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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, AUGUST 10, 1872. No. 13.

The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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

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

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

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

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

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.

SUMMER!

S. MERRITT & CO.,
Have just opened a beautiful stock of
LINEN SUITS,
for Men and Boys. Also, Alpaca Coats, black and light colors; Linen Dusters; Bleh'd Duck Suits (Shrunk,) made up to order; Marseilles Pants and Vests; also a fine stock of Summer Cassimers; Gauze Undershirts and Bleached Drawers, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

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,
apr20-4m* Massey's.

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

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, up town, 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.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF
Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.
LEE STREET, near Light st. Whf.,
o22y. *BALTIMORE.*

MILL NOTICE.

PARSONS' MILL,
At the HEAD OF CHURN CREEK,
having recently been put in complete order, is now prepared to grind all kinds of grain in the best manner. By giving my personal attention to the business, farmers may rely upon having full justice done them in every particular. Grain chopped for one-tenth.
ap27-6m. N. K. MURREN.

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.

BOOTS & SHOES, of different quality and prices.
Feb. 24. JOS. E. WERR.

IMAGES, Vases, Card Baskets, Cigar Stands French, English and American Perfumery Pomades, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, &c.
Dec. 16. C. F. STAM & BRO.

1872. ANNUAL 1872.
AGRICULTURAL
FAIR and EXHIBITION!

THE ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION OF THE
Kent Co. Agricultural Society, No. 1,
Will be held at HAWKINS' PARK,
NEAR HANESVILLE, MD.,
ON
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
The 1st and 2nd of October.

The public generally are invited to attend and compete for PRIZES, DIPLOMAS, MEDALS and CERTIFICATES OF MERIT, in

Stock,
Implements,
Produce,
&c., &c.

☞ LISTS OPEN TO ALL.

Over One Thousand Dollars

WILL BE DISTRIBUTED FOR PRIZES ALONE, together with medals, awards, certificates, &c.

All classes of Horses, Cattle, and Stock of different grades and character, shall be allowed to compete with those of their own class, and includes about TWENTY-FIVE PREMIUMS IN EACH BREED.

To include the schedule of Premiums would occupy several columns, and only state that the list is arranged as at most fairs, and is VERY COMPLETE in all departments of agriculture and kindred industries, from the noble thorough-bred to the modest boquet of flowers that ornaments the home of the humblest.

The committee have selected a site which is most eligible, being but a few minutes walk from Buck Neck Wharf, directly on the stage route from Chestertown to the above landing, and about two miles from Worton Station on the Kent Co. Railroad.

Accommodations for stock and the varied articles for exhibition will be provided by the committee. Feed for stock for sale on the grounds at moderate rates.

For all entries for Premiums above $5.00 a fee of $2.00 will be charged; for those under that amount $1.00. No entrance fee charged where premium is to be $1.00 or under.

Parties wishing to exhibit will please communicate the same to the Secretary on or before September 1st, 1872.

The executive committee pledge themselves to make this affair interesting to all, and amply repay those who assist in contributing to its success, by their attendance or the display of anything they may have to exhibit.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

CAPT. JOHN T. SKIRVEN, CHAIRMAN.
WM. W. STEPHENS, ROB'T NICHOLSON,
WM. H. STEWART, JOHN W. COREY,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D., LEWIN USILTON.
SAM'L VANNORT,

☞ All communications in regard to the Fair, enclosing stamp, must be addressed to the Secretary of the Board.
E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
jy20-tf. Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

THE HAWKINS' PARK
Trotting Association
WILL HOLD A
HORSE FAIR
At their Park adjoining the Show ground on
Tuesday & Wednesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

The following Premiums will be offered:

FIRST DAY.
FOR THREE YEAR OLD COLTS,
To go as they please—best two in three $50.

For 1st Prize	30.
" 2nd "	15.
" 3rd "	5.

FOUR YEAR OLD.
Best two in three in Harness $50.

First Prize	$30
Second "	15
Third "	5

FOR HORSES THAT NEVER TROTTED FOR MONEY $100.

First Prize	$60
Second "	30
Third "	10

SECOND DAY.
FOR STALLIONS—Best three in five—$50.

First Prize	30
Second "	15
Third "	5

CITIZENS' PURSE, FOR ALL HORSES, BEST THREE IN FIVE, $200.

First Prize	$120
Second "	60
Third "	20

ROAN CHIEF PRIZE.

A SILVER CUP of the value of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be awarded by Col. Edward Wilkins to the best three years old Colt sired by Roan Chief.

All of the above horses must be owned on the Eastern Shore of Maryland on the first of September.

Entrance fee of ten per cent. will be charged and must accompany nominations.

Entrees to close on —— at 9, A. M. at the grounds.

Heats to be trotted alternately; three or more to enter; two to start. Any horse distancing the field will only be entitled to the first premium. The above trials of speed to be governed by the rules of the National Association.

For particulars address, (enclosing stamp,)
WM. W. STEPHENS,
Hanesville, Kent County, Md.
July 20, 1872—tf.

COAL NOTICE.

WE expect to commence laying in our fall and winter supply of COAL next week, and will fill all orders, from this date until further notice, at prices ranging from $6.00 to $6.75 per Ton of 2240 lbs., delivered at the boat.

☞ Desiring to do business upon a Cash basis, no orders will be filled until arrangements are made for the payment of the same.
jy20-tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

PURE FRENCH BRANDY
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE,
—*James Hennessey*—
Bought in the Original Package.

BURKE'S IRISH STOUT
and
BASS & CO.'S ENGLISH PALE ALE,
useful Tonics for persons laboring under debility.

These goods are all of direct importation, and purchased from first hands, enabling us to vouch for their purity. For sale by
July 27. THOMAS S. WICKES

HECKENDORN PLOW CASTINGS
COMPLETE,
On hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, July 27, 1872.

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

[THE following grand and beautiful lines, descriptive of the Flood, were published some years ago, but will doubtless be new to many of our readers. Their touching sublimity and grandeur cannot fail to be appreciated:

THE FLOOD.

BY M. A. DENISON.

The Heavens thunder; all the awful sky
Shows fight with elements as fierce as death.
Darkness and silence drear reign ominous,
Till o'er the sultry world God's lightnings flash,
And still, in terror, cloud-ward looking, stand
The well-housed people. Better now, the wood,
The bare, wet hill, with rushing torrents spent,
A precipice, 'mid angry sea and sky,
Than that deceitful shelter.

Women sat
And sewed, and sang, and prattled to their babes,
Of how the rain would wash the fainting flowers
And make the gardens gay; men spoke of crops
And dust, and mills, and hoped the farmers now
Would get their fill; and children chattered sweet,
And laughed at the wild antics of the rain,
And held their dimpled hands, as cups, to catch
The plashing drops. Oh! mother, dear as Heaven;
O, tender babes, with dove's eyes, looking forth
And smiling greeting to the winged Death
Bending his bow without, fly from your tasks,
Your cradles and your feasts. God gives you time
And warning in the awful gloom, and crash,
And sharp, swift terror of the vengeful fire
That whitens but not warms the sullen earth.

Hark!—'tis not thunder—yonder swings the flag
Of the wild waters, broken from their course,
Pale with the foam of ravage—swift it comes,
One vengeful, maddening wave, thick with the breath
Of ruin, hurling on with mad delight
The groaning timbers, wrenched from bridge and mill,
All twisted shapeless.

Mother, you have sung
Your last, soft lullaby—and father, you
Shall hold sweet dalliance with baby limbs,
And baby wiles and kisses, never more;
And little lambs that only knew the arms
That folded you from danger, you shall go
Swiftly to God's arms—for angels wait, serene
In all the awful tumult, smiling wait,
Such as God sent to comfort suffering Christ.

The seething billows grow; and to the tops
Of rocking houses, confined in the flood,
Fly pallid groups, with wild, despairing cries.
Still to her breaking heart the mother holds
The babe who knows no other Heaven—and he
The hapless father, doomed on yonder height,
To see and suffer seven-fold torments—oh!
The heart grows still—the pulses cease to beat
In contemplation of a woe so vast,
So broad, so measureless. God give him peace;
No other can—and pray all souls for him
Whom death passed by, and passing, claimed his all—
Wife, babes and home.

The waters still rage on—
On through strong cities, wasting as they go,
Bridge, wall and happy homestead—piteous
The waste of loving life.

God help us all—
We are so weak—God help and hold us all.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters:

"Papa, give me a cent."

"Haven't got any—don't bother me."

"But, papa, I want it for something particular."

"I haven't got one, I say. I won't give you any more pennies—you spend too many. It's all wrong. I won't give it to you; so go away!"

Child begins to whimper.

"I think you might give me one—it's real mean!"

"No! Go away—I won't do it. So there's and end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes. Father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child.

"There! take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks sly, and goes out conqueror, determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street. Two boys playing—mother opens the door and calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house, at once."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come in right away, I'll give you a good whipping!"

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey.

"You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh! no—I won't. She always says so—but never does. I ain't afraid!"

Mother goes back into the house very much put out, and thinks herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by example that you are weak, undecided, and untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your sowing will not fail.

PUT FLOWERS ON YOUR TABLE.—Set flowers on your table—a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, a daisy.—Bring a few daisies or buttercups from your last field work, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a bunch of clover or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common, for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers, in season, set upon his table, we believe, morning, noon and night—that is to say, at all his meals, for dinner in his time was taken at noon—and why should he not have flowers at all meals, seeing that they were growing all day. Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please—never change with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor dependent on caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and changes to give them importance and a sensation. Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home, the graces of good morrow; proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves, or those about us, some Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or in ourselves some masculine wilderness not unworthy to possess such a companion or unlikely to gain her.—*Leigh Hunt.*

TRIALS OF SPEED.

Messrs. Editors:—I have no disposition to interfere in the particular controversy conducted by your correspondents, "Particeps" and "Sphex;" but the general subject of trials of speed in connection with agricultural exhibitions having been thrust upon the attention of the public, it may be well to consider that subject dispassionately. Such trials are a public benefit, or they are not. If they do good, let them be encouraged; if the reverse, let them be abolished; or, in this community, where they have not, as yet, obtained, let them not be introduced. It is evident that something may be said in favor of them—that the arguments on that side are plausible, at least; otherwise gentlemen of intelligence and high standing in the community would not regard them with favor. It is equally evident that something may be said, on the other side, which appears conclusive to gentlemen of no less intelligence and equal claims to social consideration. It may be alleged

IN FAVOR OF TRIALS OF SPEED

1. That there is pleasure in seeing a fine animal perform well, and the trial of speed at an agricultural exhibition affords a rare opportunity for enjoying that pleasure.

2. That such trials, by exhibiting the good qualities of horses, bring them into notice and enable the owners to command better prices than they would obtain if no such trials were had.

3. That the pleasant excitement attending such trials and the profitable pecuniary results to which they tend stimulate the breeding and rearing of fine horses.

IN OPPOSITION TO SUCH TRIALS

it may be said:

1. That, constituting the most exciting feature of the exhibition, they tend to concentrate attention upon the speed of horses to the comparative neglect of other things legitimately pertaining to agriculture and of more importance to the farmer.

2 That they prove incentives to, and afford occasions for, gambling, drinking, swearing and kindred vices.

3. That with all the caution which gentlemen of character, having them under their patronage, may throw around them, they are more likely to exert a deleterious influence upon the rising generation than to subserve the best interests of the community.

THE WEIGHT OF THE ARGUMENT

will be adjudged to one side or the other as men are influenced by their taste, education, inclination, prejudice or moral instincts. As a help to a right decision I offer the following suggestions:

1. It may be affirmed that persons who are inclined to bet, drink, etc., will find or make occasions for doing these things. True; but is it expedient for us to make an occasion for them? If it be argued that the mere trotting or running of horses is an innocent recreation, (provided they are not so urged as to make what is sport to men cruelty to horses,) and that what is innocent in itself is not to be condemned because some persons make it an occasion for evil—it may be argued, on the other side, that trotting or running horses is not a moral or religious duty, and therefore, (though innocent in itself,) if it be found demoralizing in consequence of abuses which cannot be prevented, it ought to be abandoned. No person that has attended "the races" in this country, or read a faithful description of the races in England, patronized as the latter are by many of the gentry and nobility, will hesitate to affirm that they exert an influence adverse to good morals. Some persons make a distinction between the "trial of speed" and the meeting of the jockey club, but the writer of this, having witnessed both in his time, can see no other distinction than that between whiskey "straight," and whiskey with a mixture of sugar and water.

2. The argument, that trials of speed enable the owners of fast horses to obtain better prices for them, will weigh very little if what has been said about the demoralizing tendency of racing be true, except with those who make putting money in their purse the chief consideration. But even in this money-loving age there are many who regard some other things as more desirable. Honor, the public weal, the welfare of the rising generation, are considerations with them superior to mere money-getting. And those with whom money is the principal thing might find it profitable to count the cost of rearing fast horses and bringing them to the notice of the public. Farming, probably, is a slow way of getting rich—it is honorable and tends to competence, which, in many instances, is preferable to wealth—but I would like somebody to show me that raising fast horses is a more speedy way. Suppose a number of our farmers should go into the fast horse business, would they not, to insure success, have to give it special attention; and, giving special attention to this, would no other interest be neglected? And what then would be the reward? Could every one take the prize in a trial of speed? And if only one could carry off the prize and sell his horse at a high figure, would not the others suffer disappointment and pecuniary loss? Is there nothing of the principle of the lottery in this? And, setting the question of morality aside, are there not too many blanks to make the prize very tempting to a man of prudence? But, leaving the losers, what has the winner of the prize gained? The satisfaction of beating his competitors—a pleasure enjoyed at their expense, which, loving his neighbor as himself, he relishes, of course. He gains more,—the reputation of having reared the horse that took the prize, and the greenbacks which he gets in exchange for his animal. This is one side of the balance sheet. On the other he places all that it cost in time, money, etc., to rear and train his horse—all that he might have gained in other directions by giving, his time and attention to less costly experiments—all the time and money spent in taking his horse to the fairs, and getting him in prime condition for the "trials;" besides the habits and expense entailed by his very success, for if he succeeds once he will try again, and may be beaten next time. When all these things are fairly counted, I think it will appear that raising fast horses, simply considered as a pecuniary venture, "don't pay."

3. Some of our farmers are raising sons as well as horses. Remembering the old latin maxim, *de gustibus non disputandem est*, I will say nothing about the taste of those who would have their children become proficient in "horse talk;" but I would ask them is the "trial of speed," with its inseparable concomitants, likely to exert such an influence upon the rising generation as will make our sons the delight of their parents and ornaments to society? Is there no danger, while resorting to the "trials of speed" as a means of stimulating a love for fine horses, of rearing a race of fast young men, in whom neither their parents nor society will take pleasure? I know that young men sometimes go astray, notwithstanding the pains taken to give them a correct moral training. But if there is this tendency in human nature should we not guard against it, rather than afford occasions favorable to its development? It is possible to err in the direction of severity. It is almost certain that moral injury will be sustained when one parent is strict and the other too indulgent. It is not improbable that a few children who have been brought up under good home influences yield, temporarily, to the influence of associates, on going from home, or find themselves somewhat deflected from a right course by the prevailing current of social life; nevertheless the vast majority of instances illustrates the saying of the wise man: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Do "trials of speed" help us to train up our children in the way they should go? And if we have no fears for our own children, ought we not to have some consideration for the children of our neighbors?

Leaving "Particeps" and "Sphex," both of whom, personally, have my best wishes, to fight out their own battle, and deprecating the personalities that have entered into the discussion, I close with the expression of a desire that wise counsels may prevail in the Worton Agricultural Club, and that it may continue to be an instrumentality for promoting the noble art of the husbandman, and good feeling in society. PHILIPPOS.

THE GREATNESS OF NEW YORK.

From the recent report of the Mayor of New York, we extract the following interesting items, which show the constantly growing greatness of this mighty metropolis. It is almost an empire in itself.—The Mayor says:

Our resident population is about a million. New York city comprises 22 square miles. It has 29 miles of water frontage, 300 miles of paved and 160 miles of unpaved streets. Twenty thousand gaslights nightly burn in the streets and public places, at a public expense of $43 per year for each lamp. Three hundred and fifty miles of Croton water pipes and 277 miles of sewers need constant watching and repairs. Demands for new mains and sewers increase with the population and buildings. One hundred and seventy-five miles of sewers are yet to be made. There are over 2,000 men in the police force, and 600 firemen, whose salaries together amount to a round sum of three millions. We employ an average number of 3,000 workmen each day of the year upon public works. New York is not only an emporium of wealth, but an asylum for poverty and crime. The city contributed to the support during the past year of 51,466 criminals. It alleviated during the same time, by out-door and institutional charity, the sufferings of 185,334 of the poor and the sick. New York is not only the city of charities, but it surpasses all cities of the world in educational advantages. It maintains a brigade of teachers and an army of scholars in public schools. It contributes to the support under private auspices of 50,000 children in the private schools of various denominations. New York city disburses largely also in the endeavor to force ignorance and greed to respect the laws of health. It expends a quarter of a million for salaries of judges and court attaches. This sum sounds largely, yet it must be remembered that substantially New York courts are the tribunal where moves immense litigations from foreign countries and from every State in the Union. The city authorities must necessarily take the initiative and lead in all public improvements and advance the first cost of them until it can be to a great extent collected back from property owners; and they are generally glad to be advantaged without paying for the benefit at all, or if paying, to prolong the day of payment as long as possible. This assessment advance average several millions per year and must always be borrowed and the interest lost. Promises that the city and county expenses will diminish and not increase must necessarily prove delusive. The city expands, and in every year demands new obligations for expenditure and shows fresh fiscal necessities. Taxation rates must increase yearly. The reformer is yet born who can hereafter even keep them under three per cent. In five years hence taxpayers will look back and comparatively wonder at the present complaints. Attractive to capital as the city has been in the past, the docks, parks, well cleaned and perfectly paved streets of its future must prove more magnetic to wealth.

A FEARFUL GORMANDIZER.—A lean individual yesterday accepted an invitation to partake of a soft crab supper at Brown's Pavilion, and upon sitting down at the table he complained of feeling unwell, and for fear the crabs might harm him he fortified the inner man with a stout dose of brandy. Thus equipped he began his supper, and when the repast was finished it was found by count that he had eaten seventeen soft crabs, two good sized spring chickens, six cups of coffee and a small quantity of salads. This is no fancy sketch, and if the gormandizer is alive this morning he need have no fear of the cholera should it visit Baltimore this summer.—*Balt. American.*

ORANGES.—Did you ever eat a ripe orange? No doubt a vast majority of our readers will say yes, and consider the question rather a silly one. Yet we doubt if one in five thousand has ever eaten a ripe orange—that is, one that ripened on the tree and was not plucked until ready for use. The oranges of commerce are plucked before maturity in order to give time for ripening off the tree and prevent decay. The eaters of such fruit have no conception of the lusciousness of the orange after nature has been allowed to perfect work upon it. It is, beyond comparison, the prince of fruits.—*Savannah Rep.*

MOTHER'S CURTAINS.

"What are you doing in that corner, Josie?" said Annie Gray, coming in to call her sister out to roll hoop, and finding her sitting in the corner of their mother's room, with her bright face resting on her two little brown hands, very quiet and thoughtful.

"Want to earn some money," said the little girl, "and I don't know how."

"Earn money for what?"

"I want to earn money to buy curtains for mother's windows."

"O, Josie! A girl eight years old to earn enough money for that. What put that in your head?"

"Mother did herself. She wants them so much. And when I asked her why she didn't buy them, she said: 'Because I have so many little mouths to feed and so many little bodies to keep warm and comfortable. We have enough for that, thank God, but we've nothing to spare for fancies, and the curtains are only a fancy of mine!' And I felt so sorry, Annie, 'cause mother did look as if she'd like her fancy very much. But since yesterday I've felt worse than ever about it, for when the telegram came to say that Aunt Clara was so sick, and mother must come to see her, and she was getting ready in such a hurry, I saw her open that box which shuts with a spring and take some money out of it, and she said to father: 'How fortunate it is that I have this money, now that you are so hard pressed. I have been putting away a dime every week to see whether I could spare it to buy some muslin curtains for our room. There is a dollar here, and it will just take me out to Clara's and back again.' I felt so bad, Annie, that a great big lump came into my throat and my eyes came all wet. It was such a disappointment for mother, and she just tried to look as if it wasn't a bit.—Wouldn't it be lovely if we could earn money enough to buy some?"

"Oh! yes, love," said Annie; "but then we couldn't, you know."

"How hard would you be willing to work for it?" asked a voice from the other side of the room. "Would you give up your whole Saturday?"

Josie sprang up and ran to the speaker, who sat busy making up an embroidered chair.

"Oh! I'd do anything," she said, eagerly, "and give up this Friday afternoon, too."

"Well, that chair must be finished on Monday, and it is to be made over before this new cover is put on."

Josie skipped into the next room—her uncle's shop (he was a cabinet maker) and came skipping back again.

"I see it, Aunt Lottie," said she, all on tip-toe with expectations.

"That chair must be picked over before to-morrow night. I was going to send for a boy to do it, because I shall not have time. It will be a long, tiresome day's work, but if you choose to do it I will give you a dollar."

"And that will buy the curtains, for I saw some with beautiful big scollops on the edge, marked one dollar, in the window, and mother was with me, and she said they were pretty coarse muslin, but they'd do very nicely for poor people's windows. Oh, Aunt Lottie! Dear good Aunt Lottie!" And Josie squeezed and hugged the "dear good Aunt Lottie" until she had to cry for mercy.

"It will be very hard work, Josie," she said, as soon as she was released. "Are you sure you will not be discouraged?"

"And so horrid, too," said Annie, turning up her little nose with a look of infinite disgust. "You'll be all dirty, and as hairy as anything. I wouldn't do it, Josie. Mother will save up money enough by and by."

As soon as breakfast was over she asked for her work, and Aunt Lottie, first pinning her up in a great calico apron of her own, and knotting a handkerchief over her brown curls, brought out the first basket and sat it before her.

All the forenoon the busy fingers labored, diligently, pulling to shreds the matted hair. Lower and lower grew the heap in the basket, higher and higher grew the mound on the floor beside the little workwoman, until at twelve o'clock when Uncle Reuben came in to dinner, the great basket stood empty, and with a sigh of relief as big as the basket, Josie stepped down from her seat.

"Well done, honey bee," said Uncle Reuben, "and the hair looks prime, too. I couldn't have done it better myself."

"But how red your face is and how tired you look," cried Annie; "and your hands! Oh, what awful dirty hands!"

"The hands will wash and the face will cool," said uncle Reuben. "I think that when mother comes home and sees the pretty curtains in the window, she won't complain of either hands or face."

Tired little Josie looked rested already as Uncle Reuben lifted her up to kiss her crimson face, and when dinner was over she went to work with great zeal. Aunt Lottie had offered to give her half of the money and let the boy finish the hair, but she would not consent; and although she had to sit alone—for her aunt dared not to bring the delicate embroidery with which she was busy near the flying threads of hair and dust—she went bravely on.

Oh, how the little back did ache and how the little brown eyes did sting! But when Uncle Reuben came in again at sunset, the work was done, and the weary child lay asleep in her chair. He stepped up very softly to her side and laid a bright new dollar note in her lap.

Never was there a happier heart than Josie's when, after supper, he took her out to walk, and let her buy, with her own hard-earned money, the curtains for mother's room.

Yes, she was happier just once in her life, and that was when her mother, going up to her room, when she returned from her journey, asked: "Why, who put those pretty curtains up here?" And on hearing from Aunt Lottie of her little girl's unselfish love, took her in her arms and said: "My own blessed, darling child! I'd rather have these than the finest lace curtains that ever hung in a palace."

One sound blow will serve to undo us all.

Benefits please, like flowers, when they are fresh.

A (too) gentle housewife mars the household.

He who hath none to still him may weep out his eyes.

Old men go to death; death comes to young men.

AT HER TOILET.

O, I have a hand for a dear little glove,
But I'll give it to none but the man that I love.

And I have a foot for a neat little shoe,
If given to me by a hand that is true.

And I have a lip that's as fresh as the flower,
That opens its buds to the first April shower.

My ringlets are auburn and fall very low
On shoulders as white and stainless as snow.

And then I've a rounded and dear little chin,
That was ne'er kissed by any except my own kin.

I've arms white as marble, but not half so cold;
And then I've the fairest—I must not be bold!

O, I've many sweet charms, and I know it is true;
But I'm keeping them all for—I will not tell who!

Important Conversation About Eating.

"I am glad to have further conversation with you, Doctor, on the subject of eating."

"I am at your service."

"Well, Doctor, is it injurious to eat between meals?"

"That depends on the length of the interval."

"I mean the ordinary or usual meals of the day as observed in communities generally."

"It is; the stomach after being taxed with the work of digestion after the ordinary meals needs rest, and must have it, or it will suffer sooner or later."

"Then you think the eating of *fruits* between meals is not well?"

"I do. The only proper rule is to give the stomach its necessary rest; rob it of that and soon the penalty must come."

"What about fruit at meals?"

"Most fruits are healthful, and as a rule I heartily recommend them. Let the eating, however, be done in connection with the regular meals and as a part of them."

"What fruits do you consider most healthful?"

"Apples, tomatoes, strawberries, peaches, the raspberry, whortleberry, and common blackberry are especially healthful for most people dwelling in the latitude of the United States. These are all hardy fruits, and a wise Providence supplies them in comparative abundance."

"You do not mention grapes."

"Fresh grapes are certainly healthful to most persons, yet there are many exceptions. In eating them care should be taken not to swallow the seeds; the latter are difficult of digestion, and should be eschewed."

"What of pears and currants, are they not healthful?"

"They are not to be refused. They are relishable, and often serviceable, but less so than the fruits first named. Much also depends on the varieties. I was present a few weeks since at a gathering of some of my medical friends when this whole question of fruits came up, and some of those present were men of very extensive and careful observation. After protracted and free conversation all present agreed that the common fruits of the latitude and climate (the best varieties being selected) are the best for us, and that each should be eaten in its own season, that is, when it reaches its maturity."

"Of course you advise that the fruit should be ripe?"

"Assuredly; unripe fruit, unless thoroughly cooked, is always harmful. Parents cannot be too careful to guard their children against it."

"Well, Doctor, what do you say of nuts?"

"Most of them are suited only to persons of strong powers of digestion, while others are positively baneful. A good rule is to eat them sparingly, and only those which our own experience indicates as best suited to our comfort. If eating any variety of nuts is followed with discomfort, avoid it in the future. Health is too precious to be trifled with."—*Home and Health.*

A Big Dinner Bill.

A couple of flat-boatmen on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary good speculation—made, in fact, six hundred dollars, a very large sum to that kind of folk, twenty years ago—concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would for once in their lives see what it was to have a real first-class hotel dinner. They could afford it, and they would just like to see how it would go. So they went to the St. Charles Hotel, and ordered the very best dinner that that establishment could afford. When they had eaten to their complete and entire satisfaction (and the probable astonishment of the waiters) they called for their bill.—The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them, with the wine list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to."—So Bill added up the price of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total $584.

"Wh—ew, Bill," said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we goin' to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill, "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out of the window and put!"

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

PITH AND POINT.

Outlandish proverbs, etc., selected by Geo. Herbert, and first printed in 1840:

Pleasing ware is half sold.
Who gives to all denies all.
The house shows its owner.
Man proposeth, God disposeth.
A good bargain is a pick purse.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Every day brings its bread with it.
The German's wit is in his fingers.
A horse made, and a man to make.
The gentle hen half mans herself.
Look not for musk in a dog kennel.
A crooked log makes a straight fire.
The devil is not always at one door.
He that gets out of debt grows rich.
God sends cold according to clothes.
He that studies his content wants it.
Who removes stones bruises fingers.
Humble hearts have humble desires.
All comes from and will go to others.
You cannot know wine by the barrel.

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 POWER OF INTEREST.

How a Person May Become Rich on Small Beginnings.

The gradually increasing rate of interest should make people wary of borrowing money for speculative purposes, and especially of hiring it for the purchase of unproductive property, or in the expectation of obtaining permanently high rents. It is the high rate of interest which every few years causes a general breaking up of business, when property and products fall in prices. This also it is which causes wealth gradually but steadily to concentrate into the hands of comparatively a few persons. Take any series of ten, twenty or thirty years, or more, and the longer the series the more positive and conclusive becomes the evidence of the fact, and it will be seen that the most profitable business in the world is the lending of money. A few examples will be sufficient to illustrate the great power of interest.

A man buys a house for which he pays $10,000. He leases it and charges the tenant seven per cent. upon its cost, clear of insurance, taxes and repairs. The rent is payable quarterly. It will accumulate a sum equal to the principal loaned or invested in ten years. In the first period of ten years, therefore, his rents build him another as costly a house as the first. In twenty years his rents build three such houses; in thirty years seven houses; in forty years fifteen houses; in fifty years thirty-one houses; in sixty years sixty-three houses, and in seventy years one hundred and twenty-seven houses. In seventy years all these are built from the accumulated rents of one house. These houses are worth $1,270,000, all of which sum has been paid for seventy years' rents of one house worth $10,000. If, instead of being invested in the house and lot, the $10,000 were loaned at interest—seven per cent.—and the interest collected and reloaned quarterly, the money would accumulate precisely the same amount of property.

Take another illustration of the power of interest. Two mechanics just come of ago, are good workmen and desirous of becoming rich. Each is able to earn a dollar a day over and above his expenses. Every six months they invest the money thus earned at seven per cent. interest, the interest payable half yearly. These men earn an average of a dollar a day besides their expenses 300 days in each year, during forty years and four months.—Their age is then 61 years and 4 months. Each earns by labor $300 per year for forty years, or, for the whole period, $12,120—together, $24,200. But the interest on their returns, loaned half yearly, for a period of 40 years and 4 months, doubling at seven per cent., paid and reinvested half yearly, in 10 years and four months amounts to $104,550 70, which added to the amount of $24,200 earned by their labor, makes the aggregate $128,750 70. The interest on the sum $24,200 earned by their labor is $104,550 70—more than four and a quarter times greater than the amount they have earned by their labor.

Suppose the two men to live 20 years and 2 months longer, that is to the age of eighty-one years and six months, and continue to loan their money. During this period it would double twice, making the total accumulation in sixty years and six months $515,002.80. The two men do not labor during the last twenty years and two months, and expend of their income for living during that period $15,002.80, leaving to their heirs $500,000. In forty years and four months they earn by their labor $24,200, and live twenty years and two months on their money without labor. Subtract the money earned by labor, $24,200, and the remainder, accumulated by interest, is $475,800.—Now, not one dollar of this $475,800 is earned by the labor of these men. It is the legal interest upon $24,200. These men live laboriously and work for a very moderate compensation. They take only the legal rate of interest. Neither do they enter into any speculations.

A Defence of Pretty Women.

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, but not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life s