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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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.,
a22y. *BALTIMORE.*

TO MOTHERS.
Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.
This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
an7-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 20, 1872. No. 49.

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.

New and Cheap Goods!

AT LOCUST GROVE.

GEO. M. BEASTEN

Has just arrived from the City with a
Large & Well Selected Stock of
DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Ladies' & Children's Shoes,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Men's and Boys' Straw Hats,
Ladies' and Misses' Trimmed Hats of the latest fashions.
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS,
In Large Assortment.
HARDWARE, &c.,
in fact a general assortment usually found in a retail store.

☞ A large assortment of FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS, for the Ladies.

☞ *TERMS CASH.* ☜
GEO M. BEASTEN
Locust Grove, April 13—4t.

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

NOTICE.

TEACHERS, PARENTS AND OTHERS INTERESTED,

WILL hereafter get their SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., from Joseph P. Ireland, George W. Covington, Dr Samuel Beck, R. W. Jones and W. F. Massey, each in their respective Districts at same rates and terms as heretofore.

The EXAMINER will no longer issue such things at any time or place.

By order of Board,
CHARLES G. RICAUD,
Examiner, Sec'y and Treasurer of School Board
April 6, 1872—3t

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.
mh23-3m. JOHN W. RASIN.

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.

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.

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

WHAT THE SOUTH SAYS TO HER CHILDREN.

[These noble lines—from the Southern Magazine—preaching eloquently the sublime heroism of Peace, come with peculiar grace and effect from a member of the sex ever last to forget the revengeful heritage of War:]

I have smothed from my forehead its sadness;
'Tis over! Thank Heaven therefor!
I would hide now with garments of gladness,
The ashes and sackcloth of war.

Not a word of the Past! It has perished,
Gone down in its beauty and bloom;
Yet because it so proudly was cherished,
Shall we sigh out our years at its tomb!

By the duty and honor undaunted,
Still steadfast and stern as can be;
By the laurels a Jackson has planted,
By the hopes that we buried with Lee—

Let us wrest from the Future the guerdons
That to resolute purpose belong;
Let us fling from our spirits their burdens,
And quit us like men and be strong.

I bring you, compatriots, brothers,
(As largess ye dare not disdain,
Like Nature's, that bountiful mother's,)
Savannahs as smooth as the main.

My valleys shall whiten all over
With snows never born of the cold,
And grain like a Midas shall cover,
Every slope that it touches with gold.

The clink of the artisan's hammer
Shall scare from the forest its glooms;
In the brake shall the water-fowl's clamor
Be drowned by the clash of the looms.

Then up from your torpor, ye sleepers;
The dream you are dreaming deceives;
Go forth to the fields with the reapers,
And garner the prodigal sheaves.

With flocks gladden meadow and mountain,
With tinkling herds speckle each hill,
And blend with the plash of the fountain,
The rumble and roar of the mill.

Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre,
Staunch spirits that stood by the gun;
Take heed to the Gospel of Labor;
The old dispensation is done!

Put hands to the plough of endeavor,
Plant foot in the deep-furrowed track,
Set face to the future, and never
One wavering moment look back.

For none who despairingly centre
Their thoughts on the By-gone, and ban
The Present, are fitted to enter
The on-coming kingdom of man!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WHY WIVES are EXTRAVAGANT.

Somebody once said that "the women of to-day are so extravagant in dress, and so helpless in other respects, that none but rich men can afford to marry," and foolish people have been saying the same thing, or something like it, ever since.—Every time a man fails in business, people take a mental inventory of his wife's wardrobe, and cry out, "Poor fellow! he was ruined by her extravagance!"

No account is taken of his club expenses or his unnecessary restaurant bills, or his fast horses, or the vanity that prompted him to buy a bigger and finer house than he needed. Nothing is said of his dress coats made by some Monsieur Snip, who charges extra price because he calls himself an "artist tailor." The man may have gambled his money away, or have lost it in reckless stock speculation, for all anybody knows to the contrary, while his wife, believing him to be rich, has dressed and lived only as his circumstances warranted, doing it, too, only for his sake, that he might not be ashamed to introduce her as his wife. Or if she had been as extravagant as he, the fault is usually his, so long as the fact remains that any proper man can lovingly control the course of any proper wife.

Women are often extravagant. The fact cannot be denied. But that they are more so than men is by no means true. As a rule, every wife wishes to live within her husband's income, and in nine families out of ten all the economizing dene at all is done by the wife.

This constant iteration of the charge against women, however, has secured a kind of passive acceptance for the theory, and nothing is more common now than for the young men with salaries of two or three thousand a year to lament their inability to marry, because women are so extravagant. One of these has recently told the public through the newspaper, how it takes all his salary of two thousand dollars to support a single man, and looking over his bills of items and finding that it takes fifty dollars worth of perfumery every year to keep him sweet, we quite agree with him that he should not marry.

Wearing a Watch.

An exchange says the watch was originally a comparatively huge and "bungling" thing, and was moved by weights—in short it was only a "little clock," a "pocket edition" thereof, as it were. Its case was at first made of iron, and on account of the weights it had to be borne about in a suspended position, as by a cord about the neck, hanging down on the breast. It was only a little over three centuries ago, about the year 1555, that the spring was devised, doing away with weights and rendering the instrument more readily and safely portable. These springs were then only straight pieces of steel, not coiled as now, and occupying more space. The watch of those days had but one index or hand, and required to be wound often, two or three times a day. The faces or dials were of metal, brass usually, and the cases were without crystals, but opened in front and at the back, not unlike the "hunting case" watch of today. The case was from five to six inches in diameter—a fashion which modern indisposition to "bear about large weights" would hardly tolerate. As may be readily conjectured, the watch of those times was a very costly affair, worth more than many a New England farm now is, and requiring a long time in its construction. It is computed that the average value of the watches of those days was equivalent to fifteen hundred dollars of our currency.

HOME.—A pleasant lady writer, who evidently has a keen perception of human nature, asks the following conundrum: "How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light, pleasant spot, where every one seems to be happy; where, if husband and wife have misunderstandings, no one ever knows it; where laughter and smiles seem to be perpetual guests, that it strikes one as peculiar and noticeable?" The querist's own reply is, "Because there are so few of them!" Is this really the case? And if so, why? This is a query of our own propounding, and to which we would like to have a satisfactory answer. Who will furnish it?

A MARVELOUS CONJURER.

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable taste for juggling, and all that smacks of the marvelous. Conjurers, professors of natural magic, ventriloquists, and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and England astonish the gaping crowds at races and country fairs, ever find a welcome and liberal encouragement among the higher classes in Russian cities. About the beginning of the present century a species of Cagliostro, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and astonished the natives by his marvelous performances. His name was Pirnetti, and his fame is yet retained in the memory of those who witnessed his unrivalled talents.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him; and one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical power at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjurer was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour had passed, half an hour, and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent in search of him returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations At length, after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentlemen of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front, and the serenity of one who had done nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with the greatest coolness, "Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, at the height of exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The Czar, pulling out his watch violently, in order to confound what he considered a downright insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! In turn all the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of the sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord all the watches and clocks of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him:

"Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sire. If you consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar again drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight; the same rectification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace. The exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performances, the Czar, after having complimented Pirnetti, brought back to his remembrance that in the course of the evening's amusements he had declared that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere!" replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, or even into the apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well, then," said the Czar, "at midday to-morrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusements—one thousand rubies. Come and get them. But I forewarn you that the doors shall be closed and carefully guarded."

"To-morrow, at mid-day, I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

The gentlemen of the household followed the conjurer to make sure that he quitted the palace; they accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, were he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet A few moments previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a dispatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Aha! he has found out the undertaking is impracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated, the door which communicated from the bedroom of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence he said, "Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied; "but I am only an humble conjurer, with no ambition save to amuse your majesty."

"Here," said the Czar, "are the thousand rubies for last night, and a thousand for this day's visit."

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who with a thoughtful air inquired of him, "Do you count on yet remaining some time in St. Petersburg?"

"Sire," he replied, "I intend setting off this week, unless your majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No!" hastily observed the Czar; "it is not my intention to detain you; and, moreover," continued he, with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you have found your way into this palace."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti; "but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily and mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, on the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day, at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment!—Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvelous departure.

The spectators at these various gates all declared that at ten o'clock, precisely, Pirnetti, whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked at a slow pace and with head erect, in order to be the better seen," they said; "and he bade us adieu in a clear and audible voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to inspect the passport of travelers. The inscription of Pirnetti's passports were inscribed in the fifteen registers. Where is the wizard, whether coming from the north or south, who could in these degenerate days perform so astonishing an exploit?

THE WRONG MAN.

There is a very good story of a trick which was once played old Doctor Caldwell, formerly of the University of California.

The old doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tough but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be agile as a cat; and in addition, was by no means deficient in the knowledge of the "manly art." Well, in the freshman class of a certain year, was a burly, beef-eating mountaineer, of eighteen or nineteen. This genius evinced a great contempt for old Bolus's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones had no idea of moral force. At any rate, he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie or whip.—At length he determined to give the gentleman a genteel, private thrashing, some night in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly:

"Hello, Smith, you rascal!—is that you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the head that nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was a-straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat and the other dealing vigorous blows on the side of his head.

"Ah, stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, doctor!" he groaned, and thought he was going to be eaten up.—"I thought you were Smith."

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it; he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said:

"What is this that I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well. Can any of you hear it tick? All listen, now."

After a pause. "Yes, sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The little one in your right hand, sir."

"Very well. How do you know that this is the watch?"

"Because it ticks."

"Very well again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there—down, down in my hat. Now let me see if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes sir," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So it is with you, children; your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "little thought would tick after he was dead."

A WESTERN editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill!"

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NOT USE TOBACCO.

"Is smoking injurious?" This is an every-day question, apt to be put by patients to their doctors. Like most broad questions of the kind, it involves far too many considerations to admit of being answered by a plain yes or no. A medical man, who has long been a moderate smoker, and watched the effect of the habit on himself and others, here offers what he believes to be the true answer to the question:

First of all, there must be an understanding about the quality of the tobacco to be smoked. Bad, i. e. rank, quickly intoxicating and prostrating tobacco (certain kinds of shag and cavendish, for instance,) must always be injurious. Few can smoke them at all—none habitually, at least, with impunity. So, too, with regard to quantity; even good tobacco smoked to excess will to a certainty be injurious to the smoker, sooner or later, in some way or another. Of the various evil effects of excessive smoking, more will be said presently.

Next, as to the smokers. There are people to whom any tobacco, however smoked, is simply poison, causing even in small doses vomiting, pallor and alarming prostration. Such people never get seasoned to its effects, even after repeated trials; and if they are wise they will forever let it alone. They will display still further wisdom by not presuming to make laws for others who have not the same idiosyncrasy.

No one can enjoy smoking, or smoke with impunity when out of health. The phrase 'out of health,' though it may sound vague, is definite enough to frame a general rule. At the same time it is useful to know what, if any, are the particular disorders and conditions of health in which tobacco does special harm. As far as the writer's knowledge goes, these have never been specified by medical writers as clearly as it is desirable.

To begin, a man with a bad appetite will, if he smoke, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers or others recovering from wasting illness or "off their feed" from whatever cause.—This effect of tobacco, by the way, while an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; and ample illustration of this was furnished among the French and German soldiers in the recent war. Again, no man should smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case he cannot relish his tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers that the pipe or cigar which is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking, but most especially that form of it commonly known as atonic, and accompanied with flatulence. Diarrhea, as a rule, is made worse by smoking.

One of the commonest and earliest effects of excessive or untimely smoking is to make the hand shake. This gives the clue to another class of persons who ought not to smoke—persons, namely, who have weak, unsteady nerves, and suffer from giddiness, confusion of sight, tremulous hands, tendency to stammer, or any such symptoms. And if tobacco does harm in mere functional weakness, still less allowable is it in actual organic disease of the nervous system; as for instance, where there exists any degree of paralysis or other sign of degenerative change in the brain or spinal cord. The improper use of tobacco does beyond question somehow interfere with due nutrition of nerve substance. An illustration of this, familiar to oculists and medical men, is the so-called tobacco-amaurosis, a failure of vision occurring in excessive smokers from mal-nutrition of the retine. Another class of persons who ought not to smoke are those who have weak or unsteady circulations, and complain of such troubles as palpitation, cardiac pain, intermittent pulse, habitually cold hands and feet, or chronic languor.

Lastly, there is reason for believing that the habitual use of tobacco is likely to retard the due growth and development of the body. If so, no one should become a smoker till he is well past the period of puberty. Boys, moreover, have no excuse for smoking, for they are spared the hard wear and tear of adult life.

Now, after culminating those who from idiosyncrasy cannot, and those who from bodily ailment or from tender years should not smoke, there will still be a large residium of happy folks who can smoke, enjoy smoking, and are, indeed, the better for it. These are they who use tobacco without abusing it—use it, that is to say, in moderate quantity, in due season, and honestly for the sake and comfort which it gives them—a comfort every bit as legitimate as that which drinkers of tea, coffee or wine extract, in each case, from their favorite beverage.

A few words on each of these points.—By moderate smoking is meant smoking only just so much and so often as each man finds to be good for him. It is with tobacco as with alcoholic drinks. Every man of mature years, sound health, and common sense, soon gets to know what is the limit of safe indulgence for himself. However widely these limits may vary in different indivuals, the following rule is absolute and unalterable—that when a smoker begins to ail bodily, or to be getting listless, dreamy and disinclined for serious thought or action, or to shirk the duties of social intercourse, this limit has been exceeded.

Tobacco should be used as supplementary to food, not as a substitute for it.—The season, therefore, for healthy smoking is after a meal. Tobacco should not be taken on an empty stomach (unless to stave off hunger,) any more than alcohol. Smoking merely to kill time, or to color a pipe (!) is a childish abuse of tobacco.

Against moderate smoking in a healthy person who enjoys it, not a single argument of any weight has yet been advanced. Perhaps the most plausible of them is this: that every smoker daily imbibes a small quantity of tobacco oil and nicotine; and as these substances taken by themselves in the pure concentrated state and in large doses are highly poisonous, therefore every habitual smoker is slowly poisoning himself. Just as reasonable is it to condemn all alcoholic drinks, such as wine, beer, etc., as pernicious, because a draft of pure alcohol will nearly or quite kill a man; or to condemn tea and coffee as dangerous drinks, because their active principals, theine and caffeine, taken alone and in large doses are poisons.

One of the best established truths in medical science is, that the same physiological agent, according to the dose given, may produce effects which differ not merely in degree but in kind. The idea of small doses of tobacco or other such agent slowly accumulating in the system, and at length producing the effect of a single large dose, is *a priori* absurd, and also contradicted by experience.

So much—and often so much nonsense—is prated about the evils of tobacco, that its virtues rarely get a hearing, and yet the latter are many and great. To quiet nervous unrest; to soothe a ruffled temper; to favor calm and impartial thought; to steady and clear (*not* to cloud) a confused, overpowered brain; to counteract the effects of physical exhastion—these are just the things which tobacco does, and if it can effect these ends safely and pleasantly, who shall deny it a place among God's good gifts to men?

COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who tills the field
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may be to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—oh! can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest:
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall,
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations!
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plow.

A Word to Fathers.

You do not wish your sons to acquire bad habits or keep bad company. They must have habits of some sort and company of some sort. It depends very much upon you what the character of their company and the nature of their habits shall be.

Set a good example. If you "take a little" whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, or cider, says a writer in "Life Illustrated," can it be wrong for your boys to do the same? If you chew tobacco, can you reasonably expect them to chew it? If you lounge, however unfrequently, about the barroom of a tavern, can you blame them if they go there too?

Probably you regret that you have these habits, and warn your sons against falling into the same. You have seen the evil resulting from them, you say. They will hardly believe you sincere; and when precept teaches one thing and example another, the latter is most sure to outweigh the former. We know a father who occasionally used profane language, but who was accustomed to punish his boys severely if he heard them swear.—They grew up in habits of profanity in spite of him, and who wonders? Children are imitative beings, and especially prone to imitate those whom they respect and love. Beware of setting them bad examples in anything.

But this negative line of conduct is not enough, by itself. You must help them to acquire good habits, and, as far as possible give them access to good company.

One of the best habits your sons can have is that of *reading*. A taste for reading has saved many a young man from ruin. It improves the mind, the manners, and the heart; keeps one from bad company, and serves in the place of good company where the latter cannot be had; repels vice and strengthens virtue, and gives nobler ideas of human life and destiny.

If you can teach your boys to love books, you will find in these silent but eloquent monitors the most efficient auxiliaries in the work of moral as well as intellectual cultivation. It is better to give them a taste for useful reading than to give them a fortune. They can easily acquire the latter for themselves.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—In my family there resides an old man who has lived eighty-six years. He is a member of a Christian Church, but for several years past he has been so feeble, both in body and mind, that he has not gone away from home even to attend church. His mind once strong and vigorous has become broken, and he is at present more like a child five or six years old, than like a vigorous man. But he will sit down, and take the Bible and read whole chapters aloud.—At such times he seems to understand not only what he is doing, but seems to enjoy it greatly.

One evening, after he had retired for the night, he called in his daughter, seeming to imagine that she was his mother. Said he:

"Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep."

His daughter obeyed and stood by his bed. Then the old man clasped his hands with great reverence and repeated the child's beautiful evening prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

He was apparently a child again, saying his prayers at his mother's knee.

A BOSTON ROMANCE.—A Boston woman, who had long been given up for dead by all who were dear to her, lately appeared, "the ghost of her former self," to those who had thought never to see her again. She told a story of strange and horrible suffering. More than a score of years ago she had sailed, a young girl of 18, with her missionary husband for "India's coral strand." The vessel was wrecked on the Arabian coast and all on board perished save her husband and herself.—He was preserved only to fall a victim to Arab cruelty and she to Arab slavery.—While her beauty lasted she was the favorite wife of the most powerful chief in the South Arabian desert, but when that waned she fell from her "bad eminence" and was transferred to the harem of an inferior sheik. And so she lived, prayed for death, but not daring to die, till, bandied from one barbarian to another, she, a Boston lady in whose veins flowed the purest Puritan blood, found herself the wife of an Arabian water-carrier. From his power an American traveller freed her and provided her with the means to reach home.

"Suicide in the second degree," is what they call it in Kansas when a woman hangs herself and the rope breaks.

INVESTIGATION AND REFORM.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* writes:

"There are in all, ten congressional investigations going on. I feel safe in predicting, thus early, that not one of the committees will, in its report, claim to have sustained any charge of corruption in office on the part of any official. On the contrary, it will be shown that the persons and systems investigated are models of perfection. A prominent Senator, who is on one of the most important investigating committees, says there is no doubt in his mind that our whole civil service is rotten to the core, both in system and execution, and that the only cure for it must be a demand for reform like that which overthrew the New York ring. It seems impossible to reach the root of evils complained of through investigating committees. The minority has no weight, either in the committee or the house of Congress. The remedy must be sought elsewhere."

WHY AMNESTY WAS DEFEATED.—So long as the South stands ready and anxious to send men of more brains and integrity to the Senate than the demagogues now dominant there possess, those demagogues may be relied upon to vote to keep such men out. In this personal reason lies the whole antipathy to amnesty. Few of the Senators are statesmen now. Many of them are knaves, and an equal additional number are ranters. The fools and the jobbers are the great majority. They would be bedwarfed into insignificance by the advent of men who would prove the intellectual heirs of the men the Senate contained before and up to the beginning of the war. There were giants in those days. They went into secession, but they never went into stealing. They were violent, but they were not venal.—They were hasty, but they were not dishonest. They believed more in their States than they did in their country, but they never sold their votes to railroad lobbyists. They never slavered a President, nor ever became infamously and rapidly rich on their small salaries. They never voted a dollar for the war, to be sure—but they never voted a dollar to a "ring" or into their own pockets. Their mouth was full, too full, perhaps, of State's rights, but they never had their desks running over with railroad stocks, nor guaged their support of a measure by the condition of their bank books. Small wonder that the slightest vision of such men, or their similitude, coming again to the capitol, frights the souls of their feeble adversaries. Jealousy of and conscious inferiority to such men is the real reason why amnesty was killed, and we conjure the country to bear the fact in mind.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A narrow log lay a bridge over a deep ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland dog and a little Italian greyhound. Of course they met in the middle; of course there was not room for them to pass; neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one, for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound, as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was a silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do.

BILLINGS has turned weather prophet. Witness the following:

"When roosters are observed before daylite in the morning, soreing amung the klouds, and uttering lamentashuns, then look out for sudden weather.

"When you see 13 geese, walkin' injun file, and toing in, yu kan deliberately bet your last surviving dollar on a hard winter, and a grate fluctuousness during the next season in the price of cow-hide boots.

"When spiders are seen climbing up the wall backwards, and frogs cough as tho they had the hickups, look out for rain. Tis iz a sure sign that children will have the measles light.

"If bees hang around their hives, and mules are seen in a brown study, a storm ov sum kind is cooking, and you will no tis the market for herring is very shaky.

"Jist before a heavy sno storm, ov 2 feet deep, chimbly swallows are uncommon skarse, and in the moral world there iz a grate lazyness in the agytashun of the temperance question.

"If pigs squeal in the night, and grasshoppers cum oph their roosts and mingle in a free fight, yu may hope for hi winds