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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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. 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.

GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

SEWING MACHINES,

For sale on reasonable terms, by N. G. WESTCOTT, Chestertown.

mh16-tf.

THE 'WEED'

"F. F."—Family Favorite,

Sewing Machine!

LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE

The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.

"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Galignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]

ALSO, THE

"M. F."—Manufacturer's Favorite,

Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.

SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL

These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one

Send for Circulars and Samples.

THINES & BURCHINAL, AGENTS,

d3-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

PETER WEIKEL,

Merchant Tailor,

UNDER CARROLTON HOTEL,

Light Street, *BALTIMORE.*

It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine our goods.

Our Staple CLOTHS, DOEKSKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style.

OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash.

oc26. P. WEIKEL.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

FIRST CLASS WORK! MODERATE PRICES!

Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
Italian Marble FLOWER VASES.
Italian Marble FONTS.

Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUMNS and MONUMENTS of pure White Statuary Marble, of new and beautiful designs.

White Marble CURBING and POSTS for enclosing Cemetery Lots, at

GADDESS BROS.' corner Sharp and German Streets, and 110 South Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

oc26y.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,

FENCING,

PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

VICK'S

FLORAL GUIDE

For 1873.

The GUIDE is now published Quarterly, 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

☞ The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Crome Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Dec. 7, 1872.

NOTICE

TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.

WE have procured our supply of COAL for the Winter, and are prepared to fill all orders with despatch—especially those accompanied with the cash.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. TWILLEY & CO., Chestertown.

nov23.

5 to $20 Per Day! Agents Wanted! all classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFELY.

S. Merritt & Co.,

HAVE JUST OPENED

At their Store in Chestertown,

The Most Desirable Stock of

Winter Clothing!

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

Ever offered to this Community.

Gents' Furnishing Goods!

HATS and CAPS.

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.

October 5, 1872.

NEW MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP

IN CHESTERTOWN.

ABE SCHWARTZ,

FROM PHILADELPHIA,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, a

First Class Tailor Shop

where he keeps on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.

SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.

Chestertown, Aug. 24—tf.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TEN BUILDING LOTS at WORTON STATION, on the Kent County Railroad, will be sold at low prices and on accommodating terms. They are laid off with 100 feet front, and running back varying from 120 to 400 feet. This would make a good stand for a Store, or Shops of any kind. Mr. THOS PARSONS, the Station agent, will show the lots to any persons who may desire to examine them.

For further information, terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at the office of the "Kent News." PLUMMER & USILTON.

Dec. 14, 1872—tf.

AUCTIONEERING

THE undersigned, having associated themselves together for the purpose of Calling Sales, will attend to all such business offered to us in our District. Hoping by strict attention to that branch of business to receive all orders for auctioneering sales of all kinds.

JACOB SUTTON, JOSEPH H. HARRIS, Kennedyville.

Jan. 4—tf.

LET HER FLUTTER!

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, hereby notifies his friends that he has removed to Chestertown, and still offers his services to the citizens of this and adjacent counties, as AUCTIONEER. His charges hereafter will be from $5 to $10. Persons wishing his services will please have his name inserted at foot of advertisement.

jan4-3m. U. A. C. GARRETT.

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.

Pure Bourbon Whiskey,

For Medicinal and other purposes, In store and for sale by

JOHN BOLDLEY, Chestertown, Agent for Distillers.

Jan. 11, 1873—3m

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours

j-17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

WINDOW GLASS, Cut to fit an Sash

Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO.

The Seed and the Sowers.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand;
But when it is sown, it must grow, you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower, or tree;
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield.
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop,
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side;
Whether they've lived or whether they've died
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown;
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.

No Woman Punctual.

A paper called the *Civilian*—edited by some wretched old batchelor, we know—has the audacity to say that no lady is ever punctual; that no lady ever yet had the remotest idea of the duration of five minutes or an hour, or any other longer or shorter space of time. Indeed, the supreme indifference of a woman in a matter which men are taught to regard as of vital importance, at once stamps the superior sex as above and beyond the control of mere conventional rules. Time never enters into her calculations, or occupies a single moment of her thoughts. She is always late when she keeps an appointment; she devotes previous hours to dressing, and will, any day, miss a train for the sake of putting on her gloves.—The odd thing is that she never thinks of the irritation which she causes by her disregard of the rules of punctuality. A gentleman who grumbles because he has had to wait an hour, while the fair object of his affections is putting on her bonnet, is a "brute." Aberrations of the feminine mind, like the movement of the spheres, admits of some approach to calculation; and, although the most experienced observer may sometimes fail to tell what portion of her orbit a lady may occupy at any given hour of the day, he may make a pretty accurate guess, sometimes, by the useful rule of contrarics.—An allowance of an hour or two admits of the fair comet coming to her right place in the social firmament in the evening, will usually be a sufficient margin, provided she has not particular reasons for being very much behind. You may always predict with absolute certainty that she will be quite ready to go the theatre when the play is half over, and that you will blunder with her into the concert room just in time to disconcert or annoy the finest soprano on the platform. If the reader has ever had the pleasure of going shopping with his wife or sweetheart, he will understand what we mean. You are always dressed and ready a few minutes after the expedition has been arranged, and you stroll about the room, killing time as best you may, until the lady appears. You kick your heels and swing your umbrella, until the fatal truth breaks upon you that you have sacrificed the best portion of an hour. When the fair one appears she always has to put her gloves on in the lobby, while you stand with the door half open in your hand, and if you grumble about the delay, she protests that she has not been more than five minutes over her toilet.

GEMS.

—He who talks, sows; he who listens reaps.

—Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

—An ill-natured, fussy man, is like a tallow candle. He always sputters and smokes when he is put out.

—When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

—Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own special interest.

—There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

—If the man who has got to the top of the hill by honesty, is ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road he has travelled, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled to the bottom again.

—There is a world of wisdom in the following: A good action performed in this world receives its recompense in the other, just as water poured at the root of a tree appears again above in fruit and flower.

MISS LAURA REAM writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* an account of an interview with Schuyler Colfax, in the course of which the retiring Vice-President remarked: I stood to-day on the very spot in the Senate Chamber where I made my first reports for the Indianapolis *Journal*. It was then owned by Mr. Douglass, and he gave me two dollars a day for my services. I remember pleading with him for another dollar. I had to pay four dollars a week for my board, and with that and the expense of clothes and coming here and returning home, I could not very well see my way clear. When I insisted on the other dollar, Mr. Douglass said to me: You don't seem to consider the advantages you enjoy; you are in a way to make valuable acquaintances. See what Albert S. White has come to. He was once a reporter. You may be a member of Congress some day. Who knows? I frankly confess, continued Mr. Colfax, that I said to him in reply, I will give all my chances of being a member of Congress for the other dollar a day."

SPEAKING of theoretical farming, Josh Billings says that once he knew a man who wouldn't even set a gate post without having the ground analyzed to see if it possessed the proper ingredients for post holes.

As a stout old lady got out of a crowded bus the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, that's a relief, any how." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'osses think, mum."

BISHOP POTTS.

MORMOMISM ILLUSTRATED.

Bishop Potts, of Salt Lake city, was the husband of three wives, and the happy father of fifteen children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys, with which to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one, and kissing each of her affectionately, started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen beautiful mouth-organs in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning when the whole fifteen of those mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore! we are *so—so* glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome dear, *dear* Theodore! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his skirt front and mussed him.

The bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed! Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that; but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are so glad to see you safe, safe at home. We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!"

"Oh, but we didn't!" they exclaimed in chorus. "We came here to welcome you because you are our husband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that it to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you have mistaken your man!"

"Oh, no, dearest," they shouted, "we were married to you while you were away."

"What!" exclaimed the bishop, "you don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Tuesday Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-th-under;" observed the beloved, in a general sort of way.

"And, darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale, "you don't mean to say there is a pack of children too?"

"Yes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplets."

"Wha-wha wha-what d' y say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful," and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semi-circle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation, made a futile effort to fan him with the coal-scuttle.

But after a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing; so he walked home, holding as many of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went around among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two-second-story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus. Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough mouth-organs to go around among the children, as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem to be partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm head, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four mouth-organs, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing an additional organ.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran toward him, shouting: "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa!" etc, etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said: "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father;" and the bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes you are though!" screamed the little ones in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous for you to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—"we know it is; and so is ours; that is our name too, since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the pavement and wiped away a tear. Then he asked:

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mother are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are awful glad you have come home."

The bishop did not seem unusually glad; somehow, he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him and kissed him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts.

Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk, where he felt among the gum rings and rattles for his letter-paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a founding hospital," he said. Then the bishow saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the late Simpson's the bride (relict of Simpson) would probably souse down on him, fumble among his hair and make things warm for him. So repacking his carpet-bag, he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied with a screeching good-bye at the top of her voice.

On his way home after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; MaGrath's widow, you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the bishop. "I didn't know that McGrath was dead."

"Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop, what bishop?"

"Well, you see there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The bishop gave a wild, unearthly shriek, and went into a hysterical fit, and writhed upon the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterward took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than hour the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the paint off them.

A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time in trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by ciphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.—*Philadelphia To-Day.*

Charley's Letter to his Sister.

DEAR SUE:—The horses has all got the epigramatic very badly. Us boys had so much fun the other day! Little Frank's hobby horse had glue runnin' out of its nose, so we knew he had it, and we took him into the bath room, and got some of ma's fine towels and wrapped his legs up in hot water, and burned sulphur matches under his throat, and swinged his mane off, and the paint came off his legs and the glue came all unstuck, and Frank can't ride any more. Wasn't it jolly?—Then the matches put us in mind of havin' a Beston fire, so we coaxed little sister to give us her box of Swiss houses you brought her from Urip, and we set 'em up and touched 'em off, and let her rip. The town went like blazes, and we then throwed in some of sister's dolls for dead bodies, and then saved the arms and legs for trofys.

But you bet we got scared when the flames went so high, so we turned on the hose, and that fool, Jim Blain, let the water run all over the floor and down the kitchen onto the cook's head, and she thought the pipes had busted, and run for a man to fix 'em, so ma caught us all in there, and the boys run home, but I got a thrashing. It did'nt hurt much cause I had on thick clothes. Our Frank is in pants. He went in last Sunday. I've got a new girl. I don't like Jenny Bird any more, or I guess she don't like me any more, cause when I gave her a handful of peanuts she throwed 'em in my face, and I expect Joe Blain told lies about me. I'd lick him, only his father keeps a candy store, and I get all the candy I want for nothin'. Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

P. S.—Please bring me a goat.

WHY is the letter y like a young lady? Because it makes Pa Pay.

POKING FUN AT A RAILROAD.

And then, another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snowball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby. The result was the train happened to get on a down grade, and was started off at a terrible rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think.

We were just half a mile above the Annapolis Junction, and the first thing we knew—there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch-tender—we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the wrong track at full speed. Imagine our consternation, when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the Annapolis up train.

We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track, approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then—destruction.

With great presence of mind a minister on board organized a prayer-meeting.—Pale, but calm, the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man with a sad smile.

"For what reason?" was asked.

"Because we are about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on, and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car.

She was followed anxiously.

She climbed up on the tender, and then over the engine. It was very interesting to see her climb over the wheels and brass things on her way to the cow-catcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire. But never mind that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes; on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross-bars with one hand, the noble maid tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came off.—Protected by the bustle the engine received a gentle bump, and we are saved. I took up a collection for the woman on the train. I always take up a collection on such occasions—always. And what's more, I never forget to give the object interested something nice out of it—never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes.

KATY'S GUESS.

With twelve white eggs in a downy nest
The old hen sits in a box in the shed;
And the children yesterday stood and guessed
Of the hopes that hid in her speckled breast,
Of the dreams that danced through her red-crowned head.

"She thinks," said the labor-hating Ned,
"Of a land where the weasels are all asleep,
Where the hawks are blind and the dogs are dead,
Where are heaps of corn as high as the shed,
And plenty of earthworms for her to eat."

"She remembers the country fair," says Bess,
"And the prize she took at Hampton town."
"No, no, she don't," cries James the less,
"She dreams of her little ducks, I guess;
She is wondering yet why they don't drown."

And what say you, little curly pate?
I see a thought in your merry eye,
"She fink" says the bright-haired baby Kate,
As she lifts the latch of the garden gate,
"Vere'll be tickens to *skatch* for by and by."

Three cheers for the wisdom of the three years old;
Who told you the secret, little pet,
That love is better than ease or gold,
That labor for love pays a thousand-fold?
"Oo finked it ooself?" Well, don't forget.

JUSTICE IN CALIFORNIA.—The first Alcalde, in 1851, in Yerka, California, was known as "Cut-eye Foster," but he left no docket, and soon ran away, and Geo. C. Vail reigned in his stead. No law book was ever used in his court; he decided each case on its own merits, writing out a full history, and his docket is a curiosity. In one case brought before him, a boy had driven a team from Oregon, and worked all winter for a man, who declined to pay. He sold out in the spring and was leaving suddenly, when, on complaint of the boy, Vail and two constables stopped him on the road. It was proved that he had received three hundred dollars on his sale, but he declared himself unable to pay, though not denying the boy's claim. Judge Vail decided in these words: "Constable, stand this man on his head, shake him well, and see if you can't hear something fall!" No sooner said than done. A vigorous shaking brought to light a wallet containing two thousand dollars in gold dust; the boy received his claim of three hundred dollars, the Judge and constables took an ounce apiece for their trouble, and the defendant went his way a lighter man. Justice like this was cheap at three ounces.

☞ THE FLEA.—When a flea, under a microscope is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever warrior wore, and composed of strong, polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered like tortoise-shell, and where they meet, hundreds of small quills project, like those on the back of a porcupine or hedgehog. There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent cases, piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood, six long jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, already at any moment to be pushed out with tremendous force for that jump which bothers one when he wants to catch him, and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling to whatever he lights upon. A flea can jump a hundred times its own length, which is the same as if a man jumped five hundred feet, and he can draw a load two hundred times his own weight.

A DRUNKARD, on being told that the earth is round and turns on its axis all the time, said: "I believe that, for I've never been able to stand on the darned thing."

To an Absent Friend.

I think of thee oft when the gray dawn is peeping,
And wish I with thee through green meadows might roam;
I think of thee oft when the moonbeams are sleeping,
O'er the woods, hills and dales that encircle thy home.

I think of thee oft when surrounded by pleasure
And banish each thought that would sadness recall,
But I think of thee more since I've found that rare treasure,
The proof of affection, that's dearer than all.

I think of thee oft when unceasing reflection
Drives sleep from my pillow, and peace from my breast,
And thy image is mingled with each recollection
Of all that is kindest, and dearest, and best.

When enlivened by pleasure or saddened by sorrow,
Each hour some remembrance arises of thee,
And still from the thought pleasing solace I borrow,
And thou, dost thou not sometimes think upon me?

GALENA, Jan. 14, 1873.

The False Education of our Daughters.

The English nobleman who sends off to Paris for his daughter's dresses, is reasonably certain that he, and his daughter's husband after him, can continue sending, and that in the training of his child he is fostering no habit which cannot be indulged in later years. The American knows, if he knows anything, that the habits of luxury in which his child is reared unfit her for the duties of the life to which she will in all likelihood be called—that he cannot hope that his family will long survive him, any more than that his daughter will love a man to whom that wealth will be unimportant. Experience and observation alike tell him that wealth, in this country, rarely continues in a family three generations, and that at any time he may find himself a poor man again. Yet he regulates his life and that of his children as if his wealth and theirs were assured forever, and as though the habits of a lifetime could be broke like whips of straw. His daughters are not fit to marry any but the rich men they experience so much difficulty in finding, and a man of moderate means is careful to avoid asking them to change their habits of life. There are few sadder pictures than the one we see when some such woman of braver heart than most of her sex chooses the portion of a poor man's love and vainly seeks to adapt herself to a life of which she has hitherto known nothing. The habits of her girlhood bind her like strong fetters; her ignorance of domestic duties weigns her to the earth; the loss of social position or the fevered efforts she makes to support it wears out her life in bitter repinings, until her health gives way and then she dies, leaving her faults to vex the world in her children, and her virtues undiscovered save by her husband, who hides from himself all else of her memory.

Eli Perkins on Insurance.

I didn't use to believe much in insurance. I once had my life insured for $5,000 for four years, and I never got any benefit from it. Then I threw up the policy. I waited patiently every year to get that $5,000. I began to think it was interfering with the Lord's plans—this insurance to prevent death—so I destroyed the wicked papers. After examining all the policies I came to the conclusion that honesty was the best policy for me. That didn't cost much, and then I felt more like holding sweet converse with my tailor and shoemaker. It wasn't three days after I tore up my policy before I had my pocket picked, and then I fell out of a third story window on to a picket fence. The fence was insured, and of course it wasn't hurt. This discouraged me. I tore up my honesty policy, and scolded Mrs. Perkins, and got my life insured again. Since then I have had excellent health and an increased appetite. I've gained fourteen pounds. Now I go for life insurance. I insure everything—wife, mother-in-law, horses, chambermaid and coach dog.

Mr. Smith, my next door neighbor, don't believe in insurance. He has no policy. What is the result? Why his chambermaid fell off the roof where she was hanging clothes—down—down six stories into a coal hole. Result: killed—killed—dead. No policy.

Yesterday my horse ran away. He wanted to kick everything to pieces.—Smith screamed, but says I, "It's all right, Smith." Horse is insured, let 'im kick. So's the wagon and myself. He kicked. Result, Smith got kicked clear over the wheels into a crockery-store. No policy. Horse came in all right, and I didn't have even my placid shirt bosom ruffled. Insure in the Mutual. Don't wait. Delay is dangerous. Now I walk up and down the stable by kicking horses boldly and fearlessly. They can't hurt me; I'm insured.

Yesterday two men, hitched tandem, ran off with a horse who was driving a dog-cart. They collided with a lumber horse and a one-horse market woman, smashing a conductor drawn by a street car, and twenty-four passengers loaded down with horses holding to the straps. Every street car and dog-cart not insured were instantly killed. The axletree of one of the uninsured men was broken, while an insured man received only a slight scratch on his dash-board, and grazed one of his wheels. Insured.

Many other accidents proved to me the power of insurance to prevent death or damage to character.

A small-pox was violently attacked by a woman, and the whole family broke out—crying. Didn't insure.

A man had a difficulty with his wife, and in a moment of rage tore up her policy. She lingered along five days, and then died—dying her hair. Have you a policy? Do not hesitate, but insure at once in the Log City Mutual.

DURING our late war there was a young man in the army who did not join of his own free will. He had been drafted. He was not a brave young man; quite the otherwise. One day during a bloody battle our young friend showed such a remarkable large white feather, that his captain was obliged to threaten him with his pistol, in order to keep him from running away altogether. Then the youth began to cry. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the captain; "you're no better than a baby." "I wish—I wuz—a baby," blubbered our hero, "*an' a gal baby* at that."

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.

CRIME EXTRAORDINARY.

A BURGLAR ROBS A LONG LOST BROTHER'S HOUSE.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: Some ten years ago two brothers left their home in Illinois and came to California. The elder was a man of the most steady habits, who had received a thorough business education in his native State, and who had made up his mind to prosper in the new country he had chosen. The other was inclined to be dissipated, and had figured in so many scrapes at home that he stood in a very bad odor in his village. The brothers lived together for some time in San Francisco, while both looked for situations. The younger brother, however, fell into bad company and bad habits and after a few months they separated by mutual consent. The elder obtained a situation in a wholesale store as porter, and by his diligence and steadiness soon worked himself into the confidence of his employers. Of his brother he saw little.

One day a note reached him from his wild relative, who was then confined in the city prison on a charge of petit larceny. He bailed him out and employed counsel to defend him. Though circumstantially evident that the prisoner had committed the crime alleged, yet the actual proof was so meager that in his trial at the Municipal Court he was acquitted. The elder brother now renounced the criminal altogether, and until Christmas eve they had not met for nearly ten years. Advancing rapidly in the esteem of his employers the industrious young man soon found himself in the receipt of a good salary and gradually rose to a partnership in the firm which he entered as porter.

He purchased a house on Bush street, married a lady with a considerable fortune of her own, and on last Christmas he saw three beautiful children around him to enjoy the wonders of the Christmas tree. That night the family retired about midnight. Towards two o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard a noise below stairs, and moving quietly out of bed, stood at the head of the stairs to assure himself that his suspicion of burglars being in the house were correct. The gleam of a candle in the parlor assured him, and returning to his bed-room and arming himself, he crept down stairs to capture the thief. He had proceeded so cautiously that the burglar was not aware of any one stirring in the household, and when he reached the parlor door he saw a man endeavoring to pry open the buffet where he kept his silver. Leveling his revolver at the thief, he shouted, "stop, or you are a dead man," and he had the burglar completely at his mercy.

The "jimmy" dropped from his nervous hand, and the gentleman was advancing to secure him, when to his infinite horror he perceived that it was his younger brother whom he had thus detected in the act of crime. Both stood motionless for a moment, and then the unfortunate man, dropping on his knees, cried out: "As God is my judge, Robert, I did not know that you lived here!" The other believed him, and bidding him sit down asked him what could have led to the commission of such a crime. 'Twas the old story. Rum and evil companions. That night the would-be burglar slept under the roof of his forgiving brother, who, when he told the story to our reporter, declared with tears in his eyes that he intended to save him, if possible, and was going to give him employment in his own store. He said that if he could only reclaim his erring brother it would be the best and dearest Christmas present he could expect. The reckless man appears to be truly penitent, and this extraordinary meeting may be the means of saving him from the State prison or even the gallows.

HOW WE BOUGHT.

We had heard of almost every machine,
Which claimed to be "best that ever was seen,"
So we went round one day to examine them all,
And decide which *was* best for our sewing that fall.
One agent ran much on his noiseless affair,
So quiet you never could know it was there,
And he spun it to show us how gently it whirled—
But it never had made much noise in the world.
One made stitches like magic, but he never showed
You could rip them all out just as fast as it sewed;
Another one talked of his needle alone,
It was all in his *eye*, and it needlessly shone.
And this had a hobby, and that one a kink,
Which took with those not accustomed to think;
But merit was what we were after, you know—
And we *bought the* HOWE *because it could* SEW.

What we claim for the Howe is that it is an *honest* machine, not subject to *fits*, nor constantly getting out of order; that it will *do* your work perfectly and give entire satisfaction. Call at the agency in Chestertown, A. M. GUDGEN.

MRS. IMOGEN BROWN may be thankful to Providence for the possession of a fine, very high-priced voice—the highest, indeed, in the Church-choir way yet known in Episcopal annals either here or abroad. Mrs. Imogen Brown has been engaged to sing forenoon and afternoon on Sundays at St. Bartholomew's Church New York, at $3,000 a year. In the evening she is to sing in Christ Church for another $1,000, thus realizing from her beautiful voice and culture about $80 a Sunday.

MUSIC IN FAMILIES.—Show us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to