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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

☞ Pennsylvania Railroad Dividend Script bought and sold on commission.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

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. f2-6.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES!

"The Family Friend."

FOR SALE BY
WILLARD MELVIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.

☞ OIL, NEEDLES and ATTACHMENTS for sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Druggists, Chestertown, Md. n8y.

The New American Sewing Machine IS THE BEST.

Self-Threading Shuttle — Simplicity.

IT IS A SIMPLE MACHINE, having but few working parts, and those not liable to get out of order. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it a delightful pleasure for the most inexperienced operator to work NO HOLES to thread either in shuttle or work. The Shuttle requires no winding, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally runs backward, it does no harm and breaks neither threads or needles.

SAMPLE MACHINES may be seen at the Millinery Store of Miss MAGGIE J. WYATT, Chestertown, and all orders addressed to the undersigned at Hanesville, Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN BELL, Agent.

Oct. 18, 1873—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.

New Year's Gift!

I TAKE this method to return my sincere thanks to the public for past patronage, and say that I can be found at the store room opposite the Bank, where MEATS of the best quality may be had at the lowest prices.

Those indebted are earnestly requested to settle immediately, as it is absolutely necessary for me to close up all outstanding accounts, and unless this call is promptly heeded, I shall be compelled to resort to other means to obtain settlements.

Cash paid for HIDES of all kinds.
jan3-3t. JAMES BRICE.

BEING compelled to close the medical accounts of W. M. A. S. MAXWELL up to March 1st, 1873, (at which time the firm of W. M. A. S. Maxwell & Son began,) all indebted to me are requested to call and settle with money or note.
nov8-2m. W. M. A. S. MAXWELL.

REMOVAL!

MRS. H. C. CARROLL, has removed to the room lately occupied by A. J. Fiddis, Jeweller, adjoining the Grocery store of J. W. Carroll, where she will be pleased to see her friends and patrons. A fine stock of

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

now on hand, which will be sold at very low prices. Give her a call.
jan10-3t. MRS. H. C. CARROLL.

REMOVAL!

MRS. S. S. JOINER, Would inform her friends and the public that she has removed to the store room recently occupied by Mrs. A. M. Smith, opposite the Vodrell House, where she will continue to give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
DRESS MAKING,

and keep on hand a general variety of FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

Also, a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Meal, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Tobacco and Segars. CONFECTIONERY, &c., all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for cash.

☞ Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.
jan10-3m. MRS. S. S. JOINER.

FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

MRS. HESTER E. USILTON would respectfully inform her friends and the public that she has opened a stock of

Fancy Goods, Notions, Groceries,

&c., in the store room in Chestertown, occupied by Miss A. E. Middleton, next door above Dr. Holton's, and solicits an examination of her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Her goods will be sold very low for cash, or to prompt paying customers on short credit. d20-3t.

REMOVAL.

I HAVE taken the store room adjoining the "Transcript" office, formerly occupied by Wm. F. Baker, where I would be glad to see my old friends. I have now in store a fine assortment of

Dried Fruit, Cranberries, Essences, Extracts, Sugar, Coffee,
TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Bacon, Hams, Lard,

OILS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CRACKERS, LIME BRUSHES,

and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Family Grocery.

ALONZO MING.
Chestertown, Jan. 10, 1874—tf.

Removal--New Goods.

MRS. A. M. SMITH,

HAS removed to the store room, up town, lately occupied by B. Strauss, adjoining S. S. Usilton's, and has now in store and will keep constantly on hand a general variety of

GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONERY and NOTIONS,

Consisting in part of

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR, BACON, LARD, BUTTER,
SALT FISH, VINEGAR, MOLASSES, SOAP, BUCKETS, BROOMS,
Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes,
COAL OIL, LAMPS and CHIMNEYS,
Notions, Nuts and Candies

of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.
jan3y. MRS. A. M. SMITH

ATTENTION!

I most respectfully inform my customers and the public in general, that I am conducting both branches of the

BLACKSMITHING AND Wheelwrighting Business
At KENNEDYVILLE,

And am prepared to put up to order all kinds of FARMING IMPLEMENTS, such a

Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Farm Wagons
PEACH WAGONS, DEARBORNS, PEACH DEARBORNS, CARTS, &c., &c.

I have now ready made on hand, FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS, and PEACH DEARBORNS. We use only good material, and our work is done in the best manner.

All REPAIRING done at short notice.

HORSE-SHOEING a Specialty.

Our terms are such as to suit the times.

With thanks for past patronage we respectfully solicit a continuance of the public favor.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
jan3. KENNEDYVILLE.

ATTENTION, ALL!

Blacksmithing!

Farmers and others owning Horses, will save money by observing the following rates:

HORSES SHOD for - - - $1.15
" " Steel Toes - - 1.50

The CASH in all cases to accompany the horse. The usual rates will be charged when these terms are not complied with.

All in arrears are respectfully asked to call and settle forthwith.

W. H. KELLEY,
jan3-3m. Locust Grove.

PEACH TREES

For Sale, of all the LEADING VARIETIES at FIVE DOLLARS per hundred or FORTY DOLLARS per Thousand.

Apply to J. HODGSON,
nov15 tf. Massey's, Kent county, Md

GOOD RUM at $1.50 per gallon,
GOOD SWEET CIDER 50 cts.
GOOD OLD RYE WHISKEY 2.50.
d20. B. STRAUSS.

I have a nice article of Liquor for Medicinal purposes. H. P. READING,
nov8. Kennedyville, Kent. co, Md.

[*From the Philadelphia Visitor of April*, 1836.]

INTEMPERANCE.

——"But at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—PROVERBS.

O take the mad'ning bowl away!
Remove the poisonous cup!
My soul is sick—its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up;
Take—take it from my loathing lip,
Ere madness fires my brain;
Take—take it hence, nor let me sip
Its liquid death again.

Oh dash it on the thirsty earth,
For I will drink no more;
It cannot fill the heart with mirth
That grief hath wounded sore;
For serpents wreathe its sparkling brim
And adders lurk below;
It hath no soothing charm for him
Who sinks oppressed with woe.

Say not, "Behold its ruby hue,"
Or "press it to thy lips,"
For 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips;
It is more poisonous than the stream
Which deadly night shade leaves;
Say not, "It hath a powerful spell
To soothe the soul of care;"
Say not, "It calms the bosom's swell,
And drives away despair,"
Art thou its votery? Ask thy soul,
Thy soul in misery deep—
Yes, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give eternal sleep!

Then, hence, away! thou deadly foe
Of happiness the whole;
Away—away! I feel thy blow,
Thou palsy of the soul!
Henceforth I ask no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race!
But to a Heavenly fountain flee
And drink the dew of grace.

The Obstinate Man.

The obstinate man is as peculiar as "Ah Sin," that strange creature of the Celestial land. He is one who cannot give up—it is impossible for him to be in the wrong and any one who dares to hint that it is possible, is a liar and a thief. To contradict one of this ilk is to lay yourself open to the chance of a knock-down argument or at least continuely and reproach. This man knows more of your own affairs than you do, and it would not be safe for you to contradict him if he made the statement that your grandfather was hung on the fourteenth day of February, 18—. Of course, it is in the nature of events that you should know more about this delicate piece of family history than he does; but it don't make any difference to him. Having stated a fact, he will never give up, even though the dates and references you bring ought to convince any man under the sun. In short, to sum up, the obstinate man is a mule elevated, upon only two feet.

Subtle Influences.

It is stated that a vine planted in a front yard, in a neighboring town, several years ago, after weaving its branches about the iron balcony has gradually drawn it down at one side at least six inches.

As in this instance, strong iron has been drawn out of shape by the slow but constant pressure of a gentle vine, so we often see strong wills—wills of iron, as they are called—bent and warped by the influence of soft but constant moral pressure. It is presumptuous in any man to say that he will remain wholly uninfluenced by the ideas and example of his constant and familiar associates.

Business Maxims.

Caution is father of security.

He who pays beforehand is served behind-hand.

If you would know the value of a dollar try to borrow one.

Be silent when a fool talks.

Never speak boastingly of your business, or disparagingly of other people's.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

Never take back a servant discarded for good sufficient cause.

If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day rend you.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks will sink great ships.

Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.

Transact your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

DAYS' LENGTH.—The length of days in the north of Europe is as follows:—At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half.—At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest has twenty-one and one-half hours, and the shortest two and one-half hours. At Wonderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the North. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should throw stones and brickbats up into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish and so wicked as to go to war and kill each other; if left alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at, is that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would but stay at home the young women would come after them."

AN old bachelor said, "There's a great deal more jewelry worn nowadays than when I was young. But there's one piece that I always admired which I don't often see now."

"What is it?" asked a young lady.

"A thimble," was the reply.

He was regarded with contempt and scorn by every lady in the room for the rest of the evening.

Verse alone is not poetry. Poetry is in ideas. Verse is only an elegant dress upon a beautiful body. Poetry can be expressed in prose. It is only the more perfect under the grace and majesty of verse. It is the poetry of the soul which inspires noble sentiments and noble deeds as well as noble writings.—Hugo.

☞ Never wish a thing done, but do it.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

Solomon Brown had five daughters. The oldest of these was twenty-six, the youngest seventeen. In some of the heathen countries it is considered a misfortune when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's mind may have been colored with this heathenism—though he owned a pew in the church, and contributed conscientiously to the donations—for he shook his head in solemn disapproval as his family increased, declaring that girls were, and had been since the world began, a failure.

Dear little Mrs. Brown emphatically declared her skepticism at this broad assertion, saying with some spirit, "that the girls could not be dispensed with, and as the great Father had seen fit to create them it must have been with the consciousness that they might be pronounced *good*. Of course they *were* good." She would just ask Mr. Brown what there was, that might be said truthfully, in disparagement of their own children?"

"If they were boys, Lucy," says Brown, footing up a dry goods bill, "they would be self-supporting. If, for instance, Matilda had been named Solomon—and, you know, that name has fallen to the eldest in our family for generations—she, or he rather, might have learned a trade, and would now be able not only to care for himself but to render needful assistance to the family. I am sure I never blamed Betsy Trotwood, although I didn't understand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl. I have never forgiven one of my girls that they disappointed *me*."

"Dear me, Solomon, I'm sure the girls are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dressmaker—"

"Bosh!" cries Solomon, impatiently, "the country is overrun with dressmakers. I tell you all this feathers, fuss and finery is ruining us—that is, the people. Don't you understand every additional girl is a burden to some one? How much do you suppose, Lucy, I paid out for ribbons last year? Only one hundred dollars!"

"But, my husband, there were five of the girls you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only for each, I am sure that isn't extravagant at all. There Deacon Smith's Sallie paid that much for one Indian sash. Our girls are very handy about turning their things, and fixing them up as good as new.

There were only twenty-four yards in the dears' dresses this spring—that is, in the dress of each—while Mrs. Million used thirty-five, and I must say that our girls were much the prettiest."

"And would have been prettier still had they been made out of eight," growled Solomon, desperately footing up the account again.

Figures are obstinate facts. Solomon, in facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

"I tell you, Lucy, we can't go on in this way, that's certain. Something must be done. Why don't they get married?"

But that was a useless question, for this was a New England State, and there were several thousand more women than men, and as one man was allowed only one wife, it was quite impossible that all could be provided with a husband.

"Dear me, Solomon," said the little wife, smiling humorously. You forget that this isn't Utah—that there is actually no one to whom we may seal the darlings; that you, yourself, would quite disapprove of their husband-hunting."

Now, while Solomon had been talking thus complainingly and confidentially to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters had been listening from the next room.

"The old bear," cried Matilda, the oldest, under her breath.

"Poor papa," said Lucy, the youngest, her eyes filling with tears.

"Poor papa, indeed," snapped out the second sister, "I do believe he begrudges us the bird's allowance which we eat."

"Bird's allowance! Josephine, I am sure there isn't a heartier family of girls in this country than ours. No Canary's portion would do for me—of that I'm sure! I do think it a shame, that five great girls, able to work as we are, should depend upon one little old broken down man for their support. Come now, 'Tilda, isn't it ridiculous? Don't you think that we might do something?"

"I'm sure," Matilda said, "that I've been trying just the best that I knew how. You know I bought the machine, and then—then."

"Well," Lucy said, laughing, "poor papa had to make the payments on it."

"I'm sure I couldn't help that, because I had expected to get plenty of sewing to do, and sewing you see—"

"Is a drug in the market. No 'Tilda, and Josephine, and Sarah and Flora, all of those pretty, traditional ways of a woman turning an honest penny are out of date. I've been thinking of this, and I have made up my mind. Come, girls, will you stand by me? Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty slippers, to encase your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kiss brown freckles on your face, in fact—to wear a bloomer?"

"A bloomer," the four cried together.

"Yes, my dears, for of course the work that I have laid out for us to do, couldn't be done in trains. I have been thinking that we had better take Jacob Sloam's farm for a year," and Miss Lucy, as she spoke, opened her pocket knife and commenced whittling a piece of stick in true Yankee style.

"Jacob Sloam's farm," they cried.

"Yes, dears, I was over talking to Jacob yesterday, and he's quite delighted that we should have thought of making the experiment. He is sure, he says, that it will be a success. Only think, girls, how nice it would be if we could help the old father now, after all of the trouble he has had with us! And what a triumph, too, if we could prove to him that girls *are* a blessing; at least if not exactly that, still worth being born. What say you? Will you put your names to the contract? Come now, don't be cowardly, nor try to find excuses for shirking a duty. Jacob never had five more able-bodied people than we are."

"But what will the world say? And then, dear Lucy, you have an offer, you know. Will Frank Lawler be satisfied that his future wife should engage in an unladylike occupation?"

"If he is dissatisfied that a woman should do what she may do well, I'm very glad to have an opportunity of learning it before I'm Mrs. Frank Lawler, instead of Lucy Brown. If I have girls, you may rest assured that they shall be self-supporting, quite independent of outside help towards gaining a livelihood. If they have a talent for music above the ordinary possession, they may become teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day in useless beating of their white, helpless fingers against some ill-used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may go into the professions, if not they will learn trades—I don't mean milliners and dressmakers and so on—but nice little light trades, like watchmaking and engraving, and drafting, and indeed, heavier ones if they have the muscle. There is no excuse that we should remain idle. The world is full of work, and I can't understand why any honest calling should be unwomanly. Come, girls, let us go and sign the contract, which binds us to work old Jacob's farm."

"Dear me, Solomon," said the wife Lucy in the evening, "you could never guess what those girls have done"

"Perhaps each purchased a new silk," growled Solomon, without lifting his eyes from his paper.

"No, indeed not," cried the wife indignantly, "they've rented Jacob Sloam's farm—80 acres, and 20 of it in fruit."

"What!" cried Solomon, the paper falling helplessly at his feet. You don't surely mean *our* girls, not Matilda and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, and Lucy?"

"I mean no one else's girls, surely," the wife replied, a little crossly. "They take possession in the morning. Jacob Sloam is to find everything, they are to have one-half."

"I'll just tell you, Lucy, what it is. This is the most consummate piece of humbug I ever heard of. It will be a dead failure, and they'll make themselves the laughing stock of the neighborhood—Farming, indeed! Why 'Tilda is that afraid of her hands that she never sweeps even without gloves; and Flora wraps her head in a towel to dust. I've seen Josephine do the breakfast things with the dish rag clinging to a fork, and Sarah wraps her fingers with a bit of cloth, each one separately, if she has vegetables to prepare."

"Brave farmers they will make!" And Solomon Brown went back to his paper with a scornful chuckle.

Solomon, too, was somewhat of a fogy. Women were women, and women they must remain to the end. A great pity, he had often said, that it was so, but nature could not be tortured out of her old, well worn channels by education. Eve he considered as having been a vicious sort of little body, bending poor Adam's nose down close to the grindstone, and there her daughters had relentlessly held it, through all of the long years since that tragedy.

Solomon believed in progression. He thought that the sciences might be better understood, that new discoveries were to be made; that the Atlantic would be crossed in a balloon, but Solomon's radicalism didn't include the possibilities of the coming woman. She was to be what she had been from the beginning. So he pooh-poohed at his daughters' farming, not believing that any good thing should come out of Nazareth.

It was an up hill road to those five dainty daughters of Solomon Brown's. But in one thing they resembled their father. They were obstinate, and when they learned his prediction as to their failure, they were quite determined that they would not fail.

They were up early and worked late. Their strawberries were a success. They gave employment to a number of girls in the village in gathering their small fruits, thus recognizing the true policy, that women must help each other. They kept one hired man, and under his instructions these young ladies learned to turn a ready hand to all kind of farm labor.

Old Solomon Brown's 'pooh-pooh's' grew less emphatic, and he began to speak with a sort of shame-faced pride of "Our girl's place." Then when the fame of these women farmers had traveled far, and people came from a distance to inspect personally their success, Solomon began to feel proud of saying, "Yes, sir, they are my girls."

"Your girls are all boys, then?" said one smiling, quoting Rip Van Winkle.

"Just as good as boys," said Solomon Brown, blushing at the retraction of old sentiments. But theories must fall before convictions, and well filled wheat, fine potatoes, good corn, etc., were more convincing to Solomon of his daughters' worth than volumes favoring the "Subjection of Woman."

Solomon Brown's daughters still hold old Jacob's farm. Lucy, the youngest, is married to Frank Lawler, but instead of her going home to him, as is the manner of the world, he came home to her.

Under the homestead laws a woman that isn't at the head of a family—that is a widow, cannot pre-empt land. If this was not the case, I do believe that one of Solomon Brown's girls would go west and take up a piece of land. As it is they are all going in the spring, and Solomon will enter a hundred and sixty acres in his own name, which in reality belongs to his daughters, as it will be purchased with the profits of their farming Jacob Sloam's land.

COULDN'T DECIDE.—"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being slightly "elevated," but who was doing his level best to look sober.

"Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause you see there are two hands on my watch and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

A LADY says: "If women were as particular in choosing virtuous husbands as men are in selecting virtuous wives, the greatest of moral revolutions would result.

"JULIUS, what part ob de ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?" "Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat. What is it?" "Why, ob course, its de *hims*."

IT is said that if success in an undertaking was proportioned to the earnestness brought to bear upon it, a hen could run about eight hundred miles a day.

The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing.

"I SAY, Jimmy, did you ever see such a summer as this?" "Faith and I have." "When?" "Last winter, be jabers."

FAIRLEE, Jan. 15, 1874.

EDITORS KENT NEWS:—*Gents:*

At a meeting of Fairlee Grange P. of H., the following petition to the General Assembly was offered by a Bro. Patron, and ordered to be read, and the following resolution passed:

Resolved, That a copy of the petition just read be sent to the Editors of the *Kent News* with the request to publish the same, and the Baltimore *Sun* and *Gazette* be requested to copy.

HOWARD MEEKS, Sec'y.

N. B.—As there is no copy-right, any paper, favorable to sheep, may copy. H. M.

To the Hon. the General Assembly of Md.

The undersigned, all citizens of Kent
On one great interest of the State intent,
Do your most honorable body pray
To pass some wholesome law without delay
To protect our sheepfolds from destruction dire,
And ravenous dogs with wholesome dread inspire,
To impose on every dog a moderate tax,
Which, if his master pay in good greenbacks
To save his dogship's life, all well: if not
The dog has had his day; let him be shot.
OVIS VS. CANIS:—upon its face
The argument is plain in such a case.
The sheep is useful;—from York to Istamboul
The human race seek raiment in his wool;
In blankets, soft and warm, man takes his rest,
And costly carpets by his feet are press'd.
His flesh nutritious, digestible as food,
And every portion used for human good.
The glorious thoughts of poet and of sage
The philosophic and historic page
The Statesman's labors, giving man just laws
And all that man from inspiration draws
In sheep or calf may be securely bound;
In sheep the Statutes of the State are found.
But what of Dog? What article of dress
Does dog supply? Can human tongue express
The loathsome horror of a dog ragout,
A puppy pie, a fricasse or stew?
What man so bold, so reckless as to dare
To put Longfellow, Bryant—nor do I care
To add Brett Harte—in binding of dogskin?
Would it not be the unpardonable sin?
And who the indignity would perpetrate
To subject great Blackstone to such a fate?
Just think of Shakespeare, glorious, wondrous Will
Put into dog's hide, with all the binder's skill!
What dreadful penalty would be too hard
For such an outrage on the world's great bard?
No! No! In sheep our food, our raiment let us find,
In sheep the works of all our scholars bind!
And now ye sages, heed our humble plea;
Long life to sheep, and death to dogs decree,
Let right be done, and justice have full sway;
Thus your petitioners will every pray.

MARRIED LIFE.

Messrs. Editors:—Of all subjects for meditation I think that of the married life is one of the most interesting for candid reflection and contemplation, when we consider that of all people in the world the woman who has drifted from the love of her husband (whether her fault or his) is the more to be pitied, and I cannot conceive a condition more miserable. A woman has only her husband, her children, and her domestic cares; a man has the whole outside world and his own absorbing cares to wade through and contend with. We should most earnestly approve freedom of communion and social intercourse between men and women, whether married or single. It seems to me that this is the purpose of society, and it is certainly profitable and interesting for the silent meditations of the mind. The psalmist says: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." If man and wife are loyal to each other they can afford to be true and unselfish, but if they are not true at heart it is enough to make one shudder to think of the consequences. Two beings united by vows, yet really dead to each other! Yet this death need not be if both are true to the wonderfully solemn vows which they have made.—Truth and justice should cut their way through, irrespective of selfish gratification. If the woman cannot labor with her brain, she can labor with her hands,—bravely, openly, keeping her self-respect and her independence. Work was never intended to be a curse or a shame, and it is the surest element of success and happiness. With woman rests especially the power to right and govern her own sex as to this absurd prejudice, by working herself, when gifted with great powers, and recognizing with real sympathy the work, however humble, of other women. If she possess wealth, talent or station, let her greet with effeminate gentleness the timid young teacher, the obscure artist, and the modest sewing girl; quick to recognize with unerring feminine tact signs of education and refinement, indulgent to the want of it. TRAVELER.

Millington, Md.

A NEW YORK correspondent tells a nice story of a pretty English actress, who, on a tour through New England, took by storm a young scion of a rich old family, and was by him pursued. She was of course accompanied by a "black alpaca mother," who bewailed that "'er hoffspring 'ad been deluded by a willainous Hamerican." The actress proposed to her lover a sham marriage, "just to make mother comfortable," and he considering it a capital idea, the plot was carried out. The bridegroom felicited the supposed minister for "doing the thing so well," and invited him to come and "crack a bottle," when he discovered that the supposed minister was one indeed, and that he was really a married man taken in and done for.

A SINGULAR surgical case is reported from the School for Idiots at South Boston, Mass. An inmate of that institution, John Smith, aged 16, it was found had, at the age of 7, put pebblestones in his ears. He became quite deaf, and subsequently feeble-minded. Acting upon this knowledge, a physician began to probe for the pebbles, and finally succeeded in extracting twenty-nine. It is believed that the lad will now regain his reason. The doctor who performed this operation is a woman, whose name is not stated in the account before us.

"WE have many beautiful meteors these autumn nights," one evening a tender swain said to his "sweetness." "Some of these falling stars seem to leave behind them a bright path, as if they were celestial messengers flying earthward, the dust of heaven flying from their feet, and making a track of light behind." To which the maid replied: "They allers makes me think about the circus man that swallowed fire."

THERE is no worse enemy than a bad book.

FROST and fraud have always dirty endings.

LETTER FROM KENNEDYVILLE.

Messrs. Editors:—Not having the pleasure of late to gaze upon your friendly face, and engage in social converse with you upon matters of facts relative to our little town, I have taken the advantage of a thought that presented itself to me a few days ago, viz: to indite a communication to you in regard to things in general as connected with us here.

There has been some improvement in Kennedyville of late. Mr. John Kennedy, who resides at Port Kennedy, in a sister State, and who owns considerable property here and in the vicinity, has had erected a house in the rear of the store occupied by Mr. Reading, and which is now used as a saddlery—a very desirable acquisition to the industries of the place. Mr. Charles Hessner, our worthy citizen who delights in slaughtering the cattle and serving the same to the epicures of the neighborhood, has also erected a two-story dwelling adjacent to the one occupied by himself. Mr. Reading has also added an additional building to his residence. You will perceive by this that we are not standing still, but gradually moving onward; true, not rapidly, yet slowly, and I trust surely. For the first time for a year, or nearly so, all the houses in town are now occupied. I will also state here that Mr. E. Crossley, late of Wilmington, Del., has removed to our midst and is now carrying on the boot and shoe making business; so if any of our friends in Chestertown should want anything in his line, and the men there of the same craft should be too busy to accommodate them, he, no doubt, would be pleased if they would call upon him.

Business here is not as active as we would desire; yet we will not become discouraged, knowing that it might be worse. We are in hopes that when the genial warmth of spring shall come, and the flowers shall come forth and unfold their bright and beautiful appearance to our vision, that things will be different from what they are now. We may be disappointed, but we are determined to follow the teaching of the maxim which says: "We should live in hopes, though we die despair." Hope in a good degree is the *light* of life, for through and by the influence of hope the gloom and despondency which so often overshadows man's path with darkness is dissipated, permitting rays of more than earthly brilliancy and power to illumine his very nature. Therefore we think, and have written, that the maxim quoted is not void of meaning.

The churches in our midst are still earnestly and actively battling against the power of darkness in its various forms.—The congregations are good, considering the condition of the roads. Rev. A. A. Harryman, pastor of the M. P. Church of this place, is earnestly laboring in the interest of "LOCAL OPTION" in this district. He has placed, in the furtherance of this noble, and, we may say, holy cause, a petition upon the counter, in the store kept by Mr. Jos E. Weer, for the signatures of all true loving order citizens, who are opposed to the spread, or even the traffic in this *monstrous* evil of the nineteenth century—the sale of alcholic poisons.—The said petition to be presented by the State Temperance Alliance to the present Legislature. Up to this time quite a number of the respectability of the community have placed their names upon the petition, thereby saying they are for the good of the race, and not for the few, who make their living upon the wants and misery of their fellows. It is reasonable to suppose that every rational and intelligent man, in any community, would sign a petition of this character; but such, we are sorry to state, is not the case, many refusing to do so—many, who yet pray, and teach their children to pray: Lord, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and yet are not willing to endeavor to remove the evil from their midst. Is it any wonder that *so many* prayers that have been offered up to the ONE who ruleth in the Heavens, as well as upon the earth, have never been answered? Surely and truly, we answer, no. We sometimes think that neither good nor blessings come from such prayers, or to those who do not labor to remove the things by which they are tempted.

We have ever held and asserted that the man who will not give his aid and assistance in putting down this crying evil, should never say a word about the drunkenness which he sees around him; nor a word about those who are engaged in dealing out the *vile* and *poisonous* draught in his midst, for he, with them, is equally guilty of the crimes and misery brought about by the influence of strong drink.—If not in the sight of man, then in the sight of the living and true ONE. We bid to all who are laboring in the temperance cause God's speed. Let us all pray and look for the day when the liquor traffic will be a thing of the past in dear old Maryland. Then will our national emblem wave in truth "o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Yours, &c., N'IMPORTE.

Thine Own.

WHAT are others' faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill,
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

A NEW REMEDY.—From Surprise Valley comes the following story of an old fellow who get very jealous because his young wife went to a ball with a good-looking fellow, and staid out until broad daylight. The old chap went to a justice of the peace and told his story, winding up with: "I want yer to help me—for that ar thing has been goin' on 'bout far enuff."

"Well," says the justice, "you can write down to Yreka, and see if some of the lawyers can't get you a divorce."

"Divorce!" roared the angry man, "who the d—l wants a divorce?"

The justice now began to get wrathy. "If you don't want to get a divorce, what the deuce brought you here?"

"Why, I want an injunction to stop further proceedings."

IT is a curious fact that although the rain keeps thousands away from church on Sunday, it does not deter a single man from attending to business on week days.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

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.

From the Maryland Farmer.

DISEASES OF CHICKENS.

DIARRHŒA.—A disease caused by a diet too much moistened and watery.—The bird should be fed cooked peas, barley and bread soaked in wine, or rather, in an infusion of camomile made with warm wine.

GOUT.—This affection is always caused by the humidity of the hen house. It is recognised by the swelled legs and difficulty of walking. The remedy is to place the fowls in a dry and warm place.

PIP.—This disorder is caused by the want of water, or its impurity, loss of appetite, dejected air, hoarse and week voice and the beak covered as if the respiration was frozen, are the symptoms of this disease. A pellicle, like a white gnat, forms at the end of the tongue, which may be removed by a needle or a penknife, then wash it with vinegar and grease with butter—fresh. The animal should be fed for some time with moistened bran.

ERUPTIONS.—In this disease the neck and several other parts of the body are covered with pustules. Feed with cut lettuce and water, to which sifted ashes have been added. As this affection is contagious, it is necessary to insolate the affected fowl.

ROUP.—A flowing of matter, trembling and closed eyes, are the symptoms of this contagious disorder; separate, keep warm and feed with a nourishing diet.

COUGH.—This dangerous affection is caused by an accumulation of worms in the windpipe of the animal, and is of a hollow and panting sound. Use decoctions of bitter plants, such as absinthe, camomile, etc.

(If troubled with the gaps, remove them with a bent horse-hair, with a knot a few inches—three or four—from the bend for the fingers to twirl with, being careful not to puncture the delicate lungs beyond.)

VERMIN.—An excess of vermin, leading to the thinness of the fowls, is often owing to the badness of the hen house. The vermin may be destroyed by washing the fowls with soap and water, or with a decoction of cumin (wild aniseed) and absinthe. The accumulation of vermin may be prevented by putting sand in spacious boxes in the poultry yard.

THE MAKING OF BUTTER.

Among us, at Tourne Bride, in the olden time, as at the present among the people of the place, the cream is raised to make butter. At Ligny, we went about it differently, and things went better. As soon as the milk became cold, it was poured into the churn and agitated; it is the only way to obtain quantity. As for the butter, we made soup of it at first which was not satisfactory, but to which we quickly got accustomed.

Everything counted, there are not ten makers in a hundred who know how to make irreproachable butter; to attain this point, the receipt is not a lengthy one.—It is necessary to have good grass or good fodder to produce milk of good quality, which should be quickly cooled and churned without delay, in order to obtain butter which will become choice, if care is taken to wash it in several waters, so that the last shall leave it perfectly clear.

What makes bad butter is bad grass, old cream, thickened by the air, and insufficient washing. When, in place of churning the maker waits for the cream to rise, it should not be kept several days in large pans, but put in vessels having a narrow opening, in which the air will effect less injury to its qualities. We cannot terminate better this article on the Making of Butter, than by commending the following remark to some of our most superstitious makers:

When I related to Madam, what we attribute to the witches, she replied: "My child, the witches are improper milk, cream too old, too much cold or too strong a heat. Every time the diary is well kept, the churn cooled in summer, and warmed in winter, the butter will not be long a-coming."

WATCHES FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—For years the Pennsylvania railroads have made a first-class watch a part of the engine equipment. Every engine upon the road has its watch numbered to correspond with the number on the engine. The watches are purchased by the company and controlled by the proper officers. In the office of each division superintendent hangs a watchmaker's board with numbered hooks for all the engines belonging to that division. When the engine goes out upon a trip, the watch is taken from the hook. When it returns, the watch is replaced, and while in the office is run with the regulator. As a consequence, all the engines upon the road are being run upon a uniform time, and no record has yet been made of an accident resulting from a discrepancy of watches.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The trustees of the Washington national monument fund, at a meeting held on Thursday, at Washington, appointed a committee to take charge of the interests of the association before Congress, with a view to immediate action in the House of Representatives, by which an appropriation of $200,000 to aid in the completion of the monument is recommended.

THERE is a crumb of comfort for the Woman Suffragists in the action of the Ohio Constitutional Convention on Saturday. The committee having the question under consideration reported an article to be submitted for a separate decision by the people. Miss Susan B. Anthony, should the article pass, may be expected to take the stump.

ENDEAVOR, if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you.

THE editor of the Vicksbur