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# The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

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**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.



CHESTERTOWN

**CARRIAGE**

**MANUFACTORY!**

**GEO. E. LAMBERT,**

Is now prepared, at his factory on Cross St., Chestertown, to furnish CARRIAGES of various styles, viz:

JAGGERS,
ROCKAWAYS,
GERMANTOWNS,
TOP and NO-TOP
BUGGIES

*Also, EXPRESS WAGONS.*

They are all made of the very best material, by first-class workmen, and will be sold at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

**REPAIRING,**

*OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,*

done at short notice, on reasonable terms. All work in this line, as in the manufacturing department, have my personal supervision, and every effort is made to please.

**CARRIAGE SMITHING.**

I am prepared to do Carriage Smithing of every kind, and can guarantee first class work also in this line.

☞ Those who may be thinking of purchasing or repairing, will find it to their interest to give me a call.

GEO. E. LAMBERT.

Feb. 20, 1875.

**CARRIAGE AND HARNESS**

**BAZAAR**

FOURTH ST., BETWEEN FRENCH AND WALNUT, WILMINGTON, DEL.

**J. & W. MERRICK, Proprietors,**

Respectfully inform the public that they have for sale a Large and well selected Stock of desirable CARRIAGES, HARNESS, AND SLEIGHS. They always will have the latest and most Fashionable Styles in Stock.

Through the large experience of the senior member in the carriage manufacture, and buying everything for cash, they are enabled to sell at the most reasonable prices, and give satisfaction in every transaction.

It will be to the advantage of wholesale and retail buyers to examine our extensive collection.

In a short time they will, in connection with their regular sale of Carriages and Harness, have a public sale of Carriages, Horses and Harness, every Saturday morning.

They will, at any time, buy or advance cash on Carriages, Harness, &c., or sell on commission.

J. & W. MERRICK.

February 6, 1875—tf.

**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.

**Special Notice!**

*HARNESS TO SUIT ALL,*

*at greatly REDUCED PRICES!*

*From $10 to $35 PER SET,*

*NOW ON HAND.*

**New Plow Bridles,**

90 CENTS to $2.25. NEW PLOUGH AND DRAUGHT COLLARS, $1.10 to $2.15.

All kinds of STRAP WORK for Harness.

EVERY PART OF HARNESS CAN BE ALWAYS FOUND ON HAND.

GOOD STOCK OF

**Riding Saddles**

on hand, which will be sold Cheap for CASH.

All Kinds of Harness MADE TO ORDER.

Whips, Bitts, Horse Boots, Bone Rattlers, Back Bands, Riding Bridles, Martingales, Crappers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at CITY PRICES, at

**JOHN F. HOWARD'S,**

Opposite the Voshell House.

☞ ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at the Shortest Notice and at Reduced Prices.

Feb. 6. JOHN F. HOWARD.


**ORPHANS' COURT NOTICE.**

ORDERED, That the Register of Wills give notice by advertisement, to all

**Executors, Administrators, and Guardians,**

who may have accounts or statements due or overdue before this Court, that they must

**Come Forward at Once,**

and file the necessary statements and vouchers in order that their accounts may be passed, thereby saving the cost of a legal process.

By order,
WILLIAM STEVENS, Register.

Feb. 20, 1875—3t.


**Removed to Media.**

Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around, 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed. Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa.


**VENDUE**

—OF—

**High Blooded Stock, &c.**

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned, as the legal representatives of the late WILLIAM WELCH, will offer at Public Sale

**ON THURSDAY,**

**The Twenty-fifth of March, 1875,**

*AT KENNEDYVILLE,*

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

THE FOLLOWING PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE DECEASED:

**5 Head of HORSES**

AND

**SIX COLTS.**

Among the Horses are THREE VERY FINE BROOD MARES, and the

**CELEBRATED STALLION**

**"*HANNIBAL.*"**

He is a full Hambletonian, a dark bay, ten years old, perfect symmetry of proportion, 16 hands high, long tail and mane, sired by Volunteer, and he by old Hambletonian.

HANNIBAL is half brother to Goldsmith Maid, and many others of the fast trotters of America.

The COLTS were sired by Hannibal; 2 of them are three years old this spring; 2 two years old, and the remaining two are yearlings.

**5 Head of Cattle.**

Two very superior ALDERNEY COWS, A FINE ALDERNEY BULL.

One of the Cows has a young Calf.

*A FARM WAGON AND HARNESS,*
*A Family CARRIAGE and Harness,*
*One Dearborn, a Double Sleigh,*
*Hay Press, a single-barrel Gun,*
*Seven Bags of Turner's Phosphate,*
*657 New Peach Baskets,*

A LOT OF

**Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.**

AND OF

***Farming Implements,***

an enumeration of which is not deemed necessary.

☞ The sale will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the terms will be published.

D. J. NOWLAND,
R. HYNSON,
Adm'rs of William Welch, dec'd.

ELIJAH E. MILLER, Auctioneer.

March 13, 1875—ts.

**VENDUE.**

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, as Executor of WILLIAM T. SKIRVEN, will offer at Public Sale at the late residence of said deceased, near Hanesville, on

**Monday, the 22d day of March, 1875,**

The following property, to wit:

**3 HORSES,**

*Two of them superior road horses;*

**1 YEAR OLD COLT,**

**1 PAIR of YOUNG MULES, extra,**

ONE YOKE OF GOOD AND WELL-MATCHED OXEN,

**1 COW, 9 SHOATS,**

1 Wagon, 1 Ox-Cart, 1 Dearborn,
1 Jagger Carriage and Harness, 1 Sleigh,
*REAPER AND MOWER,*
1 Farm Bell, Plows, Harrows and Cultivators, lot Lumber, Hay and Blades,
lot of Bacon and Lard, and

**Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.**

½ interest in 112 bush. of Wheat seeded on the farm; and ¼ interest in 21 bus. Wheat seeded on the land of the late Dr. Vannort.

Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $20 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of six months, with note and approved security. No property to be removed till the terms complied with.

JAMES A. SKIRVEN,
Executor of Wm. T. Skirven.

March 13, 1875—ts.

**NOTICE.**

ALL persons indebted to the Cabinet making and Undertaking business established Oct. 1, 1872, at Kennedyville, in the name of Jacob Sutton, are hereby notified that payment of all indebtedness to the above named business, either by open account, note, duebill, or otherwise, must be made to the undersigned, who has the authority under the will of his father to collect all debts due the Undertaking and Cabinet making business.

All persons indebted to the above named business are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, as it is essential to have money to carry on business.

T. BENTON SUTTON.

**The Undertaking and Cabinet Making BUSINESS,**

will still be continued at the old stand, where COFFINS and PATENT BURIAL CASES of the finest styles and finish will be furnished at the shortest notice.

All kinds of FURNITURE neatly repaired.

Orders for burynigs should be sent in as early as possible after death, as much time is required for preparation in many cases.

The undersigned may as heretofore always be found at the shop, and will use his every exertion to accommodate and please.

T. B. SUTTON.

Kennedyville, Feb. 20—3t.

**O, GENTLE SPRING.**

BY MRS. KATIE SNYDER SHEPHERD.

O, gentle Spring, I for thy presence languish;
Winter and pain at once are hard to bear;
Less to endure seems still all care and anguish,
'Mid thy sweet beauty in the fragrant air.
Hasten thy healing influence to bring,
To wounded mind and heart, O, balmy Spring.

In the bleak winter-time, so cold and dreary,
All lovely things in nature seem as dead;
Life upon earth appears but dull and weary,
And hope of happiness hereafter fled.
But joy to life comes with thy blossoming,
And hope returns with thee, O, charming Spring.

Heaven seems with earth united at thy coming,
We see its colors in thy flowers fair;
We smell its odors in thy fragrant blooming,
And hear its tones in birds and stream and air,
In thy clear sky its bright eye opening,
With love looks on us, O, celestial Spring.

Beneath the weight of pain and trouble bending,
I can no longer bear the winter-time;
Come, with thy charms, suggesting life unending,
With love and bliss, in that pure, heavenly clime.
There thou—how to that hope I fondly cling—
Wilt bloom forever, O, immortal Spring.

*—Sunday Telegram.*

**GRAVER THOUGHTS.**

When avarice rules, humanity is absent.

The essence of true nobility is abnegation of self.

Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for greater patience.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

How near are two hearts when there is no deceit between them!

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

It is a short step from modesty to humility, but a shorter one from vanity to folly.

Good intentions are the seeds of good actions, though they do not always produce them.

As length of life is denied us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived.

Zeal is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

Sun-dials mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if most people could imitate them?

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and vaster than those of the most violent passions.

You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you censure and blame in others.

Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand.

Be noble minded! Our own heart and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.—*Schiller.*

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanations!

Avail yourself of all your knowledge without making a display of it. That machinery works best that is hidden from view.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

Discrimination is as necessary in charity as in everything else; and indiscrimination in charity is in many respects more dangerous than in anything else.

There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth that never grows old.

In all evils which admit of a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which if properly avoided, would remove the cause.

The winds of adversity sweep over our souls, and scatters our fairest blossoms of hope. But the blossoms fall that we may bring forth much fruit—patience, faith and love.

Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.

**A Diversity of Opinion.**

Many controversies have at different times arisen concerning the comparative value of meat and fish food, and the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers contend that fish has no food-value worth speaking of; others say that fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well cooked, with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations.—As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen eat a considerable portion, and, as, a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people.

A Swiss boatman recently pulled a would-be suicide out of Lake Geneva.—An hour or two after the boatman discovered the same man hanging by the neck to a tree, but did not interfere this time. The magistrate summoned him to answer why he did not prevent the suicide, and he replied that he supposed the gentleman had only hung himself up to dry.

It is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a corner grocery and lie about the number of fishes she caught last summer.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A GROCER when complained to about selling bad eggs, said: "At this season the hens ain't well and very often lay bad eggs."

**THE DYING MAN'S STORY.**

REV. JOHN THEO. ETTERS.

You have often asked me for my history, doctor, and now that I am so near my end, you shall have it. Now, don't stop me, my dear friend; I know what you would say—I must not excite myself or talk much. You see, I am almost as good a doctor as you are, but I feel that I cannot last another day, and as a few hours cannot make much difference, I prefer dying my own way. I may as well keep my mind employed as not; so sit down and listen to what no one has heard but yourself.

Six-and-twenty years ago I was a clerk in a merchant's office. I can't say I liked the business, but I stuck to it and got on; for I loved my master's daughter, and hoped by hard work to one day be able to make her mine. I was an orphan, with neither kith or kin to look after me, but the love I bore Milly kept me quiet and industrious. I rose step by step in the office, and Mr. Bruce, the merchant, was never tired of sounding my praise.

All went on happily until he discovered that I loved his daughter, and then his passion knew no bounds. I need not enter into the particulars. I was turned from his house, but not alone, for Milly and I had been secretly married three months before.

We took a quiet little lodging in the suburbs, and I went every day into the city in hopes of getting another situation. I had a little money that I had saved, on which we lived—lived, oh! so happily that even at this distance it seems a heavenly dream too bright for earth. Milly was always trustful that her father would relent, and I always believed I should soon obtain another appointment, but we were both deceived.

Time rolled on; our little capital was nearly gone, our hopes almost exhausted, but our love bloomed as fresh as ever. I tried literature, and made a few dollars; but my manuscripts too often came back without being read. Still I struggled on, and wrote several songs, which had a certain amount of success; and one more hope seemed to beam upon us.

Milly—Heaven bless her—fancied that I should soon become famous, that the whole country would wring with my name, and that her father would be glad to forgive us. What might have happened had I not met with such misfortunes, Heaven alone knows—I cannot say: but in the midst of this bright happiness my wife was taken ill. It was consumption. I worked day and night to procure the necessary medicines and food for her; I wrote to her father, but received no reply; I went from publisher to publisher hawking my songs about, selling them for almost anything to buy bread. Oh, how they ground me down! Men who had had successful songs from me, now that they saw me in poverty, cut down the prices until starvation was close upon me.

One afternoon—I shall never forget it—I left poor Milly in bed—she could not rise—and went to seek for work. I called at her father's, but was turned away from the door. I wandered about from one place to another, but all my efforts were fruitless. I could not earn a cent. Heart-broken and weary, I turned homeward. I had not money to buy even a loaf of bread. Several times I paused as a well-dressed man approached me, and determined to beg, but the words choked me, and they passed on without noticing my distress. When they passed I was ashamed at having thought of begging, and yet angry within myself that I had not done so.

I was standing at the corner of a street, thinking what I should do—for I could not go home to Milly—my poor, hungry, sick wife, empty-handed, when I received a hearty slap on the shoulder, and turning around saw Gidden, the music publisher.

"Well, Burden," he cried, "you don't seem happy. You look as pleasant as though you had lost a dollar and found a cent."

"Happy!" I exclaimed; "happy! with a wife dying of consumption and—and—starvation!"

"Dear me! that's very sad! Why don't you work?"

"Why! I have sought work far and near. I have done everything, but without success."

"The music trade is bad, and no mistake; but still I think something might be done. Your songs have succeeded pretty well. Now what time would it take you to write me four songs?"

"That all depends on what sort you want," I replied.

"They must be bacchanalian—full of life. You understand?"

"Yes."

"And I must have them the first thing in the morning."

"That is a short time."

"It is; but ready money, you know," he replied.

"On these terms I agree."

"Very well, then. Now about the price. You know the music trade is very bad at present. I can't give you much, so we'll say three guineas for the lot."

"What!" I exclaimed, "three guineas for four songs, and one guinea paid in advance."

"I can't give you a cent more."

As he spoke he drew a sovereign from his pocket and held it invitingly between his fingers and thumb. The sight of the money was too tempting; so without further demur I agreed to write the songs.

"Mind I have them early to-morrow," he said. "If you do not bring them to me by ten I shall send for them."

I hurried away to purchase some food for my wife, and also to procure her some medicine. I bought a roll and ate it, so that I could tell her that I had dined out; for I needed all the money for her.

Among the things I bought was some brandy the doctor having ordered Milly to drink it. Laden with these poor things, which to me looked heaps of riches, I hurried homewards.

Poor Milly, when I reached her bedside and showed her what I had brought, met me with a smile of patient love that almost broke my heart. She tasted a little food, and drank a small glass of weak brandy-and-water, then fell into a light sleep.

Illness at the best of times is terrible; but when we sit alone and see all we love fading fast, the disease aided by want—to see the thin, pale face so like death in life—to know that before long even the sad pleasure of tending on it will be lost, and that before we can give it proper care—this, indeed, is awful.

As I sat, watching and thinking, I became desperate; my brain seemed on fire, and my mouth parched. Seizing the brandy bottle, I poured out a large glass of the spirits and drank it off. I steadied my nerves, and I sat down to commence my songs.

For some time I could gain no thoughts. The dull silence of the night, broken only by the heavy breathing of my wife, and a low, purring sound that rattled at her breast, palled upon me. The dull, glimmering light of the candle, that threw a melancholy light over our wretched room; the thin, wedge-like face, half in shade, that reposed on the pillow; the ghost-like hand that lay so still, stretched out on the coverlet—all seemed to crush me. How, with such things around me, could I write of mirth, drink and jollity?

I pressed my hands over my eyes, and the hot tears forced themselves thro' my fingers. I grew hysterical, and felt as if I could have screamed with laughter. I could not write; but the songs must be done, or I should not get the money.

In hopes of gaining more calmness I drank more brandy. Glass after glass of the burning fluid I poured down my throat. I felt mad. I was not tipsy, but delirious. I could hear the rattle of glasses, the merry shouts of laughter; strange tunes, such as would have suited orgies held in praise of Bacchus, rang in my head. I seized my pen and wrote rapidly. Some fiend seemed whispering the words to me, they were so full of recklessness and abandonment.

My candle burned out, but I continued writing by the gray, cold light of day-break, that came slanting over the house-tops. At last my task was done, and springing up I hastened to my wife to tell her my success, and to cheer her with the assurance that these wild songs would make my name.

I felt my blood rushing thro' my veins as I fondly leaned over to kiss her. Our lips met; but I started back with a cry of terror—she was *dead!*

I do not remember anything after that for some weeks. I had had brain fever. When I recovered she was gone. I had never again kissed her dear, dead lips. It was some time before I was able to crawl out; but orders for songs came in thick and fast.

My last songs had been a success; their wild, dissolute tone had suited the young fools with money, and had become a small mine of wealth to the publisher.

Years have passed since then, but from that time I have never written a song of that kind, although large sums have been offered me. I hate them. Day and night I hear them buzzing in my ears. Scarcely a week passes but I hear one of them shouted out by some drunkard as he staggers home, and then the whole of that terrible night comes back to me.

They are evil spirits that have haunted me night and day; they have made me shun my fellow men; they have made me live in utter seclusion. Day and night I live in terror of hearing them.

Sometimes in dreams I hear Milly singing the first song I gave her; and in the midst of this happiness some fiend seems to chant aloud those dreadful songs in praise of wine.

Hush! I hear her voice; she sings the song I gave her in those happy, happy days. She is going; I must follow her. Hush! she is singing me to sleep. Milly; my own dear Milly!

SOMETHING OF A SURPRISE.—Tom Barnard was a convivial soul, but too fond of his cups. One evening a ball was given at the village tavern, to which, of course, Tom bent his steps. Everything went on finely. The village belles and beaux tripped through the mazes of the dance to the music of a colored fiddler at the upper end of the room, Tom, in the meanwhile, visiting the bar room very frequently, until he got sleepy. He wandered around from place to place in search of a resting place, and at last tumbled on to a bed amid a congruous pile of muffs, tippets, bonnets and so forth. It was not long before two girls came in, full of excitement over the ball, one asking:

"Sarah, did you hear anybody say anything about me?"

"Bill Jones said you were the prettiest girl in the room. Ain't that nice. Did anybody say anything about me?"

"Oh! Jim Brown said you never looked so pretty in your lifetime."

Suddenly Tom rose up and stammered out:

"I say, girls! d'ye hear 'nbody say 'nything about me?"

There was a rustle of dresses, and a sudden disappearance of two very pretty ladies.

AN ANXIOUS LIVERY MAN.—The story we give here is told by the Lewistown (Me.) *Journal:* "Some time since two ladies called at a stable in A——, to hire a horse to go ten miles out. The proprietor was absent, and the hostler, being a new comer, and not acquainted with the horses, gave them the best looking one. On the return of the proprietor he found the ladies had gone with a horse that was so high-spirited that he would trust but few men with him. He took another team and drove after the ladies, but did not succeed in overtaking them until they arrived at their destination. He asked if they had any trouble in driving the horse. They replied they had not; that the animal was a splendid horse; that he ran more than half the way, and they did not touch him with the whip. He asked if they had any trouble in passing teams. They said they did not, as every one who saw them coming got out of the way and gave them the whole road. Observe how ready men are to give women their rights."

MACHINERY has reached a high state of perfection. An exchange remarks: "We recently saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee-mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window, labelled 'Fine Old Mocha!'"

How does your brother get on in New York, Parker?" "Very well, indeed, ma'am, thank you. He's only there three months, and he's already beginning to speak the language beautiful!"—*Punch.*

A VETERAN shopkeeper says that altho' his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

**DON'T HANG OUT THE WHITE FLAG.**

No, don't do it. The difference between ordinary men and great men is that the difficulties which dishearten the one, serve only to inspire the other. Don't mind a failure or a series of failures. To fail is only a proof of your humanity; to rise above failures is a proof of something else.

Yonder is a young man who longs for an education. He has no money, no influential friends. Away in the distance fancy paints the beauteous estates of culture and of knowledge. He gazes upon it and his soul is enraptured with the picture. There are cosy sitting-rooms where he can chat with the learned of the past and present; there are bowers where the sweetest and the sublimest poets sing their songs in their own native tongue; there are grand old audience chambers where nature comes and unfolds to the wondering listener some of her mighty secrets. Oh! what a beautiful sight! But it's away in the distance. Long, dusty roads must be trod, quicksands and marshes to be passed over, lofty mountains must be scaled, ere it can be reached. The young man takes his eye from the painting in the distance, and contemplates the obstacles that intervene. Enemies of his success, they are magnified as he gazes upon them until they rise like giants to forbid his journey to the beauteous thing beyond. But fight it out young man! Don't hang out the white flag. Know that across the marshes and quicksands, a footway is laid; along that dusty road kind ravines fly to your assistance, up those mountain sides friendly bushes hold out their leafy hands to hold you upwards. Does it matter that you can only see a single step in the footway ahead, or that the ravines come singly and leave you doubting as to the future, or that the gentle bushes have such short arms that they can hardly reach you?—No! Then flutter the flag of war in the face of your difficulties.

Here's another young man. He's walking the crowded street, eagerly looking "as if in quest of something." Forms with the paraphernalia of wealth upon them pass before him; faces, which the united efforts of art and nature have beautified, gay youth, sober middle-age and peaceful old age, all are there, and yet he finds not him whom he seeks, the ideal man. He turns from the throng before him and looks in upon himself. Alas! as far from it as many of those that jostle his elbow. Then comes a period of meditation, and forthwith there steps from the chambers of his soul's longing a form like that which walked into Nazareth two thousand years ago. There's a light in the eye that can come only from a soul illuminated by the angels which accompany good deeds; there's a holy animation in his countenance that exists only when the human heart responds to the pulsation of the divine heart. There's a heavenly beauty about the entire form that sings an anthem, the burden of whose chorus is "Victory, victory over self." As the young man contemplates this form, the desire to be like it increases. The memories of the past failures dance about him and mock and deride the idea of an attempt to realize his desire. Shall he fail? Must the flag of surrender necessarily be unfurled? Nay, for the Author of good lays his infinity before and invites to use it in making of himself the ideal man.—Oh! there are plenty of such young men, plenty of all ages and sexes, in the dwellings of whose fancy there lives a lofty ideal, in whose hearts burns the intense desire to achieve in their own character akin to it. To all such souls we say let the desire burn, let it open in your lives.

When men are in keen pursuit of any success but one thing needs to be known. With what motives are they pursuing it? If they are noble and pure—then let them pursue it—keenly, ardently. It may, like the wild chamois of the mountain, leap from crag to crag and from peak to peak, until it reaches a place inaccessible to them. They may not reach it. What then? Success is not at all objective.—There is a subjective success which is always achieved thus, of far greater value than any other. What are any of the gifts of life compared with the courage and persistency that are thus engendered?

But it not only occupies the inaccessible place. Success is a cozy maiden and likes the constancy of her suitor. That being determined she gradually yields herself a willing victim.—*Ch Recorder.*

WHAT a little pastoral is this that comes to us from Kansas! A yoeman bearing the highly inappropriate name of Wolfe, had a Mrs. Wolfe, but no little Wolves. The deficiency was a great grief to them. But one day when Wolfe went out to fodder the milch cow, stopping to pull the ears, he found a girl baby wrapped in red flannel. Living too! Had been living only a few hours. Of course he carried this natural curiosity in to show it to Mrs. Wolfe. She, good soul, took it to her heart at once. She encompassed it about with new linen, and then sat down to make baby clothes. As for Wolfe, he behaved like a maniac. He danced and sung and smote his wife mildly on the back, and cried: "Bully for us!" In the exuberance of his joy it is reported further that he went out and hitched up a yoke of calves and drove round the house, yelling like an Indian. Well, there is one thing which the grasshoppers haven't spoiled in Kansas—we refer to the two hearts (united) of Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a mustache who can. Every woman who makes pudding has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to thing of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the 'prettiest little baby in the world,' and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases if her lover to by her side is catch her.

IT is related that the reason why wax candles do not require snuffing is that the wick is twisted in a peculiar way, so that it bends out into the ignited gas when lighted, and thus is constantly burned away as the wax consumes. This device does away with snuffers entirely.

**Uncle Billy's Objection to Civil Rights.**

I "interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good old colored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of Civil Rights

"Don't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already fur dis niggah."

"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist whar the misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, and dar you hit our weak pint. Befo' de waw, ef niggah stole chicken an' pig, yer jurked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But just let a culled pusson try it now. Yer hauls him 'fore court, and sen's him to de penitentiary, jist like ke wus one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekel 'fore de law!"

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Marse Boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin natur'. It's nat'ral fur niggah to steal pig and chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it is, an' 'taint no use tryin' to stop us. Now we uns are likely to let you uns alone, an' you all jist let us alone on this pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a perverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their Republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all I'se got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab a law for de white man an' a law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view the negro's minor transgessions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our Democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with white folks in the hotels.

"Great Goddlemighty!" exclaimed the good old man, "I allow youse tryin' to make fun 'o dis chile. Why, you knows yourself dat no culled pusson ebber lets a white man see 'em eat ef dey can help it!"

This is strictly true. The ordinary Southern negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectator.

"Well, Uncle Billy," I said, "it is very evident that you do not want any civil rights."

"Not anyting mo', I tank you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruined now. Hev to pay my own doctor's bills; lost all my money in de Freedman's Bank; nebber got no forty acres an' de mule dey promised me; an' can't help myself to a little chicken, fryin' size, widout gwine to de penitentiary. I'se got 'nuff cibbal rights!"

The above is no production of the fancy. It is a true incident honestly told, and it is impossible to talk to the country negroes without hearing just such things as I have related.—*The Independent.*

**Manufacture of Razor Blades.**

The celebrated razor blades produced by Rogers, of Sheffield, and which go to all parts of the civilized world, are forged out of bars of the very best highly carbonated cast steel, tilted to about half an inch in breadth, and of a thickness sufficient for the back of the razor. The blade is first moulded at the end of the porter-rod and then forged, and the edge being brought out, the concave surface is formed by working the side on the rounded edge of the anvil. It is then cut off, and the tang is either drawn out from the same material as the blade, or, if this be of superior quality, a piece of iron is welded to it. The steel used is of excellent quality, so as to undergo the beating necessary to produce the thinner part, while the back is left thick. Some of the workmen are so expert in forging the blade, that they will produce on the anvil an edge so sharp and even that it can be used for shaving after being whetted. After forging, the blade is smitted or beaten on an anvil, to render the metal as compact as possible. The blade is also slightly ground, or scorched, after the forging, on a coarse, dry grit stone, to bring it to the shape required, and to remove the black scale or coating. The blade is next drilled for the joint, and stamped with the name, then hardened and tempered, and ground on a whetstone of from four to eight inches in diameter.

A SERIOUSLY inclined but illiterate girl had been so constant and attentive at church that she had the entire service by heart. She always had her prayerbook before her, and much edified the young man to whom she was bethrothed by the close attention which she bestowed upon it. On Sunday, happening to have forgotten his own manual, he asked permission to look into hers. She readily granted it, but great was his surprise to see the book held the wrong way in her hand.—"My dear," said he, "your book is upside down." "I know it is; but that's the way I always read. I am left-handed."

A GENTLEMAN occupied all day, but having some hours of leisure in the evening, instead of advertising for books to write up, has set up a semi-subarban private patrol, charging his neighbors $4 a month for watching their premises. When asked whether he did not find it exhausting to work all day and walk around all night, he admitted frankly that he only visited his customers once a month, and that was to collect. "But don't they find you out?" said the querist. "Oh no," he replied, "they hear the burglars going round and trying the doors, and they think it's me."

A DETROIT gentleman, walking behind two school children the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the miss, "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless; mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attention. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine or give me any more gum."

THE Detroit *Free Press* asks, if Mr. Bergh can send a man to jaill for three months for killing a mad cat, we'd like to know what he can do to a boy who feeds marbles to a parrot?

JOSH BILLINGS says: "There ain't anything that will completely cure laziness, though a second wife has been known to hurry it some."

**SLEEPING WITH HIS EQUAL.**

A certain hotel not a thousand miles from Fayetteville, recently had for its guest a sactimonious looking Puritan from the butt end of Massachusetts, who took great pains to ingratiate himself with the colored people, and install in their minds the odious doctrines of negro equality.—The Civil Rights bill was his favorite hobby, and he took occasion whenever a suitable opportunity occurred to whisper into the ears of all negroes that came within his reach, that he considered them his equals every way. The porter of the hotel is a burly negro named Jo, who is as greasy and oderous an African as ever imparted a high flavor to a summer breeze. And the saintly scalawag from Massachusetts hand been using him sometime as a whetstone to sharpen his abominable theories on. But Jo is a sensible darkey, albeit he is not the best fellow in the world to rub one's nose against, and he has a pretty correct idea of a negro's place, which kept him from being gulled by his would-be white brother. Besides Jo is attached to the landlord of the hotel, and as he is talkative withal, he unbosomed himself to his employes one evening, and related all that his insidious Yankee had said on the subject of Sumner's legacy and negro equality: The landlord was thoughtful for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Jo, I'll give you $2 to-morrow morning, if you'll sleep with that fellow to-night."

Jo's eyes twinkled like stars, and he quickly responded:

"Dat's a bargain, Marse Jim, 'fore God!"

That night the meek and unsuspecting white friend of the race of Ham was just crawling into the bed, when Jo slid into the room, humming "John Brown's body am a smouldering in the dus," and commenced shedding his clothes without furthur ceremony. The amazed Puritan started up in bed, his eyes standing out from his head like a couple of door knobs, tremblingly inquired:

"My colored friend, what are you going to do?"

Jo pulled his shirt over his head, gave a tremendous yawn, set a few thousand oders afloat, and made a leap for the bed, screaming as he went:

"I'se gwine to spend de night wid my ekal!"

The horrified deciple of Sumner gave a yell that would have made a Piute Indian's hair curl, tore himself from Jo's perspiring but fond embrace, leaped from the bed, broke for the door with the caudal appendage of his shirt floating like a summer cloud behind him, and fell into the hands of the landlord, who, attended by a few friends, was enjoying the whole scene as only a decent white man could.

Next morning Jo received his money but the saintly sneak from Massachusetts was not there to see.—*Fayette (Tenn.) Ex*

SAYS a writer in *Harper's Bazar*: "The reign of the chignon is over; its glory has departed; its name is Ichabod." The ladies will take notice accordingly. It seems that with this disappearance romance has come back—a romance before impossible says the writer. The chignon was the open foe of poetry and romance, as all artificial things are that have not in their construction the element of beauty. It was of a hard era, where every thing was being reduced to the commonplace level of money-making and the display of money, an era that would have assured us that money was so omnipotent it could even purchase the bloom of beauty and make it transferable. But the long and silky hair itself, in its native grace and simplicity, belongs to poetry, is one of its haunts, indeed, for it loves to linger in its perfumed locks and to do homage to its compelling charm: painters have painted it, poets have sung it, the curious have perserved it, till one, looking on the golden lock of Lucrezia Borgia's hair, feels all the splendor, the temptation, the luxury, the crime, of that Italian age that produced her; or, touching a silken lock of Keats', feels the sweet nature throbbing with the love and beauty beyond its power to bear, as if some shepherd lad had met the sun-god on the mountain-side and died of the glory; or holding a dark soft lock of Byron's hair, finest and most lustrious, sees as if in a vision the passion and the power that lifted him on strong wings out of soil and slime and among the gods themselves.—"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift upon a lock of poor Stella's and the world has ever since reviled him for a heartless wretch, never pausing to think whether it was not the very depth of tenderness and sorrow mocking at itself. As though one said, Only a woman's hair; nothing, nothing to you; but once it was all the world to me!"

A LIFE-SAVING DREAM.—In the preface to one of Dickens' novels we find a statement to the effect that some of the incidents in his writings, which have an air of improbability are founded on fact, while other incidents, purely fictitious, are more easily believed. The deduction is, that in writ