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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 rom all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

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.

M. deK. SMITH,
Practical Surveyor.

☞ Office in the Court House, Chestertown. aug9-3m.

A CARD.
AUGUST 1st, 1873.

ALL INDEBTED to THOS. H. WHALAND will be good enough to settle. It would give him much pleasure to indulge for any length of time if it were possible, but he owes some money, which must be paid either by collections, borrowing at a premium, or assigning paper at a discount, which he ought not to be compelled to do with the amount of money he has due, and which ought to have been collected a long time ago. His professional engagements will not allow him to make individual calls. Hoping this notice will relieve him from any more unpleasant proceeding, he remains, with much respect,
aug2-tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE to COAL CONSUMERS.

THE undersigned, would respectfully call the attention of the public to the fact that he has made arrangements to furnish
GOOD COAL
to the people on and after July 12th.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. Fully 50 per cent. can be saved by buying now.

We buy from *first hands*, and will sell at a small advance upon the cost price.

My agent, Mr. WM. H. PALMER, will receive all orders and moneys.
JAMES F. TAYLOR.
July 12, 1873—tf.

COAL,
FREE FROM SLATE AND DIRT,

SHIPPED direct from the mines to any Station on the Kent Railroad, at lowest market rates, if application be made to
GEO. M. D. CANN,
or GEO. W. BUSH & SON,
Wilmington, Del.
Orders for Chestertown can be left with
jy26-3m. J. W. COLLINS, P. M.

COAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned having on hand a supply of COAL, both hard and soft, of different sizes, intends to continue the business, and will furnish it as low as can be bought in Chestertown of the same quality, for the cash, giving 2240 lbs. to the ton, weighed by true platform scales. J. T. TWILLEY.
July 19, 1873—tf.

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.

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.

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*

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873. No. 22.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, YARNS,
And FLANNELS.

A LARGE STOCK of various qualities and widths, many of them Mallalieu's best makes, just received.

New Styles FALL PRINTS,
BLANKETS,
DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,
all bought at closest cash figures, and sold upon accommodating terms.
T. S. WICKES.
September 27th.

GENTLEMEN'S Philadelphia Made Calf-Skin Boots—sewed—and a much better article than is usually kept in Country stores, for sale low, by T. S. WICKES.
September 27th.

Pure Cider Vinegar
Now on hand.
T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, Sept. 27th, 1873.

Amazon Raspberry Plants

WE offer a few thousand Amazon Roots for sale this season at the following prices:

Per Hundred	$25.00
Per Five Hundred	80.00
Per Thousand	150.00

Considerable deduction on large orders.

We guarantee a stand. The best of reference given, and reasonable terms. Circulars sent to applicants. Address
J. & W. K. JUDEFIND,
sep20-5t. Edesville, Kent co., Md.

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, nd offer them at prices that will secure us uick sales. my10-y.

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.

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.

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 o
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.

WANTED, a reliable, energetic Man to sell SINGER SEWING MACHINES in Chestertown and vicinity.
Address The Singer Manufacturing Co.,
sep-20* Wilmington, Del.

DR. WILHOFT'S "ANTI-PERIODIC," sure cure for Chills and Fevers, has been used with success in this community the present season and last Fall also.
For sale by J. H. SIMPERS.

There's Danger in the Town.

There! John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come near me and sit down;
Your mother wants to talk to you before you drive to town.
My hairs are gray, I soon shall be at rest within the grave;
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave.

I've watched o'er you from infancy till now you are a man,
And I have always loved you as a mother only can;
At morning and at evening I have prayed the God of love
To bless and guide my darling boy to the bright home above.

A mother's eye is searching, John, old age can't dim its sight,
When watching o'er an only child to see if he does right;
And very lately I have seen what has aroused my fears,
And made my pillow hard at night, and moistened it with tears.

I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheek a glow,
That told me you were on the road that leads to shame and woe;
O John! don't turn your head away, and on my counsel frown,
Stay more upon the dear old farm; there's danger in the town.

Remember what the poet says—long years have proved it true—
That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."
If you live on in idleness, with those who love the bowl,
You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and wreck your deathless soul.

Your father, John, is growing old; his days are nearly through;
Oh! he has labored very hard to save the farm for you,
But it will go to ruin soon and poverty will frown,
If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into the town.

Your prospects for the future are very bright, my son—
Not many have your start in life when they are twenty-one;
Your star that shines so brightly now in darkness will decline,
If you forget your mother's words, and tarry at the wine.

Turn back, my boy, now in your youth; stay by the dear old farm;
The Lord of Hosts will save you, with his powerful right arm.
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave—
Then light her pathway with your love, down to the silent grave.

GOOD MANNERS A DUTY.

Men often speak of good manners as an accomplishment. I speak of them as a duty. What, then, are good manners? Such manners as the usages of society have recognized as being agreeable to men.—Such manners as take away rudeness and remit to the brute creation all coarseness. There are a great many who feel that good manners are effeminate. They have a feeling that rude bluntness is a great deal more manly than good manners. It is a great deal more beastly. But when men are crowded into communities, the art of living together is no small art.—How to diminish friction; how to promote ease of intercourse; how to make every part of man's life to contribute to the welfare and satisfation of those around him; how to keep down offensive pride; how to banish the raspings of selfishness from the intercourse of men; how to move among men inspired by various and conflictive motives, and yet not have collisions; this is the function of good manners.

It is not effeminate to be refined. And in this land no man should plead inability. There may be a peasantry in other countries; there may be a class in foreign lands who have no opportunities; there may be those whose toil is so continuous, whose opportunities for knowing what constitutes good manners are few, and whose ignorance is so gross that they are excusable; but this is not the case with any in the sound of my voice.

I affirm for every American citizen the right to be not simply a man, but a good mannered man.

Not only is the violation of good manners inexcusable on ordinary ground, but it is sinful. When therefore, parents and guardians and teachers would inspire the young with a desire for the manners of good society, it is not to be thought that they are accomplishments which may be accepted or rejected. Every man is bound to observe the laws of politeness. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

ONE DAY NEARER HIS DOOM.—When a man has been sentenced to be executed, as the time appointed draws nigh, many people are often heard to remark, "Well, one day more of poor——'s time has gone." It does not appear to occur to the careless outside observer that this is no truer of the prisoner than of himself and every one else—that another of his days has gone, and that he is just as absolutely one day nearer to his own death as the doomed prisoner is to his. It is a nearer approach to his death which the condemned man makes at a common pace with all the living, only the day of his doom is known to him while that of others is concealed from them.

Mercifully concealed, too; for how much would the enjoyment of this life be diminished, if we knew beforehand just when we should be obliged to quit it. The uncertainty when we are to go, the expectation of dying in our own homes, with our last hours consoled by the attention of kindred and friends, and sustained by the hopes inspired by religion—these considerations rob death, come when it may, of much of its terrors, and lead us to look upon it as the peaceful close of our life's labors.

I THINK it hardly an argument against a man's general strength of character that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution dosn't insure one against small pox or any other of those inevitable diseases. A man may be very firm in other matters, and yet be under a sort of witchery by a woman.

AT best life is not very long A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasures, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells. Then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?—*George D. Prentice.*

A WOMAN who tells fortunes from a teacup is a sauceress.

DELUDED LOVERS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM RUDELY DISPELLED.

A case has just occurred in which love's young dream was dispelled in a cruel and unsympathizing reality. A Louisville (Ky.) clerk, whose business it was to stand behind the counter of a fashionable emporium and expatiate upon the merits of his employer's stock of gentlemen's hosiery, handkerchiefs and underwear, came to grief in a distressing way. The young man had delicate and exquisite taste, and the goods which he sold to the snobs and swells of the city never passed from his hands without having every merit forcibly and eloquently presented to the purchaser. He was eminently successful in his line; and, had not the fires of ambition been kindled in his bosom too soon, there is no telling what a salary would not have been at his command.

But fate, as if envious of this prosperous existence led the youth to believe that he was destined for a more brilliant career. Accordingly he betook himself to the Springs as the most advantageous field of operations.

His eagle eye rested upon a young girl reputed to possess great wealth, and, seeing

"— his duty a dead sure thing
Went for it there and then."

He set about to captivate the blooming and unsophisticated heiress, whose fortune, the rumor ran, consisted in lots, tenements and hereditaments in the city, with paying stocks and hard cash in proportion. He talked freely with the lady's aunt, and spoke often of his capital and the admirable use he had made of it. He wooed the young maiden, and being a gentleman of taste and fashion and fine clothes, he won her.

The marriage day was set, but before its arrival the young man called unexpectedly at a certain other emporium in the city where ladies' dresses and ladies' underwear were made, and lo! he found his young heiress in a draggled dress of faded sea green, sitting at a sewing machine, very laboriously manipulating some frills with the identical hand he had kissed in his moments of amorous and moonlight devotion. An eagle basking in the sunlight could not be more surprised at a blow from a thunderbolt; a nimble squirrel of the forest, nibbling the shell from a nut, suddenly struck in the head by a rifle ball, could not have been more shocked. The young lady raised her head, saw the young capitalist gazing in bewilderment upon her, and lingered only long enough to upset the chair in which she was sitting, turn over one sewing machine and leap over another, and, as a servant girl departs when she lights on a lot of substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parents, so the young heiress left through the door that opened in the rear of the building in which she labored for seventy-five cents per day.

The moral of this story is so plain that no one can escape it. All is not gold that glitters. Young men, beware of the fortunes which are picked up like blackberries at the springs. Set not your hearts on those fleeting treasures of earth, which pass away soon and are no more. Princes and poets have been deceived, and the very elect are not infallible in their judgment about the value of those midsummer fortunes. The Prince of Wales was astounded when he heard the expression of his fiance, "I'm so glad I'm going to be married because then I shall have some new gowns," and Lady Wortley Montague, instead of going to her lover with a full purse and an elaborate wardrobe, wrote to him at the last hour, "I shall have to go to your arms in my night gown; my father says 'not a shilling.'"

And, young ladies, beware of the gay and dashing "capitalist" you find at such resorts. Ten to one his entire fortune is carried on his back. At the Springs he talks of investments, of stocks and dividends. When he gets you he will talk of "gums, galls, groceries, ginger, gin," and will tell you how hard it is to support a family on one thousand a year—that you had better take the dressmaker's bill to your father, with tears in your eyes.

SLURS ON WOMEN.—Of all evils prevalent among young men we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightly of the virtues of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who they forget are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, one who surrenders to this debasing habit is not to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep-rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of lewd or thoughtless women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in the police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generation, can cover or weaken this rudamental truth. It stands like the Record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal on the lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.

I HAVE great hope of a wicked man, slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted, and become a prominent Christian. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man.—*Beecher.*

JOSH BILLINGS says, "Many people spend their time in trying to find the hole whar sin got into the world. If two men broke through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out rather than git into a long argument about the hole they fell in."

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

IT takes two boys to go to school nowadays—one to study and the other to carry the books.

FIFTEEN MINUTES.

BY G. W. HILLS.

"Is Miss Crinoline Smith in?" "Yes, sir, she is, sir, walk into the parlor, av yez plaze. I'll spake to her. What name I'll be telling her, sir?"

"Jones—Aminadab Jones."

The Celtic guardian of the Smith mansion vanished upstairs forthwith, while Mr. Jones, having carefully arranged his looks at the mirror in the hall, sauntered into a long, darkened parlor, and sank upon the soft luxuriance of the largest arm-chair he could find. A moment of suspense and then,—"Miss Smith is at her toilet, sir. She'll be down in jist fifteen minutes, she says."

"All right, Biddy," and our hero saw the burly corporosity of his Irish ally disappear with a very slight shade of regret, and began casting his eyes around for means of passing away those "jist fifteen minutes." Mr. Jones was about to leave the town, having only stopped over one train for the purpose of calling upon his adored Crinoline, and on his way to her father's domicil he had stepped into a clothing store and consideraly invested in a pair of "unwhisperables," with the idea of donning them at the next stopping place. He had the bundle with him neatly tied up, and at that moment his wandering eye fell upon it as it rested cosily on the centre-table. A thought flashed over his mind with sudden force.

Shades of Venus, what an idea!

Why shouldn't he jump into 'em now, 'twouldn't take a moment. Miss Smith was "at her toilet," and would not be down for fifteen minutes. *She'd* never know, and what a glorious appearance he'd cut in 'em when she *did* come though! The thought was bliss—rapture. Mr. Jones was a man of quick impulse and immediate action. In a moment his coat and vest lay on the sofa, and in another he was mounted on a chair, tugging and straining at the new acquisition to his wardrobe, interladed with semi-occasional remarks about sundry dams he had seen in his existence, and was about to plunge the remaining limb out of sight, when there was a slight rustling at the door, and to his unbounded horror beheld a moment later Miss Smith sailing into the room in all her glory. She caught a glimpse of Mr. Jones as he was making frantic efforts to get under the sofa, and with a tremendous scream of "Pa," she commenced a series of violent hysterics on the moment.

* * * * * *

We have said that Mr. Jones was a man of quick impulse and immediate action. People who got an inkling of the story laughed a little next day when they perceived a new sash being fitted into one of Mr. Smith's parlor windows. Mr. Jones reached the depot at a run and completed his toilet, having had the presence of mind to snatch his coat and vest as he started. He never called for his hat. Miss Smith will not receive callers now who bring bundles with them, and has conceived a violent dislike for men of quick impulse and immediate action.—*Eastern Paper.*

Take Your County Paper.

"Well, Squire, you say you don't take your county paper."

"No, Major, I get the city papers on so much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But, Squire, these county papers are a convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better the editor can make them."

"I don't know that they are of any convenience to me."

"The farm you sold last spring was advertised in one of them, and you thereby gained a customer."

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that press, you would have been without the means of publishing your daughter's marriage, and your brother's death last summer."

"Y-e-s, y-e-s, but these things are news to the readers, and make the people take the papers."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if they were all like you. Now, I tell you true, Squire, the day will come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life, character, etc., with a heavy black rule over and under it, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper."

"Yes."

"Your wealth, liberty, and all such, will be spoken of, but the printer as he spells the words in arranging the type will remark: 'Poor mean devil, he never took the paper, and is now swindling the printer out of his obituary notice after he is dead."

"Good morning, Squire."

A Melancholy Band.

There is in Nashville, Tenn., what is known as the Club of Rejected Lovers, according to the *Union* newspaper of that place. It seems that the qualifications for membership of this club are simply—the fact of having been rejected or discarded by a young lady, together with a fair average social standing and personal repute. This, as will readily occur to the dullest perception, makes the *entree* of the club accessible to any poor but honest young man, but seems to bar out inexorably the rich and the "cheeky." There is not a particle of doubt that this club is organized upon a basis that will speedily make it the most select affair of its kind in the world, as far as sturdy manhood and *bonhomie* are concerned; for no man knows how good a fellow he really is, or how much clear nerve and hard sense he possesses, until he has been called upon to face the dread ordeal of having his girl "go back on him." The selectness will be infinitely enhanced by another rule or by-law of the club, which provides for the instant and ignominious expulsion of any member who betrays his weakness by going back to a young lady after she has discarded him once, whether at her instance or his own.

A Callifornia milliner has invented a hat which is warranted to make a lady blush. The cost, $30, is also sure to make a man swear.

ACCORDING to Blackwood every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is a slave of some woman or other.

MAKING GREENBACKS.

Visit to Glen Mills—Manufacture of Legal Tender and other Government Paper.

A correspondent of the Delaware *State Journal*, writing from West Chester, Pa., under date of Sept. 18th, says:

A few days ago your correspondent visited Glen Mills, where all our legal tender, bank-note, bond and revenue paper is manufactured. Glen Mills is situated in Delaware county, about eight miles from West Chester on the W. C. & P. R. R., in a beautiful valley through which runs a branch of Chester creek. From its general appearance, to one unacquainted with this point, the thought would never enter his mind that all the money (paper) of the United States had its existence in that quiet and obscure valley; but such is the fact. The material is all manufactured by the firm of Messrs James & Mark Wilcox. The material used for the manufacture of this paper is the best linen rags, the greater part of which are imported by A. T. Stewart from Europe, and sent to Glen Mills, where they are picked and cleaned by girls. Then they are placed in a large cutter where they are cut very fine, then into a revolving boiler where they are kept for about ten hours in a strong solution of lime, from which they are taken into a washing machine and washed for about twelve hours, and at the same time reduced to a pulp. The necessary chemicals are then added, and the "stuff," as it is termed, is thrown into large vats, where it is bleached. The process is much the same as in the manufacture of ordinary paper, excepting the fibre is not allowed to be cut short, but is kept about one-half inch in length. This is the reason that the paper money is so much stronger than ordinary paper.

After the pulp is ready to go on the paper making machine there is a new process, which consists of the mixing with the pulp a peculiar red fibre, known as the "distributive fibre." What it is made out of is a secret, but it is not silk, as has been asserted by some. It feels like silk or hair, but it is neither, nor are we likely to find out. This fibre is by tubes put on the pulp and gives it the appearance of red ink scratches. The other fibre is termed "localized fibre," which is blue, is also put on by much finer tubes upon the pulp, but only on the upper half.—By a careful examination of a note the two fibres can be easily distinguished.—The instrument to conduct these fibres upon the pulp is known as the Fourdenier machine. After the paper is made it passes through a machine which cuts and sizes it. Each sheet is then counted by an automatic counter, which is watched by a U. S. Treasury officer. The drying is not done in the usual manner, but the paper is hung up to dry by slow evaporation. The next work is to calender and count into packages of one thousand each, after which it is handed over to the government, which is represented by Mr. Luke Bemus, who employs about 20 or 30 young ladies to inspect, assort and count into packages of 1000 sheets. Each sheet is carefully, but quickly examined, to see that it is perfect in all parts. The paper is counted three times, twice by one lady and once by another. These packages are then handed over to a man who packs them into boxes which are sealed at each corner and various other places with red wax It is then stored away until an order is issued for its removal by the Treasurer. The whole building is very carefully guarded by a strong force armed to the teeth. The paper is shipped to the American Bank Note and National Bank Note Company of New York, where all the engraving and printing are executed—one company printing the face and the other the back of the note. Any one examining a note will see the imprint of these companies upon the note. Besides the legal tender, all the bond, bank check and revenue is made at this place.

"SWEATING DOWN."—A Long Branch correspondent writes the following incident: A lean-looking boy, all wrapped around in blankets, and rolling perspiration, like an egg-plant filled with dew, is proceeding at a brisk, gasping trot up and down before my chair on the lawn of Monmouth Park. As he runs, he switches his shins with a riding-whip.

"But, what, in the name of the constituted authorities of New Jersey, are you doing in that locomotive steam box? What ails you? Have you committed larceny on somebody's bedding?"

"No," says the boy, "I hain't. I've got to ride next week at eighty-five lbs., and I'm a sweating down to it."

"How much must you sweat off?"

"Eleven pounds!"

"What do you do it with?"

"Water, and blankets, and fastings; but, never mind, I'll take it out of the horse yet."

COSTLY HAND SQUEEZING.—Mr. Alexander T. Earl never "popped the question" to Miss Roxalana Homan, but has pressed her hand, kissed her, and was most attentive to her, and the Brooklyn city judge, thinking the inference was plain, awarded the injured Roxalana $15,000 for what was inferred to be a breach of promise; and the court of appeals confirmed the judgement of the lower court.

A CALIFORNIAN, whose wedding day was fixed, did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in the East, and thereby had his mind recalled to the fact that he was married years before—a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

THE only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one—to be gentle in its proper acception, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanor.

A PITTSBURG man rejoices in the possession of a wife who is so affectionate that she always kisses him good-bye, when he goes into the yard to feed the chickens.

THE damsel who was accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

It cost the playful Martha Jones, of Edinburgh, Scotland, $4,500 to bite off the end of her lover's nose.

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 advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A LEDGE OF PURE GOLD.—Near the summit of the mountain south of Taylorville is the noted quartz ledge, or more properly, gold ledge, owned by A. C. Light, an old resident of Plumas county. The route leading to the mine is a mere trail, and the only method of approach is on foot, owing to the precipitous character of the hill. The ledge itself, if it can be named a ledge, is a mere disjointed thread of gold-bearing quartz lying in a bed or side of decomposed gneiss. The quartz rarely attains to the thickness of six inches, and mainly does not exceed two inches in diameter. The rich stringer, of which Light's ledge is a fragment, probably ran parallel with the Premium originally, and was deflected from its southeast course at this point by volcanic disturbances.

This queer little quartz mine has for ysars been the most noted gold deposit in Plumas county, and has probably excited as much comment as any on this coast. The gold is mainly found at points or pockets, where the stringer of quartz narrows to a mere seam. Frequently at these narrow points Mr. Light takes out from $500 to $700 per day, by simply crushing the rotten quartz in a hand mortar. The quartz is all richly auriferous, and by careful reduction will pay largely. Light works his mine alone, and in his own rude way pecks out from $4,000 to $6,000 every year. He has dearly earned every dollar which he has realized however, for the amount of hard work which he has expended upon the claim is enormous. He has literally honeycombed hundreds of feet of the mountain with ditches, open cuts, side cuts, shafts and tunnels, and is still delving away. Some years ago this indomitable worker dug a ditch along the summit, above his present work, which, during the spring months, will carry a good stream of water. Strangely enough, he does not think of utilizing this mighty power in dredging out his ground. The entire mass on both sides of his ledge is rotten gneiss, which could be readily removed by even a small stream of water, and thereby save an enormous amount of picking which the old man is now doing. Besides, there are doubtless thousands of dollars worth of gold in the wash below the ledge.—*Plumas National.*

A TRUSTY BAROMETER.—Uppon the Little Snake Creek, near Binghamton, lives an original character, "to fortune and to fame unknown," yet a better Solon Shingle every day of his life than Owen ever was. This genuine Solon Shingle has been in the habit of coming to Binghamton, getting staggering drunk, and going home in that condition. Sometimes his wife feels like resenting such usage by administering some punishment when Uncle Solon comes home drunk, and sometimes she receives him with open, loving arms. But Uncle Solon has a never failing barometer, which he makes use of on such occasions to ascertain if there is a storm brewing. When he arrives at his house he opens the door and throws in his old hat. As there is only one room to the house he gets a quick response. If the hat stays in, Uncle Solon knows it is all right, and staggers in after it with a full assurance of a warm supper and undisturbed slumbers during the night.—But if the hat comes back—and when it comes spitefully—Uncle Solon takes himself to his stables and spends the night with his horses. That barometer has been in operation for over forty years and never failed to indicate a storm. And Uncle Solon never failed to heed the cautionary signal. There is nothing like accuracy to establish confidence.

THICK CLOTHING OR A SHROUD.—The New York *Ledger* announces these seasonable facts: "The cool nights bring with them comfort to those exhausted by the intense heat of summer, but they also bring danger. The sudden closing of the pores—the check to insensible prespiration—throws the work, in relieving the system of superfluous matter which the skin ordinarily performs, upon other organs, overtaxing them and causing illness.

People cannot be too particular about their clothing—espectally their underclothing—at this season of the year.—Many a case of serious and painful indisposition—many a premature death—may be saved by such precaution.

While the attention to clothing which we speak of is highly important to grown people, it is absolutely essential to the safety of children. The rates of mortality will tell any one who studies them how rapidly the deaths among children increase when the nights become suddenly cold."

JOHN C. HEENAN, the prize-fighter, is reported as fatally ill of hemorrhage of the lungs, in Montana Territory, whither he had gone for his health. Those who believe that atheletes are generally long-lived, may well think a moment of the end of this man. A more splendid specimen of physical power never existed.—To judge from his appearance, he might have died at a hundred. It seemed almost impossible that desease could undermine and overthrow that vigorous and sinewy frame. Still, like so many of those who train for the ring, the man was overtaxed. The muscles were sound, the flesh firm, the body rounded and unimpaired, but in these cases the breast, or the lungs, or some of the internal organs are sure to feel the strain, the wear and tear of such a life. In HEENAN it was the lungs, and the man is dying—a very Hercules, a magnificent wreck.

HOUSTON, Texas, is endeavoring to make a good thing out of the yellow fever. It quarantined against Galvestion, and refuses now to raise the embargo for less than two thousand dollars. This proposition came from the Aldermen of Houston. The matter was discussed in Galveston, and the City Council was convened to take the proposal into consideration. In the meantime the Houston people got hold of it, and the citizens demanded the name of their Aldermen who wished to enter into such business relations with Galvestion. They convened their City Council, which deliberated without result—while the agent for the Aldermen telegraphed Galveston every half hour such messages as these: "Will not stir for a cent less." "Met, but will adjourn for four days, unless proposition is accepted." At last accounts matters were still unsettled.

STOVES should be up in every well-regulated household.

SALE OF
Valuable Town Property.

THE subscriber will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Hotel of John Pennington, in Galena, on
SATURDAY, October 11, 1873.
At 2 o'clock, P. M.,
The following DESIRABLE PROPERTY:

ALL THAT PARCEL OF LAND,
situated in Galena, in Kent county, which was conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee, to Joseph Morris, by deed dated 13th September, 1861, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 632,
Containing Seven Acres,
MORE OR LESS.

Upon this property there is a GOOD and SUBSTANTIAL
Frame Dwelling House,
With CARRIAGE HOUSE, STABLE, CORN HOUSE, GARDEN, &c.
ALSO,
Two other Dwelling Houses,
on the same premises, and a
Number of Valuable Building Lots.
Also, a FOUNDERY, Machine Shops, and Blacksmith Shops.

The entire parcel will be sold all together, or in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers. A plot will be exhibited at the sale.

THE TERMS will be liberal, and made known at the sale. Possession will be given on the first of January next.
CORNELIUS J. SCOTT.
Sept. 6, 1873—tds.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of six writs of execution, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, one at suit of R. Hynson, one at suit of Ellen Spry and George Vickers, executors of C. W. Spry, one at the suit of Wickes & Bro., one at the suit of R. W. L. Rasin, one at suit of Henry Bower, indorsee of Wm. Reynolds, one at suit of John S. Clayton, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of P. F. Rasin, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Rasin, of, in and to
ALL THAT FARM
called "RINER'S ADVENTURE,"
situated near Kennedyville, in the Second Election District, on the Kent county railroad, adjoining the lands of Wm. Welch and others, containing
220 Acres of LAND, more or less.
The Corn Crop on said farm is reserved.

And I hereby give notice, that on *SATURDAY, the 18th of October*, 1873, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door, in Chestertown, I will sell all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Rasin, of, in and to the following property, to wit:

All That Tract or Parcel of Land,
lying on the Public Road leading from Porter's Grove to I. U. Corner, adjoining the lands of Wm. Vannort, William Timms and others, containing FIVE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, which was conveyed to said Younger by James Graves and wife, by deed bearing date on or about the 24th of December, 1864, duly recorded in Liber, J. K. H., folio 520.

And I hereby give notice, that on *SATURDAY, the 18th of October*, 1873 at 3½ o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door, in Chestertown, I will sell the said property, so seized and taken in execution, at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.
A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Sept. 27, 1873—ts.

FOR RENT,
For the balance of the year,
The NEW WHEELWRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOPS
In the Village of SASSAFRAS, Kent co., Md.
For particulars address
D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law,
aug9-tf Chestertown, Md.

FOR RENT,
For 1874,
A FARM NEAR KENNEDYVILLE,
Kent County, Md.,
Of about 115 acres.
Apply to R. HYNSON, Attorney.
Sept. 20, 1873—3t.

AXES.—Several kinds of Axes of superior make, for sale low. J. E. WEER,
Feb. 24. Kennedyville, Md

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent County, and to me directed, at the suit of George Vickers, Trustee, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Wm. H. Hamilton, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Wm. H. Hamilton, of, in and to
THE FARM,
purchased by said William H. Hamilton of Geo. Vickers, Trustee for the sale of W. T. H. Miller's real estate,
Situated in Kent county, on Chesapeake Bay, at the head of Tavern Creek, of which the late Walter T. H. Miller died seized,
Better known as the Hodges property,
Containing 216 Acres, more or less,
together with the Buildings and other improvements thereon.

Also, the Crop of Corn on said farm.

And I hereby give notice, that on *SATURDAY, the 18th of October*, 1873 at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door, in Chestertown, I will sell said property to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writ, debt, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.
A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Sept. 27, 1873—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of one writ of execution, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of Penrose, Porter & Hemsley, against the lands and tenements of Ira F. Younger, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Younger, of, in and to the following property, to wit:

All That Tract or Parcel of Land,
lying on the Public Road leading from Porter's Grove to I. U. Corner, ad