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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873. No. 16.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines bregier 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

Farmers, Look!
WE ARE NOW SELLING ONE OF THE BEST DRILLS ever sold in this county. It will sow all kinds of Phosphates and Ground Bones, either Dry or Damp. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. WE SELL AT BALTIMORE PRICES. We are also selling
J. J. TURNER & CO.'S
Excelsior & Ammoniated Super-Phos.
WHITELOCK & CO.'S,
J. B. RHODES & CO.'S,
MD. FERTILIZING CO.'S
PHOSPHATES,
PACIFIC GUANO,
LISTER'S PURE GROUND BONE,
on ACCOMMODATING TERMS, delivered at any point on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Aug. 23, 1873—2m. Chestertown.

Fertilizers
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
J. J. TURNER & CO.'S
EXCELSIOR,
J. J. TURNER'S AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE,
Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate,
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,
PATAPSCO GUANO,
WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,
Rhodes' Super Phosphate,
FISH GUANO,
Different Grades of Pure and Adulterated
GROUND BONE,
ORCHILLA GUANO.
I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and Farmers generally to the above articles. Special arrangements for time can be made on most of them.
I can deliver them at any landing or at any Railroad Station in the county.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Aug 16, 1873—2m.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS
Applicants for Teachers' Certificates, and Teachers whose certificates have by limitation expired, will meet at the School House in Chestertown provided with pen, paper and pencil) for examination, on MONDAY, the 1st of September, 1873, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
aug23-4. C. G. RICAUD, Examiner.

☞ **Cultivator Teeth a Specialty!**
The Place to get Good Work Done!
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTING
PLOWS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, DRAYS, EXRESS WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c.
THE undersigned would respectfully return their thanks to the people of Kent and the adjoining county for their liberal patronage during the past nine years, and feel confident we shall receive the same as long as we continue to use the *best material* and employ none but the *best workmen*, thus giving a guarantee on all we do.
In the WHEELWRIGHT DEPARTMENT we use the best Timber, and well seasoned.
In the BLACKSMITH LINE, we do the most of the work, and we flatter ourselves that it cannot be excelled in this Shore.
CULTIVATORS of all styles and patterns; PLOW CASTINGS smooth and of the best temper.
Reapers, Mowers, Horse Powers, Drills, and all kind of implements used in this part of the country repaired.
HOES of the best kind of steel.
All kinds of Plow Castings for sale.
We intend to fix prices to suit the times.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
March 22, 1873—6m.

NEW GOODS!
THE subscriber has received from the city a full supply of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Dry Goods, Notions, Confectionary,
GROCERIES, and other seasonable Goods, which he will sell Cheaper for Cash or Produce.
GOOD POULTRY WANTED, for which the highest price will be paid.
Dec. 21. JOS. E. WEER, Kennedyville, Md.

HARNESS MAKING!
THE undersigned has commenced the above business in the upper story of his Restaurant, on Cross street, below Bordley's corner, and having employed competent workmen, is prepared TO MAKE NEW
OR REPAIR OLD HARNESS
IN THE BEST MANNER.
An examination of his stock and prices is respectfully solicited.
JOHN ARMSTRONG,
July 13, 1872. Chestertown.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Drugs and Medicines,
In which I cannot be undersold.
☞ A DISCOUNT of 10 per cent. allowed on
Patent Medicines.
WHITE LEAD, PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, TURPENTINE, PUTTY, GLASS, &c.
JOS. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

$20 REWARD
Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, near Lynch's Station on the 7th inst., a GRAY MARE, about medium height, with white mane and tail. Any information concerning the same, left at this office, will be gratefully received. The above reward will be paid for her recovery.
jy26-tf. R. W. WALAND.

GROCERIES.—A fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Buckwheat Meal, Flour of different grades, &c.
JOS. EWEER.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
THE FACULTY of WASHINGTON COLLEGE has been reorganized by the election of Prof. WM. J. RIVERS, of the South Carolina University, as Principal; Prof. WM. H. ZIMMERMAN, Vice Principal; and Mr. JOSEPH PETERSON, Assistant Professor.
Mr. Rivers has, for seventeen years, been a Professor in the University of South Carolina. Mr. Zimmerman was for several years Vice Principal of the Western Maryland College; and Mr. Peterson, educated at the University of Virginia, is most favorably known as a teacher in this community.
The plan of instruction will embrace a full College course, including Greek, Latin, the Modern Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and the other Natural Sciences, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, &c., and what, in the opinion of the Board of Visitors, is very important, a thorough English Education, if the student does not desire to study the languages. In order to accomplish this a Preparatory or Academic Department has been established, in which full and thorough instruction will be given in the various English branches, viz: Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., and all other branches of learning required to complete an English Education.
There is an earnest and we hope a well directed effort made by the Board of Visitors to restore the College to its former condition of prosperity, and to establish an institution of learning which shall secure the confidence and support of the public.
The College will be re-opened on Wednesday, the first day of October next.
EXPENSES.—TUITION: English, $40; English and Classics, or Modern Languages, $50; English Classics and Modern Languages, $60; Board, per week, $4.00.
On behalf of the Board of Visitors:
JOS. A. WICKES, PRES'T,
JAS. A. PEARCE, SEC'Y,
RICHARD HYNSON,
WM. N. E. WICKES,
WILLIAM S. WALKER.
For further information apply to JAMES A. PEARCE, Secretary, Chestertown, Md.
Aug. 16, 1873—3t.
[Cecil Democrat, Cent. Observer, Easton Star, Denton Journal, Cambridge Democrat, Salisbury E. Shoreman, Princes Anne True Marylander, Snow Hill Messenger, Smyrna Times and Middletown Transcript, publish 3t. and send bill to this office.]

Temperance Harvest Home.
AN all-day meeting will be held in Baker's camp-meeting woods on TUESDAY, the 9th of September, 1873. Rev. P. Coombe and other prominent speakers will be present and address the meeting. Local Option and other subject will be fully discussed. Come prepared to stay all day. Seats will be provided.
Rev. P. Coombe will preach twice in Chestertown on the 7th of September, and lecture on the evenings of the 8th, 10th and 11th.
Aug. 23, 1873—3t.

TAKE NOTICE!
MONEY WANTED.
WE, the undersigned, would remind our customers that we owe money, and are in want of money to pay our bills, and hope all indebted to us will take due notice. Remember old promises, and pay up at once. We have acted our part, and we hope and expect our customers to do theirs.
Respectfully, &c.,
aug23-tf. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

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.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his
MILL
near Chestertown, for the present year.
His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of
CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,
which he is determined to sell at reduced prices.
He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.
He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.
Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1873—tf.

TAKE NOTICE!
WE will sell the balance of our stock of
WINTER BOOTS and SHOES
AT COST.
The stock is all new and of good quality.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS in the GROCERY LINE:
Light Brown Sugar at 10 cts. a pound.
White Sugar at 12½ cts. a pound.
Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON, Chestertown.
Store on Cross street, opposite G. E. Lambert's Carriage Factory. mh15.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
A STORE HOUSE and DWELLING, AND LOT OF GROUND, in Locust Grove, Kent county, will be rented for the ensuing year, or will be sold on reasonable terms.
Apply to GEO. W. WALLS, Locust Grove.
N. B.—I am closing out my STORE GOODS AT COST. jy5-8t*

FOR SALE or Rent for 1874,
TWO DWELLING HOUSES, and one Shop—a good stand for an undertaker—at Kennedyville. Apply to
JOHN STOUFFER,
jy26-7t* Kennedyville.

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

SHELLING PEAS.

Pink sun-bonnet hanging down
O'er a fair face half a frown;
Basket tipped upon her knees—
Maiden busy shelling peas.

Looking o'er the garden wall,
Youthful figure straight and tall,
Lounges with a careless grace
Straw hat pushed off sunny face—

And a pair of lazy eyes
Look with cool and calm surprise
On the fingers plump and white—
Shelling peas with all their might.

"Such a busy little bee
Puts to shame poor thriftless me!"
And a yawn, half made, half real!
To these words give sign and seal!

Pink sun-bonnet nods assent,
Fingers give the pod a rent,
As though saying, "Were those you,
I'd soon show you what I'd do!"

"So you think I ought to be
Quite ashamed of this 'poor me,'
Who bewails his lazy lot,
And to better it tries not?"

Pink sun-bonnet gives a nod,
Cracks a fresh and glittering pod,
Which exploding seems to say,
Answering for her boldly, "yea."

Lazy eyes dart a quick look,
Naught but silence will they brook;
Bending closer they peer down
'Neath the bonnet's clumsy crown.

"I would toil and strive each hour,
Working with a will and power,
Had I ought to work hard for—
Some sweet, bright reward in store."

Pink sun-bonnet laughs out now,
And the face is all aglow,
As she answers, pointing down
To her basket with a frown—

"Lots of shells and little peas;
Words as well, and sometimes please;
But words are shell—its fruit we need;
Talk is easy—prove by deed!"

Quick the lazy eyes flash fire,
And their owner bends down higher,
Till the color in his cheeks
Fades and flickers as he speaks—

"Ah, but 'tis within the shells
That the perfect fruit first dwells;
All my words I'll prove quite true
If my reward may be you!"

Pink sun-bonnet's still and dumb;
Busy fingers quite o'ercome
Drop the basket off the knees,
And down rolled the half-shelled peas.

"See you work in vain alone—
Without help naught can be done;
May I then through our lives be
Helpmate to you loyally?"

Two brown hands clasp fingers white;
Lazy eyes grow clear and bright;
Pink sun-bonnet, gainst her will,
Looks up with cheeks pinker still.

And again it gives a nod—
Then a noise. Was it a pod?
Something sounded. As you please,
It all happened—shelling peas.

City vs. County Newspaper.

The city weekly newspaper is usually made up from reading matter used and paid for by the daily paper; hence it costs but little; while the country paper, on account of the limited amount of the local advertising patronage, cannot afford a daily, and must make its weekly from matter expressly prepared for its columns.

The city paper is made general in character,—adapted to one part of the country as well as another, and consequently has a wide field for circulation; while the country paper must be made local, and adapted to its particular latitude, hence its circulation is limited to its particular locality. But does the city paper answer the purpose, and satisfy the wants of the country reader? By no means.

The paper published in the city realizes thousands of dollars from its advertising patronage, while the local country paper gets but a meagre support from this source. The principal clerk in one of the agricultural newspaper offices in New York informed us that the "advertising patronage of their paper amounted to an annual income of over one hundred thousand dollars."

And yet the people of the country expect the local paper to be furnished at a lower price than the city monopoly. And while he pays cash in advance for his city paper, he puts his home paper off with a promise to pay when he sells his produce after harvest, or when he gets ready, and can best spare the money, at the end of from one to three years.

The tendency of such procedure on the part of some delinquent subscribers, as well as the recent act of Congress, taking away from country publishers and their county subscribers the only boon they ever allowed them to have, will require the utmost economy in the conducting of the country papers.

The best way for subscribers to encourage their papers and keep them up to their present standard, is to be prompt in their payments.

PRAYER! What battles has it not fought! what victories has it not won! what wounds has it not healed! what griefs has it not assuaged! It is the wealth of poverty; the refuge of affliction; the strength of weakness; the light of darkness. It is the oratory that gives power to the pulpit; it is the hand that strikes down Satan, and breaks the fetters of sin; it turns the scales of fate more than the edge of the sword, the craft of statesmen, or the weight of scepters; it has arrested the wing of time, turned aside the very scythe of death, and discharged heaven's frowning and darkest cloud in a shower of blessings.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

REMEDY FOR BLEEDING AT THE NOSE. A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:

"The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason in one of his lectures, is a vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth and the child instructed to chew it hard. Of course an adult does not need the paper. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases."

A CITY youth, disposed to be facetious at the expense of a countryman, asked him why sheep stayed white when they eat so much green grass. The countryman said he did not know, and asked the city bred which was the best side to milk a cow. The city-bred, in his turn, said he did not know, and asked the countryman which was the best side. He got for a reply, "the outside," and did not ask any more questions.

THE FAMILY LETTER.

How the Materials are Produced—How They are Used—What Becomes of the Result.

The family letter is written on Sundays. The reason that day is selected is not alone because of the leisure it presents.—The quiet of the day, its relief from all influences that irritate or agitate, frees the mind from irrelevant or antagonistic matter, and make it pre-eminently a fit occasion for communing with distant loved ones. In nine cases out of ten the letter is written by the head of the family, and of those sent an equal proportion is addressed to his wife's folks. We don't know why it is that a man so rarely writes to his own folks, but as it is not the province of this article to treat on that subject, we will pretend we don't care. The hour being selected for inditing the letter, the first thing is to find the paper. There is always a drawer in every well regulated family for keeping such things. It is either in the table or stand. Here the writing paper and odd screws, fiddle strings and broken locks, fish lines and grocery receipts are kept. There may be other things, but if there are, he will see them. The sheet of paper is finally found, the fly stains neatly scraped off, and the search commences for the ink and pen. The former is invariably found on the mantel, next to the clock, and is immediately laid on the table convenient to the perspiring man, who sarcastically inquires if the letter is to be written to-day or next Sunday. This inspires the wife with new zeal in the search. She goes over the drawer again, because she knows he wouldn't see anything if it was right under his nose, but the pen is not there. Then she looks over the top of the bureau, and lifts everything on the front room table, and says it seems so singular that it can't be found, when she saw it only the day before, and thought about the letter. The she goes into the pantry, and after exploring the lower shelf in vain, stands upon a chair and carefully goes over the top shelf, where the medicine bottles and unused cans are stationed. After she has done this, she starts up stairs, and pretty soon returns with the pen, and takes it to the sink to wash the grease from it, but does not succeed in quite effacing the delicate scent of bergamot. This leads him to observe that anybody who takes a penholder to lift hair grease from a bottle is too pure and innocent for this world.

Everything now in readiness, good humor is restored, the wife takes a seat opposite with her elbows on the table, and her chin in her hands, and assumes an expression of countenance that is mysteriously calculating to both encourage and depress the writer; and he grasps the pen tightly between his fingers, and stares at the paper with an intensity that is entirely unnecessary. The date line starts off glibly, and then suddenly ceases as it reaches the date itself. He puts the holder in his mouth and immediately spits it out again, making up a face that is no wise suggestive of bergamot, and pettishly asks her if she knows the day of the month. Of course she does. It is the 13th—or it is the—but no—it must be. She hesitates, stares at him, wavers and is lost. She don't know whether it is the 13th or 18th, but the almanac will tell, and she at once starts to hunt it up. This occasions a delay of some fifteen minutes, during which he makes ninety-five passes at one fly. The date having been satisfactorily settled upon, and the thing which rolled over the floor as that stand drawer unexpectedly fell out having been restored to their place, the date line is completed and "Dear mother" started. The pen is a home pen of bashful mould, and whenever it starts a line it requires a half dozen passes to make it give down. All home pens do this. And all home sheets of paper have weak spots which the ink refuses to cross, thus creating some remarkable divisions of words and considerable confusion among sentences. Some of these spots are two inches in diameter, and anybody in the next room can tell the moment the writer comes to them, just as well as if he was looking over his shoulder. When the letter is completed, which generally occurs at the end of the fifth hour from the commencement, it is carefully read over and supplied with absent words, and then gone over again and artistically touched up with the pen at the bare places. Then it is folded up ready for the envelope, and the discovery is made that there is no envelope in the house, and the letter is tacked in behind the clock until the want is supplied.

Too Good to be Lost.

Traveling in his buggy alone not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a "foot-pad" with his carpet-bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the buggy, until, at least, they had crossed the mud and the mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy, about things ordinary and general. Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make the conversation profitable, asked the stranger if he was ready to die. Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to take a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning, and suspecting foul play, he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through the slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him at the top of his voice to stop. But this only hastened his speed, and like a scared hare, he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his hasty flight he left behind his carpet-sack, which our brother has now in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt and a pair of threadbare trousers and a little "backer."

If any one should hear of the owner inquiring for such goods, they are at liberty to direct him to this office, where fuller information can be obtained.—*Memphis Presbyterian.*

A MAN in Scott county, Kentucky, has been tried three times for the same murder. First he was sentenced to five years imprisonment, next, to two years, and the third time acquitted. It is now proposed to try him again, and present him with a gold watch and chain.

INDIAN FIGHTING.

THE MASSACRE OF PAWNEES—A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

A letter to the New York *Herald*, dated Pawnee Reserve, Platte county, Nebraska, August 12th, says: The following thrilling account of the awful battle between the Sioux and Pawnees, near the Republican river, is from a correspondent who took part in the fight:

At daylight on the morning of August 5 the Pawnees, numbering about four hundred, including squaws and children, broke their camp on the Republican, near Frenchman's Fork, twenty-five miles west of Red Willow, and started on the trail due north in the direction of a heard of buffaloes which the scouts had seen the day previous. After traveling about three miles we were surprised by seeing buffaloes running directly toward the line of march. This unusual circumstance was disregarded by the Pawnees, and immediately the best hunters started in pursuit, and the plains for miles around was black with Pawnees and buffaloes. No sooner, however, had the hunters been scattered to convenient distances from the trail than the Sioux, who had been driving the buffaloes ahead of them for this very purpose, came galloping along the divide, lying upon the necks of their ponies, with blankets drawn over their heads to resemble buffaloes.—In a moment the ruse was discovered, and the whole line broke out with the cry of "Chararat!" "Chararat!" (Sioux), and the warhoops of the men. Squaws, children and pack horses were hurried into the nearest ravine, and the warriors, seizing their best horses, galloped towards the approaching enemy, chanting their wild death song. On came the Sioux, throwing their blankets, yelling and shooting, and soon the fight began in true Indian fashion, each party in turn dashing forward, firing and retreating. But soon the greatly superior numbers of the Sioux began to be felt, and the Pawnees, gradually hemmed in on all sides, were forced over the bluffs into the ravine, among their squaws and children.

"We can't fight them," shouted the chief—"too many; throw off the packs, put the squaws on the horses and run." Overboard went the seven hundred dried buffaloes which the Government had allowed them to hunt for their starving families on the reserve—starving because the Government has allowed the Sioux for two successive seasons to hunt on the Pawnees' hunting grounds. Meat, tents, blankets, everything thrown aside, there began a general rout, all rushing in confusion down the ravine to the river, and the Sioux firing upon them from its abrupt sides with terrible effect. So densely packed were the Pawnees that hardly a shot was wasted, warriors, squaws and horses falling in struggling, groaning heaps; mothers dropping their children, and those behind rushing madly over them, while the Sioux pressed close behind and scalped living and dead. Three miles to the Republican—and all this way the Pawnees ran and were slaughtered in this horrible manner by the best of the Government arms. Bows and arrows are excellent for buffalo hunting, but for Sioux fighting I should even prefer a Spencer rifle, decidedly poor as they are. But the Pawnees had not even these in any abundance, and although they fought bravely, were able to make scarce any resistance. About one hundred Pawnees were killed or captured, mostly squaws. Seventy-five horses were taken or shot. Your correspondent was surrounded and captured by Sioux, having mistaken them for Pawnees. But the chief, fearing to kill a white man, pointed me a way to the river.

After giving the chase to another party of Sioux I again rejoined a band of fifteen determined Pawnees, who were covering the disastrous flight of their friends. About twelve miles from the battle field we came across a squad of white soldiers under Captain Memhold, three days from McPherson, who kindly offered to return to the field and remove the wounded, if any were yet alive. On our return the field presented a most horrible sight.—The first squaw we found lay dead, with a knife clinched in her hand. Apparently, she had kept her pursuers at bay until overpowered, thrown to the ground, a whip-stalk run through her body, and finally scalped. All the young squaws have marks of brutal violence. The children, many of them were scalped alive, without wound, and rolling their glassy eyes up to ours, dead, staring in our faces, while we bathed their heads in water.—Into a small pocket of the ravine the bodies of six men had been dragged, piled together like so many logs and burned.—No battle ground ever presented a more shocking, devilish scene. The Pawnees conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the descendants of the old monarchs of the plains, and had they been provided with suitable arms would have held their enemy in check until they had sheltered themselves in the wood along the river, where the Sionx dare not follow. As it is, it can be no more than just that the Government return their captives and horses to the Pawnees, who have performed such efficient service heretofore as Government scouts, and are always ready to take up the cause of the white man against his enemies.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—Bishop Glossbeaner, of the United Brethren, declines to be made a doctor of divinity by the Otterbein University. He thinks that these doctor-dignities should be given to men of qualifications of a higher order, intellectually and morally, than he makes any pretention to. The bishop's modesty is admirable. If a clergyman be distinguished for his mastery of the science of divinity, the title of doctor of that kind is proper enough; but the double "D" is getting so cheap and common that it stands a chance also of becoming meaningless.

GOING FOR CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIALS.—A Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun* says the Secretary of the Treasury sent to Collector Arthur, of New York, late Wednesday night orders for the immediate removal of nearly a hundred customs officers, some of them occupying responsible places, on charges of fraud and corruption. The dismissal of another lot of dishonest officers is expected in a few days.

A. T. STEWART'S FORTUNE.

Messrs. Editors:—The New York papers have been telling us that A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods king, has made his will, and to his astonishment, on "taking an account of stock," real and personal, discovered that he was worth One Hundred Millions of Dollars. The press of the great Metropolis expect us "country haw-bucks" and "Johnny raws" to believe such stuff. But we don't believe it, because the thing is unreasonable, and next to the impossible. No man has ever looked upon so much money; a lifetime would scarce suffice to count it. To count it in gold dollars, at the rate of one dollar per second, and working ten hours each day, it would require eighty-four years to finish the job. If it was all in silver dollars, allowing $16 to the pound, it would weigh 5,257,363 pounds, and loaded on to a train of cars, at the rate of 16,000 pounds to each car, it would require 330 cars, and make a train a mile in length, allowing a space of 30 feet to each car. At $2 per bushel, it would purchase 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, which would make, at 2,000 pounds per ton, 25,000 tons. To haul this quantity of wheat it would require 25,000,000 two bushel bags; 25,000 two-horse wagons, carrying a ton each; 50,000 horses, and allowing each team a space of 30 feet, it would form a cavalcade that would extend from Chestertown to the city of New York nearly. If it was all in one dollar bills, placed one on top of the other, it would make a pile thirteen miles high. But what is the use multiplying illustrations? Let these suffice. COMMON SENSE.

What to do With Trouble.

Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it until it leads you to ruin; or if you must add physicial pain and the consciousness of degredation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakens from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head, and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which at first was painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable.

Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful and total wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard—pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking of them. You want sweet, calm sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go a loafing all day, to tell Tom, Dick or Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by tossings, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some trouble that time only heals, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all, but all can be helped by the panacea work. Try it, you who are thus afflicted.

Sealing the Vow.

A correspondent writing from a Jersey camp-meeting tells the following story. We don't see anything very singular in it—the same thing has happened at other camp-meetings, perhaps in Baker's woods:

"Many people sleep in the same tent here, being separated by partitions. As young Methodist fellows are thrown with pretty young ladies a great deal, it is nothing against them that they sometimes fall in love.

"Last night, they say this happened: A young Methodist fellow from Camden had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. Last night, while a dozen of cold-hearted fellows were trying to sleep, they were continually disturbed by the lover's spooney talk, which they distinctly heard through the cotton cloth partition.

They heard him say in a low, sweet clarendon voice:

"Now, Caroline, dear, let me seal the vow do!"

"No, James, I cannot. What would my father and mother say?" replied a sweet, girlish voice.

"But, Caroline, you have promised to be mine—now let us seal the vow—let us, do let us—won't you? Do kiss me?"

"No, James; I cannot, oh! I cannot—"

"In a moment the tent partition parted, and a big whiskered brother, who wanted sleep, shouted:

"For God's sake, Carrie, let Jim seal that vow. He'll keep us awake all night if you don't."

The vow was sealed.

A GOOD STORY is told of a tall, raw-boned fellow, who went into a market house in Boston—perhaps the Quincy—and seeing a large hog on exhibition, was mightily struck with it. "I swear," said he, "that's a great hog. I swear I never saw a finer looking one in my life. I swear, what short legs he's got. I swear—" "Look here, friend," said a little, dry-looking individual, trotting up, "you must not swear so." "I swear, I should like to know why?" said the hard swearer, with an ominous look. "Because, said the little man, swearing is against the law, and I shall have to commit you," drawing himself up. "Are you a justice of the peace?" inquired the swearer. "I am." "Well, I swear!" said the profane one. "I am more astonished at that than I was about the hog."

As some lady visitors were recently going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room, in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

An ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She, supposing he referred to some disease, replied:

"I have light touches of it occasionally."

POODLE DOGS.—Whilst the large dogs in Austria are made to work, and make themselves useful in various ways, the little fellows are taken to the bosoms of the ladies and treated as if they were veritable angels. It is not uncommon when traveling to see almost every lady with a dog in her arms, and occasionally a footman or maid, whose duty in traveling with the mistress is to take care of the dog, and see that he has water and food on the route. The doctors tell many amusing anecdotes of having been called up at midnight and finding that their services were needed for a poodle that had been over fed in the effort to kill them with kindness. They could make heavier charges with the assurance of prompt payment in such cases than if the patient had been a child or husband. "Love me, love my dog," seems to be the sentiment of there ladies, and on one occasion we saw a fine dressed lady who had her dog in her arms take off her gloves whilst standing in a depot, and diligently pursue and kill a flea which she had discovered depredating among the fleece of her favorite. It is quite common to see them led tenderly along with ribbons, and in some cases to see a gold chain attached to a lady's belt, and at the other end of the chain a poodle dog traveling by her side, or reposing in her arms. Signs in the windows tell you that "Dog soap is sold here," and that various patent compounds that will induce canine health and longevity, are on sale. A lady walking in any of the public grounds without a dog, is sure to be accosted by a number of seedy looking individuals who will draw out of their pockets pups, which they offer for sale. The offering for sale of anything in the public grounds being prohibited, they thus keep them concealed in their pockets. In the upper grades of life a mother trusts her children to servants and governesses, but her poodle dog she keeps under her own eye, and a scream from the nursery might pass unheeded, but a yelp from the drawing-room of the boudoir would startle madam from the soundest sleep. Of course these are exceptional cases, but it includes most of those who aspire to fashionable life. We see dogs caressed much more than children are, and their comfort studied with jealous care.—*C. C. Fulton's Editorial Correspondence in Baltimore American.*

Argument ad Hominem.

The style of persuasion that obtains in the outlying settlements of our beloved country may be inferred from the following scene that occurred recently at the Union Railway ticket-office at Denver.—A rough-looking man purchased through mistake a ticket for New York *via* the Kansas Pacific line when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover the mistake until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change this ticket, then, won't you?"

"No," replied tho agent; "you have your ticket and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll, very serenely drew from under his coat tail a six-shooter, coolly stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle thereof, and sticking the pleasant-looking thing through the little square window of the ticket-office almost in the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said, "Stranger, thar's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or by the great horn spoon I'll blow it clean through you."—It was changed with cheerful alacrity, and the traveler per Union Pacific walked away, saying, "I jest thought I could induce him to change his mind a *little*."

A MINISTER had a negro in his family. One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look in the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribblin away most industriously. After meeting, he said to the negro: "Tom, what were you doing in church?" Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching it."

A PROFESSOR in a college had taken his class out on a pleasant afternoon to exercise them in practical surveying. The next morning they were to be examined on the same. The first pupil was called up. Said the professor, "How would you go to work, Sawney, to survey a lot of land?" (Deep thinking, but no answer.) "If a man should come to get you to survey a piece of land, what would you do?" "I think" said the student, thoughtfully, "I should tell him to get somebody else."

THE striking difference between a young man and a young woman is illustrated by a croaker, who says that the first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat on, is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head; but when a young lady sees one of her acquaintances with a new bonnet, she just lifts up her nose and serenely wonders "where the thing got that fright."

A BAPTIST paper in Ohio was sent for nine years to a subscriber who never paid a cent for it. The other day the newspaper has returned to the patient and long suffering publisher, with the effecting note on its margin: "Gone to a better world." The publisher is a very pious man, but it is reported that his faith is terribly shaken in regard to the