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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.

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.

STORE HOUSE AND DWELLING
FOR SALE.

THE STORE HOUSE AND DWELLING now occupied by Geo. T. Lockerman, in the Third Election District, with **2½ Acres of Land,** under good fencing. Apples and Peaches sufficient for use of the place.
The HOUSE is very convenient, being two stories high, and containing six good sized rooms; a Well of excellent water near the Kitchen door. This is one of the best country stands in the county, and well worthy the attention of capitalists. It will be sold very low and on very reasonable terms.
Apply to W. J. VANNORT, Agent
my20-tf. for Geo. T. Lockerman.

Corner Stone Laying!

THE Building Committee of STILL POND SCHOOL have arranged for the very interesting ceremony of Laying the Corner Stone of the NEW SCHOOL HOUSE AT STILL POND, on

MONDAY, July 17th,
At 10½ o'clock, A. M.

This will be an occasion of much interest.—The committee have secured the Corner Stone and contents of the old Harmony School House erected half a century ago. These antiquated relics will be placed in with the new Corner Stone. Addresses will be made by Rev. J. A. BRINDLE, J. HORTON KELLEY and others. Still Pond Choir and Sabbath School will assist in the ceremony with select pieces of music—vocal and instrumental.
An invitation is cordially extended to all, especially Parents, Teachers, and Scholars of either week day or Sabbath Schools.
JOSHUA CLARK,
LOUIS HEPBRON,
WILLIAM AYERS,
GEO. W. COVINGTON,
jy1-3t. Building Committee.

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.

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.
jy3-3t. 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 CRIEVILLE 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
n19-tf WM. VANNORT.

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.—Pine Sugars Cured and Market Hams, Salt Shad and Mackerel, and salt, smoked and Scotch Herring, for sale by
sep3 W. C. & A. THOMPSON.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. No. 9.

GIVEN, NOT HIRED.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

We hired the roof above our heads,
And walls to gird us round,
The garden walk, the drooping vine,
The rose and blossom mound;
But oh, that streak of sunset sky
Between the budding trees,
The moonlight on the little porch,
Who shall we pay for these?

We have musicians too, all day,
Whose flutes we did not bring;
An oriole trills all the while,
And saucy robins sing;
While in the bush of evergreen
A cat-bird, gray and shy,
A solo gives. Who pays the birds
For all these songs? Not I.

Just when the twilight turns to dusk,
And reveries are sweet,
A piping voice, exceeding small,
Sounds by my idle feet,
And bids me listen to its tale
Of home and household fire—
Our cricket, that we did not bring,
The song we did not hire.

The summer wind that lifts the leaves
Then whispers soft and low,
How roses and syringes bloom,
How sweet acacias blow,
With memories of childish hours
In garden pathways sweet,
Who sends the southwind to my door,
With soft unshodden feet?

Nay, these are gifts one cannot buy,
Nor pay in market gold;
One debt uncancelled evermore,
When cycles shall have rolled,
So, lifting up a thankful heart
To God, Who gives, I cry:
"Thou knowest, Lord, I cannot pay
For all these things; not I."

Daniel Webster on Sunday Schools.

The Sunday School, said Webster, is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction, it is of incalculable value; as a civil institution, it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it, then, be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow being. Turning his bloodshot eyes full upon me, he replied in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in sinful amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe—yes, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sunday School; and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago I spent a Sunday with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, "How sweetly sounds the Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied, "Yes, dear Webster, yes; it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that, notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as immovable as truth itself; that man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality; and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying that "the soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction, and that Sunday Schools presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that 'a religious education was the cheap defence of nations.'" "Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge. Perhaps, when I am cold, he will obtain his reward. I hope so, I earnestly hope so. I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion; but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better husbands, and better fathers."

I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome; that the "harp upon the willows of Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee. But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was to me a pleasant Sunday spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals.

A SENTIMENTAL PUZZLE.—The Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

IF we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the memory of the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and how much remorse might we be spared, when the grave has closed over them.

WHAT is a young girl's most charming quality? That which she does not know that she possesses.

THE SISTER.

No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence! what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care! can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness! does the world show us anything more pure? Who would live without a sister? A sister that is a sister in fidelity, in purity, in love, is a sort of a guardian angle in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is her treasure house of confidence. In her he finds a fast friend, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often a severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is open as day and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister—no sister's love. We feel sorry for a home that is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways, gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue. To be sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in holy office. Let every sister meditate on what she is, and what she ought to be; on her office, her duty, her pleasure, her life. It is hers to be a model, and set an example of innocence, virtue, cheerfulness, patience and forbearance; to be the smile and light of home, and the circle of loved ones.

About Being Too Neat.

A lady writer has an article, in a recent number of the *Agriculturist*, in which she assails what she denominates "unprincipled neatness." We are, she says to the scouring sisterhood, putting cleanliness above goodliness, instead of letting it come next, where it properly belongs, "if we brush and scrub until our nerves are so wearied that good temper becomes almost a physical impossibility; or if we keep our friends in constant dread of making a speck of dirt upon our premises; or if we allow ourselves to be greatly put out by any disasters that happen to our carpets or table cloths. It is neatness without principle that insists upon clean aprons and polished faces for the children, more than gentle words and patient sympathy with their plans and pleasures, which concerns itself more about flies and dust than about family health and happiness. Bright windows, and spotless paint and well-scoured floors, are excellent things in their way; but, if you can only secure them by a loss of all time and relish for reading, and out-of-door recreation, have the nobleness to bear with some dirt and rags, rather than sacrifice the life for meat, or the body for raiment. For the sake of all about you, as well as for your own sake, save your nerves from over-strain and your intellectual life from starvation. But never sacrifice cleanliness to display. Those children are fortunate who are kept supplied with whole and clean clothing, but none of these things can begin to compare in value with a wise mother's love and care, in respect to the formation of character and the developments of a sound mind in a sound body. A husband has something to say 'thank you' for, whose buttons are never missing, and whose dinner is always in good time, and good order; but he deserves to miss the best gifts of this life, who values these things above a wife's companionship and inspiration in all things most lovely and of good report."

Sayings of Dean Swift.

We present below a batch of the wise and witty sayings of Dean Swift, now collected in the present shape for the first time:

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Some men take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than life, but a flea always larger.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like the sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passers-by, but not the owner within.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world—to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavor to live so as to avoid it; the first of them is usually penetrated, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives the following valuable secret:

"The looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle monnshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

A POSTMASTER by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

GENERAL JACKSON'S DUEL.

We find in a Southern exchange the following very interesting account of the duel fought by Gen. Jackson with Chas. Dickinson, on the 30th May, 1805:

It took place at Harrison's Mills, on Red River, in Logan county, Kentucky. The place of combat was a long day's ride from Nashville, and the duelists were consequently obliged to start twenty-four hours previous. Dickinson, besides his second, was accompanied on that fatal day by a number of gay companions, who went out to see the meeting, and appeared to have cherished the utmost confidence in the prowess of their friend. Tradition states that whenever the party stopped for refreshments, Dickinson displayed his skill with his weapon by shooting at a mark, and so wonderfully accurate was his aim that at the word of command he put four balls into a space covered by a dollar, twenty-five feet distant. At the same distance he repeatedly cut a small string suspended from a bough, and then left it behind with instructions to the hotel-keeper to show it to Gen. Jackson if he came that way. It is also said that he bet $500 he would hit his enemy within a half inch of a certain button on his coat. But whether these stories are true or false we know that Jackson and his second, Overton, were employing themselves as they rode along much more sensible.—Both were indeed conscious that it was indeed to be a life-and-death affair, and they studied the situation accordingly.—The deliberations resulted in Jackson's determination to let Dickinson have the first fire, and take his chances for the second. He felt perfectly confident that Dickinson would hit him, and equally confident that he would hit Dickinson. "I would have hit him," said this iron man afterward, "if he had shot me through the brain."

The two parties passed the night at different cabins on the bank of the river, and Jackson is reported to have taken a hearty supper, smoked his usual pipe, and indulged in cheerful conversation previous to retiring. Next morning before breakfast, Jackson and his friends were in the saddle, and fording the shallow stream proceeded to the appointed spot, a level piece of river bottom in the bosom of a forest of poplar trees. Dickinson was equally prompt, and after exchanging the usual salutations, business went forward at once.

The ground was measured, pegs driven, the men placed, the pistols loaded and all was ready but the word. The giving of this had been won by Overton, and he shouted it out with the strong old country accent—"Fere!" Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired on the instant.

The dust flew from the breast of the loose-fitting frock which Jackson wore, and he was seen to place his left arm with a tight grip across his chest; but he neither staggered nor turned pale. Dickinson amazed at the sight of his foe still erect and apparently untouched, fell back a pace or two and exclaimed:

"Great God! have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" said Overton, with his hand on his pistol.

Dickinson resumed his place at once, and stood firmly waiting the result. Jackson raised his weapon, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. It stopped at half-cock. He cocked again, and again aimed as deliberately as before, and this time the ringing crack followed, and Dickinson, reeling toward the ground, was caught by his friends and supported against a clump of under-brush. His lower garments reddened with blood, and a brief examination showed that the ball had passed directly through the body below the hips, and lodged under the skin on the opposite from the point of entrance. Such a wound could have but one termination, and Dickinson, after suffering terribly all day, died at nine o'clock on the same evening.

As Jackson and his companions walked away from the spot, the surgeon noticed the blood oozing from his shoes.

"My God, General Jackson, are you hit?" the surgeon exclaimed.

"Oh, I believe he has pricked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it there," pointing to the house they were then approaching.

Why he was so particular to conceal his wound from outsiders, is explained by a friend, to whom Jackson afterwards said: "I did not want him (Dickinson) to have the gratification of knowing that he had touched me."

Drinking a deep draught of buttermilk he had his wounds dressed, and was able to ride home without much difficulty; but three months elapsed before he could move comfortably, and the direct consequences of the injury filled his closing years with pain, and at last laid him in his grave.

The duelling pistols used on the occasion, Jackson never parted with, and in his last days, a friend calling upon him took up one of the pair which lay on the mantle. The old man remarked quietly: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson."

A TALMUDIC LEGEND.—A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel, "Your God is a thief; he once surprised Adam in a sleep and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard the speech, and whispered a word in her father's ear, asking permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He consented. The girl stepped forward and, feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out: "My liege! my liege! Justice! Revenge!" "What has happened?" the prince asked. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied; "a robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a gold one instead." "What an upright theft!" exclaimed the prince, "would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!" "Behold then, sire, the kind of thief our Creator was; he stole a rib from Adam, and gave a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Do not lean upon others. It seldom pays. Energetic men do not care to aid a man who never tries to help himself. It is absurd for any man to call himself unfortunate who has done nothing but depend upon others when he might have cut out a way to honor and fortune for himself.

"WILL you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John, but you can have me, if you will."

A Very Singular Plant.

Have plants instinct, intelligence, soul? One is inclined to entertain the startling proposition when considering the curious manifestation of choice, of purpose, of feeling exhibited in their habits a capacity for voluntary motion by some of the more highly organized species of the vegetable kingdom.

There grows in the boggy lands on the Southern lake shore, not far from our city, a little obscure plant which none but the botanist would ever note, but which possesses most peculiar and surprising characteristics. It consists of a tuft of diminutive, orbicular leaves, from the centre of which shoots up in midsummer a slender stem of inconspicuous flowers. But the leaves are the distinguished feature of the plant. They are covered with shining, scarlet hairs, which secrete at their tips drops of a clear viscid fluid, resembling dew. These increase in size and number with the fervor of the sun, while real dew is speedily dried up by the heat of his rays. It is from this circumstance that the plant derives its name of sun dew.

But the design of this novel secretion is not more curious than the fact of its elaboration. It attracts by its sweetness tiny insects, gnats, flies and midge, which no sooner touch and taste the fatal liquid than they are lost, its adhesive qualities serving to hold them firmly fast. Then the delicate hairs move slowly upon their victim, and fix their little fangs into the body, and suck the juices until it is dry. This accomplished they leisurely relax their grasp, return to their natural position, and await the entangle of fresh prey. Incredible as this statement seems, its truth has been often proved by the testimony of trustworthy observers.

Moreover, it has been found impossible to preserve these plants by maintaining them in their natural soil, supplied with abundant moisture, but deprived of the nourishment obtained from animal food. Shut up in a conservatory from which flies are excluded, they invariably die.—But apply particles of raw meat to the surfaces of the leaves, and the hairs will close about them, drain them of their fluids, and leave them, in the end, white, exhausted atoms. Touch these sensitive, sentient hairs with the point of a straw or bit of paper, and they remain motionless, impassive, as if entirely conscious that neither contains material adapted to their uses. Whence comes this wonderful discrimination, and how shall we designate it?

The singular habit of capturing insects is also common to the Venus Fly-trap, a plant which is found in the vicinity of Wilmington, North Carolina. It leaves are furnished at the summit with an appendage fringed with hairs, which is shaped something like a steel-trap, and operates much like one. Woe to the luckless fly that chances to brush against one of its long bristles. The trap instantly closes, and generally catching the intruder, clasps it tight until its struggles cease, and it is deprived of life.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Useful Information.

To lay a square acre of ground: Measure 209 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre to an inch.

An acre contains 4,840 square rods.

A square mile contains 640 acres. In length a mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,790 yards.

A fathom is six feet

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1,155 yards—this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile.

A day's journey is 33⅓ miles.

A cubit is 2 feet.

A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.

A palm is 3 inches.

A space is 3 feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 190 pounds.

A barrel of pork 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice 600 pounds.

A keg of powder 25 pounds,

A firkin of butter 56 pounds.

A tub of butter 84 pounds.

BUSHEL MEASURE.—The following are sold by weight per bushel:

Wheat, beans, clover seed, 60 pounds to the bushel.

Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds.

Buckwheat, 53 pounds.

Barley, 43 pounds.

Oats, 32 pounds.

Bran, 20 pounds.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds.

A commercial bale of cotton is 400 pounds.

A pack of wool, 240 pounds.

A section of government land is 640 acres, or one mile square.

A liquid ton is 252 gallons.

A box 16 by 16½ inches and 8 inches deep, contains a bushel.

A box of lemons will average about 330 in number; a box of oranges from 200 to 250.

A case of preserved ginger contains 9 jars.

A frail of dates weighs from 150 to 200 pounds.

A drum of figs, 2, 4, and 8 pounds each.

A cask of prunes, 1,300 to 1,800 pounds, averaging about 1,500 pounds.

Currants come in casks of from 275 to 300 pounds.

Citron comes in small boxes of about 25 pounds each; tare, 2 to 2½ pounds.

Peanuts are usually sent to market in sacks, containing about 2 bushels.

Dried apples and peaches come in barrels, generally from 150 to 225 pounds.

Blackberries come in barrels.

A quintal of fish is 112 pounds.

A GOOD RETORT.—Some years ago, as a Scotch clergyman was walking one summer afternoon, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, they asked him if he could tell them the color of the devil's wig. The worthy clergyman, surveying them attentively for a few seconds, made the following reply:

"Truly, here is a most surprising case—two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the color of his wig!"

GOOD FOR NOTHING.—A close observer of ladies says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mate, but good for nothing that way.

REFUSED.

What do you love me for? tell me now;
Beauty of figure, whiteness of brow,
Dimples or eyelashes, mouth, cheek, or chin?
Answer! you've only to lose or to win;
Neither will trouble the universe. Haste
And tell me if really
You love me sincerely,
Or if it is only a matter of taste.

Loveliest figures shrivel with years,
Dimples will merge into wrinkles and tears,
The gems by which every child of earth
Is dowered and crowned at the hour of birth
Dim in the brightest of eyes. Now tell
Whether the creature
With perishing feature
Or simply the spirit, you love so well?

"The spirit," you whisper. Well here is a test
To prove whether body or soul be loved best,
If I were ugly, old and gray,
With the self-same soul in another clay,
Would love be faithful? Stammering low
You make no answer.
I will, and can, sir;
One word for both of us, that is—No!

What it Was About.

Well now that puts me in mind of two old fellows down in Kentucky that had been the best friends in the world for over thirty years—never had a cross word, and would do anything for each other. They got into a top buggy wagon and started down to Lexington on business. You see they lived about twelve miles out of Lexington. One was named Burr, and the other Clark. About six miles from Lexington they passed a tract of land belonging to a man named Baker. It had a brook running through a gully on it.

"Tom," says Burr, coming to the gully, "if Baker wanted to build a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Yes," says Clark, "but Tom don't want a pond."

"Well," replied Burr, raising himself up, "I didn't say he wanted a pond, did I? I said if he wanted a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well," exclaimed Clark, firing up in his turn, "I didn't say that you did say he wanted a pond, did I? All that I said was that Baker didn't want any pond."

"Well," shouted Burr, in an angry tone, "I didn't say that you did say that I said he wanted a pond, did I? I said if—if he wanted a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well," said Clark, now thoroughly enraged, "you are a damned old fool, and I won't ride with you any further! Stop the wagon."

"So Burr stopped the wagon," said the Blue Grass man, and Clark walked all the way to Lexington, six miles, before he would ride with him. This was seven years ago, and the cussed old fools have never spoken to one another since.

A Whaler's Stormy Courtship.

He had been a whaler for twenty years, and when he gave up the sea and settled upon his earnings, all his friends said they hoped that Jonathan Weeks would marry some nice woman and enjoy the comforts of a happy home. He himself seemed to think it would be a nice thing to do, and he made an effort in that direction. But they all said that the reason why he did not win the heart and hand of Widow Burritt was this: It seems that Mr. Weeks used to go round there courting and so on, in the evenings, and while the widow sat patching the trowsers of her son, and waiting for manifestations of Weeks' love, old Weeks would sit over on the settee, and getting sleepier and sleepier, and quieter every minute. And every now and then he would nod in the land of dreams, and get to wandering off and imagining himself away on a whaling voyage, wake up suddenly all bewildered, and would seize his cane and jab it into the window before he could collect his senses sufficiently to realize that it was not a harpoon and she a whale.

They do say that Mrs. Burritt indulged these eccentricities for a time with the firm conviction that she would reconstruct that whaler when she married him. But this was never to be; for one evening Mr. Weeks sat dozing on that settee with a kind of dim, dreamy consciousness of things, in which the room and settee were confused and mixed with the raging main and the whaling boat. The widow had a cold in her head, and she was just in the act of making a vigorous use of her handkerchief, when the dream of Weeks reached a crisis, and he yelled out "Ther-r-r-e she blows!" and he heaved his harpoon at her with such force that he broke her back comb into vulgar fractions, and knocked her off of the chair. Love's young dream was entirely dissipated, and Mr. Weeks went home with two handfuls of hair missing. He is single yet, because he says women have no sympathy and forbearance.

A SYRIAN convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined.—"But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that, if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayoh, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass." The story has a sort of swivel "moral" which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

A STORY is told of a father in a church, who, when the marriage service came to the point where the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" replied: "Well, sir, I am called to do it, although it do go again the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plower, who is worth twice the money o' that 'ere man." The answer was not considered regular.

A PRUSSIAN cavalry officer, who was badly wounded at the battle of Gravelotte, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him. He stood the annoyance as long as he could, and then testily called out: "Stop your howling over there! Do you think you are the only person killed in this fight?"

THIS ditty has resulted from a nuptial contract recently entered into by Ebenezer Sweet and Miss Jane Lemon:

"How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's from sour turned to sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

OLD Money Bags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year, or more, is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

What It Costs.

Commissioner Wells, who has been gathering facts and statistics concerning drinking and its consequences, furnishes the following alarming statements:

Six hundred thousand common drunkards in the United States!

$1,500,000,000 spent every year in intoxicating drinks!

Two million people, including women and children, involved in misery by the habitual use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage, every year!

Two hundred thousand paupers made every year by drunkenness!

Four hundred suicides of drunkards!

Three hundred murders committed by drunkards every year!

Two hundred thousand orphans made every year by drunkenness of parents!

One hundred thousand people yearly sent to drunkards' graves!

One hundred thousand drunkards sent to prison every year!

One hundred and thirty thousand dram shops, and four hundred thousand persons employed in them!

$40,000,000 expended in preventing crime caused by them every year!

THEY SAY.—"They Say" is a nuisance. He is forever making mischief. Forever poking his nose into somebody's business. Forever vilifying somebody's character. Forever doing something mean.

"They Say" is a snake in the grass.—Professing the warmest friendship to your face he vilely traduces you behind your back—not in the first person singular, be it remembered, for he is too crafty for that but he retails, with Aminidab Sleek-like sorrow, what other people say of you—in short what "They Say."

"They say" is a humbug. Tear off the hypocritical mask he wears and you shall see, very often, baseness and knavery of the blackest kind. Sometimes, we admit, "They Say" is weak minded, and slanders people more through ignorance and thoughtlessness than a wish to destroy their good name, but he is none the less a nuisance for that, and God help his victims in either case.

A NEW SYSTEM OF SHOEING HORSES.—Among the reports on the Paris exhibition is a chapter on a new system of shoeing horses. Its inventor, Mr. Charlier, contends that the present shoe destroys the horse's foot, and substitutes for it an iron band, let into a rectangular groove scooped from the outer circle of the horse's foot. This band is fastened with seven rectangular nails, driven in to oval holes. The sole of the foot and the frog are thus allowed to touch the ground, the horse never slips, and never gets diseases of the foot. The new shoe has been tried by M. Lauguet, a large jobmaster in Paris, and has reduced lameness in his stables by two-thirds. The Omnibus Company, moreover, have shod 1,200 horses, and speak of the improvement in high terms. Has anybody ever clearly explained why a horse can travel without shoes all his life on a stony desert as hard as iron, and cannot travel on an English road?

"SPY MIRRORS," attached to the windows of houses are becoming quite common in fashionable neighborhoods. They are suspended upon strong metal frames in such a way that a person can sit in the window out of view and see the callers and passers-by. The fashion originated in Holland, where they are so common that they are considered necessary adjuncts to every house, and are called "speigelen."

RECENTLY in one of the North Carolina courts the Grand Jury, as is now usually the case, was composed partly of negroes. After being "charged" in the usual way by his Honor, the jury retired to their room, when one of the white jurors ventured to ask a colored associate if he understood the charge of the judge. "Golly," exclaimed the astonished amendment, "he don't charge us nuffin for dat, does he? Why, I thought we was gwine to git pay."

HORACE GREELEY'S little boy, who attends an up-town school, will tell the truth any way you fix him. The other day the teacher spelled out the word grace, and asked the young man to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him: "What did your father say this morning before eating breakfast?" The boy thought a minute, and finally said, "Pa said d—n these eggs, they're rotten."

A MAN in Boston last week buried his sixth wife. When the following day he called upon the preacher, he offered him three dollars for his trouble. The minister, however, declined to take it, saying he was not accustomed to accept pay for such services; to which the bereaved husband, returning the greenbacks to his pocket, replied, "Just as you say; but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

A GIRL in Wisconsin, whose lover had married another woman, engaged herself as a servant to that lover's wife. She had marked out her course, and won; for three months after the marriage, the wife, on returning from a visit to her father's house, found that the servant had carried off the husband and all the household furniture—husband not counted, $3,500.

FEMININE WISDOM.—Two married ladies chatting about their husbands:—"What," says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?" "Certainly I do, but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other. "Yes, at that price!" "My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices."

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "It will scarcely be denied that men are superior to women, as men; and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

A YOUNG married woman in the country says she wishes she could have a magic mirror, to see how her husband amuses himself in her absence.

A COUPLE in Connecticut, who were married recently on a Sunday, are said to be in despair because some one has informed them that contracts entered into on Sunday are not binding.

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.

National Issues—Letter of Hon. John Quincy Adams.

Some short time since Mr. J. T. Trezevant, editor of the Augusta (Ark.) Bulletin, wrote a letter to Hon. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, upon political matters, expressing, among other things, the apprehension that, as he puts it, "with Grant's vast patronage, most unscrupulously used, he would not yield the presidential chair, even if defeated before the people in 1862; and that our republic, like its predecessors of old, is so rapidly drifting into the channels of corruption, that the people, in despair, may look to one military leader as the only means of saving them from the utter ruin threatened by another." This was the general scope of the letter, to which the following is a reply, dated at Quincy, Massachusetts, June 5, 1871:

Dear Sir:—I cannot pass over, silently, a letter which gratifies me as much as yours, which I received to-day; and yet I feel shy of speaking to you or any citizen of the "subject States." I dislike to earn the retort—"Oh, it is very easy to preach; but suffer as we have, and then tell us how you feel, and we will listen." I do try to take it home to myself; and I do not doubt that, in similar circumstances, I should be to-day an "unrepentant rebel"—sore, angry, beaten and defiant. And with me it would doubtless have been as it has been with you, that "the tender mercies of reconstruction had been harder to bear than all the horrors of invasive war." I should have been galled by misgovernment, robbed by imported knavery of the pittance which the war had spared; exasperated by willful and persistent misrepresentation, and cruelly condemned to hopeless impotence for the imputed guilt of cowardly crimes I abhorred. I should have been condemned, too, to hold my personal liberty at the nod of a mercenary carpet-bagger or the whim of a military satrap.

I say that I fear I should have been an "irreconcilable." In such a case, I think I should be sulky; but I know I should be silly if I yielded to the feeling. For, whence must my relief come if my last estate is not to become worse than the first? Is there a man outside an asylum who thinks that by such a course the "lost