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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:
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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. No. 7.

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.

SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHING
FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Gents' Furnishing Goods!
HATS AND CAPS.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

S. Merritt & Co.,
ARE NOW OPENING
At their Store in Chestertown,
The Most Desirable Stock of the above Goods ever offered to this Community.

Our selections have been made with the greatest care from the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and embrace all the different styles, both as to Cut and Material.

Our assortment of
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
IS VERY COMPLETE,
And contains ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE WORN BY GENTLEMEN.

OUR LINE OF
HATS AND CAPS
IS NOT EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET,
EITHER AS TO VARIETY OF STYLES, COLORS, KINDS OR QUALITY.

We Buy and Sell for the Cash
Which enables us to BUY LOW and SELL CHEAP, thereby making it a MUTUAL BENEFIT TO THE PURCHASER WITH OURSELVES.

Come and See for Yourself.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.

Fits Guaranteed.

Remember the Place:
S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
April 13, 1872.

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.

JOHN T. DODD & SON,
Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, uptown, and have just received a full supply of

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
OF ALL KINDS.
No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.

Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.
apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

HERRING, MACKEREL, and CIDER VINEGAR,
For sale at MING'S.

Select School for Young Ladies.

A LADY who has had an experience of nine years in teaching, a graduate of the Baltimore Female College, proposes to open a

SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

in Chestertown, Md., beginning on the first Monday in October.

The common and higher branches of an English education, and the French language are embraced in the course of instruction. The number of pupils is limited to twelve.

Application should be made before the first day of August.

For terms, references, &c., apply to Rev. Dr. MURRAY, or the editors of the Kent News.
June 8, 1872—2m.

A CARD.

MRS. S. M. BEASTEN respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has taken the store up town, lately occupied by Mrs. Barrett, where she will be pleased to wait on them with a good supply of

Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions,
CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE hoping by strict attention and low prices to receive a share of patronage. mh9-tf.

PEACH BASKETS!

Peach Growers and Shippers are respectfully informed that we are now manufacturing the justly celebrated

"Mitchell Patent Peach Basket."

This Basket is constructed on a principle which prevents the Fruit from settling or crushing, and is positively endorsed and recommended by all the leading commission houses in New York and Philadelphia, as the BEST BASKET IN USE. They are made of the choicest material, by experienced workmen, and we are using in the basket this season a malleable nail, manufactured expressly for our use, and which add materially to its firmness, strength and durability. Having purchased the newest and most improved Basket Machinery, we are prepared to sell the BEST Basket in the market at a price that will defy competition. Our facilities are such that we can make 5,000 Baskets Daily, all of which will be thoroughly inspected before leaving the factory.

Beware of Counterfeits! None genuine unless stamped with the name of the Patentee.

Send orders to

R. E. Wallis, Gen'l Agt. for Kent Co.
OR TO HIS AGENTS:
S. W. Boyer, Massey's Station; W. S. Merritt, Millington; Thos. H. Horsey, Galena; W. T. Wroth, Lynch's Station; Aug. L. Vannort, Hanesville; N. Barnard, Barnard's Wharf; Hines & Burchinal, Chestertown.
ADAMS MAHOOD,
Williamsburg, Dorchester co., Md.
R. MITCHELL, Sup't. j-8-2m*

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his

MILL

near Chestertown, for the present year.

His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of

CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,

which he is determined to sell at reduced prices.

He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.

He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.

Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1872—tf.

R. B. RUSSELL,
High Street, near the Voshell House,
Has now in store a full supply of very superior
Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco
for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town.

Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.

Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.
Lovers of the weed are invited to call.
Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
AND
GENERAL PRODUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec 16.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

Valuable Property at Private Sale

THE undersigned offers at private sale the DWELLING, STORE HOUSE and LOT at Locust Grove, Kent co., Md., now occupied by Sparks & Walls. It is a good stand, for business, and will be sold on accommodating terms. C. H. J. SPARKS,
apr20-2m* Massey's.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his STORE HOUSE, and 20 ACRES OF LAND in Quaker Neck, now occupied by A Jedson. Will be sold low and on accommodating terms. Apply to D. A BENJAMIN, Chestertown, or the subscriber at Centreville. ap20-tf J. O RASIN.

FOR SALE,
A BUILDING LOT
in Kennedyville, about 40 by 150 feet, eligibly located for business or as a residence. It will be sold on very reasonable terms. Also, a good second-hand no-top BUGGY.
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
April 13—3m. Kennedyville.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
APOTHECARIES,
Cor. High and Court Sts., Chestertown, Md.
Have just received a large lot of
WINDOW GLASS,
of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap

PLOW CASTINGS, PLOW CASTINGS!
And Plow Bolts. For sale at the Tin Store and Hardware Store, by
April 20, J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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

WHITE-WASHING and BUILDING LIME, MOLASSES and COAL OIL,
May 11. At JAS. E. TAYLOR'S.

BY THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

By the beautiful gate there's an angel that stands,
And a wreath of star blossoms she twines in her hands;
For the conquering soul is that radiant crown,
Yet she passeth full oft, reaching tenderly down
To the sorrowing spirit that shrinks 'neath the rod;
And her touch, quick with healing, uplifts it to God.

On her brow floats a halo celestial and fair,
And silver as moonbeams her vestures of air;
There's a light in her eye, but the shadow of tears
Lingers yet from the sorrow of far away years,
And her song trilleth sweet as she ever doth wait
To unclose to the weary the beautiful gate.

Through the night-shadows falling her accents I hear,
"Look upward! sad mortal, the ransom is near;
For the conflict with error, the triumph is strong,
The battle is fleeting, the triumph is long;
And a crown I entwine for the warrior with fate
Who shall enter as victor the beautiful gate."

And my heart, warm with striving, looks up for the light
That so goldenly dawning shall break through the night;
With my cares, at her music fall softly asleep,
And my griefs pause to listen, forgetting to weep;
For I know whether morn cometh early or late
He will welcome me home at the beautiful gate.

O! angel of Faith, by the portals of gold;
We are offtimes aweary in darkness and cold;
But sing to us only thy message of cheer,
When the starlight is fled and the shadows are drear;
And we'll strive for the chaplets of glory that wait
For the brows of the blest at the beautiful gate.

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie did'nt want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room, when Jamie's little crib was put away into the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel;" and presently rang out that metallic cough. I never hear that hymn since, that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and, when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary-worn mothers to me.

"Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now."

But my face is as weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what price?—And when I see other mothers with grown up sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with grey, I wish I had murmured less.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The London Globe publishes a statement which is an illustration of the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence, even when it approaches positiveness. A gentleman went to the British Museum with an order to have a case opened containing some valuable medals, for his inspection. He examined a particular medal, which was supposed to be unique, restored it to the tray, and after talking some time with the custodian was about to leave, when the latter discovered that the medal was missing. It was searched for everywhere, and could not be found, when it was suggested that the pockets of the visitor should be examined. To this he objected, and a policeman was sent for. However, before he arrived, the medal was found to have slipped between the tray and the bottom of the case. When asked why he refused to be searched, the supposed culprit produced a medal from his pocket, the exact counterpart of that which was in the case, and remarked that his object had been to verify the authenticity of his own, which, being identical with the missing one and discovered in his pocket, would at once have convicted him of the theft.

I NEVER knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity. New, these are the bits of cheese that cavillers smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog he can soon find a stick, and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England.—*John Ploughman.*

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed, which, even when dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.—*Sigourney.*

THOUGHT.—Next to the good heart and clear conscience is the clear head. Dull thinkers are always led by sharp ones.—The keen intellect cuts its way smoothly, gracefully, rapidly; the dull one wears its life out against the simplest problems.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE.

"Stand out of my way!" said a rough, surly voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scene below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice, "your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I am a banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Amused by this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld a couple of citizens in a position which a pugilist would probably denominate square, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly-mannered man—appareled in silk, protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hogshead; and the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D to determine which of their rotundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the face of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking humor and awakening curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked:

"How will you make the right appear?"

"How?" said the beggar, "why, listen a moment and I'll teach you. In the first place, do you take notice that God has given me a soul and body just as good for the purpose of thinking, eating, drinking and taking my pleasures as he has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality—for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look any gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master; are equally free; live equally as easy, and are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between a banker and a beggar?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness, "not in the least, as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing; I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company that I like better than your company.—You make your thousands a day, perhaps; I make a shilling, perhaps; if you are contented, I am; we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble keeping them from soiling.—If I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose, and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip a word in edgeways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And, besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits instead of living by our industry: and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than me—I am content with little, you want a great deal.—Neither of us raises grain or potatoes, or weaves cloth, or manufactures anything useful; we, therefore, add nothing to the common stock—we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated apparently good friends, and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—is there, then, no difference between a beggar and a banker?

But several years have since passed away, and now both of these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they had lived, the one a banker and the other a beggar. I examined both their graves when I next visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each, and the sun looked down as pleasantly on one as on the other. No honors, pleasures or delights clustered around the grave of the rich man. They were both equally deserted, lonely and forgotten. I thought, too, of the destinies to which they have passed; and of that state in which earthly titles exist not; where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an atom in the sunbeam compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

DON'T HURRY.—Believe in travelling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation.—Little fishes are sweet. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk; walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich the more haste the worst speed.—Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself, had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder—Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit, is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you, is better than a large fire that burns you.—A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe if the bucket be there to catch it. He who undertakes to much, succeeds but little.

A Woman who Never Slanders her Neighbors.

"Mercy knows," said Aunt Jerusha, as she settled herself in her small rocking-chair, and wiped her steel-bowed specks on her apron before placing them astride her nose, "mercy knows I never slander my neighbors, I've enough to take care of my own affairs. Now there is Dorothy Ann—always knows just what every one has on at church. The idea of looking at people's dress in church! But that is some folks' failing. We all have our failings, I s'pose," and a sigh finished the sentence.

Whether this harangue was addressed to the world in general, or was for the special benefit of a tall young lady seated at the table near by, inserting a pair of shears into a piece of cloth, we do not know. The young lady made no reply, but a mischievous smile flitted over her face, and a silence followed, unbroken save by the vengeful snap of the shears as they closed over the cloth, and the loud click of the clock in the corner. Suddenly Aunt Jerusha peered out of the window, and exclaimed:

"Look, Minerva Jane, ain't them the Carpenter girls going by?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well, do you see how they're dressed!—they came sailing into church during prayer time last Sunday looking like peacocks. I watched them down the aisle clear to their seats. They wore green silks, velvet coats, and their bonnets looked like flower gardens. I noticed their furs in particular; they were new and fashionable. Much cause they have to be proud. I should think a glance at home would lower their feathers some.—But here comes Mrs. Barker! Oh dear! She is a regular gossip, and we shall have to listen to her long yarns all the afternoon. What a bore she is!"

A vigorous knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the lady in question. Aunt Jerusha rose with a beaming face to greet her.

"My dear Mrs. Barker, how do you do? I was just thinking about you. Lay aside your things and spend the afternoon—Minerva Jane bring out the rocking chair for Mrs. Barker."

The two ladies were soon seated with their sewing, and Aunt Jerusha asked:

"Have you seen Mrs. Nash recently? I wonder if her husband is as bad as ever? I declare that woman has a time of it. I s'pose you know he stole the pork from Mr. Brien's cellar a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, I heard of it."

"Have you seen Mrs. Slocum riding with the young doctor."

"To be sure; some folks say he's her cousin, but I don't believe it."

"Well now, I do say," replied Aunt Jerusha, "I don't slander my neighbors; but that's pretty doings, anyhow. Did you ever hear what a wild girl she was before she was married? My sister's husband's cousin used to know her, and she said she was perfectly independent; didn't care what folks said about her.—I suppose you have heard of Mr. Easte's failure? For my part I don't wonder at it, his wife was so extravagant; you have no idea how much waste there was in that house; I'm not surprised that her husband failed. They say he drinks; I should think Mrs. Smith would feel dreadful to have Susan marry him; they're engaged I'm told; I wouldn't have him courting Minerva Jane for anything; but then Susan ain't any better than she should be; I don't slander my neighbors, but I must say I should not want a daughter of mine doing as she does. Why, Mrs. Barker, you ain't putting up your work; do stay till after tea. Well, if you can't, good bye; come again soon."

"There! if I ain't relieved," said Aunt Jerusha, as the door closed upon the departing guest. "Did you ever hear a woman go on so about her neighbors?—The idea of slandering everybody as she does; to be sure I have to talk with her when she's here; but mercy knows I never slander my neighbors!"

"All Hands Below!"

A good story is told of a parrot, who had always lived on board a ship, but who escaped at one of the southern ports and took refuge in a Church.

Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in his earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them, that every one of them would go to hell unless they speedily repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place:

"All hands below!"

To say that "all hands" were startled would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and its unknown source, had much more effect on them than the parson's words ever had. He waited a moment, and then a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anyhody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to be the first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling:

"All hands below!"

There was an old woman there that was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and lighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear:

"All hands below!"

"No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way!"

"MA, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake, "why don't you say suthin' funny?"

"What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts? Say suthin' funny indeed."

"Wall yer might say, Jake won't yer have a cake? That 'ud be funny for you."

"LOOK at that monkey," said Smith; "think of it's being an undeveloped human!" "Human?" said Jones, contemptuously, "it's no more human than I am."

MEN of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

AS NEAR AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you,
A field for your music and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you
And often come tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you,
Push forward through all like a man;
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the will to do rightly,
If used will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contest of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandal may speed,
And strive with their shrewdest of tact
To injure your fame, never heed,
But justly and honestly act;
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man,
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

From a Father to his Daughter on the Day of her Marriage.

MY DEAR CHILD:—You are this day to take the most important step in your life; as far as the human relations are concerned, and as I wish to give you some parting words of counsel, I take this method as one most likely to enable you to recall what I have to say. You are to unite your lot with a man who loves you tenderly and truly, and who, as far as I can see or know, is fully worthy of your love and confidence in return. I can truly say that everything I have seen or heard of him tends to exalt him in my esteem, as Jesus did of the young ruler "one thing" only "thou lackest;" and that one thing he may soon possess, if you are faithful to him as a Christian. Your happiness, under God, I regard to be in your own hands, and you have as good a prospect of it as is usually accorded to us in this uncertain world, if you are but faithful to God, to your husband, and to yourself, in the discharge of your various duties.

But there are a few points in which a quarter of a century's experience gives me some advantage in giving you advice as to married life, that may be of great value to you, if you will give earnest heed to my counsel.

1. Remember that love is the very essence of your new relation, and you must seek to cherish a true and warm love to your husband, prefering him to all other persons, and letting him see clearly that you do thus prefer him. Indifference, even of manner, has a chilling effect on love, and when love is gone the marriage tie becomes a real bondage, often the bitterest in life, because indissoluble.

2. Never deceive him, even in the smallest matter. Better be blamed by him for something you have done than be guilty of a deceit, which would destroy his confidence in you, and his respect for you. Be open and unreserved in all your acts, and have no secrets that he cannot share, and have no confident that would require you to keep anything from him. Never do, say or write anything that you are unwilling for him to know. If he ought not to know it, it is not proper for you to do it. This is a matter of immense importance to you, and I implore you to observe it. I have seen bitter fruits from the neglect of it, and urge it on you.

3. Avoid all disputes with him, even on trivial matters and in mere jest. His will, by God's appointment, is to be the governing will, and obedience is what the Bible requires; and in the end you will be far more sure of having your own way, by thus submitting to him, for this will induce him to study to meet your wishes. I have not known a happy couple where this rule was neglected, and rarely an unhappy one, where it was observed; for the simple reason that it is God's way, and hence the best

4. Never try to practice on his love by rousing his jealousy, even in sport. Better be too reserved in your intercourse with gentlemen than do that which would rouse this evil spirit, that so often led to scenes of sorrow and even bloodshed. Be content with his love, and every honorable man will respect and admire you for it.

5. Try to become acquainted with the subjects that interest him, that you may be able to converse intelligently and pleasantly with him and his friends.

6. Spend as much time as you can in reading, so as to enlarge your mental culture.

7. Study to master the details of your domestic duties as soon as you can, that you may answer the description of a virtuous woman in Prov. xxxi.

8. Cultivate gentleness and sweetness of temper, manner and speech. This can only be done by keeping down selfishness and self-indulgence, and aiming to make others happy around you. Thus you will best advance your own happiness; for others will try to make you happy.

9. Be industrious. It will save you from many an hour of ennui.

10. Strive after more piety. Your husband's salvation may greatly depend on your walk and conversation. Be a light to lead him to the cross and a stumbling block in his way.

If you will give careful heed to these simple points, I will look for bright and happy days before you, and feel that the pain of parting is greatly diminished.—May God be with you and your husband and his household making you a sunshine and a joy to them all. We shall miss you at home, but remember you daily at a throne of grace, and hope to meet you again on earth, and forever in heaven.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

MIXED BABIES.—Two practical jokers in a Virginia town, who were left in charge of numerous babies on a social occasion while the mammas enjoyed a dance, changed the clothes of the little darlings, and arrayed each one in strange habiliments. The mothers, after an hour or so of devotion to Terpsichorean delights, took their baby vestments and the dear little forms therein contained, and retired to their respective and once happy homes. On preparing the little ones for the crib, sexes had changed—girls were boys and boys girls—and with one universal yell the outraged maternals set out on a baby hunt. At last accounts almost all had succeeded in recovering the lost heirs; but the wags keep out of the way of those matrons as much as possible.

"WHAT'S in a dress?" says a popular writer. Sometimes a great deal, and sometimes a precious little.

Medical Information for Men and Women.

Carbon.—People consume too much carbonaceous food, as fats, oil, butter, lard, sugar, pork, fritters, dough-nuts, greasy griddle-cakes, pies and pastry.—Carbon dwarfs the soul. It imparts an unnatural addition of flesh. It possesses no strength-giving power. It obscures the mind, so that we see as "through a glass—darkly." In many diseases it interferes with the digestion, clogging up the system, and hastening destructive disintegration.

Digestible Dietic Articles.—Tomatoes (stewed or raw), boiled onions, raw or soft boiled eggs, stewed prunes, baked apples, cream, rice pudding, corn starch, beef, mutton and poultry are digestible, and agree with the most delicate stomachs.

Deleterious Food.—Fine wheat bread, salt meet, grease, cheese and pastry.

Coffee and Tea.—Coffee may be used with benefit by laboring men; but black tea is the best drink for sedentary persons.

Smoking.—In Consumptation, Catarrh and Nervous Exaltation of the system, moderate smoking is always beneficial.

Health Aphorisms.—Rise early and take a good walk or ride before breakfast. Do not eat breakfast immediately on rising, for the stomach is not in a condition to receive ford. There is great virtue in fasting early in the day and at evening. Let the breakfast and the supper be light, reserving strong food, as meat, &c., for the middle of the day. A good rule would be: rise at 7, breakfast at 8 or 9, dinner at 1, and a light tea at 6. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly, and drink in sips. Very little fluid during meals. Liquids should be taken an hour after meals—then they assist digestion.

Advice in Cases of Poisoning.—Stir into a glass of water a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, and drink immediately. One or more doses will empty and cleanse the stomach. To overcome the effects, swallow the whites of two or three eggs and drink a cup or two of strong coffee. Sweet oil, taken freely, is excellent in case of poisoning.

To Parents.—A single drop of opium will often kill a child. A few doses of calomel often causes the death of grown persons.

"Who's Ahead?"

A gentleman asks the girls the following pointed questions:

"Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head when he had enough of his own? Who painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? Who pinches his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle around his body, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom?"

In reply to which a lady responds:

"Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco, and loaded the air with fumes of segars? Who staggered home several times a week, the worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, bet high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions? Which picture wears the most alluring colors?"

We also see it reported that Mrs. Van Coot says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor, she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely. And if she had the money paid by women for back hair she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.

A Laughable Love Story.

A rich old gentleman had only one daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal and pecuniary.—She was engaged and devotedly attached to a young man in every respect worthy of her choice. All the marriage preliminaries were arranged, and the wedding was fixed to take place on a certain Thursday. On the Monday preceding the wedding-day the bride and groom elect (who was to have received $50,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of $100,000 on his father-in-law's death, an event which would probably soon occur) had a little jealous squabble with his intended at the evening party. The "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets.

The gentleman retorted and spoke tauntingly of a certain cousin whose waistcoat was the admiration of the company, and hinted that it had been embroidered by the fair heiress herself. He added that it would be soon enough for him to be schooled after they were married; and that she adopted the "breeches" a little too soon. After the supper they became reconciled apparently, and the bridegroom elect, in taking leave, was kind and affectionate. On the next morning the swain regretted the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, as a part of the amende honorable, packed up a magnificent satin dress which he had previously bespoke for his beloved (which had been sent home in the interval,) and sent it to the lady with the following note.

"Dearest Jane:—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in thinking of our misunderstanding last evening. Pray pardon me; and in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your most affectionate, Henry."

Having written the note he gave it to his servant to deliver with the parcel.—But, as a pair of pantaloons happened to need repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity (the servant having to pass the tailor's shop) to send them in another package to the tailor. The man made the fatal blunder! left the satin dress with Snip, and took the note and the damaged trowsers to the lady. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match.

WHY, Bill, what's the matter with you, You look down in the mouth.

Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd gone through what I have, you'd look bad too.

What's the matter?

Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter? I discarded her last night.

You did! What for?

Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me so.

A Husband Who Couldn't Appreciate the Dolly Vardens.

If husbands are to be mistaken in "Dolly Varden" dresses, as was an unfortunate husband in Philadelphia, the sooner the fashion is squelched the better it will be for the peace of society. The husband in question one night missed from the supper table his wife Matilda, and inquired of his little boy whither she had gone, and just at that moment the dining room door opened and a lady entered. The husband observed a wild look in her eyes, and also noticed that she was attired in an outlandish style, having on, he says, a dress with sunflowers, and cabbages, and pumpkins worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming round for a back ground.

Rising, the man said, "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" and then said aside, "Poor thing, she's crazy."

That last remark settled the business for him, as the weird female made a bolt and tightly grasped his Adam's apple, and choked him until his face assumed the color of a banner of the Commune.—After she had enjoyed a surfeit of choking him, she flopped into a chair, and with tears coursing each other down her cheeks, exclaimed:

"That I should ever live to hear my husband say that I was crazy."

This amused the husband, and elevating himself to his full proportions, said:

"You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you an insane woman, and now that I know you are really the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever you call it?"

"Window curtain chintz!" said the wife, "why, it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern, too."

"Madam," replied the husband, "we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden, we are most decidedly out of our pocket. Why, it looks like a circus dress; and the idea of a woman at your time of life—"

"My time of life!"

"Yes, your time of life. The next thing I suppose you will be practicing the trapeze act in the back yard. Why, it is enough to give a man the *delirium tremens* to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall-paper run mad. You look exactly like some Japanese teasign. And now just bounce out of here with that Fiji battle-flag, or you will scare the baby to death."

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then the eldest daughter said:

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father, it's all the style, and I'm going to have one too; there now."

"Yes, and I want one, all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, the second eldest.

"Any more," gasped the husband; "are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one? I guess I'd better get one myself. How do they make up for pantaloons? Ha! ha! ha! (demoniically.) Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of a monkey scaling a lamp-post. How would a Chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmount Park?"

All the rest is a blank. The unhappy husband has just been liberated from an asylum, and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress him up in a Dolly Varden, marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston.

GOOD ON BUTLER.

A rather amusing story is in circulation at the expense of the eminent gentleman from Massachusetts. At the President's levee the other night, which was densely crowded, an old lady from the interior somewhere, in a fainting condition, requested her husband to get her an ice.

"Can't be did," responded her husband in some irritation; "there ain't no refreshments here."

"Don't believe it. Didn't we get plenty at Belknap's the other night?" the good woman said angrily, "now go and get me an ice and a lemonade."

"I tell you now don't be a fool; there ain't no refreshments, everybody says so," grunted the lord and master.

"You are quite mistaken sir," said the Hon. S. S. Cox, who happened to be near, and who never loses an opportunity to put in a joke. "The President always provides substantially. There is the butler, whose business it is to show ladies to the supper room," and the Hon. jester pointed to Gen. Butler. "You'll find him a little stuck up, but you mustn't mind that, tell him to get you some terrapins."

This was said so gravely that the two struggled through the crowd to where the General stood talking to some ladies.

"I say, mister, I am told you are the butler," said the man.

"I'm General Butler," replied that gentleman, pleasantly, thinking the two country people were filled with admiration for his greatness.

"I don't care whether you are a general butler or not, but my wife wants some terrapins and lemonade."

"Sir!" roared Gen. B. in amazement and disgust.

"Oh, don't take on airs, old cook.—Come now, hurry up them terrapins."

"You must be drunk, sir; you must be drunk!"

"No he ain't," scre