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The Kent News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.
☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

J. HORTON KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.
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. ag1y.

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

J. F. WILSON & Co.,
GEORGETOWN,
Have enlarged their Store House, giving them better facilities for showing their full stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
PAINTS, Oils and Varnishes.
☞ We take pleasure in showing our goods, and offer them at prices that will secure us quick sales. my10-y.

STIEFF'S PIANOS

Upwards of Fifty First Premiums
—AND—
GOLD and SILVER MEDALS
WERE AWARDED TO
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
For the BEST PIANO,
In Competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.
OFFICE AND SALESROOMS:
No. 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Md.

The superiority of the UNRIVALLED STIEFF PIANO FORTE, is conceded by all who have compared it with others.
☞ In their New Grand Square Scale, 7½ Octaves, the manufacturers has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible. Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.
A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.
We are agents for the celebrated BURDETT
CABINETT,
PARLOR and CHURCH ORGANS
all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.
☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war. ap19y.

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

PUMP MAKING.
THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he is prepared to attend to the business of
WELL DIGGING & PUMP MAKING
at the very lowest prices, and guarantees to give entire satisfaction.
He has on hand and for sale the celebrated
Cucumber Pumps
on easy terms. Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him in the past, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may engage his services. He can be found at his residence in Church Alley, when not otherwise engaged. EDWARD CARTY,
May 17, 1873—3t. Chestertown.

IF YOU WISH A FIRST CLASS SHIRT, to fit, and made of the best material, call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3, 1873. Chestertown.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873. No. 7.

REOPENING.
TO THE PUBLIC.
F. M. GOODING, Chesterville,
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has reopened the old established store (lately occupied by A. L. Gooding, dec'd,) situated at Chesterville, Kent county, Md., and having refitted it generally, and laid in a large and well selected assortment of Goods, is fully prepared to meet all demands for
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps, Notions,
Hardware, Glassware and Queensware,
and in fact every thing kept in a first class store. Also, a full supply of
Pure and Fresh Drugs & Medicines
☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.
A full line of PERFUMES, FANCY GOODS, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.
June 7.—tf. F. M. GOODING.

TO FARMERS.

The Place to get your Work Done
At MODERATE RATES.
HAVING enlarged my new Shop, above the Jail, and employed the very best workmen, and having laid in a large stock of the best material, bought for cash, I think I can now do work at prices which the Farmer can afford to pay. All kind of
Cart, Wagon and Carriage Work
done with neatness and dispatch.
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
of all kinds, such as
PLOWS, HARROWS, Cultivators, &c.
kept constantly on hand, or made to order.
CULTIVATOR TEETH of the most approved style, and made of the best steel plate.
Give me a call and see for yourself.
All new work guaranteed for twelve months.
D. A. BENJAMIN.
Chsstertown, Mar. 29—3m.

SUMMER
ANNOUNCEMENT
For 1873.
Handsome Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
—AT—
The Popular Clothing Store
ON BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFELLY.
S. Merritt & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED
A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK
OF
GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS'
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS and CAPS.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.
☞ **Fits Guaranteed.**
If you want Good Goods,
Well Made Up,
and Cut in Style,
COME AND SEE US.
S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
June 28, 1873.

KENT COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION
No. 1,
WILL HOLD ITS
THIRD ANNUAL FAIR
AT
Worton Station,
Commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 30th
And Continuing Three Days.
☞ AMPLE PROVISION is being made to secure every possible benefit to exhibitors and visitors.
BIDS received for the following privileges:
Refreshment and Dining Saloon,
Soda Fountain,
Horse Pound,
and Barber Shop.
☞ For Premium Lists and other information, address (enclosing stamp) the Secretary,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.
April 5, 1873—tf.

FUR, WOOL and STRAW HATS Just received at the New Store.
May 17, 1873. J. H. SIMPERS.

To the Ladies
AND EVERYBODY ELSE.
AT THE NEW STORE
OF
J. H. SIMPERS
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
New and Beautiful Goods
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED,
AND WILL BE SOLD AT
THE LOWEST PRICES.
If you want Bargains give me a Call.
June 14, 1873. J. H. SIMPERS.

UP TOWN
Dry Goods Store.
THE LATEST STYLES!
THE BEST GOODS!!
And LOW PRICES!!
WM. H. ANTHONY
HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of
DRY GOODS of all kinds,
NOTIONS and GROCERIES.
ALSO,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.
I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.
All kinds of Produce Wanted
IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.
WM. H. ANTHONY,
"UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."
Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

MERCHANT TAILOR.
New Spring and Summer Fashions!
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, the
Latest Spring and Summer Styles
and has now 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, May 10, 1873—tf.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.
R. B. RUSSELL, Ag't,
HIGH ST., near Voshell House, Chestertown, has now in store a full supply of
Very Superior Cigars and Tobacco
which he is selling wholesale and retail at the lowest city prices. Dealers supplied with CIGARS of different grades, in large or small quantities, at short notice.
Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.
SMOKING TOBACCO,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.
Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
And GENERAL PRODUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Please give me a call. ap26.

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE partnership heretofore existing between J. T. Twilley and Fredus Aldridge in the Coal Business, has been dissolved by mutual consent.
All outstanding claims due the late firm must be settled by June 1st, or they will be collected by legal process.
J. T. TWILLEY is authorized to receipt for the late firm. J. T. TWILLEY,
FREDUS ALDRIDGE.

COAL! COAL!
The business will be continued by the undersigned on a CASH BASIS.
May 10—3t. J. T. TWILLEY.

DRESS MAKING.
MRS. R. B. RUSSELL is prepared to do Dress Making, and make Children's Clothing in the latest styles. Cutting and Basting and Machine Stitching done to order. Terms moderate. Residence—Main St., opposite Voshell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

IF YOU WANT A **Nice Suit** MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3, 1873. Chestertown

SPARKLING SODA WATER
can be obtained on and after Thursday, June the 19th, at C. F. STAM & BRO'S. 1t.

IF YOU WANT A FASHIONABLE NECK-TIE, SCARF OR COLLAR, Call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3. Chestertown.

WESTERN SPORTING GUN POWDER, said to be the best Powder in use, for sale low at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.
Jan. 4, 1873. Chestertown.

Flowers of the Heart.

There are some flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stoney path,
To many a toiling pilgrim cheer they bring,
And oftentimes in living glory spring,
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band,
E'en as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,
In storm and wind unmoved, unblemished,
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity,
Bring soft, celestial light.

O cherish carefully
The tender bud of patience; 'tis a flower
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour
'Twill rise to comfort thee.

So, when all else hath gone
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong Self-denial's stem
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,
Each present thorn a gem.

Those are the flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling our hearts with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

THE BOY TO SUCCEED.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in a city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them, a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him, places all full, besides he is to small."—"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eye, which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *protege* busy scissoring lables. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights!" "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for *he is willing*." Only a few days elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw this opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforsaid, and, after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing *and faithful*." To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and will soon be taken as a member of the firm. Young men, imitate the example.

DRESSING WELL.

No matter what may be said or written to the contrary, the subject of dresses every day becomes of more and more importance. A love of the beautiful is an instructive sentiment in every human heart; and it is seen as well in the rude savage who lingers to gaze on some placid lake or meandering stream, as it is in the civilized connoisseur who pauses to inspect the features of some splendid statue or glowing picture. It is useless to annalyze the reasons why such a feeling exists so ineradically in the minds of all; it is sufficient to know that it is there, and that it was implanted for his own wise purposes by the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." All will at least admit that the sentiment, even when seen in its strongest and most demonstrative aspects, is productive of good rather than harm. Show us a man or a woman who has strong predilections for the beautiful in all its varied phases, and we will show a man or woman who would not wilfully harm the smallest or weakest creature who "lives out its little life in the rich sunlight of one precious day." We have been led to these reflections from the fact that we have been giving of late some attention to a matter in which all creation, and especially all feminine creation, is peculiarly dependent, and that is the matter of female apparel. Much has been written on the subject, for it is undeniably one of growing importance; but much might have been left unwritten without material detriment to the world at large. Empty-headed people without number have volumniously descanted upon the increasing demands of women for dress, without remembering that the first instinct of sound is to make as good a personal appearance as possible. We will venture to say that the masculine scribbers who are mostly given to this style of writing are themselves peculiary partial to the use of jewelry and personal decoration.

A KENTUCKY FAMILY.—John Daniels married the daughter of Mrs. Sarah R. Bravard; afterwards B. S. Daniels, the father of John, married the old lady; and still later James W. Daniels, the nephew of John, married a sister to John's wife. It is very easy to see that John is son and son-in-law of B. S. Daniels, and that James W. is grand-son and son-in-law of the old man and brother-in-law and nephew of John, &c., and John now desires to know, through the columns of the Bracken County *Chronicle*, what relation the children of these three sets of parents are to each other.

THERE is a young girl in Brooklyn who for a long time has supposed herself to be dying of love, but a council of eminent physicians called yesterday pronounced it to be dyspepsia.

ALL males between fourteen and sixteen years of age are called to military services in the Spanish Rpubile.

The Bachelor's Dilemma.

HOW MR. VERLY WENT TO SEE HIS NIECE.

"And don't you know when you will pass through this part of the country again, Mr. Verley?"

"No, I don't," said the old bachelor, decidedly.

He was something of a bear to answer so crustily, when Barbara Smith stood in the doorway with the shadowdy lashes drooping over the soft brown eyes, and the roses deepening into deep carmine on her rosy cheeks, until her dress was plain in comparison. Such a pretty, big-eyed loving little Barbara as she was, in all the blonde freshness of her eighteen summers, and the soft sigh that fluttered from her lips as the one-horse carriage drove away, was checked instantly. Barbara had no idea of becoming a victim of unrequited love, though she fancied Mr. Verley during his brief stay at her father's house.

Mr. Verley drove away through the rustling green draperies of the summer lanes, whistling sadly as he drove.

"I shall be in very good time for the 12.30 train," he meditated to himself.—"Punctuality is the soul of happiness, and I never was one of the tribe, thank Providence. Besides, I think it was becoming dangerous to remain in that place any longer; for I am thirty-nine, to-morrow, and that is just twenty years too old for me to go making a fool of myself."

"Fancy me getting married! No you don't Joseph Verley, my friend!"

As he settled himself comfortably in the crowded car, and opened a letter, the subject again occurred to his mind with curious persistence.

"The letter of my poor brother's executor came just in time, or I should certainly have fooled away more time than would have been sensible or at least profitable."

"Poor, dear Harold! I don't see what on earth possessed him to fall sick and die on his way home from Venice, and leave his daughter? I never did understand a woman's whims, and what's more I don't want to. I am to meet her at Speedville and take her home with me. Oh! groaned Mr. Verley, despairingly, "What am I to do with her there, I'd like to know. I suppose she's a great creature with ringlets and ribbons, and has, just like as not, an Itaiian lover, talking sentiment to her—a creature that reads Byron, and keeps an album and eates slate pencils and chalk. I'll send her to a boarding school—that's what I'll do with my niece. Perhaps when she has graduated there, the school master can suggest some means of getting rid of her. Of course she'll have a dozen large trunks, and a bonnet box, and a parrot cage, that's the way women travel, I believe. I'm glad I am out of the way of Barbara's fascinations now."

Mr. Verley looked out of the car window, in a sort of a calm desperation at the prospect before him.

"I suppose she'll want a piano and a poodle dog, and there's no knowing what else. I do not see why Harold wanted to die and leave his daughter to my care just now. Speedville station, twenty-seven miles farther; I wish it was twenty-seven hundred miles, that's what I wish."

And with a vindictive statement in his mind our hero tied a red handkerchief over his head, and tried to lose himself in a series of brief, troublesome dreams, wherein the vision of a tall, nice young lady figured conspicuously.

"Are we here already?" he stammered, starting to his feet, as the conductor growled out "Speedville station!" and, seizing valise and traveling shawl, with the bustling bewilderment peculiar to people just aroused from sleep, he alighted.

Speedville was rather a large-sized village, situated at the junction of several railways, with an imposing American Gothic structure for a depot. Into the building Mr. Verley walked, looking right and left for the young lady whose guardianship he was to assume.

"Of course," he responded mentally, "she'll be on the lookout for me; women are proverbially curious."

But Harold Verley's daughter was not on the lookout for her uncle. When the crowd, incident to the evening train, had subsided, and the people had gone their different ways, the only remaining occupants of the depot were Mr. Verley, a lame old man who sold pea nuts and apples, and a decent colored woman with a bright Madras turban on her head, who took care of the building. Verley, after a perplexed hesitation, addressed himself to the colored woman, who was busy polishing the windows with a piece of crumpled newspaper.

"Ahem! I was to meet my niece here, and I don't see her."

"Your niece, sir; what is her name?"

"Verley."

"O! yes, sir; she has been here these two hours; bless her dear heart, she is asleep now."

"Asleep!" gasped Mr. Verley, but the stewardess answered him by bursting into the inner apartment and bringing out what appeared to be a compact bundle with a pink lace at one end and a mass of trailing embroidery at the other.

Joseph Verley recoiled as far as the angle of the door would permit him.

"Why—it's a baby."

"To be sure it is," said the woman, "and as fine a little girl as I ever saw, bless her sweet blue eyes."

"But isn't there a nurse or some such person here who could take care of her?"

"There was a nurse brought her on, sir—a queer looking thing, with yellow skin and hair black as night and gold hoops in her ears, but she talked something about the next steamer—I couldn't understand her lingo, sir—and went right back to New York by the 3 o'clock train."

Joseph Verley looked aghast, staring at the rosy baby as it lay in the woman's arms, and wondering which of his lucky stars he would call on to aid him in this unlooked for emergency. A full grown niece would have been bad enough—but a baby!

"So this my niece," he muttered. And what am I going to do with her?"

He turned suddenly to the woman.

"What time does the next train leave for Wilfield?"

"In an hour, sir."

"Would you be kind enough to take care of the child till then? I suppose I must take it home with me, for I can't very well drown it or throw it under the car wheels."

"Sir!" ejaculated the astonished stewardess.

But Mr. Verley turned on his heels and strode out of the depot, scarcely able at first to comprehend the disaster that had befallen him.

The train was at the depot when he returned, and the woman awaited him with the sleeping infant in her arms.

"Asleep, eh?" commenced Mr. Verley.

"Well, that's luck."

"Where's the nurse, sir?" enquired the woman.

"The nurse! what nurse?"

"Why, I supposed you went away to get a nurse!"

"Never once thought of it!" ejaculated Joseph, madly smiting his forehead.

"Here, give the thing to me, quick, the train is moving."

He had hardly time to spring on board, as the locomotive gave an unearthly shriek, while the baby followed suit vigorously.

He staggered to his seat holding the umbrella and the child in one hand, while in the other his valise swung backward and forward. "There, there, bless its little heart!" he exclaimed, imitating the colored woman; "we won't cry, no, so, no we won't."

But the baby evidently had an opinion of her own upon the subject, and would cry in spite of the various blandishments practiced by the bewildered uncle, such as shaking the umbrella, swinging his watch and dancing it on both knees.

People began to look around reproachfully, young men shrugged their shoulders and young ladies giggled.

"Hush! hush! there's a dear darling," whispered Mr. Verley.

But still the baby wailed and gnashed its gums, for of teeth it had but two. Mr. Verley began to look around the car in search of some matrimonial dame of whom he could seek counsel, but in vain. There were only three ladies in the car, and they were young, with round hats and dimpled cheeks.

"They don't know anything about it," groaned Mr. Verley, in anguish of spirit.

"O, why didn't I have common sense enough to go and get a nurse? I guess there's no danger of the baby bursting his lungs, but if there was such a contingency this baby is in a fair way of meeting it. Well, roar away as loud as you can, my young friend, I can stand it as long as you can."

Vain boast! as futile as vain, as Mr. Verley soon discovered. The baby not only cried, but screamed, it kicked, it only doubled itself over more ways than contortionist's wildest dreams could imagine, and became apparently frantic with passion. The perspiration broke in huge drops on Joseph's brow, his face flushed, and still the cars thundered on.

"What's to become of me?" holding on to the struggling infant by the sash that encircled its little waist, and watching its purple face with a species of old delectation.

"I don't wonder that Harold died. I shall die in a week if this goes on. And it seemed so easy for Barbara Smith to take care of her little brothers and sisters. If Barbara Smith was only here!" and Verley pulled the baby into a sitting posture with a jerk.

"I'll take the back express," quoth he, "and go straight there. Ah, you stop, you little hypocrite, but it won't do any good; I'm not to be caught twice in the same trap."

Barbara Smith was watering her tube roses in the bright sunshine, when Mr. Verley arrived with his valise and baby.

"Dear me, Mr. Verley," she ejaculated, blushing celestial rosy red.

"Why, what a sweet baby!"

"Yes, very sweet," he responded very drily. "It's my niece that I was to meet at Speedville."

"I thought she was a young lady."

"So did I, but it seems she is not.—Barbara, what do you suppose brought me back?" he added, speaking very fast for fear the baby would cry.

"I don't know" faltered Barbara, crimsoning still more; "perhaps you forgot something."

"Yes, I did."

"What is it," said Barbara, a little disappointed.

"I forgot to ask you if you would be my wife."

"Dear me, was that all?" said the young lady demurely.

"Isn't that enough? Say, Barbara, will you?"

"I'll think of it," answered Barbara.

"No, but tell me now. Quick, the baby's waking up."

"Well, then—yes."

Barbara had taken the little thing in her arms and disappeared before she had time to utter her waking yell.

A week afterwards Mr. Verley took the 12.30 return train with his wife and niece, the happiest of reclaimed old bachelors, and it was all the unconscious baby's work.

COUNTY PAPERS.—The following is what the Cincinnati *Trade List* thinks of those characters who complain of their county paper, and instead of helping to support it send on for large city papers, and thus help to sustain them:

"A gentleman writes to us that his county paper is so poor that he has stopped it; therefore sends us three dollars for the *Trade List*. We repeat that we don't want subscribers on those terms.—A man's county paper is worth more to him than any other paper in the world, or, if it is not, it is his own fault. If the county paper is properly encouraged, it may be relied upon for information of more value to the people in whose interest it is issued, than can be found in all the city papers in the United States. No man can afford to stop the paper that publishes the official advertisements of his county, the public sales, markets, court news, and other local intelligence. If the paper is poor, the people are more at fault than the publishers for not giving it liberal patronage. However poor the county paper may be, it is always worth more than it costs to those interested in the affairs of the locality."

AN Irishman, on being asked by the judge, when he applied for a license to sell whiskey, if he had a good moral character, replied: "Faith, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whiskey."

REASON can never show itself more reasonable than in ceasing to reason about things which are above reason.

A Farmer's Idea of a Lawyer.

As an illustration of the idea that some people have of the nature and character of an attorney, we give the following genuine anecdote, which occurred not long since in Dubuque. One of the oldest members of the bar received a call late one afternoon from a former friend whom he had known for twenty-five years, and who had traveled all day to reach his old friend with a view to make some arrangements for the benefit of a son, whom he believed to be fitted naturally for no vocation but that of a lawyer. After taking a long breath he said:

"Judge, I have come to see you on very serious business."

"Indeed! What has happened? You don't want a divorce? Have you a claim on some estate?"

"O no, nothing of that kind; but I have got a boy—"

"Well I congratulate you. When was he born?"

"O, he is sixteen years old, and I can't do anything with him, and I want you to take him."

"Why, if you can't manage him what could I do with him?"

"You can make a lawyer of him; he is good for nothing else; and I will tell you why. He wont work, and he wont go to school, but will steal everything he can lay his hands on; he is the meanest boy I ever saw, and the greatest liar you ever heard, and so I thought I would get rid of him and let you make a lawyer of him."

"Well, from your description of him I don't really think he would make a good lawyer."

"Good, did you say? Why a man need not be good to be a lawyer. You know, Judge, how dishonest the lawyers are, and how they make money, and go to the Legislature, and sometimes to Congress, but they make money all the time. Wont you take my boy?"

"No, I rather think I cannot do anything for him. You are an old friend, to be sure, and I have attended to your cases and you have always paid me, and—"

"Yes, I know, and you have always got the largest share."

"And I was going to say that I hope to attend to all your law business as long as you live, but I am sorry to say that I have a partner and clerk, and I can do nothing for your son."

"Well, you are the first lawyer I ever saw or heard of that would not do anything that anybody wanted him to do.—So good evening."

And the old man departed muttering denunciations on wayward boys generally, and unappreciative lawyers particularly.

HARD WORK.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can, will. 'Is that necessary?' 'That shall be.' This is the only law of success."

"Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not?"

The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I am no believer in genius, but I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius.

IT is the solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel he let the days of his youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave.—So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not look back.

ANOTHER clever gentleman has been deceived by hydrants. While homeward bound, working long longitudes, rejoicing under the influence of about 1000 drops of the oil of joy, he ran against a hydrant. He happened to mistake the hydrant for a small colored boy. "Skuse me, sonnie," said he, patting the hydrant paternally; "didn't run yer down because yer was black. Grow up (hic) and be a useful man. Imitate (hic) my example." And here he laid a quarter on its nozzle, and went on with a lighter hear and the satisfaction that he had made one poor soul happy.

Two Fishkill girls defended themselves from a mad dog with an open umbrella, reaching a place of safety before he had demolished it.

THE marriage license fee in Baltimore is $4, and a Baltimore paper says it prevents many marriage. Few men want to incur that expense at the start.

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 deductio will be made to those who advertise by th 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.

SILENCES.

Life, with its daily din, needs interjected silences. They are the soul's sober, second thoughts. They bandage us into a blendness to "the life that now is," and open before us a vision of "that which is to come." They are water-founts in our desert-places, whereat, like the camel, we may drink once and not thirst for thirty days.

Now, many are the ways out of this mortal life. One is to be dashed out of it by a blow; another is to limp out of it on the crutch of old age; another is to wither out of it with pale cheek, like a blighted blossom; another is to be born and die at once, blending birth and death in the self-same hour; but the sweetest of all possible exits from this world is to steal out of it while one is yet in the body, taking no leave of flesh and yet making flight with the spirit, mounting to the heavenly places, tarrying there a while, and returning home again bringing with us full pitchers from everlasting wells.

Once (as the records run) there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. What if there should be silence on the earth for so long a time! What if all mankind should suddenly quench for half an hour their greeds, their rivalries, revels and slaughters, their various passions, and should simultaneously lift their souls

To where beyond those voices, there is peace.

How many an act of violence, hotly premeditated, but delayed for a few mad moments, would forever remain unperformed! How many an angry word, leaping to ruthless lips, but tarrying there for a minute, would forbid its own utterance, and remain unsaid! How many a passion-heated heart, lured by temptation, would quench its fever in half an hour's forethought, and preserve its virtue unlost forever!

Noise, after all, is limited—it does not reach far; but silence is innnite—holding the whole heavens in its grasp. Worldly clamor has but small space in which to play its brief antics with human ears; but the soul's stillness includes all that lies beyond the earth's turmoil. He then who is content to be a partner merely with this noise shall soon come to an end of his riches; but he who likewise joins himself to the everlasting stillness shall have an incorruptible inheritance.

A Fearful Visitor.

The Paris *Soir* relates the following story:

A Mme. Bonneau, living in the Rue Descartes, was sitting in her parlor a few days since awaiting her husband's return to dinner, when a man of wild and haggard apppearance entered, and seating himself opposite to her addressed her in the following terms;

"I am a great doctor. I can effectually cure all headaches. I have heard that you suffer from that cause, and I have come to cure you."

The lady preceiving that she had to deal with a madman, prudently seemed to fall into his humor, and asked what was his method of treatment.

"Simple enough, madame," said he, drawing a razor from his pocket, "I cut off the head, and then, after having well cleaned it, I replace it upon the shoulders."

Upon this he prepared to suit the actions to his words. Mme. Bonneau, with great coolness, professed her readiness to submit to the operation, but suggested that she would fetch a towl from the next room to prevent her dress from being soiled. Her visitor assented to the reasonableness of the suggestion, and she left the room, locking the door behind her. Upon her return with some police officers they found that the unfortunat maniac had cut his own throat, but not fatally. It was ascertained that he had escaped from the lunatic asylum at Cleremont les Pres, and had been vainly sought for during a whole month.

POWER OF MEMORY.—Dr. Johnson, it is said, never forgot anything he had seen, heard or read. Burke, Clarendon, Gibbon, Locke, Tillotson, were distinguished for strength of memory. When alluding to this subject, Sir Wm. Hamilton observes: For intellectual power of the highest order none were distinguished above Grotius and Pascal; Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Leibintz and Euler were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory; and both could repeat the whole of "Æneid." Donellus knew the "Corpus Juris" by heart; and yet he was one of the profoundest and original speculators in jurisprudence. Ben Johnson tells us that he could repeat all he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the names of every soldier in his army. Aortenoino (after Cicero the greatest orator of Rome,) after sitting a whole day at a public sale, correctly enunciated from memory all the things sold, their prices and the name of their purchasers. Niebuhr, the historian, was no less distinguished for his memory than for acuteness. In his youth he was employed in one of the public offices at Denmark. Part of a book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored it by an effort of memory.

GOODNESS AND BEAUTY.—They say—and "they say" goes a great way in this world—that beauty in a female is to be preferred before goodness, because it attracts sooner and challenges more immediate homage; and so they run after the mere beauties who lead them on many a wild chase through brier and mire, letting the good and plain ones pass unnoticed. It is nonsense—preposterous nonsense.—Strange that we allow ourselves to be so befooled. There is nothing in mere beauty that wears; it will not *wash*, as the old ladies say when they buy new calicoes; but goodness does; that lasts always, long after beauty has faded and gone. There is something for a man to hold fast by.—It will stand him in hand just when he needs it. He will find in it something to draw out his own goodness, and to make him doubly grateful. But beauty is nothing better than a tantalisation; it will not stay put, fix it as you will. Between that and goodness there is a wide margin of difference. The plainest features may appear handsome by virtue of the goodness they betray, while the finest lines of beauty may be but deformity for that very same lack.