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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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874. No. 2.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three time or 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.

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. ag12-y.

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. all-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 in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m.

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 fifth 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.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.
Bankers and Brokers,
No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

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.

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

Spring Opening!
1874.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

S. MERRITT & CO.,

Are now prepared to show at their store on Bordley's Corner, in Chestertown, a VERY LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

Spring and Summer
CLOTHING,
For MEN and BOYS.

ALSO, THE MOST COMPLETE VARIETY OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods!

Ever Offered to this Community,

Together with our usual

Large Stock of HATS

Embracing all the different grades and styles, all of which we will be pleased to show, feeling confident that

WE CANNOT FAIL TO PLEASE

both in Styles and Prices, as we are selling for the cash at small profits.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERED OR
CUSTOM WORK,
AND FITS GUARANTEED.

☞ Come and get the worth of your money in GOOD GOODS, as well as FASHIONABLE STYLES and CUTS.

S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
May 16, 1874.

COLIN F. STAM. LOUIS K. STAM.

C. F. Stam & Bro.

Cor. High and Court Sts.,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

APOTHECARIES, BOOKSELLERS,
AND
STATIONERS.
AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, and Paint Brushes.

SOLE AGENTS FOR KENT COUNTY FOR

BRADLEY'S
PATENT ENAMEL PAINT,

The Cheapest, Most Durable and Brilliant Paint in the Market It is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best.

GLINE'S
Slate Roofing Paint,

in any quantity. French's Tip Top Iron Paint for Roofs, French, Richard's & Co.'s Tip Top and John W. Masury & Co's Strictly Pure and Pure Colors for Coach Makers' and Painters' use. John T. Lewis & Bro.'s Strictly Pure White Lead.

LUBRICATING OILS a Specialty!

Whale, Neat's Foot, Lard, Sperm, Engine and West Virginia. We buy for Cash, and Sell for Cash at City Prices.

☞ *Do not fail to Call and Examine our Prices before purchasing elsewhere.*

C. F. STAM & BRO.
Chestertown, May 9, 1872.

SHOULD you want Summer Undershirts, Drawers, Linen Bosom Shirts, Calico or Percal Shirts, Cotton or Thread Socks; Collars, paper or linen; paper or linen Cuffs, Shirt Bosoms, Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., call on S. MERRITT & CO., and get the worth of your money. S. MERRITT & CO.
Chestertown, May 16.

BLCH'D AND BROWN MUSLINS, of all Grades, by the piece, cheap, at J. H. SIMPERS'.
May 2.

New Millinery and Notions!

Mrs. S. A. Usilton,

WOULD call the attention of the Ladies of Chestertown and vicinity to a fine assortment of

New and Beautiful Millinery Goods, And NOTIONS,

embracing all the newest SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES, which she is selling at the very lowest prices. An examination of her goods and prices is respectfully solicited.

STAMPING neatly done at short notice.
Store next door above Mr. T. S. Wickes'.
my16-3t. MRS. S. A. USILTON.

Mrs. H. C. Carroll,
Fashionable Milliner

MRS. CARROLL would most respectfully announce to her friends and patrons, and the public generally, that having disposed of her ENTIRE STOCK OF FALL GOODS, has just returned from purchasing a Large and varied Stock of the most desirable

Spring Goods,

including in part all the latest novelties in HATS BONNETS, RIBBONS, TURQUOISE SILKS, LACE & SILK TIES, &c. She is now prepared to meet the wants of her customers in EVERY PARTICULAR. She asks but a trial to insure satisfaction.

Thanking her friends for past favors, she respectfully asks a continuance of the same.
May 2, 1874—3t.

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.

To Cash Buyers!!

OWING to the demands upon me for money I shall commence THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, and continue until the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, to **sell off my Stock of Goods at Ten per cent. below usual price!**

☞ Buyers are requested to call and examine my goods and prices, and convince themselves that I am selling far below the usual market prices.

S. FRANK. SMITH.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts as I am in need of money.

S. FRANK. SMITH.
April 18, 1874—7t.

A PROCLAMATION!

BE it known to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that JOS. H. THOMPSON, (just what's wanted) has returned to Chestertown, to engage in the

Boot & Shoe Business

and has opened in the room recently occupied by the late Wm. A. Vickers. The patronage of his old friends and the public generally is solicited.

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL VARIETIES,
FOR LADIES and GENTLEMEN, TRUNKS, &c.

French Calf Skin Boots, Scotch Soles, Alexis Tie, whole and Half Box, Creole Gaiters, all custom work.

Ladies custom work all varieties.
EASTERN WORK of all varieties and kinds.
☞ Sold at City Prices for the Money
JOSEPH H. THOMPSON.
May 9, 1874—1y.

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 & Hutchison, 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 $50 to $100.

Chestertown, Md., Mar. 28, '74—tf.

MERCHANDISE

FOR disposition at private sale: a quantity of DRY GOODS, for Spring and Summer use, in good condition—invoiced at and below cost—and amounting to about $800. Also, a quantity of Shoes. Terms accommodating.
Apply to the Editors. mp16-3t.

WANTED—Several Good Farms,

UNENCUMBERED, or lightly mortgaged, with, or without, Stock, Implements, &c., in exchange for well located property in New York city and vicinity, paying a remunerative interest. Address with full particulars,
a25-6t* JOHN P. R. POLK, ATT'Y AT LAW, Wilmington, Del.

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS received this morning. Selling Low at
May 2. J. H SIMPERS'.

REBUKED.

"I would," she said, "that we might sit
Here side by side, as now, forever;
That our two hands, thus closely knit,
Might never be compelled to sever.

This moment is the happiest
Of any moment of my living,
And oh! I fear it is the best
My fortune ever will be giving.

Yes, with my joy some fear is mixed—
I will not try love to dissemble;
For nothing changeless is, or fixed,
And at the thought of change I tremble.

I would I knew beyond all doubt,
That these loved bonds would ne'er be riven;
O, if this moment might stretch out
Eternally, it would be Heaven!"

At first her lover did not speak,
But clasped her close, and for a token
He kissed her brow, and kissed her cheek,
And then his soft rebuke was spoken.

"My darling," low she heard him say,
"If we might stop Time's wheels from turning,
I fear it would not be a day
Ere that for change we would be yearning.

Change is the wise God's wise decree—
Too great a blessing for our scorning;
Change still is progress; so we see
The dawn of every better morning.

O, ask not fixedness for me—
Fortune will bring us change, and let her,
Only must our endeavor be
That every change be for the better."

Things We Like to See.

We like to see young ladies who are bitter enemies kiss each other very affectionately when they meet. It reminds us of a man named Judas who lived several years ago.

We like to see a fashionably dressed lady promenading the streets wearing a blue silk dress, trailing a yard behind her in the mud—it cleans the streets so nicely. We like to see young men very polite and obliging to other young ladies, who are scarcely civil to their sisters at home—it proves that the lords of creation are void of deception.

We like to see little boys come to church in the evening, and amuse themselves by sticking pins in their sleepy neighbors—it shows that they are not burying their talents in the earth!

We like to see a man invariably throw his newspaper, boots and hat on the floor for his tired wife to pick up—it is evidence that he remembers the promise to "cherish her!"

We like to see the choir spend their time during the divine service in whispering and telling stories—it helps to appreciate the sermon, and convinces us that they are capable of singing "with the spirit and the understanding also!"

We like to see young ladies keep their jaws in constant motion, endeavoring to masticate a huge ball of chewing gum—it looks so lady-like!

We like to see a man sporting fast horses, while he owes the printer and gives nothing to the minister—it looks honorable! There are many other things we would like to see, but we forbear.

The Secret of Dress.

The great mistake made by many ladies is that of spending a large sum of money on one or two very handsome toilettes, intended for dressy occasions, and by this means not only rendering these dresses so expensive that they are rarely worn, and then in "fear and trembling," thus becoming old fashioned before half worn out, but at the same time so curtailing the sum set aside for toilette purposes that all the other articles of dress have to suffer. This is a mistake never made by the true Parisienne; she, on the contrary, pays particular attention to the dresses for every day wear, and seen by every one, and thus, while spending far less, appears always well dressed, to the utter eclipse of those who do not happen to have on their best dresses. This is exemplified even in so small an article as a fan. The foreigner or provincial will have one very handsome fan for grand occasions; the Parisienne will buy several for less money, of course not so handsome but of different colors, assorted to her toilette, and giving her a far more elegantly finished appearance than the lady who is forced to use the same fan whatever color her dress is.

OUR SOCIAL LIFE.—Some people never make acquaintances, but shut themselves up from their kind as does an oyster in his shell; while others, and by far the happier—are never at a loss for cheerful companionship. It is not hard to make acquaintances if we set about it in the right way; but it is useless to hang back and wait every door to be opened; we must push them ourselves. Said a lady to us the other day: "I never make acquaintances in traveling; I wish I could." Said another: "I get acquainted with everybody. I talk to the women who sweep the ferry boats, and to any decent person who happens to sit by me in the cars. I find 'every human heart is human,' and that I can learn something I didn't know before from every new acquaintance, or communicate information that may be valuable to her." We are, most of us, too apt to stand on our dignity and wait for advance from others; to indulge a captious disposition, and criticise when we would commend. The cultivation of a genial, charitable, benevolent spirit will not injure any of us, and will certainly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.

THE Annapolis *Gazette* is responsible for the following:

AN ESCORT.—It is rumored that a number of our highly respectable and moral young gentlemen contemplate establishing in Annapolis a branch of the association recently organized in the West, whose object it is to furnish young ladies who have no regular beau an escort to church, concerts, lectures, and other places of amusement. All members have to undergo a rigid examination as to character, etc., before they are admitted, and they obligate themselves to obey all the orders of the Executive Committee. Any lady wishing an escort has only to apply to the President of the Association, naming the evening an escort is wanted, and a young man is detailed for the purpose. As soon as a young man becomes engaged in marriage he must withdraw from the association.

HELP others, and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

OUR KATE'S WEDDING.

When Herman Gross came home from Germany, where he had completed his studies, and the new sign with "H. Gross, M. D." was hung out on the window shutter, all the young girls in the town went wild over the event. "Such eyes! Such a figure! Such a manner!" they cried, while the old girls said little, but many grew suddenly indisposed, and needed medical attendance! Later, when both young and old discovered to their keen disappointment how little the new comer cared for flirtation, in its general sense, they became more eager for his attentions; for the unattainable is precious to mankind, and maddening to girls!

Things stood in this manner, the all "pulling caps" (and each other's ears) for the "Her Doctor," and he calmly, coolly and composedly looked on at the tournament of "Cap and Belle," when just after Christmas times it was announced by the Doctor's sister that "Herman was to marry Kate Miller in the Spring, and take her to Europe on a wedding tour." A tidal wave of wonder swept over the community at this startling piece of news.—"Where could he! How did she! Why did he!" were the breathless questions that surged far and near. And when the plain, true answer came following back on the ebb of the disturbed tide, that it all happened thro' the machinations of a little blind boy, Love, by name, the young girls determined to hunt up this same entant terrible, while the old girls sickened again but needed no medical assistance this time. Some of the married people even "talked" and said his marrying was "extravagant," and a transatlantic tour "insane!" But Herman Gross was neither the one nor the other, and when he asked for our Kate, he proved to the mother that he was not only in a position to marry and take a wife to Europe, but to take care of her excellently well while there, and ever after; and finding that she could not demur on that score, the mother promised our Kate's hand, for he already held her heart.

It was finally settled for the early summer, as Herman was to accompany a committee of physicians that were going abroad concerning some scientific subject, at that time, and so after the soft April showers had kissed the frost-bitten ground and the warm May sunshine had coaxed out the blossoms, June came with all her sweet summer airs, and flowers, and luscious fruits, and it was then we had "Our Kate's Wedding." Every one declared afterward that it was the very loveliest of weddings. We girls had agreed, long ago, when we had dreamed of the possible future—as all girls have a habit of doing,—that when the "time" came no one should do a thing toward it but ourselves. Therefore, five pair of hands did a great deal of work in a short space of time. For weeks there was a rattling of machines and merry tongues; for days there were wonderful beatings and stirrings going on down in the kitchen, and finally a general refreshing, refluting, and re-ribboning of curtains and drapery, and "the day" arrived. Early that morning, after we had arranged the parlors, each one declared that "it couldn't look prettier!" Whether a flower could be cluster bloomed. We took off the piano cover, and in the centre, and on each four corners we placed shells, and filled their great white scalloped mouths with blossoms, which were all reflected back from its polished surface, as from the bosom of some woodland lake. On every bracket a bouquet breathed out incense for the bride, of rose and lilysyringa, and jessamine, and it was a very bower of Eden.

The minutes seemed to fly away that morning ("on the wings of love," Fan declared) and it soon grew time to hurry to the mother's room, where we were to dress our bride. We all helped at the "grand toilet." Nell brushed and curled and coiled the soft brown hair; Fan laced the little white boots, Lue looped up the long white drapery with lilies of the valley and orange buds. Some one knocked at the door at last, saying that "Herman and the minister were waiting." Then, as Nell hurried to place on the veil and wreath, Kate put up her hands, crying, "No, let mother," and turning to where she sat watching us with dim eyes, Kate knelt at her feet, and in half broken sentences asked pardon for her childhood's willful faults and follies, now fading into the past, and dimmed already by the glorious light of life and motherhood dawning in the distant future! The mother fastened on the bridal wreath, and asked a blessing. Then we all kissed one another and went down.

We had no groomsmen. Only we girls stood. Kate said it should be so, and Herman assented. The parlors were filled, and the rooms seemed to swim in a delicious sea of pretty flowers and faces, as we entered. The doors were wide open; and Dick, the canary, who hung out in the hall, sang loudly all through the ceremony.

When the minister asked "Who giveth this woman to be this man's wife?" Gyp, our little tan terrier, started up from somewhere and gave out one little shrill bark. Fan's white shoulders at this began to shake, but uncle Perry stepping forward and answering quickly, and Dr. Cheever's going immediately on, there was a check to the little ripple of smiles that threatened to break out into wavelets of nervous laughter. When it was all through, and everybody had shaken Herman's poor hand and kissed our Kate, and called her "Mrs. Gross," and seeing her dimples come out to laugh at the strange new name, Fan came rushing up with Gyp struggling in her arms, and said to Herman, "There, thank him, brother-in-law, for your wife." We all had our laugh quite out then and Gyp was "engaged for several weddings ahead."

We were rewarded for our "beatings and stirrings" and aching wrist, when everybody said our table was "so beautiful." The cakes were all wreathed and garlanded with flowers, the jellies one could "see through," and all were as delicious to the palate as they were to the eye. When the wedding cake was cut, and Kate helped each girl, and Herman each young gentleman to a slice, the girls all began to crumble the pieces up quite mysteriously, which curious way of disposing of bride's cake was fully explained to the gentlemen later, when Fan cried out joyously, "Oh, look! it's me," and, sure enough, she had the ring! A hearty laugh followed her evident delight over the prospect of being the next bride, and it was considered a joke, with three elder sisters, and ten times three more marriageable girls in the room. We heard the carriage rattling outside and Herman began to consult his watch after the usual impatient manner of bridegrooms—is it because on such occasions they are of only secondary consideration, and want to hurry away from the scene?

All the girls went up with Kate, to help her change her white dress for the pretty traveling suit of dove color, and though we sisters laughed and chatted with the rest, we felt a pain at our hearts when we remembered the "How long?" before we should be together again, and the "Never more" that was already sounding through the vacant chamber of our girl days! When all were dressed and ready Kate looked all through the old rooms where we had slept and risen together all our lives, and with a trembling voice she said, half smiling, "Good-bye, sweet home,—Good-bye, girlhood,—Good-bye!"

The trunks were on the carriage; kisses were given,—good wishes uttered,—some prayers went up to heaven for the happy new life started,—and soon they rode away. Nora threw the slipper after the carriage, crying, "and sure an' we will kape the mate for Miss Fan!"

Then the guests all departed, and we were alone again. We looked at one another with tearful eyes, and then the mother smiled a little sadly, saying, "It is but right,—so I did,—so will her daughters do some day!" And though we all declared we never would leave the dear old mother, she shook her head and looked incredulous.

Men whom the Girls are advised not to Marry.

The *American Register* prints the views of a correspondent—a lady—as to whom girls ought *not* to marry. The list is so long that we fear no men will be left for those who follow her advice:

Don't marry a man over forty; he bristles with habits as English young ladies do with angles.

Don't marry a man who stops your mouth with compliments, makes desperate love to you the first time he sees you and talks about kissing. That man thinks women are fools, but he is mistaken.

Don't marry a man who tells wonderful stories of which he is always the hero, and in which he always distinguishes himself by extraordinary wit, or sagacity, or courage, or presence of mind—these qualities not being, as a rule, conspicuous in him.

Don't marry a man who has many sisters. Such a man is always spoiled; besides which, it is not pleasant to be engaged to a man who knows all about your false hair, and how much your dress cost a yard. No woman can ever be an ideal divinity to a man who has a whole squadron of sisters.

Don't marry a man who says every woman ought to know how to cook

Don't marry a man who wears an eyeglass or tight boots with high heels, who curls his hair or his moustache, who puts scent in his whiskers or bleaches his eyelids, who lisps, who has his finger-nails long and pointed, carefully cut almond shape, who wears four buttoned gloves, takes six and three quarters and tells you so; who if he be dark wears a red cravat; if he be fair, a sky blue one—there is no surer indication of a man's character than his necktie; I always look at that first—who has enamelled visiting cards and a brilliant monogram, and who always wears a rosebud in his button hole.

Don't marry a man who keeps bulldogs. He is sure to be like them.

Don't marry a man who gets up very early. Nothing makes a person so insufferably conceited.

Don't marry a man whom nobody ever says any evil of. Be sure that he is a poor creature.

Don't marry a man who doesn't smoke, and who prides himself upon it.

Don't marry a man who invents things. Invention is the offspring of necessity.

Don't marry a good-natured man. Good nature is to a man what the gilt leaf the naughty boys sometimes adorn a sparrow with is to that unhappy bird. All other sparrows get round him and peck at him.

A Wonderful Cave.

In the range of mountains in Western North Carolina known as "Fork Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is a *breathing cave*. In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person can't walk against it, while in the winter its suction is great. The cool air from the mountain in the summer is felt for miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from the dead carcasses of animals sucked in and killed by its violence. The loss of cattle and stock in that section in winter is accounted for in this way: they range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation begins, the air is filled with various hairs of animals, not unfrequently bones and carcasses are seen miles from the place. The air has been known to change materially in temperature during exhalation from quite cool to unpleasantly hot, withering vegetation that is within reach accompanied by a terrible roaring gurgling sound as of a pot boiling. It is unaccounted for by scientific men who have examined it, though no exploration can take place. It is feared by many that a volcanic eruption may break from there some time.—Such things have occurred in places as little unexpected.—*Exchange.*

BREAKING DOWN OF A FAMOUS RACE HORSE.—Mr. Sanford's famous race horse Monarchist, six years old, is reported to have broke down and thus terminated his turf career. He was the winner of several highly contested races. In Baltimore in 1872 he won the three mile purse, and this was his last race. He went amiss in the spring of last year, and did not appear throughout the entire season. This year he was booked for the Monmouth and Saratoga cups, in which he would have met Tom Bowling, and their prospective encounter was anticipated with great interest by turfmen. During his exercise in the early part of last week the tendons of his foreleg gave away, and his racing career abruptly terminated.

"I'M not much for shtump spakin," declared a candidate at Dubuque, "but for honesty and capacity and integrity, I bate the devil—so I do."

A GOOD JOKE.

Messrs. Editors:—Knowing that you are fond of a good joke I venture to send you one, showing how the credulity of an inexperienced youth may be imposed upon, thereby "pointing a moral" and perhaps "adorning a tale." I will give it as it was told, vouching for its truthfulness.

Some few years ago two gentlemen then residing near Middletown, Delaware, were in attendance at court then in session at New Castle. The elder (Mr. R.) had seen much of the world and his wisdom teeth cut by reason of constant contact with it, and withal a most irrepressible practical joker. The other, (Mr. K.,) a youth just stepping on the busy stage of life, without the remotest idea of the snares and pitfalls in his way, but of a very inquiring turn of mind. This was his first visit inside the halls of justice. Of course all was new and strange to him. In the course of his investigations he noticed that the Judges by turns retired occasionally to a room immediately in the rear of where they sat. This excited his curiosity, and being desirous of gaining all the information possible, he inquired of his friend, Mr. R., the cause of their doing so. Mr. R., with the greatest gravity imaginable, replied they kept very fine liquors in that room and they went out occasionally to take a drink, so that they might bear the fatigues of the day, and that he himself had often gone there to "smile." Mr. K. asked very eagerly if it was free to every one. By no means, said Mr. R., but if you are desirous of testing the quality of the liquors I can put you in a way of doing so. Mr. K. expressed his extreme happiness, and a desire to go at once.

There are certain forms to go through with, said Mr. R. In the first place, you must approach the Judge (Gilpin) and wink at him three times with both eyes; if that is not successful, then take your thumb, place it on your nose, extend your fingers as far out as possible, moving them slowly, (giving him practical illustration at the same time,) and you will then be admitted at once.

Our young friend proceeded forthwith, presented himself before the Judge, and winked three times. The astonished Judge demanded to know what he meant by such conduct, whereupon our young verdant proceeded to carry out the other part of his instructions, placing his thumb to his nose, waving his fingers slowly in the most ludicrous manner. This was too much for his Honor, and he demanded to know, in the most savage manner, what he wanted and who sent him there. He told him his business, and that his friend, Mr. R., had sent him. The Judge began to see light dawning, giving him a short but severe lecture, telling him to go on about his business, and that if he and Mr. R. were not careful they would both find themselves in jail before night.

Our young friend retired, a sadder if not a wiser man. Judge Gilpin withdrew as soon as he conveniently could, not to "smile," but to *explode* with laughter.—Our friend, Mr. R., had his joke and was happy, and tells it with the keenest zest till this day. VERITAS.

A Novel Way of Reducing Convulsions.

Dr. Brown Sequard, the famous Paris physician, in a lecture delivered in Boston last week, related the case of "a very intelligent negro, whose master was affected with a disease of the spinal cord which produced convulsions in the lower limbs. The most intense stiffness would manifest itself in the lower limbs. They were rigid like a bar of iron for a time, and after ten minutes of this extreme rigidity they began to have violent jerks. The jerks then disappeared and the rigidity returned.—All day long the lower limbs were in this state of muscular contraction. His servant, the negro, having to dress him, found it very difficult to put on his pantaloons. One day he by chance took hold of his big toe, and found as he pulled it that the limbs became perfectly soft and moveable. The convulsions had disappeared altogether. The negro certainly had a natural genius for science. He learned the meaning of the fact. He learned that whenever he wanted to push his master's pantaloons up he had only to pull his big toe down. He succeeded every time. And as the master found the cessation of the convulsions useful at other times besides when he was dressing, the negro was asked very frequently to act on the big toe in order to effect it.—This fact is not a unique one. I have seen fourteen such cases. Many of my medical friends have also seen them."

TO BE CARRIED IN YOUR POCKET.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hand cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at a game of chance. Avoid temptation through the fear you may not understand. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you can see your way to get out. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

IT is now announced, on the authority of course, of an "eminent physician," that it is not considered healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to man. Wives can rise at seven and start the fire, as heretofore.

THE instructions to the police force of Alexandria are: "Don't arrest the Mayor or any member of the Common Council for intoxication, but assist them home and say nothing about it."

NEXT to the sweetness of having a friend whom you can trust, is the convenience of having a friend who will occasionally trust you. SAPPINGTON

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN.

The discontented Woman would seem to be becoming an unpleasant family type of character. A really contented woman, thoroughly well pleased with her duties and her destiny, may almost be said to be the exception rather than the rule in these days of tumultuous revolt from all fixed conditions and vagrant energies searching for interest in new spheres of thought and action. It seems impossible to satisfy the Discontented Woman by any means short of changing the whole order of nature and society for her benefit. And even then the chances are that she would get wearied of her own work, and, like Alexander, weep for more worlds to re-arrange according to her liking, with the powers to take or to leave, as her humor might decide, the duties she had voluntarily assumed, as she claims now the power of discarding those which have been given her from the beginning. As things are, nothing contents her; and the key-note which shall put her in harmony with existing conditions, or make her ready to bear the disagreeable burdens which she has been obliged to carry from Eve's time downward, has yet to be found. If she is unmarried, she is discontented at the want of romance in her life; her main desire is to exchange her father's house for a home of her own; her pride is pained at the prospect of being left an old maid, unsought by men, and her instincts rebel at the thought that she may never know maternity—the strongest desire of the average woman. But if she is married the causes of her discontent are multiplied indefinitely, and where she was out of harmony with one circumstance she is now in discord with twenty. She is discontented on all sides—because her husband is not her lover, and marriage is not perpetual courtship; because he is so irritable that life with him is like walking among thorns if she makes the mistake of a hair's breadth, or because he is so imperturbably good-natured that he maddens her with his stolidity, and cannot be made jealous even when she flirts before his eyes! Or she's discontented because she has so many household duties to perform—the dinner to order, the books to keep, the servants to manage; because she has not enough liberty, or because she has too much responsibility; because she has so few servants that she has to work with her own hands, or because she has so many that she is at her wit's end to find occupation for them all, not to speak of discipline and good management. As a mother she is discontented at the loss of personal freedom compelled by her condition, at the physical annoyances and the mental anxieties included in the list of her nursery grievances. She would probably fret grievously if she had no children at all; but she frets quiet as much when they come. In the former case she is humiliated, in the latter inconvenienced, and in both discontented. Indeed, the way in which so many women deliver up their children to the supreme control of hired nurses proves practically enough the depths of their discontent with maternity when they have it.

If the Discontented Woman is rich she speaks despondingly of the difficulties included in the fit ordering of large means. If she is poor, life has no joys worth having when frequent change of scene is unattainable, and the milliner's bill is a domestic calamity that has been curtailed. If she lives in the city she laments the the want of freedom and fresh air for the children, and makes the unhappy father, toiling at office from ten till seven, feel himself responsible for the pale cheeks and attenuated legs, which are probably to be referred to injudicious diet and the frequency of juvenile dissipations. But if she is in the country, then all the charm of existence is centred in the city and its thoroughfares. She cannot breathe among the mountains. The moor and plain are too exposed. The sea gives her a fit of melancholy whenever she looks at it, and calls it cruel, crawling, hungry, with a passion that sounds odd to those who love it. She hates the leafy tameness of the woods, and longs for the freer uplands, the vigorous wolds of her early days.—Wherever, in short, the discontented Woman is, it is just where she would rather not be; and she holds fate and her husband cruel beyond words because she cannot be transplanted into the exact opposite of her present position. So she mopes and moons through the days, finding no pleasure anywhere, taking no interest in anything, viewing herself as a wifely martyr and the oppressed victim of circumstances; and then she wonders that her husband is always ready to leave her company, and that he evidently finds her more tiresome than delightful. If she would cultivate a little more content, she might probably change the aspect of things even to finding the mountains beautiful and the sea sublime; but dissatisfaction with her condition is the Nessus garment which clings to the unhappy creature like a second self, destroying all her happiness and the chief part of her usefulness.

ON SHARES.—A good story, and all the better in its being true, is told of one of our citizens, who let a piece of ground to a man on shares. The man would hire the lot, but the owner, doubtful of getting any money of the tenant, proposed to let it upon the promise of receiving half the products. Occasionally during the summer he passed the spot, and was pleased with the cultivation it was receiving, and with its goodly show of vegetables. Harvest time came and passed, and he heard nothing from his tenant, till, in response to a hint, the latter sent to him one water melon and three shriveled cucumbers.—Indignant at this, shabby treatment, he called upon the man, and asked him what it meant. "Why, you see, 'squire," replied the tenant, "the pesky boys stole all your half, but the melons and cucumbers."

AN APT QUOTATION.—His reverence coming into the Colorado House last Sunday afternoon, was invited by the urbane proprietor to *irrigate*. Being in an arid state, he consented to take a glass of lemonade, but accidently took a brandy cocktail which had been mixed for Mr. Mariatowskie, and drank it off without noticing his mistake. "Why, Doctor," said Frank, when he observed the disappearance of his sustenance, "that was my horn you drank." "Ah, my young friend," quoth the good old man, with a benevolent smile and a smack of his lips, whilst the moisture stood on the inside of his venerable spectacles—"Ah, my young friend, *the horn of the ungodly shall be put down.*"