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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874. No. 49.

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.

LAW CARDS.

D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. ally.

MARION deK. SMITH,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. a11-6.

G. W. CRUIKSHANK,
Attorney at Law
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

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.

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.

MEDICAL CARDS.

MEDICAL NOTICE

DR. B. S. ROSEBERRY,
GALENA.

Office at the residence of Wm. Rogers, Esq., may be found at all hours when not professionally engaged. ap11-3t.

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,

A Graduate of the University of Maryland,

Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged. After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. ap11-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the first day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

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.

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.

HANSON LETTUCE—the Largest, most tender, crisp, and delicate flavored Head Lettuce, for sale by
feb28. C. F. STAM & BRO.

PRIVATE SALE.

I HEREBY OFFER FOR SALE

Radcliffe Hall,

the Farm upon which I now reside, commonly known as the "**Hanson Farm,**" part of which is now rented and occupied by Mr. John Greenwood, of Wm.

It is beautifully situated on Chester River, about one mile from Chestertown, and

Contains 471 ACRES, more or less.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a

Mansion House,

AND TENANT HOUSE,

in good repair, with the necessary Out Buildings and offices. The Tenant House is large and commodious, and was built in the year 1871. The Farm is so well known that a full description is not needed.

An early purchaser will have the option of putting in, and making, the corn crop for the present year.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.
Radcliffe Hall, Feb. 28, 1874—tf.

The Chemical Agricultural Powders
FOR THE
Analysis of Soils.

PROF. HERBERT,
Of Washington College,

having secured a patent from the U. S. Patent Office, for his "new and improved method of analyzing soils," is now ready to receive ORDERS for the same from farmers who may wish to find out what mineral plant food their land contains.

The present cost to the farmer will be $10; for which he will receive the Ten Packages of Chemical Powders; a Chart or Plat, showing the manner in which the "experimental plats" of land are to be laid off; and *printed* directions for the use of the chemical powders. So that any intelligent farmer, and even a boy of 12 to 15 years of age, can find out *every* mineral element of plant food that the land may contain, and also everything that is needed to make the soil *grow a perfect plant.*

Address, A. HERBERT, at Washington College; or Messrs. Stam, Apothecaries, &c.; T. W. Eliason, Jr., Hines & Burchinal, or T. B. Hynson, Merchants in Chestertown, Kent Co.

N. B.—The usual cost for obtaining the same information (more imperfectly,) from the services and laboratory of an Analytical Chemist, is $60 to $100.

Chestertown, Md., Mar. 28, '74—tf.

MASSEY & HUDSON'S
AND

All the new varieties of Vegetable Seeds, and the old STANDARD FAVORITES.

Trophy Tomato Seed—from fruit grown by Messrs. Massey & Hudson, such as was exhibited by them at the Agricultural Fair last Fall, and averaging over a half pound each.

Canada Victor—by same growers; the earliest and smoothest Tomato grown.

Also, the **Arlington** and **Early Richmond,** new Tomatoes of last year.

Conover's Colossal Asparagus—from Massey & Hudson's Extra Stock; by the ounce, pound, or ten pounds.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
Landreth's Seeds,
Put up in their usual neat style.

Landreths' Seed are too well known to need any recommendation but a trial, and we flatter ourselves that with them and the seeds grown by MASSEY & HUDSON, which for the past few years have given so much satisfaction to the people of Kent county and elsewhere, we are able to supply as good seeds as can be had anywhere.

WE ALSO OFFER

Osange Orange Seed,
EARLY ROSE,
PEERLESS, and
WHITE PEACH BLOW POTATOES.

PEAS! PEAS!

Landreths' Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, McLane's Little Gem, Tom Thumb, Daniel O'Rourke, and all the Standard varieties.

Also, a great variety of String, Stringless and Lima Beans.

Market Gardeners, desiring Seed in large quantities, will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

C. F. STAM & BRO.
CHESTERTOWN.
Feb. 28, 1874.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL
Implements, Seeds, &c.

HINES & BURCHINAL

Have just received a large lot of

GARDEN SEED

Of Very First Quality, from

PETER HENDERSON & CO., N. Y.

We are selling Prime Early Rose Potatoes from Elmira, N. Y., *free from all rot and disease.*

We keep on hand all kinds of

Garden Implements,

such as Hoes, Spades, Forks and Rakes. Also,

PLOWS of Every Variety,

such as No. 4 Wiley, Heckendorn, Acme, and the Farmer's Friend.

☞ Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Below the Bank, Chestertown
March 7, 1874—2m.

LETTER FROM GALENA.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I deem it my duty to inform the people of Kent that they lose a rare chance if they fail to visit

Geo. W. Sutton's New Store,
AT GALENA.

☞**To the Ladies**☜

New Spring and Summer Millinery!

MRS. L. J. DAVIS

HAVING just returned from the city, invites the Ladies to call and examine her very large and well selected stock of

NEW MILLINERY GOODS
FOR
Spring and Summer

embracing all the styles in season, and which cannot fail to please. Also, a very large and

Beautiful Stock of Fancy Goods

such as Dress Trimmings, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Collars, Buttons, Crape, Hosiery, and all kinds of Veils, Gloves, &c., all of which will be sold at low prices.

Call and see my goods before purchasing.
ap11-3t. LAURA J. DAVIS.

Special Notice!

I BEG to inform my former patrons and the public generally, that I have resumed business at my old stand, and am now prepared to show a beautiful line of

MILLINERY GOODS,

Embracing everything new and desirable in

Ladies', Misses' and Children's
BONNETS, HATS, &c.

Also, FLOWERS, Ribbons, Silks, Ornaments, and in fact every article used in Millinery.

I have also an unusually attractive assortment of

WHITE GOODS,

Linens, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Veils, and every variety of Ladies' Neck Wear. Also, full lines of NOTIONS, Corsets, Skirts, &c., &c. In **DRY GOODS** there will be found a well assorted stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

of desirable patterns and design. Strict attention paid to orders for fine goods.

These goods have been selected with great care and bought at the lowest cash prices.

An early inspection is invited, guaranteeing that entire satisfaction, which a long experience and close attention to business alone can give.

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS.
Chestertown, April 11, 1874—3t.

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,
TOBBACCO, 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.

HORSEMEN
TAKE NOTICE.
HARNESS, HARNESS, HARNESS!

ON hand, a large stock of New and GOOD HARNESS,

Cheaper than can be purchased on the Shore. Single and double made to order.

Also, on hand a large assortment SADDLES, Collars, Bridles, Trunks, Whips, Bits, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business.

☞ Prompt attention givn to all kinds of REPAIRING.

Look for yourself before purchasing elsewhere

JOHN F. HOWARD.
Chestertown, Feb. 7, 1874.

MERCHANT TAILOR
FROM
PHILADELPHIA

1874. Spring and Summer. 1874.

ABE SCHWARTZ,

RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his

New Spring Goods and Styles

RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.

Fine Goods a Specialty

BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.

SPRING OVER COATS, all Styles

☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.

April 4, 1874. ABE SCHWARTZ.

WOOD-YARD FOR SALE.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform any person or persons who may wish to engage in the Wood business, that he has concluded to sell at private sale his entire stock in trade, consisting of about ONE HUNDRED CORDS OF SEASONED WOOD,

FOUR HEAD of HORSES,

TWO WOOD WAGONS, 1 HORSE POWER, 1 SAW, Wheel Bands, &c. The YARD and DWELLING can also be obtained at once.

feb28-tf. JOHN K. WILLIS.

TAX-PAYERS
OF THE 5TH ELECTION DIST.

THE Taxes for 1873 are overdue. Please give immediate attention, or I shall be compelled to collect according to law.

JOHN A. ROLLISON,
Collector Fifth Election District.
March 14, 1874—6w.

A LOT OF CHOICE
GREEN, BLACK and JAPAN
TEAS,

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

The First Steel Pens.

I suppose you are the last person—at any rate from the United States—who will hear the history of the first steel pen on the very spot where it happened. My uncle was a manufacturer of slit key-rings by hand, such as you have just seen us manufacture so rapidly by machinery It was in the old stage-coach days, and so soon as he had made his carpet-bag full, he went up to London to sell them. On one of these visits he saw in a window-shop in Cheapside a steel pen of a very uncouth shape, and, as he described it, "bad cut." Knowing how to make a good quill pen, he argued, I can make out of my steel wire a better pen than that is. He bought one, took it to Birmingham, and with a hammer and file made two better pens. One of them he retained, the other he sent to Mr. Perry, the patentee, in London. My uncle was and still remains a man of remarkable simplicity of character and very scrupulous integrity. As soon as the letter was mailed he became uneasy in mind under the apprehension that he had transgressed the patent laws. So much did the fear of trouble from this cause affect him that he was quite unable to attend to business, and at the end of the third day after mailing his letter, some such soliloquy as the following took place, while my uncle occupied the self-same seat you sit upon.

"I would not wonder if Mr Perry were to come down with a Sheriff to arrest me. It is just about time for them to arrive here. I will tell them the plain truth, that I have made two pens only, and sent one to Mr. Perry, and I will throw myself on his mercy."

At that moment a post-chaise rapidly drove up to his door, there were a few very hasty raps at the door, and on opening it a small, sharp-looking man of marked Hebrew features and voice, with a slight foreign accent, said—

"Is your name Mason?"

"Yes."

"You made this steel pen?"

"Yes."

"Can you make any more steel pens like this?"

"Yes."

"Then your fortune's made and my fortune's made."

They sat down at this table, drew up the only agreement that ever was made between them, and we continue under the original contract to be the sole manufacturers of Perry's pens.

"How came Gillott to get so early into the business?"

"Why, that's easily accounted for.—Two of my aunts used to keep house for my uncle, and when their work was done in the house would take a hand in the factory, so John Gillott's wife taught him the business."

Josiah Mason has gone to rest, after a life of unostentatious benevolence, and left behind him well established and well endorsed charities, an honor to himself and his native city. His nephew, Fred. Smith, died some years before him.

One of my most pleasant recollections of a visit to England in 1859 is the story of the first good and practical steel pen.—Charles T. Bainbridge, in "Paper *Trade Journal.*

CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious story is told by several ancient writers, respecting Egirvard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his foot masks would be observed, and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window of his bedroom the emperor saw the whole affair. In assembly of his lords, on the following day, when Egirvard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to the man who compelled a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter night?

They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed; but the Emperor, addressing the secretary, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage; fear God and love one another."

As to one result of the panic several of the "upper ten" have felt it a duty to give up their pews in fashionable churches, and if things go on at this rate, they fear they may have to relinquish their boxes at the opera.

AN old minister once recommended a parishioner to take snuff to keep him awake during the sermon, to which the old backslider remarked that he had better put snuff in his sermon.

MARY'S FATE.

A FACT.

I must tell you of Mary's fate. It was a fate entirely real. It was during the Christmas holidays of 1869 that I first saw Mary Crawford. A large party of us were invited to a gathering at the house of an old friend on the Hudson. I left town on the evening train, and an hour later we were in the vestibule of Mr. Ramsay's house. We had scarcely crossed the threshold when I was struck with the unusually lovely face and figure of a young girl standing in the doorway of the conservatory, immediately before us. She was apparently awaiting some arrival, on the look-out for some one in whom she was interested, and, as she stood beneath an arch of evergreens and flowers, the picture was perfect.

"What a very lovely face!" whispered the friend with me. Lovely indeed it was, of a type which some years since promised to become thoroughly American in its frequency, but which is more rarely seen to-day, when German and Irish and other races are pouring in upon us by tens of thousands, bringing other blood and other outlines with them. Hair and eyes were of a deep warm, features perfectly regular, complexion delicate and clear, but neither fair nor highly colored. The countenance was charming, and the figure full of delicate grace.

In another moment the young girl had vanished, but I had afterward the pleasure of watching her through the evening as she flitted about in the happy gayety of sixteen.

"I see you are lost in admiration of Mary Crawford," said our hostess, as he observed me following the graceful movements of the young girl in a dance. "She is a ward of ours, a Southern girl, sent to New York to finish her education. She has won all our hearts. You must make her acquaintance."

Soon after Mrs. Ramsay brought the young lady to the corner where I had placed myself out of the way of the dancers, and we were introduced—the young ward and the old friend of the family; and ere long it became evident to my quiet observation that this beautiful Mary was likely to become something nearer than a ward. That bright, promising youth, Tom Ramsay, was perpetually hovering about her with looks and ways intensely love-like. We were ten days in the house together, and at the end of that time I had become almost as much an admirer of Mary as young Ramsay himself: we elderly women fall so naturally into the love of young girls when they are of the right sort—innocent, modest, and pleasing. And Mary had other attractions besides beauty. She sang delightfully, a really fine contralto voice being thoroughly cultivated. She was clever, too, and had a remarkable facility for languages. Altogether she was one of the loveliest girls I have ever known. I coaxed her into sitting for her portrait, a miniature on ivory, which I painted purely for the pleasure of the task, and which I promised to copy for her lover whenever she should be engaged. Young Ramsay looked as if he might claim it before the month was out.

But before the close of that month of January I was on the ocean, on my way to the south of Europe, in charge of a near relative in delicate health. We remained abroad some time There was no correspondence with the Ramsays, and in the course of a roving traveler's life I seldom heard of them. Twice, however, I chanced to hear Mary Crawford spoken of. A distinguished American sculptor told me her face and head were more faultless than any he had seen during a recent visit to New York. Another acquaintance also spoke of her charming voice.—She was known to be engaged to young Ramsay, but the marriage could not take place until she was eighteen, until which age she was to remain at school in accordance with her father's will.

A few months later, as a large party of Americans collected at Cairo for an excursion to the Pyramids, I was agreeably surprised to find my friends Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay among them. They had arrived just in time to join this party, of which I was one. After a warm greeting on both sides I began to inquire after friends at home, as Americans on the other side of the world are apt to do.

"How is my friend Tom? Is he with you?"

Mr. Ramsay shook his head sadly.

"Poor fellow, he is in Japan now. We persuaded him to join a scientific expedition to the East. He had no heart for it, but I fairly drove him on."

A look of inquiry in my face was answered by Mrs. Ramsay.

"You have not, perhaps, heard of our great sorrow. Mary—"

"Mary Crawford!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes. More than two months since. Just as we were looking forward to the marriage. My poor boy is literally heart-broken." And her tears began to fall.

"Mary Crawford! that lovely young creature!" I again exclaimed "Decline—consumption?" I added, half unconsciously.

Mrs. Ramsay shook her head sadly.

"Mary died of a short but severe illness at our house"

"And would have given my own life to save her," added Mr. Ramsay, with great force of feeling in voice and manner. "A pretty guardian I have made!"

"It was not your fault, my dear husband."

"It was *my* fault—it was *your* fault—it was every body's fault All her friends are to blame. To think that such a sweet creature, endowed with such capacity for bestowing happiness, should have died at eighteen—died of *trash!*" he exclaimed, bitterly.

I was amazed at the words and the bitterness of the tone. I could not comprehend the meaning.

"Here comes Dr. Stanton. He will tell the miserable story."

As Mr. Ramsay spoke, Dr. Stanton, one of their party, the celebrated physician of that name, entered the room. He was also an old friend of mine, taking a short vacation.

"We were speaking of Dear Mary," observed Mrs Ramsay, after the doctor had shaken hands with me.

"Miss Crawford! Ah, yes, sad indeed!"

"I can scarcely believe that lovely picture of girlish life and beauty should have actually left this world. I knew her, doctor, and admired her greatly. Nay, I may say that in the ten days we were together at Riverside I learned to love her."

"Every body loved her!" exclaimed Mr. Ramsay.

"She looked and moved the very poetry of girlhood," I added.

"It was a great deal more than poetry," observed the practical old physician. "She would have developed into a thoroughly noble woman."

"Miss Almy can not believe me when I say that Mary died of *trash,*" cried Mr. Ramsay.

"Too true," replied the physician, turning toward me, and raising his hands emphatically. "Had it not been for *trash* Miss Crawford would have been living now."

"I do not clearly understand you, doctor."

"Would you believe it? candy and confectionery killed that lovely creature. No doubt of that," said the doctor, calmly.

"What a fate!"

"The dear child had been greatly spoiled by an old negro nurse and the grandmother with whom she lived at Charleston. She lived on confectionery."

"Like too many of our American girls, my dear madam," said the doctor, shaking his head emphatically. "I have had three cases of the same character within the last year. As yet Miss Crawford is the only fatal one, but the others are ruining their health and their happiness in life."

"We were not aware how far Mary carried this silly habit," said Mrs. Ramsay.

"Do not call it silly—call it wicked," interrupted her husband. "It is destroying the life and abilities given by the Creator for higher purposes. It is as much a crime as drunkenness."

"Do not speak so harshly, dear. The poor young things are not aware of the injury they are doing themselves," said gentle Mrs. Ramsay.

"It is time they learned the lesson, then. It is time their fathers and mothers taught them that lesson. They must learn that to trifle with health of body and mind is a crime against Heaven."

"We had no idea of the amount of confectionery Mary had purchased until we saw her bills after all was over. Her allowance was large, in accordance with her father's will, and she spent her pocket-money as she chose," said Mrs. Ramsay.

Mr. Ramsay fairly groaned aloud.—"The amount was simply incredible," he exclaimed.

"But, my dear husband, you may be sure Mary always shared this confectionery with her companions."

"Her own share proved enough to kill her. It is small comfort to think she was helping to kill others too. Would you believe it, Miss Almy, one of those young girls told me Mary habitually kept a large drawer full of candies and preserves and tarts?"

"Too many American school-girls have done the same thing," said the doctor.—"I only wish they knew how it injures their teeth and their complexions. Vanity sprouts out early, but a just sense of the importance of health seldom comes before five-and-twenty."

"But a girl so intelligent as Mary Crawford! It is indeed surprising," I observed.

"When did mere intelligence ever prevent drinking or opium-eating? No, you must bring principle and conscience to bear if you wish to correct any evil habit of self-indulgence," said Mr. Ramsay, somewhat sternly.

"Poor dear Mary, the habit grew upon her, no doubt, from childhood, by the weak indulgence of those about her. She saw no harm in it."

"There is exactly where you and I are to blame, my dear wife. We at least should have taught her better."

"Yours is no unusual case, my dear Sir," observed the doctor; "and doubtless you were not aware that every year American school-girls die in consequence of the same childish habit, generally by slow waste of digestive powers, occasionally of an acute attack, as in the case of Miss Crawford Our people are not sufficiently watchful over their daughters, it must be admitted. Not only school-girls shorten their lives by *trash,*" added the doctor, "half the men and women in the country are following the same course in one way or another. A little common sense would do us all a wonderful amount of good as regards the health of the nation, and its happiness too."

Mary's miniature was asked for and shown. It represented the young girl in the perfection of her beauty, with the happy joyous look she had worn during those holidays in the period of her engagement. Tears were shed over that lovely face.

Some weeks later I received at Malta a telegram from Calcutta:

"Will Miss Almy send me Mary's miniature?
"THOMAS RAMSAY."

How much of love and sorrow did those few words convey! The miniature, intended as a wedding-gift, was sent to India It was all that was left on earth of the beautiful Mary Crawford.

EASTER FLOWERS—*A Corner in Calla Lillies.*—The amount of the sales of flowers in New York city and Brooklyn during the last week, to be used as decorations on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday, has been estimated by the florists at nearly $125,000. Yet many who were willing to pay the highest prices, but who delayed giving orders till late in the week, were unable to obtain even a small bouquet. Calla lillies, usually selling at fifteen cents retail, were forced up to seventy-five cents by a "corner" among some of the retailers. Some one discovered that calla lillies cut with a long stem could be kept fresh and fragrant for nearly ten days, by placing the stems in fresh water, changing the water every day, and each day cutting a thin slice from the lower end of the stem. Immediately orders were sent to secure them. One establishment sold five thousand in one week. The demand for camelias, roses, carnations, violets lillies of the valley, and strings of smilax was so great that by noon on Saturday all of the large growing houses where flowers are produced for the trade, were cut clean. The decorations in some of the churches cost from $1,200 to $1,600.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

"THERE is one good thing about babies," said a recent traveller; "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, tearless, laughing, vorcious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

Underground London.

Underground the city of London is certainly the most wonderful in the world. It is a labyrinth of drain pipes, water pipes, gas pipes and underground railways. There are points in the soil of London where it would be extremely difficult to find room for another pipe. One company alone—the Gas Light and Coke Company—supplies two districts with nearly 400 miles of pipes, varying in diamater from three inches to four feet. These are the main pipes merely, and from them every house and street lamp receives on an average six or eight feet of small piping. In addition to these and the underground telegraph wires there are less than 2500 miles of drain pipes of various dimensions. Less familiar to us but not less important, are the lead and iron tubes—leaden pipes with outer castings of iron—along which written messages, packed in little felt and gutta percha cases, are blown from station to station. The convenience of these messages is immense. A steam engine forces in a blast of air, and in about a minute it travels a distance of 980 yards. There are at present 13 stations on the underground railway, and, as the people walk upon the streets of London, electricity is flashing messages above their heads, and little missives are whizzing and darting just under their feet As many as 1500 messages pass to and fro in a day. The drainage system of London presents a world of underground streets, some two or three thousand miles in extent. All the drains empty into three great sewers, running parallel with the Thames, which sewers connect in the neighborhood of Victoria Park, and through Barking creek discharge into the river. Men are constantly employed keeping these drains in repair. Londoners never pour a pail of water down drain but at the depths of that mysterious aperture somebody is making way for it. A stranger, properly costumed, can explore these depths, which resemble vaulted galleries, in the sides of which are traps forming various small channels. When the storm waters come, as they sometimes do during a thunder storm, the torrent is fearful—so much so that upon several occasions men have lost their lives.

THE ROMANCE OF A RESTAURANT.—A Chicago correspondent of the Troy Times says:

"A bit of romance recently came to my notice which has not before appeared in print. Some time in December last a girl about seventeen years of age, who at that time was serving as table-waiter in a large dining restaurant, was arrested for stealing a package of money from the pocket of a gentleman's overcoat, which was hanging in the room while he was eating his dinner. At the preliminary examination a party swore to having seen her take the coat down and hang it up quickly again; that she soon left the room for a short time; and, as the money was not to be found she was held for trial. In vain she protested that she merely moved the coat to avoid its getting soiled, in vain with tearful eyes she offered to be searched. The circumstances were suspicious, and the officers inexorable.

In the mean time the gentleman who had lost the money become interested in her history found she was an orphan girl, and though comparatively friendless bearing an excellent character. Further than this, he ascertained she was of English parentage, that her name was the same as his own, and, to make the story short, from evidence which he could not disbelieve, that she was the daughter of his own brother, whom he supposed to have died childless in Australia several years ago. Of coures he declined prosecuting her, and, as he is wealthy and without near kin, he at once arranged to take her home with him, on his return from the West, whither he was en route. The other day he, with his newly adopted child so strangely brought to him, started for New York, whence they will soon sail for England.

A CURIOUS case, illustrative of the magnificent meaness of certain kinds of human nature, has lately come before a Brooklyn Court. Some seventeen years since one Wm Baker erased a name from a will and substituted his own. By this he fell heir to $100,000 worth of property, upon which as collateral he raised $60,000 borrowed money. He now refuses to pay the $60,000, because the will was fraudulent, brazenly admitting that he substituted his own for another man's name. Under the limitation statues he cannot be punished. In all Court records from earliest times we doubt if an example of meanness and criminal sharpness equal to this can be found. The perpetrater deserves to be spitted on the point of every pen in the country and held up to public opinion, since this is the only punishment that can now be meted him.

A MILLIONAIRE'S BOX AT A THEATRE.—A correspondent describes the private box of Mr. A. T. Stewart at Niblo's Garden, New York, which is said to equal in style, size and convenience, the box of any crowned head in Europe. It consists of a suite of four rooms, a large parlor, dressing room, cloak room, and box. They are richly carpeted and curtained, and the parlor has immense mirrors and one of the finest cut glass chandeliers in the city.—The dressing room has every appurtenance of the toilet, and his box is filled with luxurious Turkish chairs covered with crimson satin. A dance can be indulged in between the acts, if the orchestra be playing, or a supper be served from the Metropolitan Hotel, just across the court.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A KISS.—Helen Crager, an attractive young school teacher, was kissed against her will by a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. She caused him to be arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and he was fined and discharged from his position. She then went for the railroad company, and has just recovered one thousand dollars damages, the Circuit Court of Sank county, Wisconsin, ruling as a matter of law that the company was liable to the plaintiff for actual damage occasioned by the wrongful act of the conductor. Now let railroad companies take warning, and employ no conductor of rebement osculatory propensities.

AN Indiana school teacher had his eye blackened the other day for telling a farmer that the earth revolved. Such nonsense is not allowable in Indiana.

For the Kent News.

PLANT FOOD.

Is it wise to give your lands a *partial* supply of plant food, without being assured that the land itself contained the remaining elements? Or is it *economical* to manure your lands with *all* the elements of plant food, if you are assured that the soil already contains a sufficient supply of many which enter into the composition of the plant you wish to grow? The inorganic or mineral constituents of plants, though small in quantity, when compared with the organic part, are nevertheless essential, and must be considered just as indispensable for their growth as are the carbonic acid, ammonia and water. For the proof of this it is only necessary to let experiments speak. The result of observations made by the Prince of Salm-Hosmar (of Germany) in this matter, are especially interesting and to the point, and have established the following facts: With a mixture (as a fertilizer) containing all the various substances requisite for the nourishment of plants, *except silicia acid,* oat plants remained low, pale and dwarfish; *without lime,* they died after the second leaf; *without potash and soda,* they reached only a height of three inches; *without magnesia,* they remained weak and lying down; *without phosphoric or sulphuric acid,* very weak and without fruit, but upright and of normal formation; *without iron,* they remained very pale, weak and badly formed; *without manganese,* they did not reach their full strength, and showed but a few flowers. Soda could not supply the potash in relation to the strength of the plants; magnesia could not represent the lime. When, however, *all* of the mineral substances which vegetable life requires were present, in their proper proportions, and in sufficient quantity, the oat plants reached a complete and luxuriant development, even without humus, or any vegetable substance in the experimental mixture.

This view of the growth of plants receives additional confirmation from the well established fact that a soil formed from the disintegration of the Lava which has been poured forth from the crata of a burning volcano, is the *most productive* of any known to man. It is also the most *inexhaustable.* Peruvian guano, nor any known fertilizer, will not add a particle to its productiveness. Hence the importance of finding out *all* the mineral elements which the farmers land contains; and, likewise, of supplying the deficiency from without, if he wishes to grow complete and perfect plants. H.

THE BLUE LAWS.

CONNECTICUT TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Hartford *Times* republishes an episode of the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, which it explains are not "Connecticut" laws, but were enacted by the New Haven colony known as the "Dominion of New Haven." The reason of these regulations being called "blue" laws, was that the original copies were printed on blue paper. Some of them sound very odd to modern ears, as follows:

Whosoever says there is no power and jurisdiction above and over the dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true alliance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker, no dissension from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to Quaker, Adamite or heretic:

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrent

No one shall run on the Sabbath day or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss her children on Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

Every ratable person who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town or parish shall be fined by the court £51 4Is. every quarter until he or she pay the rate to the minister.

Whosoever wears clothes trimmed with gold or silver above 1s. yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender £300 estate.

A debtor in prison swearing he has no estase shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas or set days, eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum trumpet or jewsharp.

Every male must have his hair cut round according to his cap.

When one considers that but a little more than two centuries have elapsed since these were a portion of the law governing what is now a part of the State, is it a matter of surprise that men believing in freedom of conscience and individual liberty could have submitted to them.—One hundred years later their descendants precipitated a seven years' war rather than submit to a technical infringment on their personal rights.

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* recommends turpentine as a cure for lockjaw. He says: "Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, or of what nature it is, and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine, it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in very severe cases three to five drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle on hand." The remedy is simple and easily tested. In all serious cases an application should be made under needful advice.