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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:

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

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
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. ag12y.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fel-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.

BURNS & SLOAN
Lumber Dealers,
OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF,
BALTIMORE,
YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,
OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING LUMBER,
SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.
June 28, 1873.

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.

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 Vosbell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873. No. 11.

CHAS. H. SMITH,
MASSEYS, MD.,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Country Produce received for Goods.
☞ FURNITURE furnished at 10 per cent. above Manufacturers' prices.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
April 5, 1873—6m.

1873. 1873.
Spring Trade.
A Large and Desirable Stock of Seasonable Goods now in Store.
GENTS' CALF-SKIN BOOTS,
BROGANS, FOR FARM WEAR,
And very full lines of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES,
Very many of them of superior City make.
BLACK ALPACAS, and PURE MOHAIRS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS of various widths.
WE ARE KEEPING OUR STOCK WELL UP, DESPITE THE GENERAL DEPRESSION OF BUSINESS.
T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, May 3, 1873.

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.
J. H. SIMPERS.
June 14, 1873.

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.
Chestertown, Mar. 29—3m.

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.
JOHN T. DODD & SON,
Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, up town, and have just received a full supply of
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
OF ALL KINDS.
No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.
Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.
apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

LOOK!—You can buy the best Demerara—good as white—Sugar for 12 cts. per lb., at
d14. SAPPINGTON'S.

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.

COMFORT!
If you desire to make yourself COMFORTABLE for the WARM WEATHER come to
THE CLOTHING STORE
On BORDLEY'S CORNER,
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Where you will find a
SPLENDID VARIETY
OF
LINEN SUITS
ALL SHADES and QUALITY.
Also, a nice variety of
STRIPED ALPACA, SEERSUCKER
And other styles of
SUMMER COATS.
Also, the finest variety of
STRAW HATS
ever offered to this community, embracing nearly all grades of styles and qualities.
S. MERRITT & CO.,
June 14, 1873. Chestertown.

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.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
JOHN W. CARROLL,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by Mr. A. M Russell, and intends to keep a
First Class Grocery
AND
PROVISION STORE.
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Molasses, Vinegar, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Coal Oil,
TOBACCO, SEGARS and SNUFF,
VEGETABLES of all kinds.
Also, NOTIONS of various kinds. Candies, Nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold low for cash.
☞ All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, or at cash prices.
Store opposite M. E. Church, Chestertown.
nov16-y J. W. CARROLL.

☞ GO TO
THOMPSON'S
FOR YOUR
GROCERIES,
Where you will always find a FRESH STOCK at LOW PRICES.
I sell Goods Cheap
and am prepared to prove it.
MY TERMS ARE CASH:
MY PRICES ARE TOO LOW and CAPITAL TOO SMALL to do otherwise.
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
jy12. Up Town.

ESTRAYS.—The undersigned has taken up as estrays trespassing on the farm in Quaker Neck he now occupies, owned by G. B. Westcott, Esq., One Yellow MARE, and one White COLT, black mane and tail.—The owner is notified to prove property, pay charges and take them away.
June 14—3t. JOB M. KERR.

6 CTS. REWARD.—Runaway from the subscriber on Thursday morning, the 26th inst., a white boy named Peter Scullion, aged about 16 years, regularly indentured to me by the managers of the House of refuge at Baltimore. All persons are hereby warned against harboring or employing him, as the law will be enforced. The above reward will be paid for his arrest and return to me.
June 28—3t. FRANCIS D. LAMB.

CHECK BOOKS, drawn for KENT NATIONAL BANK, for sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
j21 Chestertown.

MATTING And OIL CLOTHS, at low prices.
May 17. J. H. SIMPERS.

SEINE TWINE and GILLING THREAD, all sizes, for sale at
Feb. 22. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

THE WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?—
But it will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it.
Then away with the songs that are full of tears,
Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking over the flavored draught,
The old-time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink,
Pains fills again the measure;
And so I have learnt that its better to think
Of the things that gives us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;
There are days of sunny weather;
And people within it are not all bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better by far to remember,
Than those when the earth gets out of tune
In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we met in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this earth;
There are buds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
There are glowing, golden hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily make it double.
Which is better by far than to mope and moan
O'er sorrow and grief and trouble,
For though this world is sad, we know—
And who that is living can doubt it?—
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it.

MARK TWAIN'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

At an annual banquet of the Washington Correspondents' Club the following toast was read:

"*Woman—the pride of the professions and the jewel of ours.*"

To which Mark Twain responded as follows:

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on buttons, she ropes us in at the church fairs, she confides in us, tells us whatever she can find out about the private affairs of her neighbors, she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes, and sometimes all of it. In all relations of life, sir, it is a just and grateful tribute to say of her "she is a brick!"

Where you place woman, sir, in whatever position or estate, she is an ornament to the place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. Look at the women of history! Look at Desdemone! Look at Lucretia Borgia! Look at mother Eve! I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history! Look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! Look at George Francis Train!—And, sir, I say with bowed head and the deepest veneration, look at the mother of Washington! She raised a boy that could not lie, but he never had a chance. It might have been different had he belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club.

Mike looked around placidly upon his excited audience, and resumed:

I repeat, sir, that in whatever position you put a woman, she is an ornament to society, and a treasure to the world. As a sweet-heart she has few equals, and no superior. As a wealthy grandmother with an incurable temper she is gorgeous. As a wet-nurse she has no equal among men. What, sir, would the people of the earth be without women? They would be scarce, sir, almighty scarce! Then let us give her our support, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance.

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful, worthy of respect, of all esteem, of all deference. No one here will refuse to drink her health right cordially, for each and every one of us has personally known, loved and honored the best of them all—his own mother.

CHEER HIM.

A fireman was once striving to save a person in danger of perishing in a burning house, but the flames leaped out of the windows and beat him back. "He'll never do it," cried one. "He'll have to come down!" "Cheer him!" shouted another, and in a moment three stirring hurrahs went up from the crowd. It nerved the man's arm and strengthened his spirit. It quickened his movements, and in another minute he bore the child down in safety to its mother's arms.

What a power is in that cheering! So it is with those who are ready to give out by the way. They would have perished but for some stirring word to cheer. God put it in the heart of some one to speak to them. Have you ever cheered a disheartened soul thus? Or have you let the opportunity slip by with the feeling: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are all, in a sense, our brother's keepers. Is there a poor, down-hearted man in your community whom sickness and misfortune have reduced? Don't give him the cold shoulder, as is the world's custom when a person is unfortunate. Cheer him and see if it will not infuse new life into his heart. Do more. Lend a helping hand.

What would you have done that day your wheel got stuck in a rut, if a neighbor had not happened along and gave you a helping hand for five minutes? It was very little for him to do, but it was worth a great deal to you. A little after, you were rolling along prosperously, as if nothing had happened. Just so a little cheer and a little help puts a poor neighbor on the road again. Surely it were worse than churlish to refuse to give what costs you such a little effort, and yet it is worth so much.

REPUTATION.—Did you ever know a good man or a pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the head wind that fans the fires of his own furnace and gives him the greater headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed, it is never murder; it is suicide.

HE who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbors, surrender the rascal to justice.

A POUND of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy.

SILKS, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

CRAFTY men condemn studies, simple men admire them only, but wise men use them.

A TEA made of peach leaves is a sure cure for a kidney difficulty

THE VALUE OF A GOOD TRADE.

We had a man mowing our door-yard yesterday. I watched him pretty closely for fear he would snip off my rosebushes. I put my shawl on and sat on the grass, and pretended I was keeping him company. He is a man of good sense, and he said a great many sensible things. I remarked that mowing must be his trade, he did it so well, and made such nice work.

"Heh!" he sniffed; "I'm jack of all trades and master of none. I can do most anything that I take hold of;" and he leaned over and shaved the grass neatly from a snarl of rosebushes, a beautiful tangle that I couldn't prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh, thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother would dress her babe. Any other man would have said: 'Here a dead branch, Miss Potts;' or, 'Yon is a useless shoot; or, 'That bush yander is a-sufferin' for the knife.' It's my bush, you see, and I want it to grow as wild, and ranting, and riotous, and just as extravagantly as it pleases. I don't care if it leaps as high as the top of the house," said I, a good deal excited.

"Well, I carcalate that it would be the better of a little trimmin', but as you say, it's well enough to let natur' have her own way, just to see what all she can do when she takes a notion. If I was a reg'lar gardener, I s'pose I would have attacted that bush whether or no. I often wish father had apprenticed me to a trade—poor man, he's been dead an' gone this many a long year; he was a good father, and I don't find it in my heart to bring up a word o' blame agin him;" and here he leaned on the handle of the scythe in a comfortable sort of a way. "But, Miss Potts, I think it's every man's duty to give his boy's trades. When father died he left a farm of one hundred and sixty acres; there was mother, and we three grown boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny and grandmother. Well, we couldn't all have the farm, and we couldn't any more than make a good living, and pay the preacher and the taxes, and school the children, and meet an occasional doctor's bill; and so Jack and I talked it over one night, and though it did seem a little hard, we resolved, 'fore God an' ourselves, that we'd give up all right and claim to the old farm to Tom, our oldest brother, if he'd care for mother and the children, and do the part of a dutiful son and brother. It did seem kind o' hard, strikin' out to do for ourselves, two green boys who'd always been cared for. Jack'd always wanted more larnin', he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to shift for himself as best he could. Well, he worried along somehow, until now he is qualified to teach—he teaches in the winter and goes to school in the summer. I'd taken a shine to Milly Brown—she was a modest little hard-workin' creetur—and so we concluded to marry and help each other along. We never regretted it; and though I don't own a foot o' land, and have no trade, we have always managed so that we never had to endure much privation. Be sure I've had to wear patch upon patch, an' Milly's had to turn her dresses bottom end up, an' t'other side out; we've got along grandly.

"But, Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up an' feel myself a man among men. I ain't an independent man; I've no trade. To-day I mow your yard, to-morrow I help farmer Hutchins move his smoke-house, the next day I plough corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next I'll make a chimney in Ephraim's kitchen, or elevate grain in Taylor's warehouse, or haul coal for Caster, or make a pavement on Milk street, or weed somebody's garden. That's no way o' doin' hackin' round for Tom, Dick an' Harry, sometimes getting paid, and sometimes only paid in worthless promises. Why, very often I work half a day for a man and he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn sometime, Wilson; or, 'it's a mighty nice thing to be as handy a man as you are, George.'

"No, Miss Potts, I'm not a free man—I am a bondman, I wear shackles, an' here I've a family comin' on, promisin' boys and girls, an' I'm afraid I'll not be able to do my whole duty by 'em. God helpin' me I mean to give every boy o' mine a good trade, anyhow; maybe my girls, too. When Bowzer broke up and had to sell his farm and move to town, I just spoke right up before I thought.—'Bowzer,' said I, 'now you can't do a better thing than to apprentice Ned and Timothy to trades. You don't want to live in town and have two big idle boys trifling away their time. Don't do as my father did, don't let 'em ever feel as though you had not done all a father's duty. You can have Ned learn the tinner's trade, and let Tim be a mason, or a plasterer, or a cooper,' an' what does neighbor Bowzer do but up and git mad, an' tell me to mind my own business, an' that he was capable of lookin' after his own family.

"Well, to-day those Bowzer boys are like me, going jobbing 'round wherever they can get a hand's turn to do. I think it is a blasted shame for a man to bring poor children into this world and not do a father's duty by them, just leave them to shift for themselves, crippled, shackled, hobbled, wings clipped and not feeling that they belong to the class of men who are free and brave and bold, and who can stand up and look the world in the face and feel themselves no man's inferior.

"That was a nice thing, sensible, too, that Esquire Hamilton did last week.—His youngest son, Ralph, don't like to go to school—is dull about learning—it is drudgery to him, and so, with his own consent, his father bound him to the blacksmith's trade. My! what a growth that boy'll get! He is pretty hearty now, but what muscle will be developed, and what a ruddy face, and strong arm, and how happy he'll be.

"Oh! I think it's a God's blessing for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it to make a living! 'So—so—well—I'll try and do my duty to my boys;' and my neighbor drew his sleeves across his moist face and went on with his mowing.

My heart ached for the poor old man, and I shut my teeth a little viciously in memory of the indifferent old father in his grave on the hillside. In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and I thought what a pity it is that young men so rush into the over-crowded professional ranks, preferring to be a fourth-rate lawyer, an ungodly minister, or an illiterate quack doctor, to that of a first-rate blacksmith, wagon-maker or bricklayer.

I'd rather see a young man know how to make a good basket, than a poor plagiarized plea of the bar; rather see him toil, horney-handed in a sweaty check shirt than to sneak 'round public places in a seedy black, trying to eke out a miserable, sham existence by pettifogging dirty cases and manufacturing falsehoods, and then esteeming himself better than the honest tailor, just because he has the little tag, Esq., dangling to his name.—*Author's Magazine.*

WOMAN---HER LIKES AND DISLIKES.

BY ONE OF HER SEX.

Her age, size of hands and feet and number of inches around the waist, are delicate subjects with a woman, broached at the peril of her displeasure.

Discourse upon her vanity, idleness, gossipping propensities, lack of religious principles, of anything, and hope to be forgiven; but venture to remark upon the above little personalities, expecting her to forget or forgive.

One of the intensest desires of woman's heart, from the appearance of the first gray hair to her dropping into the grave of age, is to look young.

Consequently a very successful way to gain her good will is flattery on that subject. Tell a woman of forty that she is as young and blooming as a girl, and, while we may not exactly believe it, the next time she looks into the glass she will count the wrinkles again, ank conclude they must look deeper to herself than they do to other people.

It is a subtle bit of flattery which penetrates many a being, who has that within which makes youthful appearance of little consequence. Why women should so hopelessly resign one by one the indication of youthful beauty is a mystery, considering the fact that her best possibilities do not ripen, nor her mind mature until after thirty. Before that age a majority of women are uncertain; wavering as to their true mission, and blindly groping and longing to gratify sundry vain ambitions. After thirty, they are likely to settle down to practicabilities, accepting the work of to-day, thereby establishing a stability of firmness unknown to young women. There is no good rule without the exceptions, and there are women who early manifest wisdom and pertinacity far beyond the years; but those who mature young, and give promise of greatness, are apt to disappoint the least sanguine of their friends. Slow growth is the most sturdy, and of long duration.

One mistake which has injured women has been the idea that they mature much earlier than men. The truth is, they have been rushed into marriage and motherhood before physical maturity and mental education. This has dwarfed them mentally and weakened them physically.

Some may say: "Nobody forces women to marry; they consult their own wishes, which they have a right to do in a free country." Women, like men, are the creatures of prevailing customs, no matter how pernicious they may be. When the proper time comes for marriage, the girl should follow the dictates of her own heart. The proper time is not until by education and some experience, the thin glamour of bright fancies, which hide the substantial and common sense of life, reducing all things to a bright dream, in which people and incidents are as improbable as a fairy tale, is drawn aside. Then she is best fitted to choose for herself and abide by the consequences. It is hard to accept an unhappy fate brought on by youth, inexperience, ignorance, bad customs and social ideas. Many a woman points to such causes as the paving of the way down to her ruin and hopelessness.

While it is not good to stifle the instincts which live in every womanly heart, by inculcating too radical principles of self-reliance, self-maintenance, and absorption in directions where the head and not the heart is schooled, it is well to remember that women have heads as well as hearts.

Before the worldly idea really possesses a girl that she must make her masterstroke in the success of her marriage settlement, it is a cruel blow to her progress and happiness for a mother to intimate to her that it is time she were looking out for a husband. She feels that she is not wanted at home. Many a girl who afterwards with heartless coquetry and calculation won and accepted her companion for life, has bedewed her pillow with tears through sleepless nights, when it first dawned upon her that she could be easily spared from the home circle, and that in the event of her failure in finding an opportunity to go she would be considered a failure, as women are estimated.

The wretched consciousness falls heavily upon her heart, and more effectually scatters her happy, innocent day dreams, than do the discipline and education necessary to a real appreciation of life's duties and pleasures, notwithstanding the sentimental cry of "Let them be girls as long as possible; they can only be young once." If letting them be girls, means be ignorant of all but that which in the train of circumstances falls in their way, heaven save them from their fate. When they are old they will look back to youth as a season filled with as many errors as their imperfect natures were capable of committing, and say that what little wisdom they possess came by "hard knocks."

It is far better to be warned of the rough path and the precipice before, with bleeding feet, one reaches its brink, and by the light of inspiration looks down into its dark abyss and learns wisdom, not to come that way again. Youth is a time of joy and beauty, but lovelier far are the graces of true womanhood, and more acceptable its joys, for though less airy they are deeper and richer.

To regret the days of youth proves that life has not been thus far well spent, for had it been the years would be too full of activity and usefulness to admit of much sighing over the page of the past.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—A year or two ago two very respectable gentlemen commenced business as bankers in one of the thriving villages of Illinois. It is quite common for business men to have a little card printed on one corner of their envelopes, and these bankers, conforming to usage, printed theirs, giving their name and residence, and underneath, in smaller type, the following extraordinary statement:

"Collections promptly attended to, and remitted *on day of judgment.*

It took them several months to learn why their collecting business did not prosper.

A CURL CUT-OFF BY AN AXE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of some dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of his heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters, with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay his stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy.

"We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood or scar was to be seen.—He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through, and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips, he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

"Hurrah for Women."

We love women— old or young—simply because they are women. Our mothers spank us; our sweethearts spoil our joys by flirting with our rivals; our wives read us a genuine or moderate Caudle lecture which we usually deserve. Women has laughed at our woes when indulging in the tender passion riddle our hearts with Erosian arrows, depleted our pocket-book, disturbed our slumbers, spoiled our coffee, rumpled our starched-linen bosoms, hung to our arm with her whole precious weight when our corns hurt us most, danced us into a prespiration, and caused us to buy lozenges for a cold; but in spite of all these things, we love her. We set her up as an idol, and prostrate ourselves before her as before some divinity. We don't care a copper what dry goods costs, so she looks sweet. We will fight for her like a Prussian soldier. Let Mr. Holland say what he will to derogate from the sex, we shall "hang our banners on the outer wall" and cry, "Hurrah for women!"

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the meanest things a man can do, and it is not an uncommon occurance, it is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year or more without any definite object, and to the exclusion of any gentleman, who, supposing him to have matrimonial intentions, absent themselves from her society. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens upon the young lady, when the acquaintance is finally dissolved, the unenviable and unmerited appellant of 'flirt.' Let all your dealings with women, young men, be frank, honest and noble. That many whose education and position in like manner would warrent our looking for better things are culpably criminal on these points, is no excuse for shortcomings. That woman is often injured or wronged through her holiest feelings, adds but a blacker dye to your meanness.—One rule is always safe. Treat every woman you meet as you would wish another man to treat your innocent and confiding sister.

NO USE OF ELOPING.—Now here is what can be called a sensible husband.—He lives in Athens, Georgia. Recently his wife got to liking another fellow. The two made arrangements to elope, which the husband discovered. He didn't get into a passion, or try to commit murder. He went to his wife and said: "Look here, there's no use of your elopeing. I don't object to your going. I'll hitch up the horse and take you to the railroad depot, and I'll give you $200 to start life with." He was as good as his word, and did all in his power to aid the couple in their speedy departure. As he shook hands with the brevet husband, he said: "Old fellow, I don't wish you any worse luck than you'll get with that woman.—Be as happy as you can with her, and then you won't think yourself in Paradise."

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much by gaudy attire.—Lysander knew this was part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying "that they were only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."

That was a touching experience of a Boston gentleman whose family had been abroad some time. He met them in Paris recently, and his children speaking French only, he was obliged to go to school to acquire the language, in order to converse with his offspring.

AN exchange says: The art of buying is to pretend you don't want the thing at all. Sober minded people would be tempted to call it the art of lying.

THE man who has never examined his own heart, is the only one who can believe himself free from envy.

A PLASTER made of fresh slack lime and fresh tar is a sure cure for cancer, which, with all its roots, will come out.

Rates of Advertising:
Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.
Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.
JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

Messrs. Editors:—I often hear and read this expression, "The gray mare is the better horse," meaning that the wife manages the husband. I do not see the point of it, and come to you for an explanation of the proverb. A WIFE.

The story that explains the proverb is too long for "Notes and Queries," and besides, we do not approve of the moral, or inference, designed to be drawn from the story. But we will print it, believing that if the experiment were to be tried even in our day, the horses would be gone before the eggs.

"THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."

This well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance: A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found not long after marriage that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stables; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his house himself, and one egg where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said if his business was urgent she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so,—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

A REMARKABLY dirty man stopped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said: "How much do you weigh?" The answer was, "Well, about as much as you would if you were washed."

SOME questions very naturally suggest themselves to an inquiring mind. An amateur farmer wonders "why, on all this fair earth, the ground is spread bottomside up so that it must be turned over with a plough before crops can be raised."

A NEW YORK man, who believes in advertising, paid a bill of $78,000 the other day for a year's work, but it was money well spent, for the earning resulting from that advertisement, which were divided among four persons, were $650,000.

WHEN does a man dye for love? When he turns his red whiskers brown.