msa_sc2901_scm1622-0760 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil and Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

A CARD.

GEORGE VICKERS & H. W. VICKERS
Have united under the title of GEORGE VICKERS & SON, for the practice of the Law in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.
Chestertown, July 1, 1871. jl5-3m

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE TAXES for the year 1871 of the First Election District, are now due and in the hands of the subscriber as Tax Collector, and prompt payment is earnestly requested.

I will be in Galena in the forenoon of Mondays; in Sassafras afternoon of same day. In Massey's X Roads on Wednesday forenoon; at Morris' Station in the afternoon. At Chestertown on Saturday morning, and Millington on Saturday afternoon.
jy29-m J. W. JARMAN, Collec'r.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 5th Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. For the convenience of Tax-Payers I will be at the following places on the days named:
Monday—at Belair in the morning, and the Trappe in the afternoon.
Tuesday—in Chestertown.
Wednesday—at Grey's Inn in the morning, and Edesville in the afternoon.
Friday afternoon—at Rees' Corner.
jy29-m. MORGAN BROWN, Collec'r.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
OF THE
FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

MY BOOKS for 1871 are now ready, and prompt payment is earnestly requested. To delinquents for 1870 I must urge an immediate settlement. Those not settled by Oct. 1st, I shall collect according to law.
I shall be in Chestertown on TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
aug12-2m. WM. A. THOMAS, Coll.

St. John's College,
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

JAMES M. GARNETT, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

THE NEXT SESSION of this Institution, founded 1784, begins on the
FIRST WEDNESDAY IN OCTOBER.
A full Collegiate course is organized with a Faculty of seven Professors and three Tutors.
Charges for entire scholastic year $250.
Several State scholarships vacant.
For further particulars apply for Catalogue to PROF. W. H. HOPKINS,
Secretary of the Faculty,
aug5-2m. Annapolis, Md.

Wesleyan Female College,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS INSTITUTION is recommended to Parents who wish to place their daughters in a school in which they will receive thorough instruction in a liberal course of study, careful supervision of their habits, manners and morals, under pleasant and homelike influences, at reasonable expense.
The Fall Session will begin September 11th.
For Catalogue or fuller information address
REV. JOHN WILSON, A. M.,
jy22-2m. President.

KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD.

Notice to Peach Growers!

IN ADDITION to the regular Passenger and Freight Train now running on the KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD,
A PEACH TRAIN
Will be run DAILY (Sundays excepted,)
FROM WORTON to TOWNSEND
for the transportation of Peaches and other Fruit to Philadelphia and Jersey City, commencing on Monday, July 31, 1871, and continue through the Peach season:
LEAVING Worton at 1:50, P. M., Lynch's at 2:05, Still Pond 2:20, Kennedyville 2:40, Black's 2:55, Lambson's 3:15, Massey's 3:30, arriving at Townsend at 3:55, P. M., there connecting with trains to Jersey City.
The limited time from Worton to Townsend will allow but little time, if any, at any station, for loading, after the train arrives; and therefore, shippers and others interested, are earnestly requested to have all peaches loaded and cars fastened up ready, so as not to delay the train over its card time.
jy29-tf. J. K. HINES, Sup't.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

ON and after Monday, July 31st, Steamer Chester will leave Baltimore from Pier No. 7, Light Street Wharf, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's, Chestertown, Round Top and Crumpton. Returning, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6½ A. M., making the above stops.
The Steamer George Law will leave Baltimore DAILY at 8 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's, Chestertown, Round Top and Crumpton. Returning—leave Crumpton daily at 3, P. M., Chestertown 4½, Rolph's 5, Booker's 5½, Quaker Neck 6¾, P. M. On SATURDAYS the George Law will leave each of the above wharves 1½ hours ahead of the above time.
The Emma Dunn will leave Baltimore daily at 9 o'clock, A. M., for Grey's Inn Creek, Corsica & Spencer's. Returning—leave Grey's Inn Creek daily at 3, P. M., Spencer's at 4, Corsica at 6, pass Queenstown about 7 P. M. leave Kent Island at 7½, P. M., arrive in Baltimore at 12 o'clock, midnight.
☞ Positively no fruit of any kind will be received unless properly marked.
All persons shipping fruit must see that the same is manifested, or the Company will not be responsible.
The Company will not be responsible for any money packages sent to or from Baltimore.
A. T. JOYNES,
Agent Chester River Steamboat Company.
Aug. 5, 1871.

FOR SALE LOW,
15,000 Peach Boxes,
10,000 Peach Baskets,
By HINES & BURCHINAL,
CHESTERTOWN.
They will be delivered by either Steamer or sail vessel, at any wharf or landing on the Sassafras or Chester River. They are city made and put up in the very best manner.
July 1, 1871—tf.

TIN FRUIT CANS

CAN BE HAD AT HARPER'S, in Still Pond, at $1 per dozen. Bottle Wax for the same at 12½ cts. per lb. Home-made VINEGAR at 40 cents per gallon. For CHEAP GOODS go to HARPER'S, in Still Pond. aug5-4t.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871. No. 15.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on
TUESDAY,
The Twenty-ninth day of August, 1871,
At 3 o'clock, P. M., at the "VOSHELL HOUSE," in Chestertown, Maryland,
The Real Estate
OF THOMAS D. BURGESS,
late of Kent county, deceased. This Real Estate is a FARM, lying in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, directly on the public road leading into Eastern Neck.
It contains about
60 Acres of LAND.
The soil is good and particularly well adapted to Peaches, Small Fruits and Truck.
The situation is most eligible for Fruit and Garden culture.
It is not over half a mile from the Steamboat Landing on Grey's Inn Creek,
near Rock Hall on the Bay, and not far from Deep Landing, the western terminus of the Kent county Railroad, now under construction. In other respects the situation is desirable, being convenient to Churches, Schools, &c., and also, our best Ducking points, fishing grounds and Oyster beds on Chester River and the bay.

THE IMPROVEMENTS
ARE A
Frame Dwelling
And the usual OUT-BUILDINGS, all in good order, and a
PEACH ORCHARD
OF GOOD MARKET VARIETIES.
Also, a fine collection of Small Fruits.
This place offers rare inducements to purchase to any one who may desire to engage in canning fruit and oysters, and horticulture.

TERMS OF SALE:
The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: Fifteen hundred dollars cash on the day of sale or on its final ratification, at the option of the Trustee; the residue or balance in equal instalments of six, twelve and twenty-four months from the day of sale; payment to be secured by bond of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.
R. HYNSON, Trustee.
By the direction of the Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, for the sale of the real estate of Thomas D. Burgess, late of Kent county, deceased, the Trustee to sell said property hereby notifies the Creditors of the said Thomas D. Burgess, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of said Court within four months from the day of the sale of said property.
R. HYNSON, Trustee.
Chestertown, Aug. 5, 1871—ts.

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.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY
AT
PRIVATE SALE.
THE subscriber will sell at private sale 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; S. W. DeCoursey, Beverly, New Jersey; J. K. Hines, Chestertown; Lloyd Tilghman, Centreville, or the subscriber.
T. DeC. RUTH,
jly22-tf. Chestertown, Md.

C. F. STAM & BROTHER,
DRUGGISTS,
Booksellers & Stationers,
Corner of High and Court Streets,
CHESTERTOWN.
HAVE just received a large supply of
BOOKS AND STATIONERY
of all kinds.
CHARLES READ, DICKENS, and SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS, complete in pamphlet form. Oliver Optic's Works, Holland's Bitter Sweet and Kathina. T. N. KURT'S GLEANINGS FOR THE CURIOUS, bound in both paper and cloth, and a number of Books suitable for children.
Call and examine.
aug19. C. F. STAM & BRO.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
HAVE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
SPICES
IN THIS MARKET.
Green Ginger, White and Black Mustard Seed, Celery Seed, Mace, Nutmegs, Cloves, Allspice, Red and Black Pepper, whole or ground, and warranted pure.
NESTLE'S MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE—the best diet in the market for children.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
Aug. 19, 1871.

$25 REWARD.
Lost, on Friday, July 21st, a SETTER DOG, white and liver color, head mostly of the latter color; one side almost entirely white, and the other white with liver-colored mark shaped like the half of a saddle; long tail, and answers to the name of "Ned." The finder will be paid the above reward on leaving him at HIRAM FINLAW'S HOTEL, Crumpton. jy29-6t*

FOR SALE.
Four Good FARM HORSES
on accommodating terms. Apply to
SAMUEL L. RAWLEIGH,
aug5-2t. Chestertown.

THE STORE HOUSE
AT EDESVILLE,
occupied at present by Mr. J. Wilmer Vanlear, is for rent for the next year (1872.) For terms apply to MARY M. HODGES,
jy29-4t. Edesville.

"ACCEPT THE SITUATION."

If Disappointment dogs your steps
It's hard to help repining;
But small philosophy it shows
To go forever whining.
Having done all that man can do
To make or win occasion,
Come! just without too much concern,
"Accept the situation."

Whether from Pleasure's jaunting car
You happen to be tilted,
Or whether by a handsome girl
You happen to be jilted,
Don't dedicate your time and lungs
To useless objuration,
But, picking up your limbs and—heart,
"Accept the situation."

If friends whom you, through thick and thin,
Have oftentimes befriended,
Should sink their sense of gratitude
When these good deeds are ended;
Remembering there's no bitterness—
How sad the observation!—
Like the rancour of once bosom friends,
"Accept the situation."

Suppose the motive for your act
Has been a brave and true one,
That's just the reason why some folks
Will coin a false and new one,
And shrug a dubious shrug, and drop
The sly insinuation—
But trusting Right, and waiting Light,
"Accept the situation."

The world is full of ups and downs
And many curious turnings,
And some big men are only clowns,
For all your weak heart burnings,
Better the lowly, if it's true,
Than the loftiest pinchback station,
The True's a Rock, can stand a shock,
"Accept the situation."

Life's train is whirling past, old boy;
In what class do you journey?
First, second, third?—the speed's the same:
If third, first needn't spurn ye.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!
Behold the final station!
Not then we may, but then we must,
"Accept the situation."

A Crying Parental Folly.

To compel a child to eat an article of food for which he has no appetite, nay, may have a positive disgust at the very thought of swallowing the hated mouthful. Parents do this from the very best of motives, thinking that it would add to their children's health or comfort in after life to have learned to eat the article in question.

It is just as great an outrage to compel a man to eat a piece of fried snake as to compel a child to eat a piece of fat meat when his stomach revolts it; the inhumanity of it is greater, because the child, and unresisting and helpless, is made to comply by the one whom he loves best in this world.

The instincts of childhood should be held, in a measure, sacred to them; and it may be safe to say that what nature craves the body has use for; what nature abhors, the same body has no use for.

Every man is at liberty to ride any hobby to death he chooses; if he wants to ride it to his own undoing, he may have the right to do it, with some restrictions; but to "have a theory," and kill his child in the attempt to carry it out, to make it practical, is not to be applauded.

If a man wishes to learn his child to relish any article of food which he does not like now, a safe method of bringing it about is to take a long walk or ride, far from any human habitation, and after the child has been some time complaining of being hungry, present the article in question to him, and let him taste it if he will, and in a little while taste it again; in this way he may be taught to love it in a very short time. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: to compel the swallowing of a mouthful of food against the appetite or inclination for it, is certainly a wicked waste of that much; it gives no healthful nourishment to the body, is a violence to nature, a shock to the system, and invites loathsome, painful and even fatal maladies.

Letters of Recommendation.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's, in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me.—*Little Corporal.*

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, is like sunshine to the day, or gentle light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cold, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhiliarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier to travel, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

WHAT CARRIE SAYS ABOUT IT.—"Carrie" writes from Brooklyn to say that it is impossible for her to be a sensible girl, because the men won't permit her to be so. If upon a moonlight night she wishes to talk about the stars, the male idiots about her compare the stars with her eyes If she speaks of a rose as possessing a beautiful hue, they say her cheeks rival it. Should she venture to call attention to the melody of the night-bird's song, these monkey-men tell her that her voice is sweeter music. In view of this state of affairs "Carrie" asks us how she can be anything else than a fool.

A MOCKING BIRD.

A beautiful, though sad, story comes to us from Southern Kentucky. A young lady by the name of Mansfield, who had much of the milk of humad kindness in her, raised a mocking bird, which she made a pet, and which she taught to love her with all the love of its little heart.—The bird enjoyed its freedom, but it became so much attached to its young mistress that it would not leave her for its mute and careless, rollicking life out in the bright sunshine. Under the radiant influence of love, the bird-brain expanded and was lighted up with the fire of intelligence. It knew the sound of Miss Mansfield's voice so well that it never mistook the tones of another for hers; and it would eagerly fly to her, and nestle close to her warm cheek, at her simple call. A few days ago Miss Mansfield was taken ill, but the bird she loved so well was not banished from her room. It flitted wistfully, yet gaily, around her, and enlivened her with its sweetest songs. As she grew feebler, the bird seemed to gather all of its energies to pour softer and richer melody in her ears; and the notes soothed her, recalling to her as they did glowing pictures of fragrant meadow and shady woodland. But at last she became too ill to extract pleasure from sound of any kind; even the liquid notes jarred upon her nerves, Turning wearily and somewhat peevishly upon her pillow, she looked the songster in the eyes, and said: "Birdie, hush; you worry me." The feathered pet seemed to understand her words, for forthwith he ceased his warbling. The next day Miss Mansfield died, and the bird looked sadly, thoughtfully down upon her cold, wan face, as if he would fathom the awful stillness of death. The young lady was buried, and the bird thus robbed of its idol. It evidently misses her, for since she commanded it to hush its song, it has not warbled a single note. There is nothing supernatural in this; it simply speaks of a sorrow in the heart of the bird too deep for utterance. The bright association of its life-time was suddenly broken; it surrendered much of the sunshine of its existence, when it surrendered the object of its love. And that it should silently brood over its sorrow, is evidence that its love was moulded by extraordinary intelligence. The incident is a touching one, and it should impress us with the importance of winning the affection and developing the intelligence of the better type of the animal world.

HABITS OF HUSBANDS.

The habits of husbands, with regard to the treatment of their wives, are so various that the question can only be answered by individual specimens of each mode:

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tone of unwearied loved; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of that, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that their wives are appreciated and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We knew an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left his home without the kiss, and the 'good-bye, dear.'

Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast possible, as though the effort were a something they were anxious to forget, hold their heads down, and dart round the first corner.

Some husbands say only "well wife, I am going," and start at the word "go," which comes to them from some back retreat.

Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "what would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face at the window.

Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast-table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind.

Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.

Then on returning.

Some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world, some sulky and surly with its disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves in their contents.

Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements, some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa, till bed time.

Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire.

How a Woman Keeps a Secret.

It is an old quib upon women that a woman cannot keep secrets; but the fact is they are the only part of humanity that can. A wife keeps a husband's secret incomparably better than he does her's.—We calculate that there is one drunken wife to about four hundred and ninety-nine drunken husbands. In gambling, licentiousness, lying, cheating, hypocrisy, covetousness, there is pretty near the same proportion. Yet of the four hundred and ninety-nine wives, four hundred conceal, cover up, silently endure the terrible secret; while the one husband laments and mourns over his wife's frailty in the study of his pastor, and to the ear of his friend, and probably complains of it to a court of law. It is the same thing between brother and sister. The secrets a woman talks about are of the kind that are unimportant and most agreeable to hear. But of serious secrets she is as reticent as the grave. That is our observation, and our opportunities for judging have not been small.

IT is reported that Horace Greeley has got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserts that fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tin-foil is stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked by hand.—This the Texas editor said was nonsense, and Mr. Greeley challenged him.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

Would anybody be young again if he had to take with it the penalty of going back and doing over again all the foolish things he was guilty of in his youth. I wouldn't.

"Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake. Ten to one you wouldn't have it again if you could. If old Time were to come boldly to you to-day and say: "Take back, O wise middle-aged Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and sound-headed, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; worry through a second time all the tight boots and tribulations, all the toothaches and heartaches of your youth; do, be and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more just the same soft young Noodlee you were twenty years ago"—ten of manhood's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail for your lost youth, that you answer, "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well tip those twenty golden sand grains back into the lower half of your hour-glass. I do not want them!"

It gives an odd feeling, especially if you are a woman, to find yourself getting to be a little middle-aged. First, you will notice that you begin to be left out of every young folks' picnics, and to get fewer notes in pink envelopes than you used. Then you begin to be faintly haunted by vague, sneaking doubts as to whether white muslin and blue ribbons are becoming to you. Finally, and worst of all, once in a while you will see an infant of the male sex, whom you remember as a rosy little fellow in checked aprons when you were twelve years of age, suddenly lifted above your head in the shape of a long, gawky biped, with the tender down of his first moustache sprouting from his upper lip. That gives you an intensely exasperating sensation. Nor is it pleasant to have saucy young snips of girls talk of you behind your back as old Sarah Thompson.

Then, too, you may as well make up your mind to the hard fact of middle age when you chance to open some old gilt-edged book of poetry, and discover, carefully pressed away between the leaves, a little lock of faded hair, and you can't remember in your life whose it is. I have had half a dozen such myself. They were precious as gold once, no doubt, but I make confidential confession to you that if I were questioned on the rack, I could not tell whose hands they came from.—What makes me know that they were precious as gold in their time is the fact that they are nearly all locks of longish-short hair, before college students began to affect the present prize-fighting style of shaving their pates.

Again, when you go to a party and dance more than half the night, far into the small hours, and then partake of that grindstone mess called a party supper, maybe you feel grumpy and out of sorts next day. Well, that's a sign, too. Especially when you have found yourself pausing to listen now and then to the chattering talk of persons younger than yourself, and sarcastically wondering whether you ever made such a wholesale idiot of yourself, or whether very young misses always deluge society with such quantities of simpering nonsense and affectation. Or maybe you say to your sister Ella, who is sixteen and pretty, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that the majority of very young people have precious little common sense."

Conjugal Courting.

An old story contains a lesson which many married couple have not yet learned. When Jonathan Trumbul was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house one day, requesting a private interview. He said:

"I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in thought; then turning to his visitor, said, "How did you treat Mrs. W——when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W——replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her just as you did then, and love her as you did when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result."

The Governor said, "Let us pray."

They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away Squire W——called again to see the Governor and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. W——," said the Governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

LIKES AND DISLIKES.—Can any one tell why we do not thoroughly like some people, who yet are very worthy folks, and with certain qualities by no means to be despised? We think of these qualities, and we admire them; we see our friends, and we dislike them. We are ignorant of the cause why we do so much dislike them; and, if we have any conscience or power of self-reproach, we take ourselves to task for our prejudice, and resolve not to give way to it again. But we never conquer the feeling, and to the last remain conscious of a want, a something which we cannot explain, yet which throws us off from anything like real cordiality. It is negative throughout. A little more of something, and we should actively like them; a little more of something else, and we should actively dislike them. As it is, the balance hangs so evenly, that we lose the positive, and are none the happier for the vagueness.

TEMPERANCE—
More of good than we can tell,
More to buy with, more to sell;
More of comfort, less of care,
More to eat and more to wear;
Happier homes, with faces brighter,
All our burdens rendered lighter;
Conscience clean and minds much stronger,
Debts much shorter, purses longer;
Hopes that drive away all sorrow,
And something laid up for to-morrow.

THE OLD STORY.

He told me the old, old story of love,
The story he so often repeated,
And I believed, and doubted, and believed again,
And said there is naught of deceit of men;
But, oh, I was young and innocent then;
And I laugh to think how I was cheated.

The old, old story, the sweet story of love,
The same story, he'll swear it to you,
And you'll doubt and believe,
And think men ne'er deceive
When they come; but they'll leave,
And then you'll find it untrue.

But, oh, what a heaven came into my life
When he said his love was all mine!
But that love was sin, deep, damnable sin,
And heaven went out, and hell came in,
And a soul was lost, for the devil to win;
Can you claim that love as thine?

But he told me the story in sweeter words
Than ever he told it to thee;
And I curse and I cry
And pray to God that I die,
When I think what a lie,
That story of love was to me.

An Enoch Arden Case in Missouri.

A WOMAN WITH TWO HUSBANDS.

The assertion that "truth is stranger than fiction" is certainly illustrated in the following sketch, and we are indebted to J. C. Ryan, the agreeable first clerk of the steamer St. Luke, for the principal items:

During the first year of the war, J. M. Waldrup left his pleasant home in Central Missouri, and shouldered his musket to fight for what he considered right, and to spill his blood, if necessary, in defense of the Confederate cause. At home he left a young wife and one child, and from that time till last Sunday they never even heard from him.

Mr. Waldrup passed through the struggle safely, and was paroled in St. Louis in 1865. So soon as he could earn money enough he started to find his wife and child; he visited his old home and called on his neighbors. But his search was unsuccessful. The only information he received was that his wife had taken the child and gone to live with some relatives in Calloway County.

Visiting Calloway County he obtained work on a farm, and settled down to ponder over the whereabouts of his wife and child, and to earn money enough to continue the search.

In the meantime Mrs. Waldrup had heard that her husband was dead, and had gone to live with some relation near Cedar City, opposite Jefferson Cfty, Missouri. Here she became acquainted with a well-to-do blacksmith, whose name we have not learned. In due time they were married, and last week were living in their comfortable home at Cedar City, and Mrs. Waldrup had blessed the blacksmith with three fine children, the eldest five years old.

Last Saturday Mr. Waldrup rode leisurely into Cedar City, and, halting at the blacksmith shop, requested that worthy to shoe his horse. While conversing on the heat of the weather, crops, etc., the blacksmith learned Waldrup's story, and having heard his wife tell about her lost husband, surmised the truth, and, in his blunt honesty, invited Mr. Waldrup over to the house with him. The recognition was mutual, and the wife fainted in her first husband's arms. After the first agitation, Mr. Waldrup went back to the blacksmith shop, and the men talked the matter over sensibly and cooly, and agreed to allow the woman to decide as to which man she would cling.

After pondering the matter over in her own mind, the doubly-mated lady decided to go with her first husband, on condition that the second allow her to take the children. By some process of reasoning, inexplicable to us, he decided to give up his wife and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Waldrup decided to come to St. Louis.

Yesterday the St. Luke stopped at the landing, and Mr. W. came on board and engaged passage for himself and three children, and the blacksmith assisted his wife on board, and then brought on the children. Then came an affecting scene, that brought tears to the eyes of the captain, clerks and passengers. The deserted husband first took one child and then the other in his arms and kissed them passionately, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he bade good-bye to his wife, who seemed deeply affected, and lastly to Mr. Waldrup. The two, men gazed into each other's faces, shook hands long and earnestly, and then the blacksmith, by a strong effort of will, released the hand of Mr. Waldrup and walked quietly ashore, never turning his face toward the boat, which soon passed out of sight. We can only imagine the loneliness in that poor man's heart and home as he reached the room where he had so often sat with his wife and children.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

A Story with a Moral.

A dealer in pork has a precocious son who was an expert in cards, and, in playing with his young companions, was seldom on the losing side. He began at first to bet on the game, and ere long would play regular for money with any of his age disposed to accept the risk.—He came home one day bringing several dollars which he had acquired in his small way of gambling, and exhibited his gains to his father with quite an air of triumph. The thoughtful parent shook his head, and told his son that the money was not honestly acquired.

"But I did not cheat," said the boy.

"I hope not," replied the father; "but did you give the loser any equivalent whatever for it?"

The boy hung his head, and the parent added:

"Money is honestly acquired where there is an exchange of products or services, and the receiver gives an equivalent for it. To take another man's property, and give him no equivalent for it, is to rob or cheat him."

A few months after the father came home from the Produce Exchange with an elated aspect, and announced that he had settled his speculative contracts in pork by the receipt of nearly $50,000.—His son eyed him steadidily for a moment and then said:

"What did you give the other man, father, as an equivalent for the money?"

A MAN who was driving a cow through the streets of Waupun, Wisconsin, was so much flustered by a sudden bow from a lady, that, in return, he made a bow to the cow and threw a stone at the lady.

The History of the Peach.

The peach is supposed to be a native of Persia, and its botanical name refers to that origin. It is known to have flourished in both Persia and China at a very early period, and was highly valued in both countries. It has often been found growing spontaneously in Asiatic Turkey. It is mentioned by Pliny, and several other classical writers, and many anecdotes are related of the veneration and even superstition with which it was regarded by the Asiatics. There is no doubt but it was one of the "Trees of the Garden" which God planted in Eden, and which were to nourish and cheer our first parents in their pristine purity and happiness. It is not mentioned in the Bible, but its congener, the almond, is mentioned several times, and as early as the days of Jacob. And we find, when he was preparing his present for the Governor of Egypt, he commanded his sons to take "myrrh, nuts, and *almonds*" as a gift, showing the esteem in which it was then held. Again, in the directions for making the golden candlestick, among the ornaments, the myrtle and *almond* are mentioned as of the chief.

The peach, like civilization itself, traveled from this center wastward into Europe, and we find it mentioned in Roman history in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It was highly valued by the patricians of Rome, and was cultivated by them as one of their choicest luxuries.—It is still a standard tree in Italy.

It was introduced into England from Italy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and has been cultivated there as an exotic ever since. Her cool, moist climate, however, prevents its general cultivation, and it is only grown on walls or under glass, and the fruit is seldom seen except on the tables of the aristocracy.

Even in France, where the climate is much milder, it is not always reared without protection, and the fruit has never gone into general use, but is a delicacy confined to the wealthy alone, the cultivation being confined principally to gardens.

In China it is extensively cultivated in the gardens of the rich, and has attained an extraordinary size. But of their manner of propagation and culture but little is yet known, owing to the exclusive policy heretofore pursued by that ancient empire. Now, since its amelioration, among the many other benefits hoped for, a more accurate and complete knowledge of the peach is one. The Chinese are great gardeners, and much affect the curious in horticultural as in other arts, and we may expect to learn much that is interesting, if not useful. We know already that they produce peaches of very large size, and two, at least, of rare shape—the Chinese Flat, and Crooked Peach. With this beginning, we will not be surprised at still more curious developments. The curiosity, ingenuity, and enterprise of our countrymen will soon discover whatever may be known.

It is to our credit that the United States is the only country in the world that, either in ancient or modern times, has produced peaches in sufficient quantities to allow them to become a common marketable commodity; so cheap, that the poor, as well as the rich, may regale themselves and their families with one of the most wholesome and delicious of fruits at a very small expense, and with every prospect that they will still be more abundant and cheap.—*Peach Culture.*

SUN CURE.—One of the ablest lawyers in our country, a victim of long and hard brain labor, says a writer in the *Home and Health*, came to me a year ago suffering from partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged in coming up stairs to lift up the left foot first, dragging the right foot after it. Pale, feeble, miserable, he told me he had been failing for several years, and closed with "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out."

I directed him to lie down under a large window and allow the sun to shine on every part of his body; at first ten minutes a day, increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun for a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particular. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared with sparkling eyes, "I have twenty years more work in me." I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sun cure.

FOR the benefit of those who are not very well posted in Biblical affairs, we print the following paragraphs:

A day's journey is thirty-three and one fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit is twenty-two inches.

Ezekiel's reed was seven feet.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A shekel of gold was $8.09.

A talent of silver was $538.32.

A talent of gold was $13.800.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A garah was a cent.

A mite was a cent.

An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

WHILE a vender of greens was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old nag balked and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window, and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the pedler, "nothing but greens."

AN Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at the giver, and at last exclaimed: "I'm overpaid for the job."

CANTALOPES eaten freely will cure dysentery and cholera morbus.

GOOSEBERRIES contain astringent qualities, and are good in diarrhœa.

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.

The Race Horse Longfellow and his Owner.

A Saratoga correspondent says:

I took a drive out to the track to see the wonderful horse Longfellow and his remarkable owner, Mr. Harper. The horse is a marvel of beauty. He is but four years old, and stands seventeen hands high. His tapering neck, well-fitted head, clear, liquid eyes, and wide nostrils indicate intelligence, and speaks his aristocratic blood. He is quiet and good-tempered, and as kind as a plough horse. His color is dark mahogany, and his long black tail is cut in the English style. He is something of an elephant to keep. Nine men have charge of him, with three other horses. Longfellow is not left alone a minute. Whoever examines him finds a man stationed at his head. The men who keep guard at night are armed. The constant fear is that some damage will come to him—that somebody will poison him, lame him, put something into his mouth or into his food. No one is allowed to go up to his head. Visitors are welcome to look—but hands off. Three fast horses brought on with Longfellow from Kentucky have been sick ever since they came here. The greatest care is taken with the food of the horse. The grain and hay are kept under lock and key, and the water is carefully guarded.

The owner of the horse is quite as great a curiosity as the animal himself. Mr. Harper sleeps in the stable, and never leaves the ground, day or night. He oversees personally the feeding of his horses. He is a small-sized, muscular-looking old man, and calls himself sixty-seven. If he isn't seventy-seven his looks belie him. He wears the poorest kind of Kentucky clothes, ill-fitting and not clean. He says he