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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. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

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

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875. No. 38.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

JOHN G. ROBINSON,
WITH
Sanders & Stayman,
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR THE
CELEBRATED
ESTEY ORGAN,
AND FOR
THE RENOWNED and MATCHLESS
"WEBER," "BRADBURY," AND "HAINES"
PIANOS.
15 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

☞ PIANOS and ORGANS Tuned and Repaired. j9-6m.

1875. January 1st. 1875.

ONE OF THE LARGEST
And BEST ASSORTED STOCKS of GOODS
TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE WITHIN THE COUNTY LIMITS, WE HAVE NOW IN STORE—
Selected with care at close cash figures—and are offering them upon liberal terms to responsible parties.

T. S. WICKES.

STEWART'S BEST CAST STEEL AXES, for sale by T. S. WICKES.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
MASSEY'S, KENT CO.,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
Drugs, Paints, Oils,
Poultry, Produce, &c.,
AND EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS TO BE FOUND IN A
First Class Country Store.

☞ A FULL, SELECT and FRESH Stock of Goods just received and opened for the HOLIDAYS.

On and after January 1st, 1875, we purpose SELLING FOR CASH ONLY, which will enable us to sell a great deal cheaper than where credit has to be given.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before January 1st, 1875. dec19-tf.

NOTICE.

FINDING it impossible to continue the practice of Medicine in this county under the present mode of doing business, and not wishing to take my patrons by surprise, I take this plan to notify them that, afte this date, I shall be compelled to issue my accounts half-yearly, at least until I pay my indebtedness; and if not settled satisfactorily in thirty days after presentation, to place them in the hands of a collector for settlement. I have been driven to this by the many losses I have sustained by allowing accounts to remain over from year to year for thirty years or more; and it is also a duty I owe to my creditors, my family and friends. Being dunned for money which I am unable to pay renders me unfit and unable to discharge my professional duty, as I am unable to procure the proper instruments necessary in so extensive a practice. I hope I shall not offend any of my old friends or deter any one from employing me, but I am determined to adhere to this plan until further notice. Wishing all a happy New Year, I remain
jan2-tf. T. H. WHALAND.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN consequence of the death of the senior member, the firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON is dissolved. All persons indebted are earnestly requested to call and make **immediate settlement,** as it would be exceedingly unpleasant for me to sue any one. We have a large amount of money to raise and the business must be settled.

☞ Thanking all persons for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm, I hope by the strictest attention to business to retain the same.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to John T. Dodd & Son.
Chestertown, Nov. 14, 1874—tf.

THE GREAT NEURALGIA CURE.
HOPKINS'
ANTALGIC LINIMENT,

After a test of Twenty years, is confidently offered to the public as the most powerful external remedy which has ever been discovered for the cure of *NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, STIFF NECK, LUMBAGO, SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS,* and all pains of the joints and limbs.

Hundreds who have used it give it the strongest endorsement.

FACTS to be Remembered:

ANTALGIC LINIMENT positively cures Neuralgia.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the worst cases of Rheumatism.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly cures Toothache.
ANTALGIC LIMIMENT never fails to cure Gout.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly relieves Headache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the Face-ache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT is unequalled for the immediate relief of all kinds of pains. It does not blister, nor discolor the skin.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

T. K. ROBSON, PROPRIETOR, Easton, Md
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Chestertown. sep19-6m.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.

I HAVE NOW IN STORE A Fine lot of
Hand-Made Children's Shoes,
for sale. Call and see them.
JAMES A. SHAW,
Jan. 2, 1875. Court Street.

FOR SALE,
A NEW LETTER C HOWE SEWING MACHINE,
Suitable for manufacturing, Tailoring and all kinds of Leather work. Shoemakers, or others, in want of such a machine can get a bargain in this. It has never been used and will be sold at much less than manufacturers' price on reasonable credit. Apply at Kent News office. jan9-tf

GENTLEMEN—Call and examine our Stock of FINE BOOTS, at
Dec. 19. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

AT A MEETING OF KENT LODGE, No. 74, I. O. O. F., held at GALENA on the 19th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Ruler of us all to remove on the 12th January, 1875, from our brotherhood and from his friends, our beloved Brother, ALEXANDER WILSON, Therefore—

Resolved, That in the life and practice of our deceased brother, we had an exhibition of love for our order and friendship for all with whom the business of life brought him in contact.

Resolved, That his counsel to those in distress, and his charity which was dispensed with a liberal hand and with an unselfish heart, will be missed by the members of our order, and by the community in which he lived.

Resolved, That, believing our loss to be his gain, we bow in humble submission to the mandates of an all wise God, who has called him from earth to his reward in Heaven, and that we will emulate his virtues and cherish his practice of friendship.

Resolved, That to the widow and children of our deceased brother, we tender our heartfelt sympathies, trusting that the God who gave and who has taken away, will be their and our source of comfort through the sorrowful season through which He is leading us, and that we will all try to live so that when the time for our departure hence arrives, we may with Bro. Wilson be able to exclaim, "We are crossing Jordan—our last conflict is over—we are going home."

Resolved, That our hall be draped in mourning, and that the members wear the usual badge for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the papers of Kent and Cecil counties, and that a copy be sent to the widow, and also to the executor of the estate of the deceased.

WM. RODGERS,
HENRY PARR, } Committee.
JOS. P. IRELAND.
2t.

NOTICE.

Teachers' County Association.

PURSUANT to the motion of adjournment, the TEACHERS' COUNTY ASSOCIATION will meet at the School House in Chestertown, on

Monday, the 1st prox.,
At Ten o'clock, A. M.

Mr. WILLIAM JANVIER, President of the County School Board, will address the Association.
JOS. PETERSON, } Secy's.
H. C. WALLIS,

☞ The County School Board expect the Teachers to attend the meetings of the Association.
See Art. V., Sec. 17, By-Laws.
jan23-2t. E. F. PERKINS, Sec'y.

☞ **READ, REFLECT and REMEMBER**
That ECONOMY is WEALTH,
AND THAT
TIME TRIES ALL THINGS, AND HAS PROVEN THAT
THOMPSON'S is the CHEAP STORE
Where you can find a little of everything generally kept in a
Grocery, Notion and Provision Store
From a Barrel of Flour or Lime to a Pin or Needle. He has on hand and for sale a
Full stock of GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE and TINWARE. TOBACCO and CIGARS a Specialty. Read's Grand Duchess Cologne and Toilet Soaps.

FLOUR.—Patapsco Extra and Snow Hill Family Flour (warranted), bought direct from manufacturers and shipped to me with but little expense, and for sale at city prices.

LIME—By the bushel or barrel, and HAIR, all for sale at the very lowest prices for the CASH ONLY.

WANTED—All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, RAGS, FUR, &c., for the cash or in exchange for goods.

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 9, 1875. Up Town.

New Oyster Saloon.

I have fitted up the basement of my Hotel exclusively for the
OYSTER BUSINESS,
and have employed an experienced caterer. The finest SALT OYSTERS that can be bought in the Baltimore market will always be kept on hand, and can be had on the shell, or cooked in any style—broiled, roasted, stewed or panned—not surpassed by any first class city saloon. Give us a trial, and satisfy yourself.
dec12-3m. JOHN HALL.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned having purchased the good will and fixtures of the
EATING and DRINKING HOUSE
of Mr. A. H. ROCKWELL in Chesterfown, near the Court House, is now prepared to furnish OYSTERS of the best quality in every style. Also Beef Steak, Pork Steak, Ham and Eggs, &c. Oysters by the gallon or in the shell. A private room for Ladies where they can be accommodated at any time. THE BAR will be furnished with the best of Liquors.
N. B.—LAGER BEER a specialty.
Dec. 5—2m. D. A. BENJAMIN.

NEW STORE!

MRS. NANNIE EMORY having opened a FANCY and DRY GOODS STORE, in the Machine Rooms of Mr. Willard Melvin, solicits the patronage of her friends and the public. We will also do PLAIN SEWING in a neat manner. jan2-1m.

FOR RENT.

That eligible property known as the **Primrose Estate,** located on Chester River, in close proximity to the Bridge at Chestertown, containing about SEVENTY ACRES OF LAND, well adapted to the growth of all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The House is commodious and in fine order, and would make a fine Summer Resort, having a magnificent water front, with fine Ducking and Fishing Shore. The above property will be leased for a term of years, together with the Stock and Tools necessary for carrying on the business, and immediate possession given. For further information apply at this office, or to
CHARLES H. LAKE,
jan2—7t. On the Premises.

FOR RENT,
TWO HOUSES
For the present year, at Harmony, Kent Co., Md. Apply to WM. ARCHIBALD.
jan9—3t. Harmony.

FOR RENT,
HOUSE AND GARDEN,
On Front Street, suitable for a STORE and DWELLING, or two small families, adjoining the property of Samuel C. Gleaves, up town.
jan9-5t WM. VANNORT.

WANTED,
TWO WHITE MEN,
With families, to work on a farm. Houses, fire wood, garden, &c., furnished.
E. P. JANVIER,
near I. U. Church,
Drayton, Jan. 2. 1875—3t.

DON'T FORGET, we are selling Patapsco Extra Flour at 5c. a pound, good Flour at $6.50 a barrel, at
Jan. 16. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

TO THE AUTHORESS OF "WANTED."

WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.

An eloquent Want, very ably express'd,
Is that which, fair lady, your pen has addressed,
Through the good old "Kent News" to the lords of creation,
Who read, and re-read, with no little elation,
The lines that described one so charming and near,
As awaiting some darling to call her his dear,
One so gifted and lovely, and willing to marry,
O, who could resist her? Here's one who'll not tarry
To place heart and hand at your gentle disposal,
And offer, in public, this earnest proposal.

In this, I perceive, I am not quite alone,
For, so swift has the word of your glad message flown,
That every eligible man in our town
Is as ready as I to in worship fall down
And adore the sweet image so temptingly drawn
By the hand of an artist, before whose eyes yawn,
The days of futurity, a dread abyss, where
She reads a grim prophesy fraught with despair:
A long dreary vista of darkness and shade,
And the terrible stigma that stamps an Old Maid.

You are brave, lady mine, to cast blushes aside,
And come forth all ready to figure as bride
To any who ventures to measure his graces
By the height of the standard you flaunt in our faces;
And I may be braver, in daring to stand
So lofty a test for the gift of your hand;
But I'm not over modest, and so I'll declare
That I think with your ideal I'll meetly compare.

I am not very young, nor yet very old
And in my home and heart I would like to enfold
A treasure so precious as *a true loving wife,*
To gladden and cheer all the rest of my life.

Like you, all alone, I have traveled for years,
Companionless, seeking the boon that appears
At last, to inspire me with hope that for me
'Tis placed within reach; say, dear, may it be?
Through the length of the land I have long sought in vain
For a being *quite perfect,* whose love I might gain.
Can I do so to-day? Will you have me? I pray
Give answer and hope without further delay.

I have wealth that is countless, and with your fond smile,
I would soon win new laurels, and prove all the while
The giant-like love that a hero can give
To a woman too lovely thus lonely to live.

Awaiting your answer, I am yours to command,
One wont to rule others both on sea and on land. W.

Fifth District Teachers' Association.

The Teachers' Association of the Fifth District held their monthy meeting, Jan. 16th, in the Edesville school house. The following members were present: Howard Meeks, C. G. Ricaud, J. V. Crosby, C. A. Leary, Henry Bramble, F. P. Hynson, Miss Emma Copenhaver, Miss Lillie Bramble and Mrs. L. M. Beck.

The first question discussed read as follows: Is the power of the Trustees too much limited by law?

Mr. Crosby opened the debate by saying that he thought District Trustees fully competent to select a teacher from those who held certificates, and judge of his success as a teacher.

Mr. Bramble's ideas coincided with Mr. Crosby's.

Mr. Meeks said that Trustees know the wants of a neighborhood much better than the county board, and that they should have complete control of the appointment of teachers and of school property.

The question was finally decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Meeks offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is expedient to memorialize the Legislature to reconstruct the County Boards so as to have them constituted of members of the District Boards, who shall be elected by the people.

Resolved, That the certificate of the Trustees to the correctness of a Teacher's report ought to be satisfactory without the oath of the teacher.

Resolved, That the Curators present both these resolutions to the County Association for consideration.

Miss Emma Copenhaver then read an essay on "Music."

Question 2nd was then discussed, which read as follows: Is it practicable to teach vocal music in our schools?

The following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the introduction of vocal music into our schools is entirely practicable and should be encouraged throughout our county.

Miss Lilie Bramble was appointed to write an essay for the next meeting.

The association then adjourned, to meet in the Trappe school house on the third Saturday in February.

F. P. HYNSON, *Secretary.*

"Original" Compositions.

THE PIG.

"The pig is about as big as a sheep, only a pig's wool isn't good for making stockings of. Why is a pig like a tree? Because he roots; that's a conundrum. A pig washes himself in the mud. They pickle pig's feet, but not until after the pig is done using 'em. A pig squeals awful when it rains, also when you pull its tail. A pig grunts when he feels good. You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail 'cos it's crooked. Why is a pig like ——? 'Cos he's got his nose in everybody's business. This is another conundrum, which is all I know about pigs.

THE CATTLE-SHOW.

Me and Bill went to the fair—also to the cattle show. We went with John in the cart. A cattle show and fair is where they trot horses. They sell pools outside the ring. It is wicked to play cards for pools. Pools at the cattle show "encourage the honest farmer, and develop that noble animal, the horse." I read the last part of that in the paper. The honest farmer has a red face and wears a white hat. He smokes and swears. The best way to develop a horse is to hire the driver on the other side to let yours beat. A driver that can scream and scare the other horses is bully. If he can mash another fellow's wheel, and not tip over his own sulky, he gets the first prize. The place to do this is on the home-stretch. The home-stretch is next the Judge's stand. The Judges don't stand all the time—I saw one judge sit down and squint at the horses through the bottom of a tumbler. When I grow up, I mean to study law and be a judge.

NOTHING comes home so much to a man as an unsettled bill.

[Written for the Kent News.]

An Indian Story, Founded on Fact.

BY JOHN P. ANDERSON.

Did I never tell you? Well, it was in the spring of 1850 that we were engaged in working a claim on Streeter's Gulch, away up the mountains. We had only been there a short time, for we were the first prospecters out in the hills, yet we had been frequently annoyed by the *injuns* attacking our camp and stampeding our mules at night. Senor Gonsoloars had established a stock ranch near by to supply the camp.

One morning just before sunrise a horse covered with foam and dust came galloping into camp, the saddle empty and covered with blood.

Immediately a party was organized and started on a scout, and soon reached the Senor's ranch, which was found burned, himself murdered and horribly mutilated by the red devils. The stock was all driven off and the premises plundered.

As soon as the report reached the camp prompt preparations were made to follow the fiends to their mountain fastness and wipe them out if possible.

Within an hour a force of about one hundred sturdy miners was organized—each man armed with two large navy revolvers and a trusty rifle, while contributions flowed in to supply the commissary stores which were being packed on four sure-footed little pack mules. Before the sun was an hour high we were under way, and, striking the trail, found that instead of leading to the mountains as we had expected, it lead off in the opposite direction; but after going ten miles they had tacked about and made a circuit clear around our camp, and then struck for the mountains.

We followed them all day, never once getting sight of them, and at night camped on the banks of the Obyer river.

Soon after crossing it in the morning, we struck their camp, where the ashes of their fire were still warm.

They had that night killed two of the cattle which they had driven off, and had enjoyed a grand feast, for they had eaten everything clean except the bones, and those they had picked dry.

We shoved on as rapidly as possible, but did not see them—nor could we tell how many there were—so well did they conceal their tracks. We followed them in this way for about five days, each day passing their camps. By this time they had filled themselves full, for they did not pick the bones quite so clean. On the fifth day out we found where they had hung up in the trees to dry some of the beef they could not use, as the climate there is so dry that meat cures instead of spoiling, as with us.

By this time we were well up in the mountains, and had found some snow.

Although we had good scouts and could easily follow the trail, yet not an Indian could be seen. The next day as we were going up the mountain our mules stampeded and broke down through the chapparell. As soon as they were captured we went to get the packs which had rolled off one of them into the bushes, but it could not be found, as the redskins had outwitted us and stolen the pack which contained our blankets.

We then knew that we were watched, and that it was no use to attempt to follow any longer, so we decided to go into camp at once and hold a general frowwow.

It was decided that we must fool them by hook or crook, or they would beat us at our own game. In the evening we all went to work as if we had given up the chase and were going into permanent camp for the season, and to prospecting and mining.

Some began building log houses, others to prospecting in the gulch, others to digging, others to washing their clothes and shooting, and so that by night we were having a high old time.

As soon as it was cleverly dark fifty of the men were counted off and old Tom Benson appointed leader. We then left camp separately and united at the spring at the head of the ravine, while the boys in camp were raising the very old boy himself to attract all the attention in that direction. As soon as we all gathered in, a line was formed one behind another—the gun in the right hand and the left holding on to a rope held by the one in front, while the word was passed down the line for perfect silence. In this form we marched over stumps, logs, stones, brush, briars, gullies—through snow, mud and water for about three hours in the most intense darkness. We halted in a deep ravine covered in on each side by dense thickets of cedar and pine. Scouts were now sent out to discover their camp if possible.

Just before the break of day a terrible cracking of bush was heard, and looking up we saw "big foot Ned," a great six-foot two-head Arkansaw trapper and guide, coming down the mountain twenty feet at a jump, over brush, briars, stones, &c. His bare feet would go crushing through as though made of iron, for the fellow never had had a shoe or moccasion on his foot in his life. He reported that they were camped on the other side.

They were camped in a place washed out of the side of the mountain about an acre in size.

We were divided into four squads under leaders. Each party was to quietly approach the camp, and the one going to the farther side was to open the attack. Our company was soon at their place at the head of the Canyon, which then was almost a bluff.

Crawling slowly up on our hands and knees we were enabled to look right down upon the wigwams below. The camp was perfectly quiet, except here and there a woolfish looking dog would go from one wigwam to the other. Once or twice an old redskin who had got chilly would crawl out and stir up the coals a little, and would sit over the fire and warm his shins and then would crawl back again.

It was quite cold and raw, and a slight fog hung over the mountains,—for we were now up among the clouds, which was in our favor, as it prevented our being so readily seen.

It was now getting light, and not a sign of any of the other parties. Some of our fellows were for pitching right in, but we determined to await the rest.—The camp was now beginning to stir, and the danger of discovery increasing every moment.

At last the sun rose slowly over the mountain. No sooner had it appeared than a single rifle was heard at the mouth of the Canyon. In an instant the crack of fifty rifles rent the air on every side; then with yells we dropped our guns and rushed in with our revolvers.

By this time the lodges were swarming with redskins, and as they came out they were shot and knocked down on every side. They had nothing with which to defend themselves but their bows and arrows, which were now of but little use. One of our men knocked down with his fist three warriors as fast as they came out. They tried to rush through the lines several times, but were successfully driven back every time.

I shot one young Indian who was shooting from behind a bush, and as I ran up to him he shot at me, his arrow whizzing past my ear and sticking into a tree. By the time I reached him he was trying to put another arrow in its place, but was too weak to draw his bow. I shall never forget his look of defiance when I seized his bow. He ground his teeth and clenched his hand, holding his bow so tightly that when he rolled over dead I was unable to get it away.

The fight was soon over, and not an Indian was to be seen but what was either dead or dying.

We lost not a man, and had only a few wounded, and none of them severely.

While some of the men were looking around they discovered hidden away under a ledge of rocks an Indian boy of about twelve years of age; he was soon brought out, but pretended to be dead, playing possum to perfection. A finger on his pulse soon decided that matter, but as his education had been neglected he was not aware "that his secret was out" by the tell-tale throbs of his heart. He would lie on his back and never move a muscle, although some of the boys, more mischievous than the rest, would place a leaf on the ball of his eye; but he was soon shaken up and put in marching order, but managed to elude the vigilance of the guards the first night and escaped, he being the sole male survivor of his tribe.

Soon after the fight was over I heard a faint cry, and, on going in the direction of the sound, discovered a little baby lying in a small stream of water, under its dead mother and covered by her blood. I soon had it out, and washing the blood off it in the icy stream, while it yelled lustily, wrapped it in my blanket and carried it back to camp, where, placing it at the foot of a tree, it was soon fast asleep. Some of the rougher portion of the men wanted to kill it and the boy; but two of us took up our guard over them, threatening to shoot any one who attempted such a thing.

After burning the camp, we began our return march, which was hastened by the approach of a storm, and the fact that many of the men had lost their blankets. My messmate, a big hearted, six foot lumberman, from Maine, agreed to carry my traps if I would take care of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and nurse it on the march. So cutting two holes in my blanket, and slipping its little legs thro', and wrapping it up warm, I slung my charge over my shoulders and struck the trail for camp. The little rascal soon learned to know me, and it was fun to see her put her little arms around my neck, brace herself and hold on, when I was jumping from rock to rock, or over streams. When we reached camp every one wanted to take her, but going down the country I found her a place. But she was not treated well there, so we removed her and this time found her a good home. The last time I saw her she was five years old, a bright, clean, happy child, with bracelets and necklace of gold dollars—the pet of the family.

The boy never was heard from, but "our baby" has since grown to womanhood, married a Spaniard, and is now attending her dusky papooses on the Silverthorn Ranch, in a beautiful home, surrounded by all the refinements of civilized life.

Where Hair Comes to a Head.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes:

"I have recently learned some interesting facts respecting a manufacture in which every female head throughout the land is interested, namely, the preparation of human hair and its transformation into switches, ringlets, etc. The largest establishment of this nature in the world exists in Germany. It is situated in a town called Wetzlar, in the valley of Lahn. It is the depot to which the travelling collectors of hair bring their wares to dispose of, and so extensive are its transactions that their wares are arranged in bales, each containing three or four hundred pounds of hair. These bales each contain a heterogeneous mass of human locks of every shade and texture, from raven black to flaxen blonde, from horse-hair coarseness to silken fineness. This is the material in the rough, and very dirty and disgusting are often the peasant-grown tresses when brought into the factory. But fear nothing, ladies fair, respecting the cleanliness of your alien locks; all the hair is thoroughly boiled before being placed in the hands of the work girls, of whom about six hundred are employed in the establishment. The hair when dried and smoothed, is then carefully sorted according to color and length. Good brown hair of average length is worth about $75 a pound; the highest priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound, but by the single hair, each hair being valued at half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed valued at nearly $600, even in that wholesale mart. The greatest curiosity there was a switch of light brown hair, measuring six feet in length, and for which $100 had been paid to the original owner thereof; this unparalleled braid is not to be sold, but is to be reserved for exhibition at our centennial.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.—Add two figures to 71, without lines or decimal points, in such a way as to make the amount less.

IMPOSSIBLE NOTATION.—Write down eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven figures.

A CALIFORNIA man has raised sixty tons of cabbage on three acres of land, and got $4,000 in gold for the crop.

A DOCTOR reckons that an average woman will shed a barrel of tears in forty years.

[Correspondence of the Kent News.]

LETTER FROM MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Messrs. Editors:—An old Spanish town on the borders of Mexico's beautiful Gulf is Mobile, settled many years ago, in the early times of America's infancy, by some of the lordly race of Spain's dark-eyed children, who had wandered from the vine clad banks of the musical Gaudiana and Douro, to plant their banner on the shores of Alabama—where Mobile afterwards sprang into existence. Many of the streets and buildings bear their names, written indelibly upon the minds of all by constant usage, they signifying the ancestry of the city,—Dauphin, Conception, Royal St. Emanuel, Conti, Bayou, St. Frances, St. Louis, &c., have a ring of aristocratic metal of which the old settlers of French or Spanish lineage are truly proud.

Other races besides those mentioned have found a home in Mobile. Flower carriers, from the moonlighted aisles of Venitia, sing gay songs of Italy in some of the cafe saloons; while peasants from the Rhine are among the leading brokers and cotton merchants. German industry and perseverance are now found everywhere in America from Maine to Mexico. A few years back a French Count wooed and won one of Mobile's fairest daughters, and took her, a countess, to his chateau in France.

Some of Erin's children have a firm foothold here, and form an important feature in the population. Then there is a singular medley of mixed races—mulattoes, quadroons, creoles, dagos, and often through the streets are to be seen Indians, from a native tribe outside the city. They bring to sell baskets of light wood or sassafras bark, and are docile and peaceable in their manners.

The drives around the city are very beautiful. The shell road along the banks of Mobile Bay is noted for its fine scenery. Grand magnolia trees, fringed with hanging moss, adorn the banks and form aisles of solemn beauty. It is midwinter, and while ice and snow are guests of cities further north, here roses and violets are blooming sweet and fresh.

In early spring and summer the air is laden with the perfume of the most luxurious and exquisite fragrance of tropical flowers—many rare and curious plants are found in this section. Oranges and bananas grow here, as peaches and apples do in Kent, in orchards or singly.

The cotton crop has been very promising this year, and many foreign vessels fill the harbor, coming to trade for this essential article of commerce. It is stated there are more foreign vessels in the port than there have been since the war. The commercial interests of the city and State having been checked by the late war and its lingering effects, now begin to bristle into activity again. Business is brightening since the late elections, and the energies of the people are excited to push ahead and do all they can, before the long hot summers, which are attended by malarial diseases, that drive the wealthier inhabitants further north. Yellow fever, the scourge of the Gulf cities, did not visit us last year, though our sister city, Pensacola, suffered much from it.

Mobile has a number of handsome public buildings. The Cathedral, founded by Bishop Portier in 1836, is antique in design, and bids fair when completed to rival those in other cities. The medical college, and U. S. house of customs, are substantial showy buildings. Several Protestant churches, of modern architecture, are fine.

About six miles from the city is a splendid edifice, the Spring Hill College for Boys, in possession of the Jesuit Priesthood. It is finely situated in the only hilly portion of Mobile environs, is the centre of literature and science. Among the teachers are men of the rarest culture and highest literary attainments: some born under the blushing skies of Italy, whose souls are filled with the music of that poetic clime; others have searched for nature's secrets in the wildest haunts of the Rocky and Andes mountains, and added their discovered treasures to botany and geology.

In possession of this college, so truly an ornament to Mobile, is a grand painting of historical association, having been presented to the College by Napoleon I. thro' his prime minister, the celebrated Cardinal Fesch.

In Dauphin street and scattered about in other sections of the city are many fine stores. The most striking feature of them all, is the hearty Southern manner of most of the merchants, making it a real pleasure to be a purchaser. While they are all ready to attend to the wants of each customer, they never annoy persons by soliciting them to buy—a habit too common in some cities.

The "cities of the dead" are carefully attended to here. Magnolia cemetery is the principal one. Here rest the dead heroes, the soldiers who died for their fair Southern land. Once a year—in May—loving friends strew their graves with flowers and moisten them with the tear of sympathy. Last year a grand memorial monument was dedicated to these soldiers—passed from earth but not forgotten.

The schools of the city, both public and select, are very flourishing.

The newspapers are excellent. Several are published, but the most widely known is the *Register.* It is a welcome guest at every door—full of interesting matter, local news, foreign and home news, spicy stories, wit, humor, politics—one who has not read its pages every day is almost out of the world. The South has every reason to be proud of the *Mobile Register,* one of her best organs.

New Year's is celebrated here, with considerable eclat. Several *mystic* societies have a torchlight procession dressed en masque, and delineating some scene in biblical history or medieval ages, finishing the parade by balls and tableaux, during which festival care is scattered to the winds, and music adds her charms to flying feet, while all is "merry as a marriage bell."

Fairs are in vogue the week after New Year's for the benefit of charitable institutions, and are usually well attended.

During this season tropical fruits are plentiful, vessel loads of bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, &c., come in from Havana and ports further down the Gulf.

Many changes, both sad and pleasant, may have visited old Kent county during the past few years—reverses like hurricanes may have swept over the face of my native soil, carrying friends to the tomb, driving others far from native shores to seek a fortune in other and newer fields, but to me, and all who may read this letter, a happy, hopeful and prosperous new year is the closing wish of ÆSOP.

FRANK MOULTON.

The special correspondent of the Wilmington *Commercial* thus describes Moulton, the leading witness in the Tilton-Beecher case:

He is, however, undeniably one of the most remarkable men in this very remarkable conjunction of men, and well able, apparently, in his own native strength, to cope with the strongest and best trained of them all. He is a tall, strongly-built man, with a head fit for a Roman Emperor—I think the

MOST MASCULINE HEAD

I ever saw. It matches well in size the colossal heads of the parties to the suit, while contrasting masculinity. The nose is of the most prominent Roman type, angular, not curved or hooked, and the strength of the massive jaw and chin is entirely disclosed by the razor; but the character of the mouth is concealed by an enormous and sweeping mustache.

To have this man's picture, however, you must consider his big head further enlarged by a thick, intractable shock of hair, of a peculiar dark sorrel shade, or yellowish brown, which has evidently been given up by the barbers. It is a head of hair that would drive any barber mad, and that no wife would venture to comb with a three-legged stool.

His dress is in a very special sense that of a gentleman; faultlessly elegant, yet without the remotest suggestion of a fashion plate or of a tailor. His manners are of the same type; absolutely at ease and free at posture, movement and speech. His voice is very strong and masculine, yet not harsh; his language and pronunciation those of well educated society, not of a finical school. His absolute self-possession bespeaks the perfection of clear head, strong will, and straight forward meaning. Now, if

MOULTON HAS BEEN LYING

all along about Beecher, what a dramatic genius he must be to have woven the story he tells. Shakespeare would be inferior. I have throughout suspended my own conclusion, all along, upon the result of Moulton's cross-examination. It would be premature to foreshadow that result now. But perhaps it is as well to prepare myself and you for it by confessing that the prospect is disheartening. If I were Mr. Evarts, with all his powers, I should dread the struggle. But the occasional portents of it which have broken from the great lawyer, as he rouses more and more to the fray, and the storm gathers blacker on his brow, forewarns us of a

TERRIBLE ATTACK ON THE TERRIBLE WITNESS.

If Mr. Evarts comes off victorious from that encounter—if he succeeds in shaking Moulton's testimony and his credibility with the jury, he will have won a forensic victory never to be forgotten by the generations of lawyers to come. If he fails here, however, there will remain another chance for eloquence to sweep away the storm with a flood. But as for the witness himself, it seems at present as though Mr. Evarts might as well dash against the tower of the Brooklyn bridge. We shall soon see.

I suppose it is well understood, however, that the chief reliance of the defense is on the four years of lying that Moulton professes to have done for Mr. Beecher's protection. They will argue that this proves him unworthy of credit when he professes to tell the truth. It is a

CURIOUS CIRCLE OF REASONING.

If Mr. Moulton has lied for Mr. Beecher he is certainly telling the truth now against him. But he admits that he *has* lied for Mr. Beecher; *ergo,* he is *not* telling the truth now against him. Or, more concisely, if he has not lied before he is lying now. If he tells the truth now, he lied before. But he says that he lied before; therefore he does *not* tell the truth now. If a man says, "I lie," does he lie or tell the truth? Both: for if he lies he tells the truth, and if tells the truth he lies. It is well calculated to befog a jury.

A NEWARK LOVE STORY—*The Verdict in the Plummer-Compton Breach of Promise Suit.*—The breach of promise suit of Miss Grace E. Plummer, of Newark, against Charles W. Compton, of the same city, which has occupied three days' time in the New Jersey Supreme Court, was concluded last week. Both litigants are well known in Newark society.

Miss Plummer demanded $25,000, and testified that the courtship covered a period of one year and four months. In this time Mr. Compton had given her a diamond ring, written love letters, kissed her at every meeting, hugged her on the parlor sofa, and slept on her shoulder. Had addressed her parents as "Father" and "Mother" Plummer, and had one evening in March, 1874, asked her to be his wife, and she had consented. Her testimony was mainly corroborated by Mrs. Plummer, Miss Grace's mother, and Charles Plummer, her brother, and Mrs. Emily Plummer, the brother's wife.

Mr. Compton said in defence that he had regarded Miss Plummer as a sister, not a sweetheart. The ring was only a loan, and his attentions were not more ardent than toward other young ladies. He admitted that he did not kiss all of his lady acquaintances, but said that he had kissed every lady member of the Plummer family. He denied having asked Miss Grace to become his wife, and when he called in May for the diamond ring, and she asked why he had made the request, he was surprised to know that she had regarded it as an engagement ring. The jury returned a verdict giving Miss Plummer $5,000.

A RHODE ISLAND railroad having been sued for killing Johnson Day, proved that he was too lazy to even hurrah for liberty on the Fourth of July, and the widow received only $300 damages where $10,000 were claimed.

ACCORDING to a Paris letter hundreds of American mothers are there, seeking titled Frenchmen for their daughters.—The old ladies doubtless think that if they must add a fool or two to their families they may as well have the blooded kind.

KALAKAUA's name is pronounced Kal-a-kow-ah, not Cal-i-cow, nor yet Kill-a-cow, as some seem to suppose.

LOGAN ON HIS FEET.

[From the New York Tribune, of Friday.]

Pranced there in upon the arena of a great debate, like a trick mule in a circus, or a spavined nightmare upon the tracks of a beautiful dream—Logan, of Illinois. There was a vision of moustaches, eyebrows and hair, piled on each other in arches; a large brandishing of arms, a pose and a stridulous war whoop; and much as though a picture of the Deefield massacre had stepped out from the pages of our early history, Logan took the American Senate by its large, capacious ear. And then he went for his mother tongue. He smote it right and left, hip and thigh, and showed no mercy. Swinging the great broad-axe of his logic high in air, he turned it ere it fell, and with the hammer side struck the language of sixty millions of people fairly in the face, and mashed it beyond recognition. Under his stroke the floor of the American Senate was spattered with the remnants of a once proud vocabulary, and messengers, doorkeepers and pages were covered from head to foot with the spray. In the fearful two hours which followed the first roar of his oration, all the parts of speech were routed and put to flight. There were orphaned adjectives and widowed nouns, bachelor verbs driven to polygamy, and polygamy verbs left lonely, conjunctions dissevered, prepositions scattered, adverbs dishevelled and distorted, and syntax flung into wild disorder. It was a great day for Logan.

He set his teeth into the language as the untamed tiger of the jungles takes between his mouth and paw the wearing apparel of the wayfarer, and the ripping of it was heard through all the forest depths. It reverberated to the other end of the Capital, and sluggish Representatives lifted up their ears and listened to the roar with terrified awe. Some started for the scene, but upon being told the cause of the disturbance in the brief communication, "Logan's up," turned back, with full assurance that they could hear from that end of the Capital all that was worth hearing. So through two hours Logan swung his beautiful arms over the heads of the Senate like the booms of a Government derrick, while his chin churned the language like a pile driver in a heavy sea, and the baffled reporters made wild plunges with their pencils to gather up his regurgitations for the printer. And he talked well.

He began by saying that he considered it his duty to stand by the ship, a figure of speech which made Howe of Wisconsin prick up his ears, for that statesman had invented it on the previous day, and claimed it as his own. Logan also proposed to stand by the ship. He did it in December,