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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871. No. 6.

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.

NOTICE.

A DESIRABLE STAND and STOCK
At Kennedyville, Kent county, Md.,
AT PRIVATE SALE.

I have reduced my stock quite low by auction, and what I have left is in good order. Any person wishing to purchase can do so by applying to C. W. WARREN, Kennedyville.
je10-tf.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY
AT
PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale at the Court House in Centreville,
On TUESDAY, July 11th, 1871,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., his
VALUABLE GRIST MILL
t Centreville, Queen Anne's county, Maryland.

This property is one of the most valuable of the kind on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, being a first-class stand for business, of which it has a large patronage, and being now in good order and condition. It is situated near the terminus of the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad at Centreville, and within one mile of a public Landing on Chester River.

There is attached to the property a few acres of fine Meadow land and Garden ground.

A DWELLING HOUSE is attached to and is a part of the Mill house, and is of sufficient size for any ordinary family.

To a man of enterprise the property offers a first rate business. The terms will be made easy and accommodating.

For information inquire of Wm. P. Sewall, on the premises, or of S. W. DeCOURSEY, Beverly, New Jersey, or the subscriber.
T. DeC. RUTH,
je315-ts. Chestertown, Md.

District Court of the United States
FOR THE
DISTRICT OF MARYLAND.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

IN THE MATTER of THOMAS P. KENNEDY, BANKRUPT.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, that on the 5th day of April, 1871, a Warrant of Bankruptcy was issued out of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland, against the estate of Thomas P. Kennedy, of Head of Sassafras, in the County of Kent, in said District, adjudged a Bankrupt on his own petition: That the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that an adjourned meeting of the creditors of said Bankrupt to prove their debts, and to choose one or more Assignees of his Estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at his office in Denton before GEORGE M. RUSSUM, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy for said District, on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1871, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
EDWARD Y. GOLDSBOROUGH,
U. S. Marshal for said District.
June 17, 1871—2t.

District Court of the United States
FOR THE
District of Maryland.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the Matter of THOMAS J. SHALLCROSS, BANKRUPT.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That on the 7th day of March, 1871, a warrant of Bankruptcy was issued out of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland, against the Estate of Thomas J. Shallcross, of Locust Grove, Kent County, in the said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on his own petition. That the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him or for his use and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; and an adjourned meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupt to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy to be holden at his office in Denton, Caroline county, Md., before GEO. M. RUSSUM, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, for said District, on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1871, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
EDWARD Y. GOLDSBOROUGH,
2t. U. S. Marshal for said District.

District Court of the United States
FOR THE
DISTRICT OF MARYLAND.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the Matter of WILLIAM T. SHERWOOD, BANKRUPT.

THIS is to give notice that, on the first day of May, 1871, a Warrant of Bankruptcy was issued out of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland, against the estate of William T. Sherwood, of Millington, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law, and that a meeting of the creditors of said Bankrupt to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at Denton, Caroline Co., Md., before GEO. M. RUSSUM, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy for said District, on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1871, at 12 o'clock, M.
E. Y. GOLDSBOROUGH,
2t. U. S. Marshal for said District.

BURNS & SLOAN,
132 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Building Lumber
LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

Middletown Nursery and Fruit Farm
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

PEACH TREES & SMALL FRUITS a Specialty. Peach trees in present nursery *all sold.* A Fine Stock of Small Fruit Plants, and Osage Orange Quicks for the Spring of '71 at reduced prices. For Catalogue and Price List, Address E. R. COCHRAN,
dec3-6m. Middletown, Del.

CYPRESS FENCING.—Just received, a large lot of Cypress Fence Boards, and for sale by WM. VANNORT,
je3. Chestertown.

Tournament in Still Pond!

THE young gentlemen throughout the county, having concluded to hold a
Tournament in Still Pond
during July next, cordially invite all gentlemen, married and single, who desire to ride as Knights on that occasion, to forward their names and address as soon as possible to the chairman of the executive committee, Hanesville, Kent county, Md., or hand to any member of the committee.

The following rules and regulations have been agreed upon: Distance of Course 120 yards; time 11 seconds; two rings 9 ft. high and 3 in. in diameter; spear 8 ft. long, 1 inch at butt. The taking of both rings to count 6, the first counting only 2 and the second counting 4. Suits to be furnished by a costumer without cost to Knights. Any Knight upon subscribing to these rules and regulations, and upon the payment of $5 shall be entitled to enter the list of Tilters.

Knights of Kent, Cecil and Queen Anne's arouse from your lethargy, and emulate the chivalrous deeds of your noble ancestors!
E. A. VANNORT, Chairman.
WM. A. KENNEDY,
C. B. KRUSEN,
WM. S. BUSICK,
JOS. W. HOWARD,
MEDFORD HYNSON,
JAMES ROSEBERRY,
WM. HEPBRON,
GEO. M. BEASTON,
je3-tf. Executive Committee.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
SUPERIOR CASSIMERE CLOTHING!
Low Priced Clothing!
We beg leave to inform our Customers and Buyers generally that we are keeping a
Full Line of Ready-made Clothing,
ON HAND THIS SEASON,
and are constantly replenishing our Stock with purchases of FRESH AND DESIRABLE GOODS in the way of
Coats, Pantaloons and Vests.
We keep nothing in Stock that is not up to a high standard of excellence, both as regards
DURABILITY OF FABRIC
AND
STYLE OF FINISH,
and claim to sell at prices which will bear favorable comparison with those in any other market.
THOS. S. WICKES.
June 3, 1871.

WOOL WANTED by THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, June 3, 1871.

HARVEST GOODS!
June, 1871. THOMAS S. WICKES.

PRIVATE SALE.
The undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will sell his
Farm, Stock,
And FARMING IMPLEMENTS
AT PRIVATE SALE.
Terms made to suit purchasers.
Possession given at any time after sale.
Apply to F. STEWART,
je3-5t* near Chestertown, Md.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR.
1,000 BBLS. CHOICE ST. LOUIS FAMILY FLOUR,
3,000 BBLS. CHOICE EXTRA FLOUR,
2,000 " SUPER FLOUR,
For sale low to close consignments.
McCOY & RASIN,
m27-6t No. 73 South Street, Baltimore.

WOOD'S REAPERS & MOWERS.
Price Reduced and Terms made Easy.
CHAS. ESTES,
m20-6t. Chestertown Foundry.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
Will be paid for WOOL, by
C. H. J. SPARKS,
my20-2m. Masseys, Kent county, Md.

REAPER FOR SALE.—A Light Two-Horse RUSSELL REAPER, nearly new, first class Reaper, cuts 6 feet, mowing attachment; two setts of Reaping Knives and two setts of Mowing Knives, all in good order, for sale for want of use. Will be sold cheap.—Terms easy. JAMES P. CAROTHERS,
m27-3t. Kennedyville, Md.

NO-TOP BUGGY WAGON for Sale. Built of very best materials and workmanship, in Baltimore, to my own order, used some six or eight times. Expecting to be absent the greater portion of the Summer, will sell it very low either for cash or six months credit, for note and security. Apply at once to JOHN N. DENNING,
je3-3t* Chestertown, Md.

WOOL WANTED.
PEOPLE'S POPULAR STORE will pay the cash for WOOL, or exchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest DRY GOODS in this market.
Respectfully,
May 27, 1870. WM. A. VICKERS.

FOR RENT.—Having removed to Baltimore, the undersigned offers for rent for the balance of the present year, the DWELLING HOUSE on Mill street, recently occupied by himself. Rent $50. Apply to Mrs DAVIS, next door.
je3-3t. WM. H. BLAKENEY.

FOR RENT, for the balance of the present year the DWELLING AND STORE HOUSE in Chestertown, recently occupied by Dr. J. W. Ivens, deceased. A good business stand. Apply to
my6-tf. J. W. IVENS, Adm'r.

FOR RENT.
The URIEVILLE GRIST & SAW MILLS or the balance of the present year.
Apply to JOHN R. LUSBY, Adm'r.
N. B.—All persons indebted to the estate of L. L. Rollison, are requested to make immediate payment. J. R. LUSBY, Adm'r.
April 29, 1871—tf.

TO RENT, for the year 1871, my DWELLING HOUSE and LIVERY STABLES, with lot attached, on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by John W. Rasin. Also, a Three Acre LOT, near the upper part of the town. For terms apply to R. HYNSON, Esq.
jan7-tf. D. A. BENJAMIN.

FOR RENT, for the balance of the present year, the DWELLING and STORE HOUSE on the corner of High and Mill Street, in Chestertown, lately occupied by S. Frazier, dec'd.
Apply to WM. B. USILTON.
April 8, 1871—tf.

WHEELWRIGHT WANTED.
Unmarried man preferred. Apply to
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
je3-3t. Kennedyville, Md.

LUMBER.
AN ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER ALWAYS ON HAND.
Buyers will find it to their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.
Feb. 25, 1871. T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

MY WIFE AND I.

A sky of azure, a bit of heaven,
An hour of bliss to mortals given,
A church, a dainty dress by my side,
A solemn service, a kiss—a bride,
Then thronging friends,
A last good-bye;
And so we are married—
My wife and I.

Long hours of rapture, long days of joy,
Time passing unheeded—without alloy,
A tour when everything looks its best,
A river in autumn glory dressed;
No thought of trouble,
No care, nor sigh,
For we are so happy—
My wife and I.

A slow awakening, as from a dream,
A drifting once more into life-work's stream,
A little respite from toil, and then
The world with its hopes and fears again;
But a home and a love
That shall last for aye,
For now we are settled—
My wife and I.

And as hours vanish in time's quick flight,
And our life's fair morning grows to night,
As carking cares with our pleasures stay,
And our heads are streaked with a silvery gray;
Yet shall love increase
As the days go by;
And we live for each other—
My wife and I.

Summer in a Corner.

Dear, generous summer is at hand, of all seasons most lavish and loving. Her full lap holds the blossoms of a world; her prodigal fingers scatter flowers on every side, by dusty highways, on mountain tops, in deep, secluded glens. The daisy's snow she piles in the meadows, and tinges a million fields at once with gold of buttercup and red of clover.

But none the less does she find time for humble nooks, unnoticed spots of earth. And to us who have but a tiny corner, a narrow back yard in which to do her homage, she comes as truly and as affluantly as to palace garden or wide savanna.

Do we drop a few seeds, insert a twig, immediately her warm hands descend in blessing. Flowers have no airs, no pride of rank or place to keep up. Mignonette will bloom and violets nestle, roses open their perfumed hearts, morning-glories climb and twine, and lilies rear their stately heads as gladly in one place as another. Give them but earth, sun, and their beautiful opportunity, and nothing will they care that the family wash flaps on the lines over their heads, or that but a poor board fence separates them from the next door ash-heap.

So let us take courage—we who, pent in cities and narrow lives, feel sometimes that the summer is not for us. The universal Mother knows no distinction. We are all alike hers, and for every smallest aid to her loving mission she is ready to give tenfold recompense, and

"Make the world more sweet."

What is Life?

Life is but Death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave, the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the depth of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we closed his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living.

Stars die mayhaps; it is said that conflagrations have been seen afar off in the ether, and astronomers have marked the funeral of other worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we have imagined set forever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity. Blessed, happy thought! there is one place where death is not life's brother, where life reigns alone, and "to live" is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, "to die." There is a land where the death knells are never tolled, where winding sheets are never woven, where graves are never dug. Blest land beyond the skies! To reach it we must die!

Little Women.

Three little girls were playing among the poppies and sage-brush of the back yard. Two of them were "making believe" keep house, a little way apart, as near neighbors might. At last one was overheard saying to the youngest of the lot, "There, now, Nelly, you go over to Sarah's house and stop there a little while and talk as fast as ever you can, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; and then you will go and tell her what I say, and then we'll get as mad as hornets and won't speak when we meet, just as our mothers do, you know; and that'll be such fun—won't it?"

Had'nt these little mischiefs lived to some purpose? and were they not close observers and apt scholars, charmingly trained for the chief business of life in a small neighborhood?

PARENTS BEWARE.—I know of fathers who have so harshly treated their boys that they have sought the saloon to rid themselves of the ill treatment of such parents. Instead of happy faces, interesting books and papers, instead of innocent games, there is little but unbending formality and austerity. They see nothing but frowns, or hear little but the fretful "shut up!" and "stop your noise!" or "go to bed!" and short crusty speeches, accompanied with perhaps a cuff or a kick. What wonder that boys should spend their evenings away from home, seek the saloon and vile companions, if home is no home for them? What wonder that they should seek pleasure in haunts of vice, if none is found where they have a right to look for it? Parents, have a care or your sons are ruined.

A RURAL New York youth lately went to claim his bride and conduct her to the altar, only to find that she had eloped and married another fellow the previous night. He didn't tear his hair any, but remarked, "By Jove, I'm glad she got married last night instead of to-night, if she is of that disposition!"

A SMART boy in one of the public schools having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat: a throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; and the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

PLAYING the violin is the present infatuation of young ladies in New Haven.

MY WIFE'S BRIDAL TOUR.

When I married my second wife, she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her that she'd better wait six months or a year and I'd try to go with her, and she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was travelling a man was an out and out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents and told her to go and have a good time. I never begrudge money when my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywhere, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the sights, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say, "It beats all how the Skinners do go?"

When Signor Blitz was in Skunkville with his wonderful canaries he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, but I only mention it to show how much I thought of her happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married until he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do like Wise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No; I should say not. I broached the subject kindly:

"Matilda," said I, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master?"

"Not much you ain't," said she.

"Mrs. Skinner, said I, you are fearfully disorganized. You are cranky."—And I brandished my new sixty cent umbrella wildly around her.

She took the umbrella away from me, and locked me up in the clothes press.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference that I drew here was, that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan from the very first worked to a charm. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of.

Of course this is all between you and me. It's a secret worth knowing.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour, anyhow, I cordially assented.

"Go, Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to; then, if you feel as though you would like to stay a little longer, stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking and go up stairs and get her red flannel night-cap, and that bag of pennyroyal for her Aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxters are a smart family indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty, can fry more slap jacks now than half of these primped-up town girls, who rattle on the piano, or walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a young chap looks at them pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you take no notice of them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in the week and cry because there ain't eight. Then they write touching notes to each other through the day: "Dear George, do you love me as much as you did at a quarter past twelve last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me courage to go down and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts have got a little calloused by long wear to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it—and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet, and let her smooth my hair, as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife was a smart woman, but she couldn't be anything else and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on woman's rights, and in one place where she lectured a big college conferred the title L. L. D. upon her. But she would'nt take it. "No, gentlemen," said she, "give it to the poor." She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go barefooted all winter, and insisted on it so much in her kind way that the boys couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes upon my children, and I've seen her many a time go for their trowsers pockets after they had gone to sleep, and take out their pennies and put them in her bureau drawer for fear they might lose them.

I started to tell you all about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is, I never could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out before she was in the house twenty-four hours that she had gained strength also. I don't say how I found out. I simply say I found out.

In conclusion, I would say to all young men, marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

EXTRAORDINARY LAWSUIT.—There is a novel lawsuit in Chenango county, N.Y., just at present, brought by a Miss Evans against Curtis Cooper, of Guilford, on a contract made fifteen years ago. The Fulton Times gives the following particulars: "Mr. Cooper agreed to give Miss Evans one ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years of age, in consideration of a gold watch key. The suit was brought before Justice Newell to recover the sheep or its equivalent. The evidence showed that the increase was to be in ewe lambs, and that the natural increase of a flock of sheep would double every year. According to this estimate Miss Susie would have at the end of fifteen years 16,034 lambs which, at $4 per head, would amount to $64,136. Justice Newell heard the evidence, and, like a wise man, reserved his judgment."

IT is nice going to some Iowa schools. A lady teacher at Des Moines called a boy up and made him show her how he kissed the big girls in the woodshed. After he shewed her, she punished him by making him stay after school. He says he don't want to graduate for two years yet.

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark, the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times.

Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any *demoiselle* could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose!" It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest women that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends condole you after the following fashion: "Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss. We knew you'd feel it, poor dear." And in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it It is to hear never more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed more lovely than any other. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said, so plainly, whate'er it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held to him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him and to hold it at arm's length for a while, only to have—in hours of loneliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while—poor storm-driven dove—you see no haven of peace in the distance but heaven.

The Way she Cured Him.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor store.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come home to me, I come here to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this?" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Surely you are not going to drink that stuff," cried Tom, as she was taking up the glass of liquor.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children! cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them."

"Why not, can children have a better example set them than their fathers? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink; see how much good it does your father."

With much reluctance Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and earnestly that God would help him to break off an evil habit, and keep a new formed but firm resolution

His reformation was thorough. Mrs. Truesdall is now one the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.

The Fisherman's Son.

A gentleman walking on the beach came across a little boy sitting by the road all by himself, looking out on the great ocean. "You like the sea, my boy; do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and he knows the dangers; and sometimes he preached out of a ship. I am sure he loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman

"No, sir; but he will help us to trust in him; and, if we hold on to him, nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But, you know, my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher!" said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the boy; "and when he is gone out fishing and leaves me all alone at home, they are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet, happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman; "and I felt that he had the best of company."

AN eccentric minister in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the wedding he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told, "Hold your tongue! I will marry you all now and here; you can sort yourselves going home."

THE question, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky—"Och, Biddy, it's a trate indeed, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one."

THE young lady who lay in bed until noon on Monday last, assigns as the reason that her beau courted her from nine o'clock on Sunday night until four o'clock on the followtng morning. Her explanation is admissable.

CHINESE WOMEN.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THEM.

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, the missonary to China, lectured in Philadelphia recently. Of the women of China, she said: The women of China are divided into classes—the bound footed who are the ladies and the large footed who are the common class. The latter carry the burdens, do all the drudging and out door work, while their husbands do nothing. When a little girl is born the parents think the gods are angry with them and they hold a consultation whether it shall be allowed to live or not. If she is, when she arrives at the age of four they hold another consultation whether she shall be a bound footed or a large footed woman. If she is chosen to be a bound footed she is not permitted to do anything, but if otherwise she has to be the family's slave. I have seen a woman with four children strapped to her back and rowing a boat, while her husband laid in his cabin smoking his pipe. Girls have no choice of their husbands; the young girl is sold by her parents at the highest price they can obtain for her, until after they are married. If he chooses he can be divorced from her for talking too much; if he becomes poor, or gets tired of her, he sells her again. In the coldest weather the large footed women are not allowed to wear stockings, and cannot dress in other colors than black or blue. The manner of making their feet small is by binding the four toes under the foot, for which they keep bound up about eleven years, when the foot becomes dead. I have walked through the streets when the women would brush against my dress to see my feet so they could tell to what class I belong. I would say to them: "I will show you my feet but do not pull my clothes, as it is rude!" When I would expose my feet they would exclaim:—"Why have you no real ladies in America?" And the only way that I could make them believe we had, was by telling them that the women read books like the men, which utterly astonished them. These Chinese are brought up in utmost ignorance, and they only marry in the rich families, because they know and do so little, and need so much waiting upon that it takes a rich husband to support them. If you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has, she will only give you the number of the boys. She has to ask the second time how many girls she has, as they are thought so little of that in many cases they are killed as soon as born. A large footed woman told me once that her first child was a little girl and she described to me how she loved the little one. "My husband went out," she said, "and brought a tub of water. I begged him to spare its life, but he took the little one and put its head in the water and held it there until it was dead.—Her second babe was a daughter, and it was served the same as the first; the third child was a boy; he lived until he was about for years old, then the gods got angry and killed him, then my husband died; and if I eat anything that is nice, and if I wear good clothes, my relations treat me harshly." Even in our Christian churches in China the women are not allowed in the same room with the men, but are partitioned off in a lattice work room.

How Long to Starve.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, dependent on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstance of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food; but when opportunities have been offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has been invariably found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.

On the 28th of August, the captain of a Boston whaler was wrecked. For eight days he could not get a drop of water, nor a particle of food. On the day of the wreck he weighed a hundred and ninety pounds; when rescued, he weighed one hundred pounds. A tea-spoonful of brandy was given to each sailor; but before they could be taken aboard the vessel which saved them, they became unconscious, and remained so for two days, but all eventually recovered.—Many persons have been killed by eating too much after having fasted for a long time; the safe plan of procedure, and which every reader should bear in mind, is to feel the way along, as persons who are travelling in the dark and fear a precipice ahead; there can be no one rule given, because there are so many modifying circumstances. Give a tea-spoonful of hot drink at a time, and if no ill result, repeat in five minutes, and the same amount of soft food, boiled rice, or softened bread, or gruel; for the stomach is itself as weak as the sufferer in proportion, and can only manage a very small amount of food.

Wading in water, or keeping the clothing saturated with water, even if it is sea-water, sensibly abates the horrors of thirst.—*Dr. Hall's Health Journal.*

THE smoked Radicals of Wilmington, N. C., say they "be dogond if dey vote for any more carpet baggitters unless dey git some of de offices dar own scfs."—Sensible darks.

A CLEVELAND merchant lately received a package labeled "1 box Tom Cats." It took him sometime to decipher the fact that the inscription meant a box of tomato catsup.

A WAG says a girl may as well hang up her fiddle when she loses her beau. Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin to aid them in drawing a beau.

"KARE" writes a note, the substance of which is that a girl may be sure a man loves her sincerely when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

DELIBERATE before you promise, for a rash promise sets inclination at variance with justice.

THE Fourth of July will be celebrated at Niagara by the sending of an old ship over the Falls.

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A POTTSVILLE justice has sent a man to jail for eight months for soiling a lady's dress by spitting tobacco juice on it.

INDIANA countrymen are wearing calico pantaloons.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repellent,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart!
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile,
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow, all the while!

Are you sad? Oh, then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
You are angry: she is wretched,
Sadness, friendless, tearless, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out?
She can lure, and catch and play you,
As an angler does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting deep and wise;
Ye "Adonises" of twenty
With the love-light in your eyes!
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all!

High Heels—A Warning.

The Philadelphia *Age*, describing a visit to a hospital in that city, remarks that the wearing of high-heeled boots by ladies and children is openly condemned by learned surgeons, and adds:

Dr. William H. Pancoast remarked the other day, after performing a painful operation on an interesting little girl whose feet had been ruined by wearing wrongly constructed shoes. "This is the beginning of a large harvest of such cases."—And what else can be expected? Mothers walk the streets with heels on their boots from two and a half to three inches high, and not more than an inch in diameter, and their daughters follow the same bad and barbarous practice. In many cases severe sprains of the ankle are suffered. But these are not the worst fruits of the high-heeled torture. The toes are forced against the fore part of the boot, and soon begin to assume unnatural positions. In many cases they are actually dislocated. In others the great toe passes under the foot, the tendons harden in that position, and lameness is contracted, for which there is no cure but the knife.—When the injury does not take this form it assumes other aspects almost as horrible and distressing. There are thousands of young girls tip-toeing it along our streets to-day, who, in a few years, will be cripples if their parents do not interfere and remove the cause. We will have a race of women almost as helpless, so far as walking is concerned, as those of China. We condemn the practice of confining the feet of Chinese children in wooden shoes, and yet that practice is no more injurious to the feet than forcing them into a small boot, with an Alpine heel. This a matter of grave and serious import, and hence we press it upon the mothers and fathers of the land. If they would not feed the surgical hospitals, and have groupes of maimed daughters in their homes, they must commence a crusade on high heels. No father should have high-heeled boots in his house, any more than he would keep a vicious dog in the parlor. When skilful surgeons like Dr. Pancoast, from the operating room, raise their voices against high-heeled boots, it is time for old and young ladies to pause and listen. At this period they can choose between high heels and the operating knife. In a short time it may be the latter, or permanent lameness.

GREELEY POKES GRANT under the ribs in this wise: Somebody "out West" wrote a letter to Horace, asking him to be a candidate for the Presidency. The old philosopher answers that he is not a candidate for any office, but will not refuse to serve the people in any capacity they may see fit to place him; and further, that whoever may be the Presidential candidate, he hopes he will be a firm believer in the one term principle. How slily Mr. Greeley goes circumlocuting all around the question, in order to let the public know that the country has had enough of Grant. On this point the old man's "head is level."

A SINKING CITY.—It is asserted upon the most reliable information, that according to present indication, the great city of the Czar of all the Russias, St. Petersburg, in fifty years will have ceased to exist. Startling as this may sound, the fact is based upon reliable scientific examination of the soil upon which the city is built, which is found to be sinking, imperceptibly to be sure, but with premonitory and fearful regularity. So fully is the fact established that already steps are being taken prior to the permanent removal of the Court.

AN attendant at Mount Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said, "Are you in any trouble, madam?" "No, sir," she sobbed. "I saw you weeping." "Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the father of his country?" "Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder; this is the ice house."

"AH!" said a pious Sunday school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose as I should ha' been a horphan."

A YOUNG man at La Crosse, Wisconsin, looked through the key-hole of a girl's bed-room, and ever since the doctors have been trying to get a knitting needle out of the place where his eye used to be.

A PHYSICIAN claims that ten thousand women have been squeezed to death by corsets during the last five years. That is not the most agreeable mode of doing it, however.

WOMEN as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark through a fellow.

OPALS are said to be the only kind of precious stones that cannot be imitated.

LADIES' watches are now made in an oval case to look like lockets, and worn on the necklace.

PUNCH says: "What in woman is called curiosity, in man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

EARLY rising, hard work and perseverance will accomplish more than fertilizers.

CASES OF LIGHTNING-STROKE AND SUN-STROKE.

The Editor of the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, W. S. Butler, M. D., discusses in that journal the question of the use of "bleeding" in cases of Lightning-stroke and Sun-stroke. He says: In my lectures on lightning-stroke I have recorded a case in which a man who had been rendered insensible by lightning was bled in the freest manner, the consciousness returning during the bleeding, and the recovery being secured. The older men in physic, who always opened a vein in such cases, were apparently clear as to the importance and success of the practice; and within the last year I have made some experiments which in the most siugular manner confirm this practice.—From an observation made by Benjamin Franklin—that the most humane and rapid mode of slaughtering animals for food would be by a powerful electric discharge—I was led to try if this really were a practical suggestion. I therefore had sheep taken to the Polytechnic Institution and had them killed by a discharge from the great battery there. I found that full-grown sheep could be fatally and instantaneously struck down by a discharge from a surface of a Leyden battery of ninety-six feet. But here came the curious fact: when animals struck in this manner were laid on the bench after the shock, apparently dead, and actually dead if let alone, they would show the most convincing evidence of recovery if they were instantly bled from the neck. After the blood had flowed for a little time, the animals began again to breathe; they struggled as they do when they have not been struck, and they became so distinctly conscious that I had to give up the notion of recommending any change in the present mode of slaughter. In another case, where a smaller animal was struck down and rendered apparently lifeless, the opening of the external jugular vein was followed by a gush of blood, by immediate return of respiration, and rapid recovery.

The *rationale* of the treatment in these cases is most simple. The effect of the lightning, or of the electrical discharge, is to create expansion of the contents of the venous reservoir; there is liberation of gases from the blood; distension of veins in all parts; pressure on the brain in the closed cavity of the scull, and insensibility as the result of the pressure; distension of the right side of the heart, so that the muscular structure is paralyzed; and temporary cessation of all motion and function. The opening of a vein at once removes all this embarrassment; the heart is set at liberty to recommence its contractions; the nervous centres governing the process of respiration are relieved; and if the derangement of the animal mechanism does not extend to actual disorganization of blood, or to severe rupture of organic structure, when no remedy would avail, the functions are restored, and life is saved.

I take it, then, that in cases of insensibility from lightning shock, or electrical shock, the abstraction of blood by venesection is demanded.

SUN-STROKE.

In sun-stroke the same conditions of disease are closely analogous, if not identical, with those induced by lightning.—One of my earliest experiences—an experience that has made me hold to the thoughtful practice of blood-letting—had reference to this disorder and its treatment. A man was carried from the harvest-field to the residence