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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, JULY 8, 1871. No. 8.

POST OFFICE HOURS,
—AND—
ARRIVAL and CLOSING OF MAILS.

THE CHESTERTOWN Post Office Hours are as follows:

Open from 7½, A. M., to 12½, P. M, and from 1, P. M. to 8, P. M.

CLOSING MAILS.—All mails for the cities and intermediate points are closed at 10, P. M. The Centreville and Easton mails are closed at 5 o'clock, P. M.

The public are requested to procure stamps during office hours, and adopt the letter-box after 8, P. M. Letters found in the box without the stamps affixed are held for postage and sent to the Dead Letter office.

☞ THE OFFICE CLOSES AT 8. P. M.

j24tf. JOHN W. COLLINS, Post Master.

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.

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,
je10-tf. Kennedyville.

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

at 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.

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.

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.

FOR RENT, for the year 1871, the the DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by William Cannon. For terms, apply to WM. VANNORT.
n19-tf

NOTICE.—On and after Tuesday, June 20th, the STEAMER C. P. SMITH will leave Georgetown for Baltimore at 7 o'clock, A. M., and Buck Neck Wharf at 10 o'clock.
2t. EDW. BROWN. Prop'r.

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.

HAMS.—Fine Sugar-Cured and Market Hams, Salt Shad and Mackerel, and salt, smoked and Scotch Herring, for sale by
sep3 W. C. A. THOMPSON.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours.
je17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show *your* spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read,
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms or symbols
Than to know the Good and True;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show *your* spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring or at the polls,
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing staple, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show *your* spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, *backbone*.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold;
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

SELF-MADE MARTYRS.

If any one thing on this woful earth is more annoying, harrassing and distressing than another, it is the constant presence of one of these saints. If you are thus afflicted,—be it by a mother, a sister, or a maiden aunt,—I pity you, for I know you have daily before you the edifying spectacle of a doleful countenance, with a sour-sweet resignation resting mournfully but firmly upon the uplifted nose of the martyr. The expressive word "aggravating" is forbidden me by Richard Grant White, and therefore I say that the self-made martyr is one of the most intensely exasperating species of the "noble army of martyrs;" to be sure, I have known the father of a family who would sulk for hours upon a sofa and make his family miserable, because of some trifle which he would not condescend to explain. But generally, selfish men are downright, outspokenly selfish, and wishing their wants gratified immediately, the circumlocutory method by which suffering innocence obtains its desire is too tedious a process for them. But not for the feminine sufferer. If you are guilty of a sin of commission, it delights her soul to warn you against a repetition of it.

"Not on my account at all, my dear!" says the martyr; "although pain and anxiety over your faults may wear upon me, and cause me to lose my rest, yet *that* is of no consequence. Your good is my only consideration; I esteem it far above my own happiness." Or if the sin lies in omission, some trifling neglect of yours toward the martyr—she lifts her face to heaven; allows it to appear as if a sudden pang of pain were stifled by an angelic smile, and says: "Never mind dear; never interfere with your comfort for me. No, not for worlds! I will do it!" And you do it with the pleasant consciousness of being an ungratefui, arbitrary tyrant, unworthy of even our own respect.

Whenever you laugh, up goes the martyr's hand to her head; whenever you propose to walk, up it goes to her side, being supposed to indicate what is known a "stitch" there. But these are elderly symptoms, and sad experience has perhaps taught you that the martyr may be young.

If in gay, youthful days, you have ever been so extraordinarily gay as to eclipse some sweet creature, you will know what I mean. You may have seen the ineffable gaze which accompanied the words, "Blank is a great flirt and very insincere. You will not care for what I say, but I must tell you that it grieves me to see you behave so freely—recklessly—with a man like Blank." You protested with spirit against the charge; perhaps you advised the young woman to pay attention to her own affairs of the kind if she had any. In any case, you were deluged with a shower of tears, and in the eyes of Miss Innocence gleamed what might have been mistaken for an expression of malice. She doubtless proceeded to inform you, with sobs and gasps, and sighs, that *that* was the reward of trying to save a friend from the gossip of a censorious world; ah! to make us idols, and to find them clay! with much more to the same effect, till you were a lump of numbness, plastic enough to be remolded into a new idol, and ready to ask forgivenes of your worshipper.

O, these martyrs! They are sufficient to fill fifty Fox's Books, and I wish from my soul they were all there, secure within the bindings, and laid away on dusty shelves. In that case we would sometimes take them down and pity them, but now we can only dread them.

TOO TRUE!—A few friends will go and bury us, affection will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave, in a brief period the little hillock will be smothered down, and the stone will fall and neither stranger nor friend will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living being.

A CLEVER REPARTEE is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other peoples," he promptly replied.

ALBERT BARNES says: "It is by the daily, quiet acts of our life that good is done, and not by a few great spasmodic efforts."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

HOW IT WAS COMPOSED AND SET TO MUSIC.

[From Harper's Magazine, July.]

"And you knew Francis Key?"

"Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house. There were once two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe Creek near Taneytown, Frederick county, Md., where Francis and his sister Anna, John's own children, were born. The brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheerfullest face and most pleasant smile I ever saw. When they moved into town, near my father's, Frank was half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring, and as shrewd as the shrewdest. He married little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with a sky-lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either repented of their marriage. Taney was a Catholic, and Frank an Episcopalian, not considered very zealous or sharp in his profession and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife much larger and taller than himself, went to house-keeping and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809 to seek my fortune elsewhere.

* * * * * *

"You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet? The atrocious scoundrel! Words can never paint the miserable coward and boaster in his true colors. After his depradations along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, there followed the sacking of Washington, the battle of North Point, and the attempt of the enemy to take the city of Baltimore by water, as they had failed to do it by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Sept. 13, 1814. I have gone over it again in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you, Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was *forced* out of him. Just think.—He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort McHenry, the city's main defense. He could watch all the enemy's preparations, and he knew the danger they foreboded. Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight while the sky was lit up with flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the coming morning and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart sick with fear and doubt, could he help the grand outburst of that first verse? And then as through 'the midst of the deep' the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first rays, and he exclaimed—

"'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

It was prayer and praise all in one; and there never has been anything like it since!"

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a few rapid strides across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh and blood insolence of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

* * * * * *

"'Have you seen Frank Key's poem?' said one of our mess, coming in one evening as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence.—An idea seized Fred Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune, after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One called 'Anacreon in Heaven' (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it,) struck his fancy and rivetted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout he exclaimed, "Boys, I've hit it!" and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the *first time* the song of the 'Star-spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage of Holliday Street Theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sang around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and, when peace was declared and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it."

COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pockets.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind whenever it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him money.

DECISION.—A woman of irresolute constitution gives herself a treat of the rack every time she is called upon to make up her mind respecting some petty domestic arrangement. The poorest arguments will make their way when delivered with firmness and decision. Indecision arises from two very opposite causes—seeing our way too far or not far enough.

A BLUFF old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures a yard of cotton or a bushel of potatoes, as when he hollers halleluyer!"

SILVER IN THE SEA.

The poet tells of the gems that shine with "purest ray serene" in dark unfathomed caves of the ocean; but it is not in those inaccessible depths alone that the treasure of the sea is hidden. There is untold wealth diffused throughout the immensity of its waters, as secure from human avarice as if it were in the abysses which plummet never sounded. Its very diffusion puts it out of our reach. The fact that it is everywhere makes it practically nowhere. Some years ago, certain French chemists demonstrated that seawater contains an appreciable amount of silver. They decided that, if it is equally distributed, there must be at least two millions of tons of the precious metal in the whole ocean, or more than has ever been dug from the earth. And experiments made at widely distant points, prove that the metal is thus uniformly diffused. The water of the Pacific on the coast of Chili, as analyzed by an English chemist, gives the same result as the Frenchmen had obtained from the waters of the British Channel.

The silver in the sea is only one out of a thousand illustrations of solid substances made invisible by chemical processes.—And we must not suppose that it is only minute quantities of matter that can be thus lost to sight in transparent liquid. A silver half-dollar (a mythical piece of money to our young readers, but the old folks can tell them how large it is, or was), can be dissolved in a very small amount of nitric acid, which, if pure, is colorless liquid. Coin soon vanishes, and the liquid is as clear and transparent as ever. Many dollars' worth of silver might thus be concealed in a gallon of what would seem to be nothing but water. Other metals, and, indeed solid substances of all kinds, may be dissolved and made to disappear in a similar way. There is no visible form of matter which chemical agencies may not render invisible. What we commonly call the destruction of matter is merely this metamorphosis from the seen to the unseen. When wood or anything else is burned, it has simply undergone a chemical change which removes it from our sight. Not a particle of matter can be really destroyed, unless by the Power that called it into existence. The silver in our transparent liquid is not annihilated if we pour it into the sea; it is lost to us, but the silver is there, like the millions of tons of kindred metal that were already mingled with the waters. In like manner, the coal and wood we burn, except the small residium of ashes, have become viewless gasses, and are blended with the aerial ocean of the atmosphere. On the clearest day, the air above us is laden with thousands of tons of carbon, in this transparent condition. It is there, though we can not see it, and plants are continually turning it back into visible form again. This is the key to the mystery of their growth, which is mainly the withdrawing of carbon from its gaseous state of carbonic acid, and making it a part of their own structure.

We have said that the silver in the sea is useless, because it is diffused through so vast a bulk of fluid. But the fact that it has been possible to detect it, when thus diffused, shows that if chemical agencies can make solid substances vanish from our sight, they can, on the other hand, compel a body thus concealed to show itself, even when it forms only the minutest proportion of the mixture. The delicacy of chemical tests is almost beyond belief. A single drop of colorless liquid, added to a gallon of colorless liquid, may instantaneously produce a well-defined red, or blue or yellow throughout the entire mass of the latter; and yet, it may be less than a hundredth part of a grain of some solid substance in solution, that is made to give such unmistakable evidence of its presence.

How to be Miserable.

Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out: "O, that I were a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself: I wonder if he will ever pay that note?

Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, doubt its being genuine till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble.

Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can; screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly, and you will be miserable to your heart's content—if we may so speak, sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of light into your heart.

POSTURE OF THE HEAD IN SLEEPING.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with anatomy and physiology, whether lying with head exalted or on a level with the body is the more unwholesome. Most, consulting their own case on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels in which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus and avoid danger.

A FRIEND who has tried it, writes:—"Wall papers are readily cleansed by tying a soft cloth over a broom and sweeping down the walls carefully."

THE best receipt for a clear complexion—A clear conscience.

UNDER THE WATER.

SUNKEN IRON-CLADS—CURIOUS THINGS SEEN BY DIVERS.

The Charleston *News*, in giving an account of the work of wreckers in Charleston harbor, says that the iron-clad Housatonic lies in thirty-six feet of water, just over the bar, sixteen miles from the city. She rests on a hard shell bottom, and lies northwest and southeast, upright on her keel. The water out here is beautifuliy blue and clear, and the divers prosecute their work with much less difficulty than at the Weehawken. Her decks, masts and rigging have all been eaten away by the worms, and little else is now left of her but the huge black hull. Her propeller, shaft, chains and anchors, and a large portion of her machinery have been hoisted from her by the machine, and also two of the smaller guns composing her armament. The rest of them were taken up by the government several years ago. The Government has a buoy planted about three hundred yards east-southeast of this wreck, which enables the wreckers to guess pretty closely as to her whereabouts. To render the matter a certainty, however, Captain Seames, when he leaves her to come up to the city, marks her position with a buoy fastened to the centre of her hull. About twenty feet south of the wreck of the doomed ship lies the hull of her destroyer, the Confederate torpedo boat.

She has been visited by the Captain, who reports her to be lying bottom upwards, and seemingly in good preservation. There are no holes in her hull, and the wings of her diminutive propeller, now uppermost, seem to be in good running order. She did her work effectually. In the hull on the port quarter of the huge ship is a jagged hole large enough to drive a carriage and pair through. The heavy oaken ribs and thick planks are blown in with tremendous power, and the Housatonic must have gone down with but little preparation. Her diminutive but dangerous foe met with a similar fate, and the two now rest in silence, side by side, at the bottom of the sea.

Under the waters the divers see curious things and make curious acquaintances. Near the surface of the water on his way down, the diver sees sharks of enormous dimensions, which seem afraid of the curious monster thus intruding on their domain. The sharks are never seen at the bottom; they keep their distance; but the small fry at the bottom are much more sociable. These swim around the diver in the most indifferent manner, and with a curiosity truly feminine, insert their noses in every orifice in his submarine armor. Their particular amusement is to pry into the glass eyes, and at times they are as troublesome as the mosquitoes are to us landlubbers All varieties and immense quantities of these small fish feed around on the shells, and their curiosity renders them easy victims to the insinuations of hook and bait. At night the phosphorescent sparks in the clear blue water out at the Housatonic light up the depths in a wonderful manner, and the diver enjoys the illumination, though he has not much time for admiring the beauties of nature. He stays down six hours, or less, as his work renders it necessary. In rummaging about the ship the Captain discovered several bottles of Rhine wine and ale. He also brought up a globular brass lamp and several metal mountings from officers' swords. The captain has also in his possession a massive jaw bone. It is evidently the lower maxillary of a man, but its size and the strength of the teeth are wonderful.

A Word to Stern Fathers.

It never can be too strongly impressed upon the mind, that nothing releases a parent from his duties toward a child.—No waywardness, no disobedience, no rebellion, no profligacy, can justify a father in casting a son or daughter adrift.—We hear of sons being cut off with a shilling, of daughters being forbidden their father's house, and, without any exception, such cases are proof that, of whatever sins the children may have been guilty, the father is even more guilty.—No person can complain against society so great a crime as a father commits who is thus false to the trust which he himself has imposed—who thus thrusts off from himself the soul which he called into being. A father should be governed by no motive but his child's best interests, and a child's best interests can never be served by anything but his father's constant and loving care. If a child is so bad that his influence is feared on the other children, a separation between them may be effected. If it is feared that money bestowed on him will be for his injury, provision may be made against that, as in the case I have mentioned. But when a father, in a fit of anger or as a reward for ill-doing, disinherits or refuses to see his child, he commits a crime which the laws indeed do not recognize, but whose guilt it would take many a legal crime to outweigh. There should be absolutely no limit to parental forgiveness and forbearance. Seven times, and seventy times seven, should the father receive the prodigal son who seeks his face; and if he never seeks it, if he goes, stubborn and rebellious, not one fatom of fatherly care and interest should relax; for the child is his child, his offspring, born of his will, and no vice or violence can release the man from his solemn obligation to guard and guide, so far as possible, the life which he dared to give.—*Ladies' Repository.*

A Contrast.

Palpitators, waterfalls;
Hypocrisy, painted dolls,
Silly smile, mocking mien,
Girls that are not what they seem.

* * * * *

Nature's bust; one's own hair;
Rosy lips; complexion fair;
Merry laughter; open heart;
Girls of nature, not of art.

Now you have your choice to make,
Which of these pictures will you take?

THERE are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one when she wonders whom she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her.—*Jean Paul.*

THE chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

INDIGESTION and industry are two things seldom found united.

YES AND NO.

Yes, I told you last night in the starlight,
When taking my white hand to kiss,
You whispered in my ear the sweet story
Till I thought love-making was bliss.

This morning I laughed at your spooning,
Ma says I must send back the ring;
It's rather too plain for the fashion—
A diamond would have been just the thing.

Last night, with the moonlight and music,
And your voice so thrillingly low,
I really believed that I loved you,
And hadn't the heart to say no.

But this morning I've quite changed my mind, sir,
For I think that a thousand a year
Wouldn't hardly take care of two persons,
When satins and silks are so dear.

It may do for some—love in a cottage,
With roses, the romance and all;
But for me, I had rather have jewels,
Point lace, and a camel's hair shawl.

So good bye, Tom, don't think I am heartless,
But you know that a woman must dress;
You never could buy half my finery,
I should die if I had to wear less.

The Dress Question.

A female correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* says:

For myself, I should like to return to the habits of our grandmothers, buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day and one for "nice," and wear them years till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books, pictures, and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would only be too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. What would be the result? with the maiden, no more beaux; with the wife, a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too dire to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties sensibly and economically clad, and was despised and rejected of men; again, I have been more fashionably attired, and had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By the way, why don't some of the wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed simply and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives? And why are not the Flora McFlimsies a drug in the market? Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived, O, my brethren! With you lies the fault, from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silks, panniers, frills and chignons, and we shall go over to calico in battalions.

IN THE BATH.

AN ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON CITY.

Don Piatt says the latest story that is going the rounds in Washington is told of one of the second joints, as the secretaries were called to distinguished them from the high joints. This was an elegant youth, rather slender and tall, whose talk began and ended in one short sentence, which said, "Aw, I beg yr pardon," which, drawled out, has a very pleasing result, and is being generally imitated by our free-born youths of America about Washington.

It seems that this sprig of English nobility was invited to pass some days at the country house of a wealthy American, and late at night, before retiring, concluded to take "a bath, you know," and so directed by a servant he found his way to the bath-room, and turning on the warm water was soon enjoying at full length the delicious sense of an entire relaxation of his aristocratic person and repose of his aristocratic intellect.

Unfortunately the daughter of the house also concluded to take a dip in the tub; and not knowing what their illustrious guest had done to himself, undressed in her room, ran hurriedly along the hall for fear of meeting some one, and darting into the bath-room closed and locked the door. What was her consternation to see a head raise languidly from the tub, and a voice exclaim:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

She screamed a scream—I indulge in no exaggeration when I say that girl screamed a scream of the first magnitude; and then she screamed another scream as, in her confusion, she turned the key in the wrong direction, and so did not open the door. Between each scream the languid voice exclaimed:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

After sixteen screams, any one of which would have rivalled a locomotive, she succeeded in opening the door, and fell fainting in the arms of her frightened papa. So soon as *pater familiars* could relieve himself of his nude daughter, he stuck his paternal head into the bath-room, and wanted to know what in h—l was the matter. All he could get in reply was:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

Fat Men.

It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat—a good plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for endurance; are the wiry and hardy; thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time—are not suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between as fat as a butter-ball, and as juiceless as a fence-rail. For mere looks, moderate rotundity is most desirable, to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allowing nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and buttermilk, and fat meats.—Sugar is the best fattener known.

THE obstinacy of the female sex is accounted for by the fact that the Latin word for woman is "*mulier*."

HEALTH.

Dio Lewis declares that the present system of employing doctors is wrong, and advises people to make contracts with them at $200 a year for each family, and a deduction of two dollars for each case of sickness.

Numerous cases are on record of the death of children from eating the indigestible, acid rind of the orange.

In sixty-six cases of sudden death, post-mortem examinations showed that fifty-six were caused by congestion of the lungs. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting till chilled after being warmed with labor, or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room, into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news clogging the lungs by a sudden rush of blood.

Rev. C. H. Brigham, in the *Herald of Health*, says that those who are predisposed to heart disease need not give up the ship, but for all of it may expect to live to a good old age, if they will avoid violent exercise, stimulating drink and food, excitement, worry, eating too much and thinking about their heart.

Dr. Hall notes the fact that the most inveterate stutterer reads as distinctly as any man. His attention is attracted by the words, and so in speaking, if he will give his thought to some little thing, like tapping a pencil with his finger, or the floor with his foot, at every utterance, he can cure himself of the uncomfortable habit.

If the pores of the skin were absolutely closed up, as with a coat of varnish, a person would not live ten hours. It would kill him to keep in the system the refuse matter, which to the amount of about a pint a day, is discharged through these pores. This shows the importance of bathing, of sufficient exercise to keep the glands in good working order, and of frequent changes of the clothing.

A SMALL-POX REMEDY.—A correspondent of the Stockton, Calvert Herald, writes as follows: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure small-pox though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow pox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this receipe as panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded. It is unfailing of fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever and the small-pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar mix with two tablespoonsful of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need for pest-houses. If you value advice and experience use this for that terrible disease."

BE careful of your companions. The company which you keep shows both what you are and what you are likely to be.—The society of the good leaves a blessing behind it; while associations with the vile poison and sting the soul in after days. In our social intercourse we imbibe good and evil from those around us. Among the gay and godless, reverence wears off and conscience becomes seared. The name of God is condemned and abused; the Bible is made the theme for impious mockery and foolish jest; principles are sapped, the restraints of conscience are weakened and the character corrupted; until at length vileness takes the place of virtue, evil passions, like noxious weeds, overspread the garden of the soul, and he who was once a noble-minded youth, and who might have been a companion of angels and an heir of God, sinks down defiled; blasted, withered, corrupted and destroyed. Beware of vile companions, vile words and vile books. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

TAKE HOLD AND LIFT.—A teacher of the Freedmen was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said:

"Sam, do you expect to get to heaven?"

"Yes."

"*Then take hold and lift.*"

There are a great many Christians in our churches and Sabbath schools who expect to go to heaven, that would do well to strengthen their hope of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they let their brethren bear alone.

THE latest story is told of a youth of six summers, who was taken to task by his aunt for some supposed offence which he persistently denied. "Now, Johnnie," she said, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of that organ which had well nigh betrayed his veracity, Johnnie exultingly replied: "You can't tell anything about it, aunt, that eye always was a little streaked."

BISMARCK is to get even further recognition. The German gossips announce that he is to have conferred upon him the Dukedom of Kratospers in Prussian Poland, worth $2,400,000.

THERE is something to imitate even in the uncivilized Chinaman. They celebrate their holidays by paying their debts, forgiving enemies, and "shaking hands all round."

QUESTION FOR THE CURIOUS.—Why is a pig with his dorsal appendage curled, like the ghost of Hamlet's father? We rather think it is because he "could a (tail) tale unfold."

A YOUNG Bostonian, wrestling with his first moustache, is going to name it after two celebrated base-ball clubs, because there are nine on a side.

THE Chaplain of the Connecticut Legislature prays 45 minutes. "The members generally assemble *after* the prayer."

WHY is divinity easier than the profession of physic? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

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.

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TRIALS OF A WITNESS.

DR. PUNCHINELLO: As all people seem to come to you with their troubles and grievances, I hope you will not refuse to listen to my woes. And whether they are my woes or not I leave you to judge yourself.

At the beginning of last week I made my first appearance in the court room in the case of Valentine against Orson, in which the point in dispute was the ownership of a tract of land in Wyoming territory. I knew something in regard to the sale of these lands, and was fully prepared to testify to the extent of my knowledge in the premises; but judge of my utter surprise and horror on being obliged to go through such an ordeal as the following extracts from my examination will indicate:

The counsel for the plaintiff commenced by asking me if I was a married man, and I answered that I was, he then said:

Is your wife a believer in the principles of the Woman's Rights party?

I could not for the life of me see what this had to do with the land in Wyoming, but I answered that I was happy to say she was not. The examination then proceeded as follows:

Q. You are happy, then, in your matrimonial relations? A. Yes—(and remembering the oath) reasonably so.

Q. Is your wife pretty? A. (Witness remembering at once his oath and his wife's presence in court)—She is pretty pretty.

Q. What are her defects? A. (Witness remembering only his wife's presence)—I have never been able to discover them.

Q. Do you wear flannel? A. Yes, in Winter.

Q. Can you testify upon your oath that you do not wear flannel in Summer? A. I can.

Q. Now be careful in your answers.—What do you wear in the Spring and Fall? A. I—I wear my common clothes.

Q. With flannel, or without flannel?—A. Sometimes with, and then without.

Q. No evasion; you must tell the court exactly when you wear flannel, and when you do not.

A series of questions on this subject brought out the fact that I wore flannel when the weather was cold, or cool, and did not wear it when it was mild, or warm.

Q. Have you a lightning rod on your house? A. I have