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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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. f8-6.

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 always ready to work. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it easy of accomplishment by the most inexperienced. There being NO HOLES to thread either above or in the Shuttle.
The Shuttle requires no threading, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally turns backward, it does no harm and breaks no 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 106 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.

A LOT OF CHOICE
GREEN, BLACK and JAPAN
TEAS,
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

NOTICE TO THE TAX-PAYERS of SECOND DISTRICT.
Those in arrears to me for Taxes must come forward and settle, or I certainly shall collect the same by law. Money I need and must have. A word to the wise is sufficient.
C. W. WARREN, Coll.
Jan 3, 1874—tf.

SALT by the bushel or sack.
H. P. READING,
a22-3m. Kennedyville, Md.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874. No. 38.

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.

New Store near Rock Hall.

THE undersigned having taken the Store near Rock Hall, formerly occupied by M. Ascher, will keep on hand a varied stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONERY, NOTIONS,
TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

Also, FRESH MEATS of all kinds,

Salt Meats, Corned Beef, Fish, &c.,

all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

☞ We have also in store a good line of goods for LADIES' WEAR, and intend to make

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

a specialty, having secured the services of competent ladies to conduct this department.
☞ We shall spare no pains to please all who favor us with their patronage, and hope that the surrounding community, finding that goods may be had *at home* as cheap as elsewhere, will give us a liberal support.
THOS. A. HUDSON,
jan17-y. Rock Hall.

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 Voshell 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.

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. Masseys, Kent county, Md.

FACES AT THE WINDOW.

In quiet village or noisy town,
I love as I wander through streets and lanes,
When day is up or when night is down,
To watch the faces that come to the panes.
By windows of houses high and grand,
By those of the humblest in the land,—
The lordly home of the millionaire,
And the dark abodes of shame and sin,—
Seldom I pass that I do not care
To see what faces may be within.

Some look out so happy and round—
Some so wan and haggard and wild;
I wonder if ever the first have frowned,
And if the others have ever smiled.
Ah! wonderful faces I often meet
In my portrait gallery of the street;
Some with brows like an open book,
Whose thoughts you can read like the printed page,
And *one*, wrinkled and old, with a look
That I like to have belong to age.

'Tis that of a snowy-haired old man;
He lives in a poor and lowly place,
But I go that way whenever I can,
Just to glance at his saintly face;
Lonely and gray, I know he has given
Up every hope but that of Heaven.
He has lived through many and sorrowful days,
I heard his story once with a sigh;
But I hardly pity him, for he will gaze
Soon out of the windows of the sky.

Sometimes 'tis the face of a fond young wife
That is looking out where the curtains part,
In her arms a little and laughing life,
And a mother's happiness in her heart;
And I know she is waiting there to greet
The coming of absent and loving feet,
How sure is the glance of her tender eye!
She leaves the window and goes to the door;
She has seen a form that will not pass by;
It bends to hers, and her watching is o'er.

Stern, rough faces, and faces fair;
Faces that seldom have known a tear;
Thoughtful faces and faces of care;
All by turns at the window appear.
And often and often I hear, as I pass,
A patter of fingers against the glass,
And a glimpse of childish brows I catch—
Oh, beautiful living pictures of youth;
Heaven forever over them watch,
And keep them bright with the tints of truth.

But turn from such and wander with me
From the golden light, and fresh, free air,
To poverty's wretchedest haunts and see
The faces that look from the windows there.
Some so sunken and thin and pale,
Telling of want a pitiful tale;
Some whose eyes have a glare of hate;
And others, O God, I can see them now,
Stony and dark and desolate,
With not a sign of soul on the brow.

But the saddest of all I see are those
I sometimes find in the darkening street,
When the rude wind of the winter blows,
And the air is chill with frost and sleet
Poor little faces *outside* of the dane,
White with the snow or wet with the rain,
Gazing wistfully in from the cold,
Bright with a glow that does not warm;
Poor little lambs with never a fold,
Poor little wanderers in the storm.

O faces that look from lofty home
Or from the roofs where the wretched go,
O simple quiet faces that come
To cottage windows narrow and low,
O glad faces that make *me* glad,
O sad faces that make *me* sad,
Is there not coming a perfect day,
When you all with a common love will shine,
After the worm has eaten this clay,
Molded in image of Him divine?

MILLINGTON SABBATH SCHOOL.

Messrs. Editors:—One of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon mankind is that of friendship and social intercourse with our fellow-associates; and who would lose the secret pleasure felt when soul with soul unites? Other blessings have their measure, I, therefore, attempt to pen a hasty line for the benefit of those who read the interesting columns of your valuable paper, with reference to a Sabbath School "sociable" which convened by invitation, on Tuesday last, at the residence of their superintendent, Mr. Thos. Mallalieu. It has been the custom for several years past of Mr. M. to celebrate the 18th day of January as the anniversary of his wedding day by inviting the officers and teachers of the Asbury M. E. School, at Millington, out to his own house, for the purpose of the annual reorganization of the school, instead of meeting in the church. Your correspondent had the honor as well as the pleasure of being one of the invited guests on this occasion. Soon after we had all assembled the meeting opened with singing and prayer by the Rev. J. W. Hammersley. The school was then reorganized, and the minutes of the last annual meeting and the reports of the different officers were read and adopted. At the close of the business transactions the Rev. Mr. Hammersley rose to present to Mr. M. a very handsome and useful article, which some of the lady teachers had prepared for him as a token of their high regards for him as their superintendent. He made some touching remarks, and said he was glad that Brother Mallalieu had left the little State of Delaware, and settled in this "My Maryland," where he had made so many friends who appreciated his merits, not only as a superintendent, but as a fellow citizen and friend in the whole community where he lives. Mr. M. replied with thanks for the present, and gave a short history of the cause which induced him to leave the State of Delaware, which he said was the enormous rent asked for the Alley Mills, which Mallalieu & Bro. then occupied in 1852. He then invited his guests to walk out to supper, when we found his extensive tably richly spread with provisions rich and rare, which we all enjoyed most sumptuously. The afternoon and evening was spent with perfect pleasure, which closed by singing the touching old hymn, "When shall we all meet again," after which we repaired to the church at Millington, where the extra meeting is still progressing with tokens of good. TRAVELER.

THE *Union and American* of Nashville, reports that Mr. Joseph C. Nash, of that town, has been appointed to a first-class clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. "He is a worthy young man," says our contemporary, "and his friends will be rejoiced to hear of his good fortune." This, says the New York *Sun*, is a delusive view of the case. In our judgment, no worse luck can happen to any worthy young man than to be put into an office in Washington or elsewhere. Apart from the pernicious moral influences to which he becomes exposed, the fact of holding a Government place takes away from a man all spirit of enterprise and independence. Hoeing potatoes and chopping wood may be hard work, and a youth who finds it necessary to engage in such occupation may be pitied by fools; but the condition of one who earns his bread honestly by the shovel or the hoe, is a thousand times more worthy of joy and envy than that of any Government clerk in this country.

THE Quaker City has 9,100 delinquent tax payers.

MARRYING A WIDOW.

Thirty years old to-day.

"Could it be possible that I, Mark Marks, had jumped from my teens so suddenly on to the threshold of thirty summers?" asked my mother.

She counted her fingers, naming John, Joe, Charley and Henry, Maria and Susan, Betsy, Eliza, Jerusha and Hannah, Ellen and Sallie, Annie and Julia, Marion and Minnie, and the rest of her small family; finally she said I was thirty years old. This settled the question.

I was unmarried. I had resisted for ten years all matrimonial temptations; but now, feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, I concluded it would not be an unhealthy thing for me to secure a wife. How to bring this determination to a successful conclusion demanded my consideration. I pondered, and continued to ponder.

Possessing a modest disposition, the idea of going about in the society of marriageable girls on a hunting expedition did not suit me Finally, I made up my mind to dodge this difficulty by advertising. Therefore the columns of the *Times*, one fine evening in June, contained the following:

MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a young man twenty-five years old, prepossessing in appearance, intelligent, of good habit, etc., desires to correspond with some young lady with a view to forming a matrimonial alliance. Address, and send carte de visite, to Anxious Seat, Podwick P. O.

Three days after the publication of this I had received seven hundred and fifty replies. I was encouraged. Such generosity assured me that I wasn't the only person in the vicinity of Podwick who had a hankering after conjugal felicity.

I opened the letters, and devoted two whole days to their perusal. The one that suited me best was enclosed in an envelope surrounded with black lines, in indication that the writer had recently attended a funeral, which, considering the nature of the correspondence, was evidence enough that she didn't allow grief to interfere with anything which promised consolation. Her note was as follows:

"MR. ANXIOUS SEAT:—I notice that you desire to correspond with a 'young lady;' but perhaps you may not wish to hear from one who, though young, is a widow. I am twenty-three years of age, have an amiable disposition, I believe, and as for personal appearance I leave you to judge from the enclosed carte de visite. Should you desire to know me further, please address Julia, East Haddam."

Her *visite* was a beauty. She struck my fancy exactly. But she was a widow. Here was an objection; yet I considered the matter thoroughly, and instead of allowing my prejudices to run loose, took what I conceived to be a sensible view of it. I reasoned thus:

She is a widow. Being thus, her application is an argument in support of my resolution to marry Why? Because she has been married, and liked it so well she's willing to marry again. Matrimony, therefore, must be the true state of happiness.

I wrote her a letter, and in due time received a reply. Other epistles followed, and finally one pleasant afternoon I found myself in East Haddam, in the presence of Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg.

It is sufficient to say that the interview was mutually agreeable. The young lady was attired in mourning, which was so becoming to her complexion that I never thought of Wilsonburg, deceased.

Her figure was natural, not being made to order by supplies of whalebone, and, altogether, your humble servant was completely alive to her virtues, and if she had any faults, was very blind to them.

I was ready to be married, being so enthusiastically smitten, right "on that line, if it took all summer;" but prudence dictated that we hadn't better be in a hurry—folks would talk about it, &c.—and our decision was to wait a few months, and then settle down in Podwick together.

The important day and important hour arrived at last, and Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg and Mark Marks, Esq., of Podwick, were tied together, so to speak, and set adrift in this wide world.

At last we found ourselves engaged in housekeeping, opposite the village green in Podwick.

We had occupied the premises two days, and on the evening following received a number of calls.

"Mark," said Julia, before any of our visitors arrived, "I'll wear my green silk to-night, I guess; Mr. Wilsonburg thought green was very becoming to me."

"Anything," said I, "that you please;" but omitted to add, "hang Wilsonburg!" though I had not, by any means, just at that moment forgotten the deceased.

Mrs. Snuffers, aged forty-nine, was our first caller.

I greeted her cordially, and introduced her to my wife—"Mrs. Snuffers, Mrs. Marks."

A sign of mutual recognition followed, attended by looks of surprise.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. S, "Is this you, Julia? I thought you married John Wilsonburg, of East Haddam."

"So I did, but he has been dead some time," responded Mrs. Marks.

"Has he?" mournfully queried Mrs. S., and she immediately turned about and surveyed my person.

Great minds run in the same channel, and for that reason, perhaps, I was thinking of the deceased just at this particular period of my existence.

The conversation on the topic introduced terminated abruptly on my inquring of Mrs. S. if she had heard from her son John in the army.

Seventeen callers came and departed during the evening, without developing anything particularly new or interesting.

I observed one thing, that they all said a good deal without saying much.

When the house was quiet, Mrs. Marks suggested to me that she was afraid some of our visitors would think I was not polite enough, and she was sorry, because on such occasions people were apt to indulge in severe criticisms. Then she added:

"When Mr. Wilsonburg and I received calls after we were married, everybody complimented me upon his being so perfect a gentleman."

This remark didn't remove from my mind any impressions I had previously received relative to the memory of the departed, but I maintained a respectful silence.

After breakfast the next day, Mrs. Marks asked me if I had ever eaten a "Chullewig pudding."

"No."

"Well, we'll have one to-day; I think they are the nicest dessert ever put upon a table. Mr. Wilsonburg used to say he never saw anything like them in all his traveling when in France."

We had one.

On the Sunday following we attended church for the first time in Podwick. A smart young man preached the sermon.

Mrs. Marks appeared much interested, and, as she walked home, said it was the best discourse she had listened to for a long while.

"Isn't he a fine looking man? What a good voice he has? He reminded me very much of Mr. Wilsonburg. You never saw him, did you?"

"No, I never saw him; but I've heard of him," I replied.

So it was; wherever we went in the house or out of it, the natural simplicity of Mrs. Marks—who, of course, intended no offense—kept the virtues of the deceased Wilsonburg continually fresh in my thoughts.

I stood it bravely, giving no sign of uneasiness, until an incident occurred which seemed to call for some decision on my part.

I had been a parent for three weeks. The new comer was a boy.

"Mark," said my wife, one day, "what shall we call the little boy?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought anything about it. Most any respectable name will do, I suppose."

"What do you think of John Wilsonburg?"

This was too much.

I straightened myself up in a dignified manner, and proceeded to remark—

"Madam! Wilsonburg may have been a respectable man, for all I know. If he had lived and become a parent, he would have had a perfect right to name his own infant."

This wasn't very strong language, but it was strong enough to bring tears from the eyes of Mrs. Marks, and cause her to say—

"You are cruel! Wilsonburg never talked so to me."

"Wilsonburg be be be—hanged! He never was a parent."

And then there was a scene—the first of our married life—which had its continuance at regular intervals, until Mrs. Marks, through irritability and exhaustion, faded like a flower and withered like a leaf. Her last words were—

"Bury me by the side of Wilsonburg."

The request was granted.

This occurred two years ago. There is to be another wedding shortly, after which the hopeful youth who calls me dada will have an opportunity to divide his affections,

She who is to be my bride this time, perhaps it is well to remark, hasn't any experience in the husband business.

I may be permitted to add that I have no prejudice whatever against young widows—I like them; but I wouldn't advise any one to marry one unless she furnishes good evidence that she does not carry with her the ghost of her deceased comrade.

Then again (and it is only fair to say it), fastidious men, if they marry widows, should do so with a full understanding that there is a difference between widows and maids, and make up their minds to be always charitable when necessity requires.

The best course to pursue, in order to have harmony, is this: Let widowers marry widows; then, if the latter shall refer to the virtues of the departed, the former may dwell upon the same theme, and between both the dead will receive praise they never dreamed of before "shaking off this mortal coil."

EVILS OF USING TOBACCO.

A PRETTY FAIR SAMPLE OF A GREAT DEAL OF THE TALK ON THE SUBJECT.

The following article, taken from the *Country Gentleman*, so thrillingly sets forth the fearful results of using tobacco, that the most hardened sinner must repent and hasten to be wise after reading it: "First experiment, a hog was shut up in a tight pen, and his only feed was one-half pound of tobacco a day. In one week he had lost four pounds. Second, a mule was placed in a stall without food. Two plugs of tobacco were placed before her, twice a day. She grew gradually restive. On the third day, one plug was forced down her throat, when she tore the experimenter's ear with her teeth, showing the bad effect tobacco has on one's disposition. It was then found necessary to muzzle her so that she could not open her mouth. At the end of eight days she died. Third, a dog was nailed up in a tobacco hogshead. At the end of four days he was taken out much reduced.—Fourth, another dog was enclosed in a tobacco barrel, and rolled down a steep hill. Within two years that dog went mad! Truly, these are Satan's net! I could cite plenty more of such experiments. We all know that a single drop of the oil of tobacco placed on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute. Of four men lately killed on the Erie railway, three were smokers, and the father of the other an inveterate chewer of tobacco. On the bodies of the two men washed ashore after the late storm on Lake Michigan, papers of tobacco were found. In my own neighborhood, a very distressing accident, by which a most estimable lady, the mother of seven lovely children, broke her leg, was occasioned by a pair of runaway horses running into a fence that surrounded a field of tobacco. Miss Chloe Flatfoot recently died in the county adjoining mine at the age of 118. She had both chewed and smoked over 100 years, and as she had no disease till the time of her death, it is only fair to say that it was the tobacco that killed her.

IDLENESS IN GEORGIA.—A Virginian in Georgia, writing to the Richmond Enquirer, gives a gloomy account of idleness and its results. He says:

"The better (?) classes seem to devote themselves to brandy and billiards, whilst the chief occupation of the lower orders seems to be whisky and whistling."

PUNCH has a hit at the domestic service question in the following squib:

Lady's Maid—'Please, ma'am, I wish to resign.'

Lady—'Why, Parker? You came here only yesterday.'

Lady's Maid—'I've been looking over your drawers, ma'am, and find your things are not up to the mark, and wouldn't do me credit.'

Our Gold Mine.

She that is loved is safe.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The song which is sung in heaven must be learned on earth.—*Mrs. A. E. Barr.*

It is at home that the ruin of a soul begins.—*T. S. Arthur.*

He had but few enemies—saving his friends.—*D. B. Stedman.*

Get atop of your troubles and they are half cured.—*L. M. Alcott.*

They best can bind who have been bruised oft.—*Miss Mulock.*

To Adam, Paradise was home: to the good among his descendants, home is paradise.—*Hare.*

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Charles Lamb.*

To a real commander nothing exists that cannot be overcome.—*J. T. Fields.*

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thy own lips.—*Prov.* xxvii. 2.

The cause that never made a fanatic, never produced a martyr.—*Chapin.*

Perfect valor is to do without witnesses what one would do before all the world. *La Rochefoucauld.*

Strength and decision can live and make live, where a moment's faltering would kill.—*Elizabeth Wetherell.*

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemies; but in passing over it he is superior.—*Lord Bacon.*

How good it would be if the spirit of the Christmas holidays could pitch the harmony of our whole winter life.—*Rev. Dr. Mayo.*

Reputation is the shadow, the outward appearance which man regards. Character is the reality, the heart, to which God penetrates.—*Rev. O. F. Sanford.*

One good human impulse, direct from the heart, is better than all the written creeds in the world.—*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

Your prayer is useless, and your church going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you to your conscience.—*Ruskin.*

The most precious giving, the richest ministering, is that done by making one's own soul a channel for the divine love to flow into others.—*C. D. Noble.*

Aloft, on the throne of God, and not below in the foot-prints of a trampling multitude, are the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn.—*Charles Sumner.*

The religion that does not make us, and those about us, better and happier in *this* life, because of it, is hardly worth having.—*Mrs. Dorr.*

I regard the progress of opinion toward absolute, universal justice, as the one great end which hallows effort and recompenses sacrifice.—*Horace Greeley.*

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

We cannot always keep an evil impulse from arising, but we can put it down after it has arisen. A quaint old preacher said, "We cannot keep the birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent their making nests in our hair."—*H. W. Beecher.*

AT REST.

"How I long to be at rest," wrote an aged Christian lady to a Scottish relative. "I'm weary, faint and worn; life's a dreary burden; all my early friends have left me; I'm standing almost upon the threshhold of eternity; and if it were not for the fear I might at last prove a castaway, my prayer would be, *O, Father, bid me rest!*"

The letter was duly received, and read to Dr. Guthrie, who was on a visit to the family at that time. The next morning he gave them the following lines, which he said the letter had suggested to his mind during the night. They were sent to America to the old lady, and highly prized by her during her life. The prayer was soon afterwards answered, and her weary body is resting, "life's duty done," in the Presbyterian church-yard of Wicomico, Md., and Dr. Guthrie, with the tears of a nation following him, hath entered the golden portals, and though strangers on earth, they have now met in their eternal home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

LINES BY DR. GUTHRIE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.
A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er—
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hands is on the door.
Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Lingering in the sunshine of that far-off sinless land!
O! would that I were with them, amidst the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!
The friends that started with me have entered long ago—
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done.
With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin—
I see them by the portals prepared to let me in!
Oh! Lord, I wait thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best—
But I'm wasted, worn and weary, O! Father, bid me rest!

MARRIAGE among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching but conclusive manner: They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever) taking nothing but his clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

THE Chinese New Year's ceremonies commence on February 18.

AN OLD LETTER.

BY O. PHIDDLE STYX.

The following is an old letter from Belinda Ann Smith to Bob Brown. Bob and Belinda Ann were engaged at one time, but Belinda Ann's father kicked up a row about it, and Bob had to give it up. It was a sad day when they parted:

"Dear Bob, I was so glad to get your letter, I e'enamost tee-heed and haw-hawed in marm's face. She brought it to me when she comed home from Jackson's. I was washin' that day. I wash some now for Jake Gumperson. Jake is a fellow as is boordin' at uncle Slimkin's, and he has been wantin' awful bad to come to see me. I said I guessed not, for I had a feller of the name of Bob Brown down to Punkin Ridge, and he'd be awful mad if he knowed I was lettin' other fellers come to sit up with me. If I wasn't engaged to you, dear Bob, I would let Jake spark me, for he is a pretty slick fellow, and wears a big mustache, and has such beautiful checkered trouserloons. Joe Rickerson wanted to come to see me the other night, but I told him I thought it wouldn't be altogether exactly right, as I was engaged to Bob Brown. Then he said, "Hang Bob Brown; I wish he was in Halifax!" And then he went on a-swearin' awfully for a while, and at last I told him I guessed his mother had'nt brought him up right, or he wouldn't make use of profane history right before me, and about my betroughligated husband too. He took his hat soon and he hasn't been back since, except one day when he got on his old John horse to ride him to water, and he hadn't anything onto him but the halter, and the old John horse took a notion he would come over to our house, and he comed like a streak, and Joe he was a-holdin' onto the halter strap and a-hollerin' wo, and his legs was a-sticken out at both sides like as if it was tryin' to fly, and the John horse he had his tail stickin' straight out behind him like you see horse's tails in the picture books when they is runnin' fast, and Joe he was still hollerin' wo, and the John horse he was still agoin'. All at once the halter-strap broke, and Joe he took a seat in the middle of the road and sat there pretty quiet for awhile. Dad said he guessed he was sorter *stove up*, and him and Ike and Si and Pete went out to try and get him stretched out again. I laughed and tee-heed, and then I hollered to him that if I'd a-knowed he was a-goin' to take a seat there, I would have had that particular spot cushioned for him. He got up, but he had become so attached to the spot that he sot down again.

"Dear Bob, when will you come home? I long to see you, and I often take off my shoes, hold out my feet to the fire, and think of thee. Sometimes when I am thus holding out my feet I go to sleep, and then I dream of thee. I would be so much happier, and I think I could make better pies and doughnuts if I felt sure that you dreamed of me.

"Dear Bob, do you remember the night you fell down stairs, and knocked the end out of the kitchen? We have never got that hole plastered up yet. One day last week, when the wind was blowin' awful cold, father remarked that if you were here he would stick your head into it. You need not feel hurt about it. I guess you felt enough hurt about it at the time. Father often says reckless things. If you were here now he would be as kind to you as I or any of us, only he would not put his arms around your neck, and you know that I would do that if there wasn't anybody around. Oh, you are such a dear, Bob! Mother says she would like to see your photograph with checkered trouserloons on.

"Dear Bob, do you mind how you used to eat peaches and apples? You were always extravagant on peaches.—You know you used to sit under the big rambo apple tree, and just as soon as you got done with one rambo, you would commence on another. You were awful hard on rambos, but then I always liked to see you in the orchard. It gave it a home-like appearance.

"Do you mind the day old Bloss's calf ran among your legs and upset you, and how mad old Bloss was, and how the calf bawled and how you hollered? Ah, those were happy days!

"When we get married, dear Bob, we will be happy. I will bake two pies every day. I know you are hard on pies, and if I can keep you in pies it will be doing more than your mother could do for you—poor woman! We had a pot-pie for dinner! I thought about you all the time I was eating it.

"Is that wart still on the left side of your nose?

"Don't you think I ought to have a pink ribbon on my bonnet?

"That dog that used to bark so much in the mornings is sick with the henfluenza. He tried to bark this morning, but the bark upset him.

"Write soon to your own
BELINDA ANN."

REVOND!—Stob dief!—Look here vonce. I vant do find me oud, of you got blendy dime, und don'd dot no possibility of a doud aboud id, vereabouds a man life here vot moft avay a long spell of veder ago. He livet down by ond Irishman vot keeps a Dutch grozery store; und he rund avay mit mine vifd und mine umberella, und I don't like dot, kos dot makes me aggravation. Vell! I don'd kare me so much aboud de old vomans; but I vants de umberella back. He vos a stoud-gombleeted veller, about tri hundred und fofty-six pounts olt, und vold vay about dirdy-fife years, mit an ifry hantle unt tri ripe pork. Ain't id?

A COUNTRY pedagogue in Henry county requested all of his scholars to "write a piece" under penalty of a thrashing. A rising genius got off the following;

"Lord of love
Look down from above
On us poor scholars;
We have hired a fool
To teach our school,
And pay him fifty dollars."

F. M. GRIFFITH, of Wilmington, Del., the great poultry breeder, had forty-eight pairs of fowls at the Buffalo, New York, poultry exhibition, and received thirty-one first class and eleven second class premiums.

To determine whether a man is drunk or not get him to say, "The scene is truly rural." If he says "trural rury," you may put him down as drunk.

Our Curiosity Shelf.

DOCTOR'S CANES.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. The top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or a room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

THE WONDERS OF AN OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

A FISH CANDLE.—A singular fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account—burn them in place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, and are not liable to be blown out by the wind. Mr. Manson, Superintendent at Fort Simpson, says that the tail should be lighted, instead of the head, and each fish will burn about fifteen minutes.

THE LIBRARY of the British Museum contains over 1,000,000 volumes, and an equal number of pamphlets and manuscripts. In the main reading room there are about 100,000 of the most desirable books for common use, but none of the rare and curious ones. This reading-room is an immense dome 140 feet in diameter, containing seats and desks for about five hundred readers. No books are allowed to be taken out of the building.

YE ANCIENT RECEIPTS.—Among our collection of ancient records is a curious book, published in 1684, entitled "The Accomplished Ladies Delight," and from the department of "Physick and Chirrurgery" we take the following receipt for—

A Drink that healeth all Wounds without any Plaister or Ointment, or without any Taint, most perfectly.

Take Sanicle, Milfoil, and Bugle, of each a like quantity, stamp them in a mortar, and temper them with Wine, and give the sick that is wounded to drink twice or thrice a day till he be whole; Bugle holdeth open the wound, Sanicle healeth it; but sanicle may not be given to him that is hurt in the head, or in the brain-pan, for it is dangerous. This is a good and tried medicine.

To Make Fine Cakes.

Take a pottle of fine flower, and a pound of Sugar, a little meal, and good store of fair water to mingle the Flower into a stiff Paste, with a little Salt, and so knead it, and roul out the Cakes thin and bake them on Paper.

The Secrets of J. D.

Would'st thou catch Fish?
Then here's thy wish:
Take this Receipt
T' annoint thy Bait.
Thou that desirest to fish with Line and Hook,
Be it in Pool, in River, or in Brook,
To bliss thy bait and make the fish to bite,
Lo here's a way, if thou canst hit it right.
Take Gum of Life fine beat, and laid to soak
In Oyl, well drawn from that which kills the Oak.*
Fish where thou wilt thou shalt have sport thy fill:
When twenty fail thou shalt be sure to kill.
It's perfect and good, if well understood;
Else not to be told for Silver nor Gold.

*That which kills the Oak, we conjecture to be Ivy.

A QUEER LOVE SONG.—"Variety is the spice of life," and so some genius who supposed he was in love, has composed the following song. The lines may be read either from left to right, or from the top downwards. They may also be read in various directions.

A LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Your face	your tongue	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet	so sharp,
First bent,	then drew,	then hit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
To talk,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
With beams,	with sound,	with art,
Doth blind,	doth charm,	doth rule,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
With life,	with hope,	with skill,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frown,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
This eye,	this