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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872. No. 14.

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. BASIN.

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 Cassimere; 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.,
ap27. *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. WEER.

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.

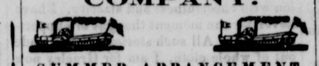
BURKE'S IRISH STOUT
and
BASS & CO.'S ENGLISH PALE ALE,
useful Tonics for persons laboring under debility.

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

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.

CHESTER RIVER STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, August 7, 1872,
The Steamer GEO. LAW,
Will leave Baltimore DAILY, at 7, A. M., for KENT ISLAND, QUAKER NECK, BOOKER'S, ROLPH'S & CHESTERTOWN.

Returning, leave Chestertown daily at 4½ P. M.
" " Rolph's " " 5 "
" " Booker's " " 5½ "
" " Quaker Neck " " 5¾ "

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Steamer GEO. LAW will go to CRUMPTON, leaving Crumpton at 1 o'cl'k, P. M. same day.

The Steamer CHESTER
Will leave Baltimore DAILY at 7, A. M., for QUEENSTOWN and GREY'S INN CREEK.

Returning, leave Grey's Inn daily at 10½ A. M.
" " Eastern Neck " " 11 "
" " Queenstown " " 12 M.
" " Kent Island " " 12½ P. M.

☞ No Fruit or Freight received unless *properly marked.* Marking with chalk or Lead Pencil not considered marking.

☞ Passengers will be particular in taking the RIGHT BOAT in Baltimore.

B. S. FORD, President
Chester River Steamboat Company.
Aug. 10, 1872—tf.

PEACH GROWERS
ACCOMMODATION LINE!

On and after August 1st, the swift and Staunch
Steam Tug Constitution, with Barges,
WILL RUN DAILY,
(Sundays Excepted,) during PEACH SEASON to and from Light Street Wharf, foot of Barre street, Baltimore, and landings on Chester River, and at any point on the river when signalled for.

Leaving ROUND TOP - at 4½ o'clock, P.M.
" CHESTERTOWN " 5 " "
" ROLPH'S WHARF " 5½ " "
" BOOKERS'S - " 6½ " "
" QUAKER NECK - " 7 " "

and reaching Baltimore at 1 o'clock, A. M., in time for early morning market.

Peaches Freighted to Baltimore
For EIGHT CENTS per Box.

Peaches to be sent to New York or Philadelphia, will be taken from any Wharf on Chester River, and delivered on board of Cars at Chestertown, for 5 cents per box. Other freights carried at proportionate rates.
JOHN HARRIS.
Round Top, Aug. 10, 1872—tf.
[Cent. *Observer* copy.]

NEW STAGE LINE to BUCK NECK

On and after MONDAY, Aug. 5th, the subscriber will run a STAGE from
Chestertown to Buck Neck,
connecting with the Steamers "Trumpeter" and "C. P. Smith" to and from Baltimore.

The Stage will leave Chestertown EVERY MORNING (except Sunday) at 9½, A. M. Passengers will be called for at their residences on making known their desire that the same should be done. The Stage has been repaired and put in complete order, and will be found a very pleasant vehicle. It will be called the "EXPRESS." JOHN W. RASIN.
Aug. 3, 1872—3m.

FARE REDUCED.
62½ Cts. to BALTIMORE!

ON and after Monday, Aug. 12th inst., my STAGE will run from
CHESTERTOWN to BUCK NECK
and return, daily, connecting with the steamers TRUMPETER and C. P. SMITH.

Fare to and from Baltimore **62½ Cents.**

☞ Passengers leaving word at the Voshell House, T. W. Eliason's or Hynson's store, or informing my driver, will be called for.
aug10-tf. JAS. SHUSTER.

The Steamer C. P. Smith,
CAPT. J. H. BROWN,
On and after May 1, 1872,
Will leave BALTIMORE,
From Pier No. 7, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., for ELKTON, stopping at
Buck Neck, Barnard's & Betterton
REYBOLD'S, and the LANDINGS ON ELK RIVER. Returning the opposite days, leaving Elk Landing at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Stage will connect with this Boat to and from Chestertown.

FARE—from Chestertown - - $1.25
" " Buck Neck - - 1.00

Freight at reasonable rates.
EDWARD BROWN, Prop'r.
April 27, 1872—tf.

For Sassafras River.
THE STEAMER TRUMPETER

HAVING undergone thorough repair, and being now in complete order, will resume her trips on SATURDAY, the 9th of March, 1872, leaving Pier No. 6, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Thankful for past favors, we will earnestly strive to merit a continuance of the same.
WM. CUNDIFF, Capt.
March 9, 1872—8

DAVY & HUNT,
GREAT WESTERN
Carriage and Harness BAZAAR,
1311, 1313, 1315 and 1317 MARKET Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Falling and Shifting-top Buggies, $80 to $200.
Germantown (Shifting Seats) from $70 to $150.
Rockaways (Leather trimmed) $80 to $135.
Dearborns, No Top Buggies, Jagger and Business Wagons from 50 to $125.
Single Harness from 15 to $75 per set.
Double Harness from 25 to $95 per set.

Blankets, Whips, Halters, Sheets, Afghans and everything appertaining to the business at equally low prices.

Our motto is "Cheaper than the Cheapest." Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Aug. 10, 1872—6m.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

ALL PERSONS, irrespective of color, are hereby forewarned against trespassing upon the premises of the undersigned, either by gunning upon or crossing over my land, going through my orchards, or fishing upon my shore, after this date. All who disregard this notice will be dealt with according to law. EDWIN SMITH,
Aug. 3, 1872—4t* Near Rees' Corner.

$5 REWARD.—Lost, on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 1st, between Buck Neck and Chestertown, a Leather POCKET BOOK, containing $20, or perhaps more, in fives, two and one dollar notes, and fractional currency. A reward of $5 will be given to the finder, on returning the book and money to the undersigned. VINCENT LEE,
aug3-3t. Buck Neck Stage Driver.

THE POPULAR CREED.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man is up, oh! lift him higher—
Your soul's for sale, and he's the buyer—
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,
But a maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose claims are these:
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with brandy red,
A soul well trained in villainy's school—
And cash, sweet cash—he knows the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian's plan,
But poor he is, and poor will be,
A scorned and hated wretch is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth the leper's life;—
They struggle against a fearful odds
Who will not bow to the people's Gods!
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
"No questions asked" of the rich, I trow!
Steal by night and steal by day
(Doing it all in a legal way,)
Join the church, and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your maker,
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor; remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

LOVE, COLIC AND MULE.

AUSTIN, Texas, July 3, 1872.

Mr. Editor:—Did you ever ride a mule? I don't mean a civilized creature, accustomed to good society, but a wild steed of the plains, brought up on grass and rattlesnakes, and accustomed to cavort regardless of the Constitution as amended or the rights of man. Mules are pretty much alike the world over, only the Texan mule is a little more so. He has more viciousness to the square inch than any creature the Lord ever created. He can buck like a horse, which means to go up on four feet and come down on one, with the back rounded to such an extent that nothing is visible on the horizon but the tips of his ears, and you've had scarcely time to make an observation of these before the earth seems to have bumped up and give you a free admission to a universe of fire works. Then his voice equals what you tell us of the Newman chimes. I am sorry that Gilmore didn't have a Texan mule among his other musical celebrities to astonish them foreigners.

I rode one the other day and I'm going to tell you about it. It won't be very well written because my right arm has been in a sling, and I have more bruises than bones. You see I fell in love with a girl, deep as a forty foot well—I mean my love, not the girl, she isn't deep a bit—and as my luck would have it, another fellow fell about the same distance at the same time. He's not a bad-looking chap, and wears store-clothes on week days. He parts his hair in the middle and oils it up with bergamot and cinnamon. He has his name printed on pieces of pasteboard and drops them round promiscuously for fear that people might forget that A. Browne Swivel wasn't about. I had to acknowledge the fact that between this fellow and myself in affections of the divine Araminta it was nip and tuck, with the dog a little ahead.

I put on my best clothes one day and walked over to this gal's house, intending to move on her works, and have the thing settled without further debate. My rival was there, and seemed to have on his sitting clothes. That did not amount to much, for I knew that at ten o'clock, six hours after my arrival, he'd have to wend his winding way home, for the old lady he boarded with didn't allow any irregular hours. If he got to his frugal couch, or rather the house containing it, he might skin his nuckles and kick his boots off, but he wouldn't get in after that hour, and the haymow is not a pleasant bed-room in flea-time. But I was soon relieved of all anxiety. We had a diversion that soon broke up the sitting.

Araminta is possessed of a little brother—I hate a girl's brother! If they are little they play tricks on you, and if they are big they borrow your money, get drunk, and insult you with impunity, knowing that you are in love with their sister and won't resent an indignation.

While we were talking in a quiet way, and looking volumes of love at the girl and wrath at each other, we heard a fearful yell in the garden patch and running out found little brother on the ground in active convulsions. He had been trying to eat through the melon patch. It was a disgusting failure, for he could not have bursted open and gone into the contents of more than ten or twelve. As it was it looked as though there was going to be a death in the family, and Araminta screamed a scream and yelled at us to run for a doctor. We both took in the situation at a glance—the man that got the doctor first would get Araminta for life. My rival went over the fence like a deer and seezed the only horse in the stable. He bridled and saddled the animal in double quick time, while I found nothing left but a mule. I seized a blind bridle, and rushing at the animal felt something whiz over my head that I am satisfied was a pair of heels. They narrowly missed my skull, but carried away my hat. Nothing daunted, I seized the creature by the ear, put on the bridle, and unfastening the chain by which he was haltered led him from the stable. He went out willingly, so much so indeed that I had some difficulty in keeping up, and had not the creature stopped on the outside to give vent to his feelings in a prolonged bray, I could not have mounted. As it was, before he got through with his musical entertainment, I was on his back.

The beast seemed somewhat astonished at this performance, and stood turning it over in his mind for a minute while I dug my heels vigorously in his sides. He seemed suddenly to come to the conclusion that a change of administration would be an excellent thing, and to this end began going up and down like a saw gate. I really thought I'd be split in two, and would probably have been pitched over but that in the midst of this pleasing exercise Muley caught sight of the horse disappearing at a hard gallop in the distance. He seemed animated by the laudable ambition of overtaking that horse, and started so suddenly he came near leaving me behind. I worked my way forward until I could get my hand hold of the halter chain, and pulling this rigging taut got a pretty secure hold.

How that beast did run! He not only gained on the horse to such an extent that Ariminta might have offered two to one and no takers, but exhibited his superabundance of bottom by throwing in, at intervals, the liveliest kicks that ever emanated from a mule. About a mile out we closed in on the cob, and as we passed Muley favored him with a salute that was most infernally foul, for, planting his two heels upon the off quarters of the honest old Buccephalus, I heard a yell and glancing around saw my rival and horse go down in the most promiscuous manner. My steed of the desert kept straight on. We had a ride of eight miles before us, and I felt satisfied that in that distance, at the rate we were traveling, Muley would have a good deal of the devil taken out of him. I became of another fact aware, and that my best pants were giving way. I should like to see anything short of a woven work for a suspension bridge stand the wear and tear of such a ride as that.

About five miles out we struck a watermelon patch and went straight through. I could hear the mellons bursting under me like bums, and when we emerged from the other side specimens of this fruit were strung on the mules legs like beads.

A mile beyond this I saw our excellent minister of the gospel wending his solemn way across the prairies with a wagon full of infant Jacobs, and I saw also that unless he whipped his horse Old Hundred to a most extraordinary run we would be in to him instanter. I pulled hard on the near rein with one hand, while I steadied myself with the other, but with no more effect than if I had taken a pull upon Pike's Peak. We struck the parson's family about midships and went through. I never saw infant Christianity so scattered as on that occasion.

I left the parson gathering up his family, and continued until I struck the doctor's fence, and went flying in at his front door with his bull dog close at my tattered rear. I knocked over the cradle and upset the supper table. The doctor came to my rescue with a kick in the ribs of his dog that sent him with a howl and a mouthful of pantaloons into the yard. I then told the doctor with one breath—all I had left—that Araminta's little darling was dying of too much watermelon patch and wanted a doctor with squills.

We returned in about the same style. The doctor having a younger horse than my rival had been favored with kept the lead, his pill-bags flapping in the air, while his coat-tails made a straight line behind. If he horse flagged any the mule started him up again with a vigorous bite on the rump that seemed to infuse new vigor into that medicated animal. We passed my rival sitting on the roadside nursing his off leg as if it hurt him. He never came back, acknowledging his defeat in the most gentlemanly manner.

The doctor soon put Araminta's little brother in a perpendicular position, and that night at the bedside of the little sufferer, keeping well to the front, I proposed, was accepted, and the happy day was fixed. I road into Araminta's affections on a mule. It was a great triumph, but I didn't want to do it again. In agreeing upon a day that was to make us one I secured time enough to have the doctor put me well together. I am not so tall as I was, but I think I'm longer in the legs, and Araminta calls me a noble fellow.

ELIHU DAWKINS.

Jenkins Goes to a Picnic.

Maria Ann recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately. She had planned to go alone, so far as I was concerned, on that picnic excursion; but when I heard it I determined to assist. She pretended she was very glad, but I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from work a day," she said, "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and dinner in the woods."

On the morning of the memorable day Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my repose, and told me to come out to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The run was up; and I had no idea the sun commenced business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you'll get nothing before noon."

I could not eat anything at that time in the morning, and it was just as well that I couldn't, for I had all I could do. The ice was to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to cut, and I thought I never should fix the legs of the chicken so that I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, and gave directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and was putting her dress on all at once. There is a great deal of energy in that woman—perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the steps with the basket on one arm, and Maria Ann's water proof on the other, and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar in my coat skirt pocket. There was a camp chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run, or we'll not catch the cars."

"Maria," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you expect me to run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street you'll start too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again for laughing at her. Maria Ann drove me all the way to the depot on a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood up and held them.

"Maria," said I, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You're a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "My love you have made that observation before."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of warmth when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars the bottle in my pocket got broke, and consequently I had my boot full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet; and Maria Ann ran off with a big-whiskered music teacher, and lost her fan and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself so much, after the fashion of picnic goers.

And Maria called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner time came—the "nice dinner in the woods," you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fishbones. The ice-cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat except what was in my boot, and of course that was of no immediate use. The music teacher spilled a cup of coffee on Maria's head, and pulled all the frizzes out trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a raspberry pie and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn't want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day afforded considerable variety, compared with everyday life, but there were so many little drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

A MID-AIR COMPROMISE.

A FUNNY STORY OF A FEMALE COLLEGE.

Not many years ago, and not far from the city of Elmira, at a locality known as "The Female College," the circumstances we are about to relate took place. It seems that the Principal of the College overheard a plan among a number of his young lady students for drawing a young gentleman up to one of the third story rooms "in a basket, at night," as no gentlemen suitors were permitted to visit their college lady-loves, and see them alone under the strict rules of the institution.—The Principal acted accordingly; and at the appointed time was on the designated spot, and when the basket was let down, took the lover's place, gave the "signal twitch," and commenced going up towards heaven, drawn by a trinity of angels.

When two-thirds up, the angel expectant, on looking down from the window, discovered to her terror and dismay, that instead of her lover she had another man in the basket; and, nearly frightened out of her wits, made the fact known to her fair helpers in mischief, with the pertinent inquiry of "What shall we do? What shall we do?" Whreupon one of their number, noted for her coolness and prescence of mind in trying emergencies, said:

"Here! you hold on to this cord; now do just as I tell you, and I'll take care of the man, no matter who he is, nor where he comes from."

Then, taking out her pocket knife and opening it, she leaned out of the window and in a low but firm voice said, "who are you in that basket?" No response.

"I say, who are you there in that basket? Do you hear? I have a knife in my hand, and unless you answer this in less than ten seconds, I will cut this rope."

"Why, its your Principal; don't you know me? Don't, for mercy's sake, cut the rope! Keep you knife further away from it."

"Well, you are in a pretty fix, professor, a pretty fix, indeed, and hanging between heaven and earth, between life and death. What do you think ought to be done with you? A principal of a female college, who thus endeavors at night to clandestinely reach the room of a lady student, ought to be severely punished, and also exposed."

"Oh! I beg of you not to harm me nor expose me; but let me down again carefully, and don't let the rope slip!"

"Professor," said the shrewd beauty, "on one condition only will we comply with your request."

"Name it! name it!"

"You must solemnly promise that none of us who have been engaged in this little romance shall be disciplined for it, and that you will make no mention of it to a living soul, while we are inmates of the college, with the understanding that we are to observe the same solemn promise. What say you?"

"I promise, solemnly promise."

"Very well. Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully keep and observe that promise, so help you God!"

"I do!"

"Enough, girls! He has taken the oath! Lower away!"

The "professor" was soon carefully and safely landed on terra firma greatly to his own relief and greatly to the joy, no doubt, of the other party to the compromise; and he lived up to his oath.—In after years, however, when time had absolved him from it, and the lover whose basket he "monopolized" on that eventful night, had, as the story goes, married the girl—who on that occasion was so "far above"—the professor used to tell the adventure to his particular friends, and laugh over it till the tears ran down his cheeks, as the most ludricrous scrape he ever got into in all his college life; and as the only one he was let off from under an oath administered.

COULDN'T SEE IT.—The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion recently to correct a little boy named Johnny. Now, Johnny had what is called the sulks, because he was whipped, and in order to convince him he was justly punished, his teacher made the following argument:

"Now, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go further, what would you do?"

John stifled up his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, innocently replied, "I'd cluck to him, sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate, and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, sir."

"You may go to your seat, Johnny."

Johnny could not be made to see the necessity of using the switch.

AN excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

A New Orleans policeman arrested a man for "looking scornfully at him."

Letter from Still Pond Neck.

Messrs. Editors:—I see letters occasionally in your excellent paper from Still Pond, and from Worton, and indeed from nearly every part of the county. I am glad to see them. Some of them, too, are very well done. This is in accordance with the fitness of things, for, in my judgment, the paper is more desired from time to time in these localities because of the letters, which give each in turn that much more prominence.

There is no good reason why Still Pond should have a correspondent, and the "Neck" adjacent never be heard of thro' the papers. Verily, it is the *neck* of the village and vicinity. What would become of Still Pond without the "Neck," it requires no prescience to determine. It would be exactly what the Trojan Monarch was after falling into the bloody hands of Phyrrus—"a headless carcass." In fact, there is only one thing known to science which can dispense with its neck, and that is a bottle of Bourbon; and it does not flourish without a neck anywhere save in Kentucky. Rely upon it there is a degree of wisdom in the saying, "Neck or nothing."

The neck contains the Pond; the pond contains the frogs—the dulcet frogs which sing! It is altogether a mistake to suppose the frogs are still. I presume the county readers of the NEWS know all about that pellucid sheet, so I will not dilate.

But it is a pleasure to visit the Neck now, the superabundant verdure which continues, comets to the contrary, notwithstanding; orchards displaying their luscious fruits in copious supply; gardens bursting with productiveness, and immense cornfields crowded with the staple, form a picture upon which the eye dwells with delight, and to which the heart recurs with gladness. A certain clergyman who loved his wine, when dining out would glance at the side-table, and if he saw on it sherry glasses, the "grace before meat" commenced in these words: "For what we are about to receive, &c.;" but if the side-table contained tall, stem glasses, indicating the coming champagne, the "grace" began, "Bountiful Jehovah!" A devout man, surveying the agricultural treasures of this neighborhood, may well exclaim in unmingled praise to the bountiful Providence which so richly supplies man, nor suffers the young ravens to go unprovided.

Peach orchards are everywhere in the Neck, many of them excellent; but I desire to say something of a pear orchard I inspected a few days ago—an orchard no one could look at with indifference. I refer to Mr. J. C. Rasin's orchard, probably two and a half miles from the village. It is divided into two parts, one embracing eight acres, the other, one-fourth of an acre. The first division contains three thousand trees, of which seven hundred and fifty are standard, and two thousand two hundred and fifty are dwarf pear trees. These trees, I am told, are four and five years old, and the greater part of them are literally weighed down with fruit. The size of the fruit being generally out of all proportion to the size of the tree. I thought before examining these trees I had seen and eaten the finest pears; but I was very innocent, as there are varieties in this orchard which surpass in size, flavor and appearance anything in the way of pears I ever heard of. They ripen more gradually than peaches, and when ripe present a variety of colors—yellow, red, green, russet or brown, white, cream color, &c. In size, they vary from a walnut up to a circumference of twelve inches.

At one time I supposed the hard names given to the more valued pears constituted their chief difference. It is not the case. The differences are marked in the texture and quality of the fruit. Mr. Rasin has one thousand trees of the Duchess variety; Beurre de Anjou, three hundred; Vicar of Wakefield, three hundred; Lawrence, three hundred; Buffum, two hundred; Louis Bonne, one hundred. Of the standard, there are the Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Clapp's Favorite and Sheldon. These trees are so managed that from the time the earliest variety ripens, until the last pear is gathered, late in Autumn, there are always ripe pears in the orchard. Another fact connected with this orchard is that it has never been attacked by "blight" of any kind. The trees are cared for, fertilized and cultivated every year with great particularity. Mr. Rasin has probably seventy-five acres in peaches, numbering many varieties. All the trees, I thought, looked very full and healthy. I was shown Keyport (white,) Steven's Rareripe, Washington Seedling, Silver Medal, Salway and Early Baltimore, all of which varieties I never saw nor heard of in Kent county. Early Baltimore is a beautiful peach, bright lemon color, and ripens just before Troth's. Perhaps I have given this matter too much prominence, but I feel it will be interesting to farmers, fruit growers, and the public generally. NUNC.

IN an old edition of Rabelais is to be found the following verse, which indicates that there must have been extant a knowledge of abbreviated writing:

Two gossips prating in a church,
The devil, who stood upon the lurch,
In short-hand, on a parchment roll
Wrote down their words; and when the scroll
Could hold no more, it was so full,
His devilship began to pull; which failing,
He knocked his head against the railing.
St. Martin laughed, though then at mass,
To see the devil such an ass;
To think a parchment roll, or e'en a skin,
Could hold two WOMEN'S chat when they begin!

Two rival circuses were recently quartered in the vicinity of Dubuque, Iowa, when the employees and performers engaged in a regular battle, requiring the interference of the authorities to quell. The cause of the dispute was that the wife of one of the managers had gone over to the rival establishment.

THE following message, written upon a Western Union blank, was found on the beach at Long Branch the day after Horace Greeley received the Democratic nomination in Baltimore:

"To my Relatives:
"MAKE HAY."
"U. S. G."

THE Boston Post says that the title of LL.D., recently conferred upon Grant, means "Lover of Large Donations."

ONE of the Western railroads has a female engineer of the beautiful blonde order. She makes the sparks fly.

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.

GRANDMOTHERS.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF THEM.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunt's in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies, and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to 'ma's'
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar;
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys."

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,—
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

Gems of Thought.

A day of idleness tires more