possible contagion, because there is nothing for it to get hold of; and of the methods of diet, by which, if the blood is in a bad state, the excess of albumen may be removed, and the same obtained as is obtained by actually having had small-pox—all this is given in a very lucid and simple manner, and with great appearance of sound reasoning from plain facts. The state of the blood which predisposes to small-pox may be compared, though Dr. Both does not use this illustaation, to the condition of rich milk, or of fluid cream, from which, by churning, butter may be brought through the separation of the thick particles from the fluid, and their union. Anything put into cream to make the butter come, if such a thing were possible, would work exactly like contagion upon blood in a state of predisposition to the disease. Or without contagion, any serious disturbance in the system may set in motion the process by which excess of albumen escapes under the form of small-pox. Vaccination, though of this Dr. Both does not speak, seems to produce a degree of safety for a time, by a small removal of the matter in the blood which occasions danger. And on Dr. Both's view a simpler, safer and more effectual method of getting rid of danger is by a proper care of the system. Clearly, also, on his theory, persons who take this care not only will not need to to be vaccinated, but should avoid it, as an introduction into the blood of a mild form of the disease. If this is indeed a fact, the fact is of the utmost importance.

UPSETTIN' SINS.—Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called upsettin' sins.

"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. It's 'besettin,' not 'upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was praying de Lord to save us from de sin ob intoxication, and if dat ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

DISCERNING child (who has heard some remarks made by papa)—"Are you the new nurse?" Nurse—"Yes, dear." Child—"Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness—so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once?"

A FARMER saw an advertised receipt to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money and received his answer. "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights and keep it by the fire."

ON a gate-post out West is a sign: "Take warn't: No traes nor life insurans, nor soin' masheens wanted here."

HOW COULD I?

He carried my satchel to school,
And me through the drifts carried, too;
Could I think why he hugged me so close?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

At eve, he tied under my chin
My hood, with its bright ribbons blue;
Why he gazed in my face could I tell?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He told me my eyes were so blue,
The brightest of any he knew;
I blushed and looked down—could I help it?
If I couldn't how could I? could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss,
Then off with the lightning speed flew;
If I could, I'd have scolded and stamped;
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then
He has spoken words loving and true?
I only leaned close to his breast,
For how could I help it? could you?

ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

A WIFE OF AN HOUR RUNS AWAY WITH AN OLD LOVER.

On Friday morning on the arrival at Omaha of the Eastern trains two quiet-looking gentlemen walked into the Wyoming Hotel, and after registering, started out ostensibly for a walk about the city. They visited all the hotels in the place, and after dinner took in all the boarding-houses of which they could gain any knowledge.

They claimed to be looking for board, but always found some objection either in the room or the terms. That evening one of the parties visited the Oak Hall Varieties, and there got jovial and let out the following story:

A week before his brother married in Davenport, Iowa, a very nice young lady. The ceremony took place at the residence of her parents, and in a very short time afterward the newly made bride was missing. Search was made for her, but not a trace could be discovered. The old story of Sir Walter Scott suggested itself, and a search among the trunks was the result. It revealed not her hiding place, and the consternation among her friends became very great. The wedding repast had been arranged, the hour to partake of it had arrived, but the bride was unaccountably absent. The hours wore on, and still no bride was visible. Toward morning the guests departed for their homes, it being understood that the matter should be kept as secret as possible until some explanation of the mystery should be had.

Two days after the mother of the young bride discovered that certain portions of her daughter's wardrobe had also disappeared, and then she suddenly remembered that the young lady had exhibited a good deal of reluctance in marrying the man so strongly urged upon her by her parents. Others of the household also brought to mind statements of the missing bride to the effect that "though she would please her parents by doing as they wished, she would never live with ner husband a day." Gradually matters began to develop, and in a short time it became evident that she had eloped in company with an old lover, to whom she had pledged her hand before she knew the man who called her wife.

The husband was made acquainted with the facts, and, in company with his brother, he has taken up the trail and is following it to the end. It seems that the bride arranged with the man of her choice to be ready for a runaway as soon after the ceremony which bound her to another as circumstances would admit. He was in readiness, and together they drove to the next station west, took the cars, and it is believed they have gone to California, as the companion was heard to say a few days before the marriage that he had secured a position in San Francisco, and was going there in a few days.

On the husband's arrival at Omaha it was determined to search every place where it was likely the guilty couple could be, but he met with no success.—Saturday afternoon he went on, fully determined to trace the wife to her retreat, but seemingly having no definite intention of what he should do when he found her. The blow he has received has made him morose and uncommunicative, but he is evidently determined in his pursuit, and, if necessary, will spend the whole of his ample means in finding the wife of a single hour.

Altogether the story has a romance in it, but it goes far to prove the folly of attempting to force a child's affections. The parents are nearly distracted at the daughter's action.

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.—We've got lots of men with toweren intellex and brillyent genius and all that, but then, you see, we need just a few men of good common sense like.

There may be some sweet sadness in chewing the bitter cud of adversity; but the most uv 'em in this section would rather have terbacker, you know.

Ef wise men never made mistakes this would be a hard world for fools—of whom a great many are which.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it do to not do it.

When it rains pudden you hold up your dish, but don't spend your time watchen for a shower.

A man that don't know anything will tell it the first chance he gets.—*Billings.*

PARSON—"What is a miracle?" Boy—"Dunno."

Parson—"Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night what should you say it was?" Boy—"The moon."

Parson—"But if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was?" Boy—"A lie."

Parson—"I don't tell lies. Suppose I told you it was the sun, what would you say then?" Boy—"That yer wasn't sober."

MRS. WM. B. ASTOR, who died in New York on the 16th ultimo, in her 73d year, leaves $10,000,000 to her half-orphan grandchild, Miss Ward, who since her mother's death has been a favorite in the millionaire's family. This ten millions is her mother's private fortune, of which her grandmother was executrix.

THEODORE PARKER once said he wished that ministers and lecturers would be a little more generous of thought and more stingy of words.

A SPEAKER at a stump meeting declared that he knew no East, no West, no North, no South. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

The Law of Marriage in Maryland.

The Court of Appeals has recently been called upon, for the first time, to decide authoritatively and definitely what is necessary to constitute a valid marriage according to the law of Maryland. This decision, which possesses unusual interest as affecting the most delicate and important of all the social and domestic relations, was rendered in the case of Denison vs. Denison, which, fully reported in the daily papers at the time, was heard and decided, as many of our readers may remember, in the Orphans' Court of this city, on the 3d of July last. The case was instituted by the filing of a petition in the Orphans' Court by Georgianne Batty, calling herself Denison, against Marcus Denison, alleging that she was married by a verbal contract on the 17th of January, 1863, to the late Henry C. Denison, upon whose estate his father, the respondent in the suit, had taken out letters of administration.

The petitioner claimed to be entitled, as the widow of the deceased, to her distributive share in his estate. At the trial the petitioner herself was admitted to prove the fact of marriage, by a verbal contract, as alleged, without any religious solemnization or other marriage ceremony, and evidence was offered of subsequent cohabitation as man and wife. The decision of the Orphans' Court was that a valid common law marriage was sufficiently proved, and that the petitioner was the lawful wife of the deceased, and as such entitled to her widow's share. From this decision an appeal was taken to the highest tribunal of the State, and on Friday last the Court of Appeals rendered its judgment, reversing the decision of the Orphans' Court, and remanding the cause in order that the petition of the appellee may be dismissed. The opinion of the court, delivered by Judge Alvey, reviews at length the English common law upon the subject of marriage, and arrives at the following conclusion:

"It is true the common law of England has been adopted by the people of this State, but only so far as it could be made to fit and adjust itself to our local circumstances and peculiar institutions. The ecclesiastical policy of England forms no part of the common law as we have adopted it. Unless, therefore, there be something in the law of this State apart from the common law of England to render such contracts valid without solemnization, it follows, necessarily, that they can, at most, only be valid to the extent that they are good at the common law without solemnization, and, as we have seen, such unsolemnized contracts are incomplete and are not effectual to confer legitimacy upon the issue, nor the rights of property upon the parties, a right that is attempted to be enforced in this case."

"But is there any principle or provision of law peculiar to this State that would render valid and effectual the marriage here set up, so that it would confer the rights of property and carry the other legal incidents of a valid marriage? We know of none; on the contrary, we think we are safe in saying that there never has been a time in the history of the State, whether before its independence of Great Britain or since, when some ceremony or celebration was not deemed necessary to a valid marriage."

The legislation of our State, both before and after the revolution, as embodied in article 60 of the present code, is then reviewed, and the conclusion reaffirmed that it is the plain understanding of the Legislature, as expressed in the code, that no marriage can be considered good and valid unless celebrated by some religious rites or ceremony. The only other question of importance considered in the case was that of the competency of the petitioner to prove by her own testimony the contract of marriage. This the Court of Appeals decides that she is clearly incompetent to do, under the provisions of the act of 1864, chapter 109, as amended by the act of 1868, chapter 116, which, when one of the original parties to an alleged contract is dead, does not permit the other party to testify upon his or her own offer.—*Balt. Sun.*

How a Kentucky Girl Managed an Elopement.

A rather romantic runaway affair occurred at Franklyn, Kentucky, early on Friday morning. The father of a certain young lady of that place had refused to give his consent to her marriage, and had treated her lover with great harshness, on account, as is alleged, of his being poor. But thuqgh love does not, in most cases, run particularly smooth, nothing can prevent two happy hearts from uniting their destinies for better or for worse whenever the owners so resolve. To make our story brief, a plan was concocted by which the pair were to run down to Mitchellville, this side of the State line, where arrangements had been made the day previous with a magistrate to perform the ceremony. The fond couple appeared at the depot at Franklyn shortly after five o'clock on the morning mentioned. It having been suggested by an unfeeling wag that they might possibly be overtaken by her irate father, and their blissful hopes blasted at the very moment of realization, the bridegroom became considerably demoralized, but was soon reassured by his pluckier companion, who cooly remarked: "I don't see how he can; I really don't. He lives three miles from here, and if he comes he will have to walk. He can't make the distance afoot before the arrival and departure of the train. I foresaw the danger of such a denouement last night, and made my arrangements accordingly. I went to the stables, hid all the bridles, locked the doors and threw the keys away. When I left home this morning, mother and father were asleep. I quietly turned the key upon them and threw it away too." It need hardly be said that her explanation was satisfactory. The train rolled in at 2.57, the lovers jumped aboard, and were married at 6.20, at Mitchellville, on