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:

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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.

J. HORTON KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE on Main Street, adjoining the Bank. Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

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.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fe1-6. CHESTERTOWN.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
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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, Galliguani'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.
HINES & 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, DOESKINS 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.

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

CEMETERY NOTICE.
FIRST CLASS WORK!
MODERATE PRICES!

Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
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Italian Marble FONTS.
Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUNS 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.,
oc26y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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 Cromo Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.
JAMES VICK,
Dec. 7, 1872. Rochester, N. Y.

Real Estate at Public Sale.

BY VIRTUE of authority conferred by a power contained in a Mortgage from Jas. Yates to William Vannort, dated Dec. 13th, 1871, duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber J. K. H., No. 10, folio 322 &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Maxwell's Hotel, in Millington, Kent county, Md., on

Saturday, the 8th of March, 1873,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said mortgagor, of, in and to all those

Tracts or Parcels of Land,

situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county aforesaid, on the road from Turner's Cross Roads to the Line-stone farm, about three miles from Millington; being part of the land which was conveyed to the said James Yates by a certain John Edward Clyde. The whole tract contains about

186 Acres of LAND

and is divided into TWO FARMS. each having all the necessary BUILDINGS, and under good fencing

These tracts will first be offered separately and then as a whole.

Possession given on the ratification of the sale.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the mortgage are, cash on the day of sale, but these terms may be modified to suit purchasers at the option of the mortgagee.

WILLIAM VANNORT, Mortgagee.
C. T. WESTCOTT, Att'y.
Feb. 8, 1873—tds.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE
—OF—
STORE GOODS,
At Chesterville, Kent Co., Md.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, Maryland, the undersigned administrators of A. L. GOODING, deceased, will

Commence to Sell at Low Figures
THE ENTIRE
STOCK OF STORE GOODS
OF THE LATE DECEASED, among which are a LARGE LOT OF
BOOTS and SHOES.

☞ As these goods will be sold VERY LOW, GREAT INDUCEMENTS are offered to Merchants and others who need Staple and other goods.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED
to the late Aaron L. Gooding are requested to make immediate payment.
REBECCA V. GOODING,
FRANK M. GOODING,
Adm'rs of Aaron L. Gooding, dec'd.
Feb. 8, 1873—3t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent Co., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of B. H. C. Massey, I have levied upon, seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said B. H. C. Massey, of, in and to all that

TRACT OF LAND

situated in the First Election District of Kent county, adjoining the lands of Dr. J. Clark, Dennis McCauley, and others, being the same tract consigned by Thomas A. Jacobs and wife to B. H. C. Massey by deed dated December 11, 1868, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 7, folios 578, &c; and described fully therein by courses and distances, metes or bounds, and by references thereto will more fully appear, containing

100 ACRES, more or less.

Also, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said B. H. C. Massey, of, in and to all that

FARM or TRACT OF LAND,

lying in the First Election District of Kent County, Maryland, on the road from Massey's to Sassafras, adjoining the R. B. M. Massey home farm, containing

400 Acres of Land, more or less,

it being the same land and premises which by the will of Ebenezer T. Massey, duly admitted to probate by the Orphans' Court for Kent County, and recorded in the office of the Register of Wills for said county, in Liber Wills, No 12, folio 372, was devised to Emily A. Massey for life, and remainder in fee to the said B. H. C. Massey.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY, the 25th February, 1873,

at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Court House door in Chestertown, Md., I will sell at public sale the said property, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidders for cash, to pay said writ, interest and costs due, and to become due thereon.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.
Feb. 7, 1873—ts.

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,
Jan. 4—tf. Kennedyville.

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.

NOTICE
TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.

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

BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. TWILLEY & CO.,
nov23. Chestertown.

WINDOW GLASS,
Cut to fit on Sash
Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO.

AT EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leafless tree,
The red sun sets in the west;
I think that like two brown birds are we,
Left last, in the empty nest.

All the young ones are afar and away,
Each sings with his chosen mate;
Twilight is closing our lightsome day,
Though the crimson flash lasts late.

'Tis a trembling step comes down the path
You could erst so lightly tread;
Changed is our thought of the grave old earth
That is keeping in trust our dead.

O comely face! that I knew so fair;
Soft cheeks that are sunken now,
I love the gray in your faded hair,
The lines on your thoughtful brow.

The past grows a book to understand,
The future has gifts to bring,
As I sit by the fire and hold your hand,
And finger the worn gold ring.

My own true wife, who is dearest now
For all that the years resign—
For the timid love, for the spoken vow,
For the home that was yours and mine;

For hopes we shared, and for tears we shed,
For comfort in days o'ercast;
For the trust that we held to meet our dead
When the shades of life are past.

Griefs that are over left us a gift,
They lit us a lamp of light;
Soon shall God's sunshine clear through the lift,
And there shall be no more night.

Close to my side, dear wife that I love,
With your thin hand fast in mine;
So will we wait for the light above
Till the morning star shall shine.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

CARELESSNESS IN DRESS.—Many women who before their marriage make it their study to please the man they wish to marry, lose their affection after marriage by carelessness in dress. Men are fastidious in this matter. Even those who are careless in regard to their own appearance take delight in seeing their wives neat in appearance. They miss those coquettish garments and neatly dressed hair and the thousand tasty and fanciful little articles with which young women adorn themselves more than they would be willing to allow. The neatness and order which charmed them too often gives place to a slovenly morning gown, frowsy hair, slipshod and unlaced shoes and the like. Men reason that they should have the same desire to please the man they have chosen after marriage as before it. The last new song loses its charm, coming from the lips of a slattern. The poetry goes out of life at a glance, and the household loses its brightness. The wife who, on account of household affairs, neglects her personal appearance, commits a grave mistake, which too often bears bitter fruit, and their husbands leave their society for that of others without really knowing the cause. Most men are too proud to tell them. Let the women give the same care to dress after marriage which they gave it before, and not rush from the room to "dress up" only when there is a prospect of company. Let them consider that that which gives them a charm in the eyes of their friends has a like effect on a husband, and they will see that he will not have so many business calls away from home in the evening, but will have the same delight in their society as in the days of courtship.

WHAT I SAW IN EGYPT.—Rev. Joseph H. Barclay delivered a very interesting lecture in Baltimore, one night last week, on Egypt. The *Sun* says:

He premised his remarks with a brief description of Egypt, and said that she was the mother of nations, having furnished us with all the elements of our progress. Egypt's chief characteristic is its unchangeableness. Alexandria is the same Alenandria now that it was when Cleopatra reigned and St. Mark was murdered. The inhabitants, with their quaint turbans and picturesque dress, seem to be forever masquerading. They revive the personages in the Bible, so marvellously little have been the changes in dress and manners among the people since the time of Moses. Oxen still tread out corn, and women still grind it between two stones. The Nile is a remarkable natural phenomenon. Herodotus calls Egypt the gift of the Nile. In plain words, the Nile may be said to be a solution of the rich soil of Ethiopia and Egypt the precipitate. It runs a course of twelve hundred miles without a single tributary. Its inundations supply the place of rain, which never falls in Egypt. The traveler may always be sure of clear weather there.—The spot where Moses was found is still shown. (Mr. Barclay said this very naively.) The pyramids are another great curiosity of Egypt. The largest Cheops, was built by 300,000 men in three years. There is now a fine macadamized road from Cairo to the pyramids, built by the Khedive, who is the richest man in the East, and said to be the richest in the world. The Egyptians are a nation of beggars. They are coarse, sensual and little better than slaves. There lives are held very cheap by their rulers. Mahomet All sacrificed 25,000 in the building of a canal. A foreigner has ruled the country since the days of Cleopatra. As a race their day is over.

DRUNK BUT ONCE.—You have but five minutes to live, said the sheriff; if you have anything to say, speak now. The young man burst into tears, and said: "I have to die. I had a brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and on coming home I found my little brother getting berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow of the rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke and found myself bound and guarded and was told that my little brother was found, his hair clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey had done it. It had ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and I am going to my Judge. I say to young persons: Never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate." In another moment the young man was ushered into eternity.—*Children's Album.*

A PEORIA man arose the morning after a storm and found his dog kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. He worked for half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down town and told his clerks what he had done, adding, "A merciful man is merciful to his beasts." But after he left home the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling out paths through the snow and carrying in coal.

LETTER FROM GALENA.

Messrs. Editors:—I trust my long neglect to give you an occasional letter has not caused me to be entirely forgotten, nor impaired that *entente cordiale* heretofore existing. In fact, the *News* has been so full of able and interesting letters, that I feared to intrude my wishy-washy effusions, but felt content to stand aside and give room to abler men; then again you have been kept posted on matters transpiring in this section by those having better facilities for information than I And now only upon request I reappear upon the surface, and "sink or swim, survive or perish," will endeavor to give a plain, unvarnished tale of what actually, absolutely and positively did occur and transpire within the immediate limits of our own little Galena. With this exordium, I'll now enter upon the *res gestal* of the case, and will show you, without the aid of any "experts" whatever, that we have been pursuing no phantom, but pleasures real and substantial, and that altho' "o'er the hills and far away," we have amongst us some who "know a thing or two," and in their stock of knowledge will be found a recipe for "enjoying one's self on a cold winter night."

The fair and festival of Kent Lodge, No. 74, I. O. O. F., came off promptly as advertised, and nothwithstanding the excessively disagreeable weather and the almost impassable condition of the roads, was well attended and proved a success. To those who had the matter in charge there is no such word as fail—altho' they must admit that much of their success is attributed to the efficient aid rendered by their lady assistants, whose pleasant smiles and hearty welcome greeted all visitors and made the veriest stranger feel at home at once. The merry voices of old age and youthful jollity—the incessant and importunate "please take a chance in this"—the din and rattle of knives and forks and dishes—the bustle and stir on all sides, gave "proof thro' the night" that all hands were intent upon enjoying themselves and extending hospitality to others.

Besides the inevitable "fancy tables," there was one devoted to the comforts and propitiation of the inner man, and affording the more substantial articles of turkey, chicken (with salad), goose, oysters, ham, hot coffee, etc., etc.,—everything tempting the appetite. Such, in brief, is something of the festival. On Friday came the grand finale of the week's festivities. The tableaux and charades—what to say and how to say it—of these, Messrs. Editors, I hardly know. They certainly deserve and most assuredly have our "high and distinguished consideration." But that will hardly satisfy the just deserts of those who planned and performed on the occasion. I do hope some one who really can manage the quill and Webster will devote some time to writing its praises. However the *copy book* tells us "nothing venture nothing have," and if I don't venture to chronicle the affair I'll have nothing more to say in this letter, and that will be too bad in the matter of disappointment. If by only repeating the speech of one of the speakers I could square accounts, I would feel relieved and entertain hopes of getting to bed to-night. The speech ran thusly:

"Here is a calf, and that is half,
Six inches tall, and that is all;"

or words to that effect. This refreshing little speech was made by Master Ernest Aldred in response to numerous encores, its predecessor having been "Time, thy Sway." Master deserved and got a *quid pro quo* for his exertions by the way of repeated and hearty applause. This was the beginning of the performance to your reporter, but I am told the tableau of Faith, Hope and Charity opened the entertainment. Next followed the "Hobby Horse," he soon trotting off the stage.—Miss B entered and whispered what she felt thro' the medium of a beautiful and well executed song. Prof. Hodzkins then presented his "Scolding Wife," to the great delight of old and young. (Professor H. slings a nasty bow.) After this, Miss Lizzie S. bowed graceful to the audience and rewarded our attention with an appropriate selection, delivered in "otium cum dignitate." A song by the Juveniles followed, then came the pretty "Housemaid" with the usual complaints of hard treatment and nothing to wear. Miss Dolley took this character admirably, and all around said so. Now comes the "Masterpiece" of the evening: Dramatis personæ—Miss Caddie P., Miss Lucy M., Messrs. G. W. S. and Ed. B. These ladies and gents are novices in the art dramatic—a stranger would have pronounced them "old stagers," so naturally, so passing well did they sustain their parts. The devoted lovers becoming involved in a "most provoking misunderstanding" have their quarrels customary upon such occasions. They however soon make up, and proceed to conspire against the peace and dignity of our artist friend, brother of the lady, who being the chief prop and mainstay of his house, he is loath to part with (especially to a lawyer)—the lawyer takes down his shingle, shakes hands with J. Doe and R. Roe, and devotes himself to the brush and easel, and soon perpetrates a pious fraud on this brother-in-law—which fraud, altho' too late, was discovered by the darkey, and this darkey has our thanks for causing us a hearty laugh that night. In the acting of this character Miss M. won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." She invested the character with its native drollery in every word, look and gesture—it was inimitable. After this came "Paper of Pins:" d. p., Miss Mira B. (as young America) and Miss Mollie S. Young A. offers to offer himself upon the hymenial altar and give as an earnest of the bargain certain good and valuable considerations. All are refused until some C. M. stock or its equivalent is hinted, when Miss S succumbs—verily a chip of the old block.—The biography of Dandy Jim and Johnnie Black was next related by Master Ernest—it "pointed a moral and adorned a tale." "When I was Young," a humorous dialogue, was next recited by Miss Mollie P. (representing a lady of "ye olden time") and Miss Lena Ruth, one of our modern young lasses. Well done, young ladies. In truth "tempora mutauter," &c.

The curtain rises and we find ourselves in a broker's office (I suppose). Seated behind their respective desks are the boss (G. W. S.) and his clerk (T. H. H.) both veritable looking Wall street gentlemen. (Entre nous) quite handsome too—the "boss" leaving. A stylish young lady (Miss B.) with her fond mamma (Miss C.) enter. A little chat—"sub rosa"—between the clerk and gay young lady takes place, and next we find ourselves transported to the mansion of the aforesaid fond mamma—then the presumptuous clerk presents himself and is sternly rebuked by the mamma for his presumption, she forbidding him the house. He leaves, but by stratagem he frightens the nigger and obtains admittance. Nothing but a copartnership subdues the mamma. She is subdued, he obtains his suit (worth the venture too), and amidst a happy denouement the curtain falls. Now for the "Jew Shop"—cheap clothing for sale.—D p., E. W. P., G W S. and W. S. (greenhorn?) Now knowing his man, or knowing him very well—I hardly know which—Mr. G. W. S. (who made a most excellent Israelite) pounces upon Mr. W. S. (countryman) and offers a coat for a mere song The customer declines to buy—dumbfounded doubtless by the cheapness of the article—(he repudiates *cheap* articles), until however the honest Jago explains how the thing is done by way of desiring to break up his brother-in-law. This was a real good piece, but too short. Following several other pieces, which time and space forbid detailing, (and we here declare we desire no affront), came the charades. Well done, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Ned B. having regaled us with a song, followed by some performances by the young folks, and a splendid recitation on True Friendship (from Damon and Pythias) by Miss Susie B., the "feast of reason" ended and we bid adieu to the classic hall of No. 6, and wended our way thro' mud and mire homewards and to roost.

Excuse length; brevity is the soul of wit—ergo this could not be brief.

Yours, R.

P. S.—In my hurry to get this off in time for the mail I came near doing great injustice to one to whom we are greatly indebted for the success of the enterprise, Miss B., the principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary here To her taste, skill and management the tableaux and charades owe in a great measure their success, and all present that night knew and acknowledged the power behind the throne.

A PAPER TO LEND.

"Would you like to look at the *News?*" asked a gentleman of his friend, as they sat together in the Library, the day's mail having just come in.

"You take two copies, I see. Why is that?"

"One is my lending copy," said the other, with a smile. I like to keep my own copy and file it, and I like to lend to poor neighbors who cannot afford to take the paper, and the still poorer ones in one sense, who can afford it, but don't."

"It is quite a tax on you."

"A mere trifle. Not more than the cost of one good roast for dinner. Not half what my clerk spends for cigars every week. The hire of a carriage for a little drive, would buy two copies for a year. These are not the things that cost. Our luxuries and superfluities are the taxes on our incomes. I don't believe a man ever made himself poor by taking good newspapers."

"Oh, it is a very good thing when one can afford it."

"Any one can afford it who can afford luxuries. Indeed many a man affords it who can provide only the barest necessities for his household, and thinks he is a great gainer by the bargain. I delight to send off my "lending paper" when it comes home for good, to some poor friend, who will, I know, read every article in it with appreciation. I often wonder people do not think more of this means of doing good. I feel it a duty to urge every one I can to subscribe for a good *live* newspaper. That is better than to give them one. If they buy it, they will wish to get their money's worth, and so will be sure to read it. I am a great believer in a good newspaper as a power for good in the world."

Ruling a Wife.

A man named Taddles, in Virginia, has got his wife in proper subjection, and says he means to keep her so. He thus explains his method:

"There ain't many men who know how to rule a wife properly. Now, my old woman is one of the best natured women in the world, but she's got a deuce of a temper. Whenever I see she's got her madness up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothing, but rather humor her, and she comes around all right after a while. Even when she throws things at me or gives a wild dash at me with the broom or rolling-pin, I just dodge a little, and she never hits me a third time before I get my eye on her, and let her know I disapprove of such actions on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point. Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do just as I please. And you bet I make her understand and appreciate my discipline. Oh, I keep her under perfect control. A man has, you know, got to be master in his own house, or your wife will ride you down as if you wasn't nobody. My wife is a perfect angel in her natural disposition, but any other man would but me would spoil her."

THE following anecdote, which has been told of many learned men, originated with the painter Barrett. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend seeing holes in the bottom of the floor, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out. "Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man," answered the painter, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"—"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"—"Egad," said Barrett, "so she could, but I never thought of that."

WHEN you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you to look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

EXPERIMENTAL philosophy—asking a young lady to marry you. Natural philosophy—looking indifferent, and saying you were only in fun when shee refuses you.

A great nuisance—B-d coal. A greater—the price of the article.

A TRUE GEM.

The following touching little poem went all the rounds of the press about fifteen years ago, since which time it has been sleeping quietly out of sight. It is one of those efforts which cannot be read with indifference—the young will never fail to see its beauty, while the old cannot help feeling it. Within the past fifteen years many young readers have taken position upon the world's stage, and are ready to see in this gem the beauties which were seen by their fathers, while many of those fathers have, within the same time, crossed the middle line of life, and are now standing in the footsteps vacated forever by the old people of fifteen years agone. Under these circumstances we may publish again, confident of its universal appreciation, this little pet of a past public, entitled:

THE OLD LOVE.

I met her, she was thin and old,
She stooped and trod with tottering feet;
Her locks were gray that once were gold,
Her voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her cheeks were sunken, and her eyes,
Robbed of their girlish light of joy,
Were dim; I felt a strange surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored to me my youthful prime;
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The impress of that long lost time;
I took her wilted hand in mine,
Its touch awoke a world of joy;
I kissed her with a reverend sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

WOMAN'S WORK.

JEAN INGELOW'S NOTION OF IT.

Lucy Stone Blackwell recently received the following charming letter from Jean Ingelow.

"*Dear Madame:*—I have been long in the habit of receiving from America your interesting paper, *The Woman's Journal*, and, as I do not know who is the kind and courteous donor, I hope I may convey my thanks through you as one of the editors I am glad of the information I derive from the Journal, but I have not found time hitherto to give the whole subject of rights such an amount of study as to make it wise to utter my crude thoughts respecting them; other things appear to be given to me to do, and I take them up to the exclusion of what lies beyond.

"You have, I venture to think, more than one problem to work out in America, on which, in a great degree, depends the welfare of woman. In one of these I take a keen interest, and I hope to see you settle it for yourselves and for us. I want you to discover how domestic work is to be combined with high culture.

"So long as household work is thought degrading, (and nowhere is this so much the case as in America,) there never can be anything like universal education; there must always be some who work all their lives because others will not work at all. It is to be one of the great things that you Americans, I believe, are raised for, to teach the world how this is to be done; but the teachers can never be those who are poor; they must be those who are not obliged to work at all.

"How to make clear starching and ironing graceful and pretty occupations (and such they were thought by our great-great-grandmothers,) how to keep a house clean and to assist even in a kitchen, without the least sense of being lowered, or the slightest personal deterioration, might surely be managed if women gave their minds to it—it more delicate machinery was invented for helping them, and if it could even be made the fashion for all women, young or old, to pride themselves on their domestic skill.

"I hope, if you can, you will convey my thanks to the lady who sends me your paper, and I will believe that I take a deep interest in everything which so sincerely aims at your good.

"I am, dear madam, very truly yours,
"JEAN INGELOW."

An Unexpected Answer.

One of our school trustees was taken considerably aback the other day by an unexpected answer from a pupil he was catechising. The trustee was visiting the school of his ward, and showing it off with a great deal of pride to a number of ladies and gentlemen who accompanied him. During the visit he put a number of questions to the pupils, and turned toward his friends with a triumphant air at each correct answer. At length a class in history was called up, and the trustee, perhaps not unwilling to display his own knowledge as well as that of the pupils, asked the class a few questions, which were properly answered till he came to this one:

"Why do we celebrate the 22d day of February?"

"Because it is Washington's birthday," was the response.

"Why," asked the trustee, "do we celebrate Washington's birthday? Why should we celebrate his birthday more than mine?"

There was no answer. The trustee looked from one to the other with a sort of half surprise, half reproach, till finally a little dirty-faced, tangle-haired urchin at the very foot held up his hand to attract attention.

"I know, sir," said the boy.

"Ah!" said the trustee, with an air of relief and satisfaction; "why is it, my little man?"

"'Cause he never told a lie!"

The titter which followed was one of that infectious kind which irresistibly swells into a loud guffaw, and the discomfitted trustee retired precipitately, just before the laugh had reached its climax.

Home Comforts

"My dear," said a loving spouse to her lord, "do come home early in the evening and I can sit and read to you, or listen to you read, and we can have the nicest possible time." "Why, how is that?" said the husband, "you used to be too busy with your sewing to talk, or read or listen" "Oh, since you bought me that labor-saving Howe Sewing Machine, I have no further trouble, and have more time to spare than I know what to do with."

What husband who values his wife's health, beauty or comfort, will deny her the blessing of a Sewing Machine? How many gloomy evenings would be passed in happiness with such an "angel of relief" in the house? By paying *ten dollars and five monthly*, one of the world renowned Howe Machines can be obtained of Mr. A. M. GUDORN, Chestertown.

Faglin, the Bird-Man of Auvergne.

A SINGULAR STORY.

Paris has a Revue des Merveilles Scientifiques, and, if all its articles are as startling as a recent contribution from the pen of Mr. Harnois Condamine, it certainly has good claims to the title. This gentleman has discovered actual evidence of a new departure among the human race, by which man is eventually to take to himself wings and fly through the air. The application of faith in the Darwinian theory of the selection of species to the phenomenon that Mr. Harnois Condamine describes is all that is necessary to forecast an ostrich-like creature as the coming man, half striding, half flying through the world. The addition of wings to women will, of course, make them angels instead of ostriches.

It was in the mountains of Auvergne that the embodiment of the first evidence of the new departure was discovered. His name was Andre Faglin. He was an athlete, a famous swimmer and a great walker. He appeared to walk as much with arms as with his legs. The motion of the arms increased as he ran until, as he is described, "he seemed to be actually propelling himself through the air like a swimmer who goes through the water hand over hand." He insisted that this increased his speed. When Andre died M. Harnois Condamine, assisted by M. Bravais, a physician of the conservative school, dissected his body. Abnomal developments were found, which, taken separately, might be regarded as deformities, but, together, pointed directly to a new type—the bird type. The arm was certainly the beginning of a frame work of a wing, according to these gentlemen.—The formation of the breast, the lengthening of the should blade, the enclosure of the thorax and various other developments indicated the same ultimate condition of a human being with wings.

At his death Faglin left a child, about a year old, that shows the same developments in a more pronounced degree, with two additional features of the bird type. One of those is a very distinctly marked though rudimentary third eyelid; the other is a loose and flappy mass of skin that folds back of the arm when this member is at rest. These additions indicate rapid advances in the process of developing the new species that is promised. This process would naturally be gradual, and take its slow course through marriage and offspring. It is claimed that the strength of the muscle required for flying is not near so great as has been estimated in the past, and that elasticity is quite as important an adjunct. The developments that have been noted are of particularly elastic quality. M. Harnois Condamine proposes to undertake the education of this child, probably for the purpose of bringing it up as it should fly.

The Crack of his Whip.

The French give a touch of art to whatever they do. Even the drivers of drays and carts and trucks, about the streets, are not content with a plain, matter-of-fact whip, as an English or American laborer would be, but it must be a finely-modeled stalk, with a long, tapering lash tipped with the best silk snapper. Always the inevitable snapper. I doubt if there is a whip in Paris without a snapper. Here is where the fine art, the rhetoric of driving comes in. This converts a vulgar, prosy "gad" into a delicate instrument, to be wielded with pride and skill, and never to be literally applied to the backs of the animals, but to be launched to the right and left into the air with a professional flourish, and a sharp, ringing report. Crack! crack! crack! all day long go these ten thousand whips, like the boys' Fourth-of-July fusillade. It was invariably the first sound I heard when I opened my eyes in the morning, and generally the last one at night. Occasionally some belated drayman would come hurrying along just as I was going to sleep, or some early bird before I was fully awake in the morning, and let off, in rapid succession in front of my hotel, a volley from the tip of his lash that would make the street echo again, and that might well have been the envy of any ring-master that ever trod the tan-bark. Now and then during my ramblings, I would suddenly hear some master-whip, perhaps that of an old omnibus driver, that would crack like a rifle, and, as it passed along, all the lesser whips, all the amateur snappers, would strike up with a jealous and envious emulation, making every foot passenger wink, and one (myself) at least almost to shade my eyes from the imaginary missiles.

MR. OSSIAN E. DODGE, the vocalist and more recently a citizen of St. Paul, Minn., has obtained a devorce from Mrs. Dodge. In a lawsuit about the custody of the children he makes this solemn statement on oath; "Ever since she was married she has kept a six barreled loaded revolver in her possesion, with which she has a great many times threatend to blow my brains out and to shoot me." He further deposed that Mrs Fanny was in the habit of beating the son, whose custody she now desires, over the head with "a bathing-brush twenty inches long, and so severly as to break the handle of the brush." When this weapon was not at hand, the affectionate mother used the tongs No wonder poor Dodge wanted a divorce!

A Young Briton won a bet on spiders in the following ingenious manner: He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His opponent's spider, however, on being started, would not stir, while his rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost; and the looser soon found out the reason why; his friend had a hot plate.

PRUDENT.—A physician of Columbus, Georgia, in a recent homicide trial gave this wise testimony: "Saw deceased after he was shot; he was lying on the floor in a pool of blood in a dying condition; I don't know how long he lived afterward; I did not make any minute examination, for the reason that I did not want you lawyers to prove I killed him with a probe."

AN orator getting warmed with his subject, exclaimed: "There is not a man, woman or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering thro' their minds for centuries".

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.

A Darkey's View of the War.

An elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the Western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him further. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me.

"Were you in the fight?"

"I had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah, and would have run sooner had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation! Nuffin' to me by de side of life!"

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's wuth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it highly."

"Yes, sah, I does; more dan all dis world; more dan a million of dollars, sah; for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preservation am de fust law wid me, sah."

"But why should you act on a different rule from other men?"

"'Cause, sah, different men sots different value upon derselves; my life is not in de market."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"Dat wouldn't do me any good, sah."

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin' whatever, sah—I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traiters might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dere would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales against any guberment dat eber existed, for no guberment could replace de loss to me. 'Spect, dough, dat de gubernment cafe if da all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sah. A dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd missed mysel, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PITHY.—Mayor Havemeyer, of New York, who was elected by the reform elements, referred in a speech in reference to machinations at Albany, to the ring masters who "gamble all night to cheat each other and intrigue all day to cheat the people." This reminds one of the laconic descriptions of the same class by the late Colonel Benton. "They hunt in couples, sir," said he, and "they are kept together, sir, by the cohesive power of public plunder and the love of rum." They are endeavoring now to get the New York Legislature to so amend the charter of the city of New York as to put all power in the hands of their combinations.

IN 1794 an old lady died in London, and was buried in a vault in one of the churches. When her will was read, it was found she had bequeathed a considerable sum to the church, the proceeds of which were to be annually distributed to the poor of the parish, on the 28th of January, her own birthday. The conditions attached to the bequest was that her coffin should be carefully dusted every year on the day in question. In case this operation should be omitted on a single occasion, the entire principal of the bequest should pass to the authorities of the adjoining parish. Of course the officials of the church have always been careful to perform this interesting ceremony.

Charles Lamb gives some advice about making speeches which might be applied with advantage to other occasions. He says a speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience; and he tells how, being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, said "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury: "We are of A Pinion that the Decest met with her death from Violent Information of the arm, producest from Uncon Cause."

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the jury last used." The jury returned a verdict of "suicide in the ninth degree."

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teachers' examination at Oswego last week and bawled out, "Annie, your feller is down to the house!"

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for a stovepipe, at three cents a foot.

One of the Irish newspapers contains an advertisement announcing as lost, a cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

A Paper recently made the statement that "two thousand cart loads of [illegible] had been shipped over a certain Western railroad." The editor meant to say "[illegible]."

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict some years ago: "guilty, [illegible] little doubt as to whether [illegible]

"I HATE to [illegible] one's back," as the [illegible] constable [illegible] "Step [illegible]"

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