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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.
☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874. No. 10.

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. all-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. ag12-y.

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. fs-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 9 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. apl1-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the firsth 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.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
Jan31. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

Light Cassimere Clothing
FOR SUMMER WEAR,
IN BRIGHT and DARK COLORS.

We have just laid in, and invite the attention of our customers, to a fine line of

Seasonable CASSIMERE CLOTHING
In Suits and in Single Garments,

gotten up in desirable styles, and, as usual, of first class material.

These goods were selected with considerable care, and are offered upon reasonable terms.

☞ We have, also, on hand, a well assorted stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Canton-braid and Soft Hats, and low-priced Hats for the field.

T. S. WICKES.
June 13, 1874.

MANILLA MATTINGS, for sale by
June 13. T. S. WICKES.

ENGLISH GRAIN BLADES—ENGLISH GRASS BLADES—with Patent Snathes and HARVEST HARDWARE generally, on hand and for sale by
June 13, 1874. T. S. WICKES.

PURE FRENCH BRANDY,
REAL HENNESSEY,

ENGLISH and IRISH MALT GOODS, of genuine importation, constantly on hand with T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, June 13, 1874.

For the Summer!
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.

For the Harvest of 1874!

We are offering to the FARMERS OF KENT COUNTY for 1874,

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS IN REAPING MACHINES.

We are selling ALL KINDS. Among the best is the

BUCKEYE MILLER TABLE RAKE
A NEW MACHINE,

Is preferred to all other machines—cutting five feet six inches. Two separate cuts, one for Reaping and one for Mowing.

For $15 extra we give a Dropper Attachment, making two complete machines—a Self-Rake complete and Dropper complete.

☞ Call and see it before buying.

WE SELL THE
Wood, Marsh Harvester, and Russell Reaper.
We are also offering an inducement on
Threshers, Engines and Horse Powers
Both in TERMS AND PRICE.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Dealers in all kinds of Machinery & Phorphates,
(Next door to Kent Nat. Bank,)
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
May 24, 1874—2m.

Harvest Goods!

BEFORE BUYING YOUR HARVEST GOODS call and get *our* Prices.

Harvest Whiskeys
LOWEST IN KENT COUNTY.

☞ Don't fail to go to SAPPINGTON'S. It will pay you. J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Chestertown, June 13, 1874.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
TO
CASH BUYERS
In DRY GOODS, Shoes, Notions, &c.
June 13. By J. H. SIMPERS.

THE DELAWARE PREMIUM FRUIT CRATE and BASKET
Is the Lightest, Strongest, Best Ventilated, Most Durable, Most Economical, the Safest Carrier, and altogether
The Best Crate and Basket
IN THE MARKET.

THIS Crate and Basket, both of which are Patented and manufactured by the undersigned, combines all the advantages desirable to growers and shippers of small fruits.—*Thorough ventilation, close packing,* and *safe carriage,* are secured in the peculiar construction of each crate and basket.

They are made of all the usual sizes, of the *best materials and workmanship,* and with *special* reference to *durability* and *strength;* the Crates being firmly secured at the corners with clasps of galvanized iron. They have been awarded FIRST PREMIUMS at all Agricultural Fairs at which they have yet been exhibited, and are being rapidly adopted by our oldest and most successful growers.

I also manufacture, *to order,* a *shallow* pint basket, specially adapted to shipping Raspberries, and designed to pack in quart Crates, requiring only the use of additional trays.

They will be sold at the following rates:

For 60 quart Crates - - -	$1 40
" 48 " " - - -	1 25
" 32 " " - - -	1 00
" 90 pint " " - - -	1 40
" 60 " " - - -	1 25
" 32 " " - - -	85

Quart and Pint Baskets at reduced rates. Extra trays will be furnished at 4, 5 and 6 cts. each according to size.
Address the Patentee and Manufacturer,

J. H. MARVIL, Laurel, Del.,
—OR—
R. E. WALLIS, Kennedyville, Md.,
Agent for Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's and Talbot Counties.

☞ A supply now on hand.
They may also be had of the following Local Agents:

W. A. Gassaway - - -	*Masseys.*
W. S. Merritt - - -	*Millington.*
Moore & Beacham - -	*Buck Neck.*
Hines & Burchinal - -	*Chestertown.*
Wm. F. Wroth - - -	*Still Pond.*
Hall & Feddeman - -	*Centreville.*

June 20—2m

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

CHAPTER 250.

AN ACT to prevent the carrying of guns, pistols, dirks, dirk-knives, razors, billies or bludgeons, by any person in Kent, Queen Anne's or Montgomery counties, on the day of election in the said counties.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That from and after the passage of this Act it shall not be lawful for any person in Kent, Queen Anne's or Montgomery Counties, to carry on the days of election, secretly, or otherwise, any gun, pistol, dirk, dirk-knife, razor, billy or bludgeon, and any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof before any Justice of the Peace in either of said counties, shall be fined not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars, and on refusal to pay said fine shall be committed by such Justice of the peace to the Jail of the county, until the same is paid.

Section 2. And be it enacted, That the fines collected under this Act shall be paid by the officer collecting the same, to the School Commissioners of the county where such offense shall have been committed, for School purposes.

Section 3. And be it enacted, That any Constable of either of said counties, or the Sheriff thereof, who shall refuse to arrest any person violating any provision of this Act, upon information of such offence, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, before the Circuit Court for such county, shall be fined not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, and shall be forthwith discharged from office.

We hereby certify that the aforesaid is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1874.

Approved 6th of April, 1874.

A. GASSAWAY,
Secretary of the Senate.
M. V. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
July 11, 1874—3t.

Ratification Notice.

GEORGE VICKERS AND OTHERS,
versus
WILLIAM T. BAKER and Others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity.

APRIL TERM, 1874.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate, in the above entitled cause made and reported by CHARLES H. BAKER, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the ninth day of September next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the ninth day of March next.

The Report states the amount of the sales to be $15,000.00

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
July 11, 1874—4t.

Ice-Cream! Ice-Cream! Ice-Cream!

WM. F. MURR & BRO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STEAM ICE-CREAM,
AND
WATER ICES,
139—Cor. Hanover and Barre Sts.,
Branch Establishment—375 W. Lombard-st.,
BALTIMORE.

☞ Orders for Ice Cream, all Flavors, Water Ices, &c., promptly attended to. Families, Parties, Weddings, Pic-nics, Balls, Excursions, Dealers, etc., furnished at the shortest notice.
July 4, 1874—3m.

Harvest Whiskies!

New Arrival 2500 Gallons Whiskey!

☞ Go to BEN STRAUSS' ☜
If you want Good and Cheap Whiskey.

You can at all times get the cheapest and best Whiskey at from $1.15 to $8 per gallon. I have just received 2500 gallons, which I will sell during the Harvest at the above prices.

Come and see for yourselves, and be satisfied that you can save at least 25 per cent. at BEN STRAUSS'. I have also on hand a large stock of WINES, Raspberry & Lemon Syrups, Smoking and Chewing TOBACCO, Segars, Snuffs and Pipes, all at the lowest figures.

BEN STRAUSS, Agent.
Chestertown, June 13, 1874.

WANTED.—Bacon, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Rags, and everything marketable, at SUTTON'S, Galena.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remark'd to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

Moral Courage in Daily Life.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

A Beautiful Ornament.

As I am an advocate of your paper and its principles, and also learn from its columns that ladies are invited to lend their assistance, I send you the following beautiful and easily made ornament for winter, suitable for either window, mantelpiece, center or dining-table:

Take a goblet with the foot and stem broken or cut off, so that the bowl will be perfect; take coarse red flannel, the redder the better, stitch it neatly around the bowl, or goblet, so as to cover it completely on the outside; dip it in water, so as to wet it thoroughly, then roll it in flaxseed; the seed will stick in and on the flannel; be sure that the seed is distributed even, then stand it on its mouth, or large end, in a saucer or small plate; put water in the small plate, or saucer, and renew or add to it as it absorbs Never let the vessel get dry, nor suffer it to chill or freeze. It can and will grow in any part of the room, and will be a deep green with red ground.—*Mrs. R. J. K.*

Just a few Words for the Babies.

In July and August the baby becomes, or ought to become, a point of public interest. When it becomes the victim of bad ventilation, uncleanliness, or indigestion, it is a matter of deliberate cruelty. The New York Tribune, in disscussing the subject, says:

"Washing might be called the basis of a baby's salvation through teething; a thorough sousing of the little body in plenty of cold water every morning, and when the weather is extremely hot a tepid sponge bath at night; washing, too, constantly of all clothes and cloths used by the infant, to afford it perfectly clean garments at all times. Whatever milk be given should be thoroughly sweet and cool; infants under two years should be restricted in their diet to milk, oatmeal mush or gruel carefully prepared, and beef broth or minced raw beef in small quantities. An infant never cries unless when angry, hurt or sick, and through these perilous two months the helpless little creatures require not only the skillful care of a wise mother, but the brooding love of the most tender one." If they do fret and cry (the editor says,) against the discomforts and pains of a world into which they came without a choice, and which shows them just now its roughest side, what wonder.

THE late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is:—To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology and all other ologies and osophics, are ostentatious rubbish. That education is imperfect which stops short of the full development of the moral, intellectual and physical powers.

A CHICAGO paper is urging the Mayor to take a holiday for the rest of his term.

MARRIAGE:

Who to Marry--How to Marry--When to Marry--Important Facts about Marriage, etc.

BY A YOUNG UNMARRIED LADY.

A young lady contributor to the *American Register* of London having recently perused an interesting work entitled, "The Young Woman's Guide," is moved to make some very sensible comments thereupon- In the work in question, there was, she says, one short chapter, headed, "How to Behave During Courtship," which very sensibly directed the young lady not to seem as if she expected the proposal till it came, not to sit in corners with a gentleman, and never allow him to squeeze her hand till she was engaged to him. There was another one, still shorter, devoted to "How to Choose a Husband"—like the passages in Housekeeper's Manuals headed "How to Choose a Fish," "How to Choose Mutton"—and treating the subject in an apologetic way, as if marriage were a species of accidental evil, which every well regulated young woman should do her best to avoid; but if by chance it came, like the smallpox or measles, in spite of every preventive measure, she was to put up with it and behave as well as her unfortunate circumstances permitted. Such as it was, however, it gave highly valuable advice, and to any young lady who is desirous of wedding the seven cardinal virtues incarnate, I can recommend no better husband than the pattern one set forth in those judicious pages. Still, I cannot help having a lurking fear that he would remain a husband on paper only, and that the marriageable damsels of the present day might seek far and wide amongst the degenerate successors of Sir Charles Grandison and Cœlebs, in search of a wife, before they would find any more such walking seraphs in swallow-tails. An angel to cook for you and an angel to court you are alike, I fear, impossible *trouvailles.*

It occurred to me, however, that though the husband described in that interesting little work was altogether "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," still it was certainly within the limits of rational aspiration to prove a little on the imperfect type of lord, master and protector, that our young ladies are obliged to love, honor and obey, *faute de mieux.* The idol's feet of clay will peep out, my dear child, though with a woman's intense desire to fall down and worship blindly something, no matter what, you cover them up in cloth of gold and embroidery, and endeavor to obfuscate your own eyes with the clouds of the incense you burn before his Omnipotenceship. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to look up to a man as a demi-god who swears because his beef-steak is not *saignant,* or because his eggs are hard-boiled, or who comes home at 2 A. M. slightly the worse for brandy smashes and mint juleps, or who appears at the opera in the rear of some resplendent creature, lovely with Eau Blonde, Bloom of Roses, and Noir de Circassie, it is difficult, I say, to prostrate yourself in meek and adoring reverence, as the good books about the duties of wives say you should, at the shrine of such fetish. But what is to be done? You would not marry a perfect man if you could; if you came across him you would run a mile from him—you like those men best who are sure to make bad husbands; that is the simple fact, and there is no help for it. Let me tell you something in point. One day I was perambulating down a certain thoroughfare in London, and beheld in a shop-window, in brilliant array, lovely pots of jam, with gorgeous labels, all pink and white and green, like the French high art paintings that one sees at the annual expositions. Moreover, those pots of jam were exactly 1d. cheaper each than could be got in any other shop in London that I knew of. Now, I confess it, if I have one greater weakness than another, it is a weakness for jam, and I rather flatter myself upon having preserved intact that unsophisticated taste of childhood. The labels were so pretty I felt sure the jam must be something "scrumptious," so in I walked and ordered home a goodly batch. Arrived at home, I hastened to brag of my lucky find, but, alas! my triumph was short-lived. One pot after another was opened, and proved to be nothing but a conglomeration of stalks, leaves, and nondescript debris. In vulgar parlance, had been done. Well, as I chose my jam, so do you choose your partner, your "muffins," your husbands, by their exteriors, and when, having made your bargains, you are quietly repenting them, the only consolation I can see for you is that matrimony, like affliction, was meant as wholesome discipline, and as it is the best people who are always plagued the most in this life, so it is the better half of humanity, we women, who bring the most trouble on ourselves by our imprudent choices; for what does man care when he marries an uncongenial wife? Why, he can go and live at his club, or lock her up in her room, or cut off her pin money, or thump her with the poker, use a hundred measures, in fact, to bring her to reason, which a wife cannot use; and yet by some inscrutable arrangement of Providence, it is the women who long to be married, who dress to be married, who dance to be married, who pinch up their feet and enlarge their entablatures of false hair to be married; who suffer indescribable tortures at the hands of dancing-masters, dress-maker, and coiffeur to be married; who learn poetry that they don't understand, read newspaper articles that bore them to death, and cultivate their minds generally to be married; who tell fibs about their liking and disliking, and pretend to be amused and interested with men they are talking to when they aren't a bit, to be married—nay, who will positively, when they meet a man whose ideas lie in that direction, learn how to make an omelette and hem a pocket handkerchief, to be married (but this is the *ne plus ultra* of feminine heroism,) and then after all this slavery, they have become Madame this or Mrs. that, why, if the beast will remain a beast, though he is married to a beauty, the world says, and I say, too, serves them right! Woe to the successful! Nobody has any pity on their misfortunes. The pining spinsters left out in the cold feel a tremor of delight run through their unannexed hearts as the distant sounds of conjugal squibbing are wafted to their ears.

Do I not remember to this day the scarcely disguised pleasure of a whole school of girls, when a detested schoolmate, who had carried off the chief prize for good conduct—a magnificently bound volume of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—accidentally upset a large bottle of ink over it five minutes afterwards? And when a young lady carries off the reward of merit (according to Miss Edgewood) in the shape of the Prince Charmant, with a hotel in the Champs Flysees, or a mansion in May Fair, do we not throng around her and congratulate her, and send her cheap presents, and eat lobster salad at her wedding breakast, and wish her all sorts of happiness, and hate her cordially, and smirk amongst ourselves when the Prince Charmant's relatives turn her the cold shoulder, or when the Prince Charmant himself appears at Biarritz in the triumphal procession of Madame de Marquise Blanc de Perle, having first deposited his six months' safely in some exceedingly dull country house, where she can spend her time making smoking-caps for him, and meditating on his perfections and the sweets of matrimony, if she likes. Is she not married? What right has she to complain? Has she not climbed the greased pole? It may be disagreeable enough, now she is up there; but she must put a good face on the matter, and look as if her uncomfortable perch were the softest of love-nests.

"Let us make believe we are horses or lions, or kings and queens, and grown-up people," the children say; well, life is one great game of make-believe. Do you see those two people in the corner, who appear so unusually interested in each other? Bah! they are making believe to be flirting, so as to attract the notice and excite the envy of those who are not sufficiently lucky to have also a spicy little flirtation on hand. Make believe to be happy, Madame—don't caged birds sing the loudest, like sensible creatures as they are? Learn a lesson from them; always say that you are the most fortunate of wives; that you have got the best of husbands, and let not thy right foot know where the shoe on thy left foot pinches.

Well, you must marry; you must walk the plank, or stand in the pillory of old maidism all your life. And ah! that word of fear, Old Maid! At five years of age, and sometimes younger, the feminine bosom is already imbued with a deep and shuddering horror of the portentious meaning in that terrible word: "Don't go out in the sun and get freckled, or you will be an old maid." "Don't study and get red eyes, or you will be an old maid." "Don't have an opinion of your own on any imaginable subject, or you will be an old maid." "Don't talk as if you had the smallest pretentions to brains, or you will be an old maid." "Don't wear boots that you can walk in, or corsages that you can breathe in, or you will be an old maid." "Don't waste your time conversing with an 'ineligible,' or a married man, or a lady, or you will be an old maid." "Don't eat more than the twentieth part of a snipe's wing, and the fourth part of a green pea, or you will be an old maid." Don't wear your own hair, or speak your own tone of voice, or laugh your own laugh, or be satisfied with the figure and complexion nature gave you, or retain your own natural manners, or do anything natural, or be yourself in any way, or you will be an old maid." "Don't say that you hate cigar smoke, though it does give you a sore throat or sore eyes, and a headache, or you will be an old maid." "And don't for mercy's sake, correct the man you are talking to when he tells you that Nelson was a great friend of Peter the great, or that he has never read Tennyson's "Princess," because he does not like the poetry Tennyson wrote in his capacity of poet laureate, or you will infallibly be an old maid." This is what rings in your pretty ears all your youthful days; like the Wild Huntsman, you are ever flying before phantom terrors; only in the ark of marriage can you find a resting place for the sole of your poor little squeezed Louise Quinze beheeled foot. Marry then, by all means. I should be the first to throw old slippers after you. Marry, but listen! Let me whisper a word in your ear. If you want to have a decent chance, I won't say of a happy, but of an endurable existence, look well to two things in the man you marry; first, his great virtues; second, his small weaknesses. One very pronounced and obnoxious vice, or one ridiculously trifling failing, in a man, may render your home an unhappy one. But don't be alarmed; there are hosts of men in the world and if, as I once heard it suggested, a law was passed compelling forthwith every old bachelor over five-and-forty to marry a spinster over five-and-thirty, depend upon it the spinsters would prove the most refractory. There is such a thing as Nemesis, and every man over forty is just as anxious to marry as before forty he was anxious not to marry.

THERE is an eccentric gentleman residing in Waterberry Centre, Vermont, who, it is said, five years ago became impressed with the idea that nature did not require so much liquids to quench the thirst as is naturally supposed. The result has been that the first year thereafter he went thirty-eight days without taking any liquids into his system, the second year seventy days, the third one hundred and thirty, the fourth one hundred and seventy, and up to Thursday two weeks ago he had gone two hundred and twenty-eight in the fifth year without drinking anything.

THE son of an Emir had red hair, of which he was ashamed, and wished to dye it. But his father said, "Nay, nay my son, rather behave in such a manner that all fathers should wish their sons had red hair."

A BOWERY merchant who had declined to advertise in the *Commercial Advertiser,* because "nobody would see it," came around a few days after and offered $25 to have his name kept out of the police reports.

THE question why printers do not get rich as well as brewers, is well answered thus: Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs only one has brains.

IN this country there is one doctor to every 618 of the population, while in France and England there is one to every 2,000.

PHYSICIANS are carefully noting the promising state of the green-apple crop.

HAVE YOU SEEN TOM COLLINS?

If you haven't, perhaps you had better do so, and as quick as you can, for he is talking about you in a very rough manner—calling you hard names, and altogether saying things about you that are rather calculated to induce people to believe there is nothing you wouldn't steal short of a red-hot stove. Other little things of that nature he is openly speaking of in public places, and as a friend—although of course we don't wish to make you feel uncomfortable—we think you ought to take some notice of them and of Mr. Tom Collins. This is about the cheerful substance of a very successful practical joke which has been going the rounds of the city in the past week. It is not to this manor born, but belongs to New York, where it was played with immense success to crowded houses until it played out. It seems singular that such a flimsy affair could take in and do for anybody; but it has, and of course the men most unlikely to be chargeable with an offensive act in any way were generally selected as the victims. They bit like gars after a rain, somewhat after this fashion:

Smith met Jones. Says Smith to Jones: "Have you seen Tom Collins?"

"No. Why? Who is Tom Collins?"

"Well, I don't know much about him, but he has been saying some very harsh things about you," and so on, according to the fertile imagination of Smith.

"Where did he say this? Where can I find the fellow? Condemn him, I'll shoot him if he don't take it back."

"Well, he said it before a dozen men, (at King's, or Bessehe's, or Jacoby's, or McCullough's, or anywhere.)

Off the victim goes to one of these favorite resorts, and somebody there—Thompson—who is in the joke with Smith, tells Jones that he saw Tom Collins at the Southern about half an hour or so ago, and off Jones goes to the Southern, where he meets Brown, and Brown tells him he saw Collins at the Laclede not five minutes since, where he was repeating the same stories, and really Jones ought to take notice of them, because the oftener they were repeated without the denial of Jones the more people would be likely to believe them, and so forth. By this time poor Jones is all over fight, and of course is so much the better fun, and he goes on until he "smells the mice," or knocks somebody down.

The 'sell" acted in a dozen different ways with as many men, and in more than one instance the climax was ludicrous in the extreme. At one time, Jones—let us still call him—went in, asking everybody if they had seen that son of a sea-cook, Tom Collins.

"Yes," said a Smith No. 2, "he was here not two minutes since. Oh, there he is now across the street," pointing to a man notoriously on his muscle. Jones looked at the supposed Tom Collins for a second or two. He didn't look like a gift at a rough and tumble, and he had never seen the man in his life before; but he had been circulating such infamous falsehoods that life wasn't worth living unless he could knock Tom Collins down there and then, and kick the lies down Tom's throat with the toes of his number sevens.

Jones went across the street and said by way of greeting: "You are Tom Collins;" and before the man of muscle could explain, Jones pasted him a hot one over the head, and was continuing the pasting business when the man of muscle went into Jones on his own account with this remark: "Well, my name's not Tom Collins, but I'm just as good a man as Tom Collins, and if you owe Tom anything, come and pay me, I'm all here. This is my racket stranger."

If people had not interfered and explained the joke, possibly Jones would have been more than ever sorry about Tom Collins. As a practical joke it was a success. As fun—well it may have been fun for Smith and Brown, but it was pretty near Hades for Jones while it lasted.

THE PAY OF LECTURERS.—Olive Logan thus discourseth in the June number of the *Galaxy:*

The most successful, pecuniarily, of theatrical stars—men like Booth, Jefferson, Sothern, &c., women like Miss Cushman, Miss Bateman, Maggie Mitchell, &c.—look upon a steady $2,000 a week as large pay. As for lecturers, there is not one in the field, and never has been, who reached one-half that average per week during a season; there is only one who has approached it—Gough, the best paid lecturer living. No woman lecturer—all stories to the contrary notwithstanding—ever touched this figure, except as an occasional and exceptional thing. I have, it is true, received as much as $800 for a single lecture, but then I have sometimes lectured for $50; I have also lectured for nothing, as I have acted for nothing and written articles for nothing; and yet when I say nothing I mean the best of all things—charity. All considerations of intellectual calibre apart, lecturers are paid for their work on precisely the same basis that singers and players are, viz: their power to attract the crowd. For a first appearance, therefore, before any given audience, a lecturer must rely for his attractiveness on his fame, and his fame must be of a literary character, or he will not draw. Setting aside badinage (and a very popular subject of badinage is the lecture business, with writers who have no talent for it and no voice,) no vicious notoriety will draw a paying audience to hear a lecturer. I know there is quite a prevalent belief to the contrary, but it is entirely mistaken. Those who have seen crowds drawn to the Academy of Music and Steinway Hall in New York by the announcement that a notorious free-lover would lecture, may think me ill-informed; on the contrary, I am well informed, and I know that these crowds never were crowds that paid for their tickets. In San Francisco a woman who achieved notoriety through a murder trial sought in vain to get a paying audience to hear her speak. Many will remember what an ignominious failure to draw an audience John Allen made when he ventured into the lecture field in the midst of his unexampled notoriety as the "wickedest man in New York." There was never a purer fallacy than the idea that mere notoriety will lead people to go to lectures.

AN inventive genius in Ohio proposes to furnish horses with false teeth, so as to conceal their age.

EDITH HAYLAND'S ESCAPE.

A MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT BROKEN OFF BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.

A young lady arrived in Omaha, Neb., on Saturday, May 23, and registered her name at the Wyoming Hotel as Edith Hayland, of New York city. She came here for the purpose of being married to Mr. Bruce Adams, of Wyoming Territory, they having struck up an acquaintance by means of a notice in an Eastern weekly newspaper, which was followed by a correspondence and a promise of marriage. They had never met each other face to face, and all they knew of each other was from the correspondence that had taken place between them. Rather dangerous that! She found it so.

When she met Mr. Adams, she stated frankly to him that she was disappointed in him, and she refused to marry him.—She said she did not like the looks of his face. Miss Hayland showed to us yesterday her wedding outfit. She was well and amply provided with all articles that a bride would need. Her dresses were very nice, and some of them were quite elegant. We noticed a handsome toilet case in her trunk with solid gold trimmings. The young lady is a pleasant, fair-looking girl. She evidently belongs to a good family who are in comfortable circumstances. While she did not show good sense in contracting to marry a man whom she had never seen and who she had known but a few weeks, and then by correspondence only, yet she did act the wise part in drawing out when she met the man, and found that she was disappointed in him.

Now comes the remarkable sequel. The United States Marshal heard that Bruce Adams was in the city, and it so happened that the United States peace officers here had orders to arrest Bruce Adams, who had been indicted in the United States District Court in Iowa for robbing a post-office in Vinton, Iowa, in 1871. Adams was arrested on Farnham street on Tuesday evening by Deputy Marshal Bierbower, and is now in jail here. The United States Marshal is expected here to-day from Iowa to take him east for trial.—Miss Hayland telegraphed to New York for money, received it yesterday, and in the afternoon she started back for her New York home.—*Omaha Republican.*

The Awkward Age.

A wise and sweet woman suggests, as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of that which we are wont to call "the awkward age" in boys and girls—that the time when they are too large to feel like children and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat even the smallest children with even the courtesy and consideration we show to grown up people, and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception—thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable "awkward age." There are few things more important in the right developement of a human creature than self-respect. But how is a child to learn to respect itself if it is alone in the sentiment—that by no one else it is respected? More harm is perhaps done children by stubbing them than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child's idea on any point under discussion was greeted with, "Who asked you what you thought?" or with some sarcasm such as, "Ah, now, we shall have the matter settled, Miss Experience is freeing her mind!" It is so difficult to hit the right man. We do not want our children troublesome to visitors—grown up people do not care to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinions of thirteen. But suppose we try the experiment of respectful attention for a while? Would not the young folks stop talking, until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention as if they felt that their voices were but beating the air.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away or climb over it. If you want money earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Do not be content with what another has done, surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

DON'T GO THERE.—The *Danbury News* says: "One of our young men has ceased to make call at a certain house. It appears that he went the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door, observed: 'Hallo, old tadpole! where is the floating gazelle? where is my love now dreaming?' This seemed to indicate that something was wanting, so he placed his hand sadly on the young man's shoulder, stowed away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired into the house. The young man doesn't go there any more. He says the small-pox is hereditary in the family."

ETHER.—From various American and English data concerning anæsthetics, it seems that ether is regarded as far safer than chloroform. It is stated, as the result of experiments and the comparison of facts, that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether.

A REMEDY FOR A HORSE THAT HAS EATEN TOO MUCH CORN.—Give two tablespoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in one pint of warm water, being sure to see that it is all dissolved. In severe cases give a half-cupful of saleratus, and repeat the dose