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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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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.

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

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12-y.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

JAS. H. SMITH,
DEALER IN
CONFECTIONERY, Foreign Fruits,
NUTS, CAKES AND CRACKERS,
Imported and Domestic CIGARS,
TOBACCO, &c.

November 20, 1875.

JUST RECEIVED
NEW FOREIGN FRUITS,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
LEMONS, ORANGES,
CITRON, PRUNES,
FIGS, NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits, Spices,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW
Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, Toilet Soap, Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Toys, Jewelry, Lamp Fixings, Lamps, Glass-ware,
Cocoa, Chocolate and Flavoring Extracts.
TOBACCO from 75 cts. to $2.
CIGARS, from 2½ cts. to 25 cts.
We name following Brands and Prices:
La Angelita Dr A 25c.; Flor Del Fumar 5c to 20c.; Principe Alfonson ©1, 20c.; Keywest Partigas 12½; Rena Victoria 12½; Designia 5 to 12½; Partagas 5 to 10c.; La luz de Oriente 5c.; Flor de Alma 5c.; La Carolina 5c.; Flor de Cuba 6 for 25c.; Flor del Fumar 6 for 25c.; Henry Clay 6 for 25c.; Our Friend 6 for 25c.; Joys 6 for 25; Twins 6 for 25c.; Victory 6 for 25c.; Emperor 3c.; Nice and Safe, 2 for 5c.
☞ Give me a call.
Nov. 20, 1875. J. H. SMITH.

Fall and Winter
OPENING
OF
New and Desirable Goods,
AT
F. H. HARPER'S,
IN
Still Pond, Kent Co.

To convince yourself of the shrinkage in the price of Goods, I ask and solicit your examination of my stock bought at bottom figures, which I propose to sell at a small margin.

Lot of Standard Prints, 7c. per yd
Good article of Gingham 8c. "
Mallalieu's Kersey 80c. "
ALL WOOL.
4-4 Appleton A. Muslin 10c. "

In GROCERIES I Quote:
A. White Sugar - 11c.
C. Yellow standard 10c.
C. " - - - - 9c.
Tin Fruit Cans 75c. per Dozen.

I have a large and attractive stock of
Ready-Made CLOTHING.
UNDERSHIRTS
AS LOW AS 37½ CTS. A PIECE,
Not Shoddy stock either.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE: ☜
F. H. HARPER,
STILL POND.

Special Notice.

That note now overdue, also that acc't now overdue, PLEASE LET ME HAVE AT ONCE. I must have money. A hint I hope is sufficient.
F. H. HARPER,
Oct. 16—3m. STILL POND.

PERFUMERY.

A nice stock of French and English Perfumery at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del. Heliotrope, Jasmine, White Rose, Jockey Club, Musk, Patchouly, etc.—Also Sachet Powder of the following perfumes: White Rose, Heliotrope, Jockey Club and Violet. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876. No. 35.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESATE
In Sassafras, Kent Co., Md.

UNDER an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, and by authority of the last Will and Testament of Alexander Wilson, late of Kent county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executor of said deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY,
The Twenty-second day of January, 1876,
At Two o'clock, P. M.,
At the Hotel of Mr. Francis A. Vansant, in the village of Sassafras,

That VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
of his Testator, consisting of TWO LOTS and IMPROVEMENTS, as follows:

Lot No. 1,
Situated on the East side of the Main St., in said Village of Sassafras, and containing about
THREE-EIGHTHS OF AN ACRE OF LAND, improved by a
BLACKSMITH
AND WHEELWRIGHT SHOP.

Lot No. 2,
Situated on the West side of the Main street, in the same village, and containing about
One-Eighth of an Acre of LAND,
IMPROVED BY A
STORE HOUSE
And DWELLING.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the order, are as follows:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash, and the balance in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months; the credit payments to be secured by bond of purchaser or purchasers, with security approved by Executor.
WILLIAM J. WILSON,
Executor of Alexander Wilson, dec'd.
Dec. 25, 1875—tds.

A NEW SKYLIGHT
IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE subscriber has fitted up a First Class SKYLIGHT ROOM, adjoining Mr. J. K. Aldridge's Hardware Store, and respectfully informs the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that he is prepared to take all kinds of
PICTURES.
All work first class. He feels confident he can give satisfaction in quality, style and price of Pictures, as no pains will be spared to secure correct likenesses and artistic work.
Old pictures copied and enlarged. Also, Photograph Views of Buildings taken in nice style. FRAMES of all kinds furnished to order. Give him a call and you will be pleased.
oc30-tf. D. S. LEWIS.

New Styles—Latest Fashions
1875. Fall and Winter. 1875.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
FROM
PHILADELPHIA

RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his
New FALL Goods and Styles
RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.
Fine Goods a Specialty
BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.
☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.
Oct. 16, 1875. ABE SCHWARTZ.

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, Cruppers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at CITY PRICES, at
JOHN F. HOWARD'S,
☞ ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done a the Shortest Notice and at Reduced Prices.
Feb. 6. JOHN F. HOWARD.

HARNESS and SADDLE MAKING.
JOSEPH W. EDWARDS,
May be found again at the OLD STAND, opposite the Voshell House.
Having employed competent workmen he will conduct the business of
Harness Making
in all its branches. All kinds of Harness made to order. REPAIRING done on reasonable terms and at short notice.
Former friends and the public are invited to call. JOS. W. EDWARDS.
Chestertown, Dec. 18, 1875—tf.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!
MY stock is very large and selling much lower than we have since we commenced the Hardware business.
Call and be convinced.
Nov. 20. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SHIRTS.—White Shirts of the best material and best style, cut to fit. Also, Percal, Chivott, Calico and Hickory Shirts, very cheap at S. MERRITT & CO.'S,
Oct. 2. Bordley's Corner, Chestertown.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Personal Property

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned, administrator of GEO. B. FORD, deceased, will sell at Public Sale at the late residence of said deceased, near Goose Hill, on
WEDNESDAY, January 12th, 1876
The following property, to wit:

TEN HEAD of GOOD WORK HORSES,
Three GOOD DRIVERS among them.
TWO COLTS, one 1 year old next spring and the other 2 years next spring.
20 HEAD OF CATTLE,
3 Yoke of OXEN,
1 Yoke large, 1 yoke three years old, good size,
1 Beef Steer, good size and good order,
1 Red Steer, two years old,
1 Bull, three years old; 1 Ox, odd.
1 Cow, with Calf by her side,
5 Cows with Calf to come in soon.
2 Heifers in calf. 5 Calves.
33 CHESTER WHITE SHOATS,
Some pig last February or 1st March.
1 CHAMPION REAPER, in good order,
1 Sinclair Eight Horse Power, in good order,
1 Reading Sheller, in order.
1 Grain Fan,
1 Ox-Cart, 1 Wagon, 1 Dearborn,
1 Cider Press, 1 Wheat Drill, 1 Grindstone,
1 Corn Barrel, 1 Saddle and Bridle,
1 small Carriage and Harness,
1 Wagon and Dearborn, with harness,
10,000 lbs. Blades,
2500 lbs. Pork; 7 Cans Lard, 300 lbs.
Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.
5 good Feather Beds and Bed Clothing; 5 Bedsteads and sacking; 3 good Tables, 30 yards of Three-ply Carpet, 30 yards Straw Matting, 1 China Tea Set, 1 Buffalo Robe, 1 Cook Stove and Fixtures, No. 9, 1 Coal Stove.
108 Bushels Wheat seeded; 2½ tons Whitelock Fertilizer on it.
Farming Implements.
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Gears, Forks, Shovels, &c. Lot of Coal, lot of Poultry and lot of Cabbage.
☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount eight months credit, on note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.
WM. FORD, Adm'r.
J. W. CARROLL, Auct'r. jan1-ts.

Kennedyville Ahead!!
$10,000
is offered for the arrest of the great criminal, "BOSS TWEED," and although he has fled from justice, I am enabled to offer
Another New Stock
At PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!
PRINTS—Cocheco and Pacific.....10c.
Other do. from 6c. up.
MUSLINS from 6c. up.
CANTON and WOOL FLANNELS, KERSEYS, &c.,
☞ As low as the lowest. ☜
A full line of BOOTS AND SHOES at bottom prices.
A New Stock of CLOTHING
among which are some OVER-COATS, at PANIC PRICES.
GROCERIES.
Sugars from 8 to 13 cts. Syrups 40 to 80 cts. Best Mince Meat at 14c, Coffee 25 to 30 cts. Raisins, Currants and Spices for Mince Pies. Best Pearl Hominy.
Also a full line of
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
Which includes French and Common Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc. for Christmas.
☞ LARD CANS $1.00.
And almost everything that ought to be found at a country store.
I will also pay the highest prices for GRAIN Dried Fruit, Eggs, Butter, Lard and Bacon.
Also, for well dressed POULTRY in good condition, and—
All this AT THE POST OFFICE AT KENNEDYVILLE.
JOS. E. WEER, P. M.
Dec. 11, 1875.

Great Reduction!
PANIC PRICES!
THE PUBLIC WILL TAKE NOTICE that the undersigned has just arrived from the city with a full Stock of Goods, consisting of
BRIDLES,
HALTERS,
COLLARS,
SADDLES,
RIDING BRIDLES,
MARTINGALES,
CRUPPERS,
SINGLE and DOUBLE REINS, &c.
ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.
Don't forget the EIGHTEEN DOLLAR HARNESS, made by Hand.
All Work done in a Workmanlike Manner, and satisfaction guaranteed by the proprietor.
W. W. COPPER,
Burchinal Building, Cross St., adjoining J. M. Vandyke's Store, Chestertown, Md.
March 20, 1875—tf.

FARMERS
Save your orders until you go to Middletown, and buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Lamp Chimneys, Sponges, Chamois, &c., at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, (Barr's old stand.) Prompt and polite attention to all. sept1-f.

HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTING an assortment just received by
Mar. 7. T. W. ELIAS & SR.

CASH paid for BACON, by
aug28. J. M. VANDYKE.

YOU can find a little of any and everything at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

THE subjoined pretty poem, from the pen of David Paul Brown, was published some twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is appropriate to the closing year and will bear republication:

The Grave of the Year.

The flowers of Spring are removed,
The foliage of summer is gone,
The charms we so tenderly loved
Have fled, and the heart is alone.

Spring again shall enrich the gay bowers,
And summer enliven the plain,
But the heart that is robbed of its flowers,
Never, never shall flourish again.

But why should we mortals repine
In approaching the grave of the year?
Through the vista of perishing time
Eternity's mansions appear.

There spring shall unceasingly bloom,
And the heart forever be gay,
While the wintry night of the tomb
Is lost in perpetual day.

THE EFFECTS OF HASHISH.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG NEW YORKER TOLD BY HIMSELF.

The following remarkable experience of the effects of *Cannabis India* or Indian hemp, commonly known as Hashish, occurred to a young man in this city not long ago, and will be found of interest in illustrating several curious psychological phenomena. The experimenter was a young man, twenty-three years of age, of light complexion and nervous temperament. He was entirely ignorant of the usual effects of the drug and somewhat skeptical in regard to it. The experiment was made in the presence of a scientific gentleman, and the dose taken was ten grains, in pills of one grain each, given to him three at a dose at intervals of an hour. Below is his own account of the affair, written shortly after his recovery:

I am private secretary to a literary gentleman who is mainly interested in the study of mental science; hearing of Hashish in a general way, but being ignorant of its peculiar effects, I conceived the notion of taking some, and on Monday evening last, having procured ten grains, in the presence of Mr. —— (the gentleman referred to) made the experiment. At 7 o'clock I swallowed three pills of one grain each. At 8, no effect having been produced, I took three more. I had firmly made up my mind to give the drug no advantage by allowing my imagination to centre upon it, and believing to a great degree in the power of will, I was resolved to be the victim of no delusion, therefore I resolutely turned my thoughts from myself and engaged in a game of cards with Mr. ——. At 9 o'clock being still unaffected in any way, I swallowed the remaining four pills. We had finished our game, and Mr. —— was explaining a theory in which I was deeply interested, following his remarks with an attention that excluded all remembrance of the Hashish, when its first effect was perceived. My movements became stronger. I, however, was not aware of it until Mr. —— pausing, inquired the cause, and on looking at my hands and feet I found them in violent motion. I blushed at the discovery, and apologized profusely for the interruption. A few moments later I was again mortified at being detected in the act of drawing numerous figures with my finger's end upon the carpet. This mortification was not caused, as might be supposed, by the knowledge that I had exhibited an eccentricity when so steadfastly resolved not to be affected by the drug, for at the time I firmly believed myself to be acting voluntarily; I was mortified rather that I had been guilty of what seemed to me an outrageous, an unpardonable breach of etiquette. However, Mr. —— took no notice of my confusion and continued his remarks. I am unable to say whether I followed them or not, probably not; for I was again suddenly reminded of my condition by his stopping abruptly. At this third interruption I grew frightened.—The horrible thought suggested itself that Mr. —— supposed I was really under the influence of Hashish, and that I, not knowing how to carry on the deception so foolishly begun, would soon be discovered by him as an impostor. That he would murder me in case of discovery I had no doubt, nor would he kill me with a blow, but rather torture me to death. I would have the end of my teeth broken off with a small hammer, and made to hold ice in my mouth; he would put his foot on my chest, and, sticking the point of his cane into my eye, lean on it and turn it around, as I had often leaned on and twisted poor caterpillars. No murderer, hesitating between the chances of a successful trial and an appeal to the mercy of man by a full confession, could suffer greater torture than I underwent at that moment. I would throw myself at his feet and beg for mercy: but then the cane, and the horrible agony of having one's eyes put out! No; I must carry on the deception.

The time occupied in forming this conclusion Mr. —— has since told me could not have been over a few seconds, as one move was quickly followed by another, but to me it seemed years. I remember that I wondered in the midst of my anguish how it was that he could sit there so long, awaiting my decision, without food; why he didn't die, and whether if I could delay deciding a few more years he would not die. I arose from my seat. I would pretend to be drunk, perhaps I might be able yet to deceive him. I staggered about the room; it seemed miles in length. The staggering gait tired me, but I was obliged to go on. At last, fearing that I had in my zeal overdone the character, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair and burst into tears. As the tears coursed down my cheeks came the thought, "this, at least, is not acting." I cannot express the joy this discovery brought, it was like a release from the gallows. I was free—free to act as I chose, no longer compelled to carry on a cruel deception. The thought set me on fire with ecstacy. I laughed and cried and sang in wild delight. Suddenly, in the midst of this happiness, came the recollection of Mr. —— and the torturing cane. Instantly my whole body turned icy cold. I knew he was near, yet dared not look at him. If he should be frowning I felt it would kill me. The thought fascinated me with horror, and I turned my eyes toward him as one might turn to look at a ghost. He was smiling kindly at me; that instant I passed in heaven. There was a million smiling faces on all sides, and strains of music filled the air. Above the sofa on which I was lying hung a chandelier of curious design and exceedingly ugly pattern, being covered with heads of witches, anything but pleasant to the eye. Now, however, these figures took the form of angels. The long red tongues projecting from each mouth, which had always been my detestation, became now typical of music. I thought I *saw* sound. It was no longer the mere effect of melody upon the ear that delighted me; notes become substance. I gazed entranced at the singing mouths, and watched with delight the movements of their songs through the air. Each appeared to be singing a different melody, yet the harmony was perfect. I wondered at this, and strained my eyes to see how the blending of different keys was accomplished. At this effort I discovered that the streams of music which I distinctly saw floating through the air were colorless and invisible. This is a paradox I am unable to explain. I can only relate the facts as they occurred, and it is a fact that I seemed to see that which on inspection I found to be devoid of color.

I wondered if music would not relieve his despair, and began a song. At the first note I experienced an effect which I can best describe as the removal of a cloud from before my consciousness. It was momentary, yet it constantly, during this stage of the experience, reoccurred. During these flashes of sanity (knowing myself to be perfectly sane, and being aware of their short duration) I tried hard to convey to Mr. —— an idea of my condition, but before I could utter half a dozen words I would feel myself lifted from the sofa and whirled off at a rate of speed beyond conception, through distances which cannot be numerically expressed. This description is in perfect accord with the movements I exhibited I have since been told. At intervals, sometimes divided only by an instant, I appeared to be in a normal condition and anxious to explain the scenes through which I was passing under the effects of the drug. But the intervals were never long enough for me to finish a sentence. "This is a very peculiar experience I am having, Mr. ——," I would commence, in a perfectly natural tone of voice, "and I wish you would—good bye, good bye," and, waving a farewell, my head would fall back upon the sofa, eyes remaining wide open, with large distending pupils, while expressions of perfect delight chased one another over my features. On these journeys, which appeared to be billions of miles in length, I was always accompanied by a host of jolly, jovial, queer looking little fellows, with rosy cheeks, dressed in every direction from constant and continued laughing. Our journeys were mainly among grand mountain scenery. I saw monntains towering thousands of miles in the air, and while wondering how we could possibly get over them, they became little specs leagues below us. Always these mountains became the source of such excessive and wonderfully brilliant ridicule from my companions that I dreaded, yet at the same time longed, to encounter them. These journeys were always brought to an abrupt end when at an immense height, and falling to earth with frightful rapidity, I would find myself gasping for breath on the sofa with Mr.—— sitting by my side. In vain I tried to tell him how far I had been since I saw him last; no sooner would I begin than one of these droll fellows, suddenly appearing, would whisper something in my ear so intensely, so irresistibly, so absolutely funny, that in a convulsion of laughter everything was forgotten, and I was again whirling thro' the air.

At last the horrible truth dawned upon me that I was laughing myself to death; and unless I could rid myself of these companions I must die of laughter. My sufferings became intense. I begged Mr.—to hold me; I shrieked in fear, still they laughed, and again I was flying with them through space. I shall never forget the misery of that moment. How breathlessly I watched their faces, praying that they would spare me! One came nearer, I tried to drive him away, my hands went thro' his body, he only laughed. I put my fingers in my ears, but could not shut out the sound. He put his arm about my neck, his lips close to my ear. He was nearly choking with laughter. I could not understand what he said he laughed so loud, but I felt the muscles of my face tightening; I struggled desperately against the feeling. It was useless, my whole frame became convulsed. My sides expanded to an enormous width, and came together with a blow. I seemed to grow alternately a mile long and a mile wide; electric eels appeared to enter the souls of my feet and course through my body, going out at the top of my head, and causing the keenest torture. In the midst of my agony it became dark; my companions were not to be seen. Presently in the blackness appeared a yellow wheel revolving at an incredible rate of speed, and at every revolution growing in diameter. I wondered if it would grow in size and devour me. At a distance the outer edge, which was ragged, appeared to be set with teeth, like the teeth of a saw, but as its size increased and drew nearer I saw with dismay that the teeth were yellow flames, while the centre was nothing but a mass of red heat. I tried to run and found I had no legs. I tried to scream; I had no mouth. Nearer it came; the edge whizzed within a foot of me—an inch—a hair's breadth. At that instant I saw a picture. In a dimly-lighted room sat an old man beneath a chandelier covered with witches heads, which appeared to be lighted, yet gave only the faintest ray of light, and on a sofa in this darkened room lay a young man dying I have never seen a person die, yet this scene appeared to be familiar. I seemed to know exactly the different changes which precede death. I knew that his feet were turning cold; I saw the lump begin to grow in his throat; I heard the beat of his heart growing fainter and fainter. A shiver ran through his frame. At that instant I recognized in the dying man myself. "How yellow I'm growing," I thought. "Will I be as much afraid of myself when a corpse as I have always been of dead people?" As I spoke the fiery wheel passed over me. The vision of the death bed disappeared and nothing existed but this revolving mass of heat. I was no longer self-conscious. The heat became conscious of itself. This fact is given to me now by memory, and these different consciousnesses are as vivid as the room in which I now write. Around and around went the fiery yellow circle. I was part of it. I seemed to be the wheel itself. Then came a moment of self-consciousness, and I remembered my death. I wondered how it was that I could be dead and yet aware of my identity. Something answered, "You are in hell." A thought replied, "You cannot burn me; I am heat itself." Instantly the temperature began increasing. From red, the revolving mass became white heat, then a greenish tinge which I had never seen before appeared. It was not as if I stood apart and saw these shades. I was myself part of them. I had no body. I was a circle of heat, conscious of an increasing intensity in myself. When I saw, felt, knew, was cognizant (I seemed to be all in one) that red heat was slowly turning to white, I thought, "This must bring oblivion, merciful oblivion; there can be nothing after white heat." But gradually an unearthly tinge of green spread itself over the white, deepening into other shades, then I realized that the source of heat was endless, and a gradual increase eternal. I longed for death, and remembered that I was already dead. I recalled my life on earth, and remembered how many times I had refused to believe in hell, because the conception of eternal pain had been to me impossible. I cursed myself for an idiot, to have doubted the possibility of endless suffering. I thought of the world and the many people living there, as I had, refusing to believe what they could not understand.

I remember distinctly now that at times, for an instant, the remembrance of my having taken Hashish would flash upon me, and the hope that after all I might not be dead; but this thought brought no consolation, for I felt that were I restored to the world I could never again have a moment's peace with this dreadful knowledge of the hereafter fresh in my mind. Nothing in my actual life is or ever has been more vivid and real than this imaginary sojourn in hell was at the time. I wondered where the world was, and a voice seemed to reply, "It is nowhere; it is out of existence. Time is divided into more minute divisions than the human mind can conceive of. A million centuries from now the world will exist for another fraction of a second." Then I realized that this revolving mass of heat was the machinery that kept the earth in existence, and that henceforth forever I must remain a part of it. Again I saw the darkened room and the young man dying on the sofa. The final breath that I had seen him begin to draw these centuries ago was not yet spent, and again I recognized myself in the dying form. It was but a momentary glimpse, and I was once more in hell. The fiery wheel had disappeared, and in its place existed only a thin edge—an edge infinitely long, but thinner than the blade of a razor and torturing to look at. I had no eyes, yet I saw it, and nothing else. It was the definition of a line. I felt that to keep my attention upon it a second longer would bring oblivion.

Suddenly it was split in two, and I was compelled to look at the half. Next it divided into eights, and so continued splitting until there was no end to its divisions. Once more I saw the dark room—the young man on the sofa was dead. His cheeks were so sunken I hardly recognized myself. I felt of his hands; they were cold. His eyes were gone, and only two holes remained. I fell into one of the holes and found myself again in hell. I was a knot in a rope, vibrating from a sudden snap given to the rope. Again I saw the dead man; this time he was in his coffin. I bent over and touched him; as I did so I became the corpse. It had always been I; now I became it. I turned in my coffin, and my mouth went thro' the bottom and fell upon the floor. I drew in a long breath, and in doing so sucked the carpet from the floor into my mouth; the carpet pulled the one in the next house, that the one in the house beyond, and so I sucked into my mouth one whole layer of the earth's surface after another, unwinding the whole earth like a ball of yarn, until I had swallowed the world. I remember this torture more vividly than any of the others, and how I hoped against fear, as the world gradually unwound before my eyes, that this would bring oblivion; but as the last particle disappeared down my throat, other worlds sprang into existence on all sides, chasing each other into my mouth with frightful rapidity. "Will I never die?" I screamed, and, as if in answer to my cry, I saw four men lowering a coffin into a grave. The lid was off, and I shuddered to see myself being put into the cold ground. One man raised a shovel and threw dirt upon the face of the corpse, and that instant I opened my eyes and saw Mr. —— bending over me.

Where Boxwood Comes From.

Not every one is aware that the wood used by engravers is the growth of those far away regions around the Black and Caspian seas, the very names of the ports from which it is shipped being unfamiliar. Very few who consider themselves good geographers have heard of Poti or Abkassia, or Tzaritsin, and yet these are flourishing commercial towns, reached by the way of the Golden Horn of Constantinople. For all fine engravings, Turkey boxwood is used, and as its quality varies much, some skill is necessary to a good selection.

It is to the use of this wood by our artists that the superiority of their designs and wood engravings must in a great measure be attributed. In consequence of its scarcity and high price, many substitutes have been resorted to; maple, apple, pear, mahogany have been experimented upon; but hitherto no wood, metal or composition has been discovered that possesses the requisite qualities.

In addition to engraving, boxwood is used for scales, rules, gauging rods, and similar articles on which figuring is made; and there are factories in Connecticut that consume hundreds of tons annually for this purpose alone. Any one that has ever held a carpenter's rule in his hand knows what boxwood is like. It differs in color and texture from all other wood, and it is somewhat remarkable that it comes to perfection only in a comparatively limited region of country in the vicinity of the Black Sea. It weighs about seventy-five pounds to the cubic foot, and varies in price to land it in Boston from $75 to $250 a ton.

THE other day, when a Detroit grocer spelled sugar "s-h-u-g-e-r,' a friend pointed out the word and remarked "That word isn't spelled quite right.' "Ha! I see,' laughed the grocer: "one would think I had no education!' And he crossed it out and wrote "s-h-u-g-o-r."

CHRISTMAS AT FAIRLEE.

THE SALEM S. SCHOOL RECITATIONS—DIALOGUES AND TABLEAUX—WHO PERFORMED AND HOW.

For the Kent News.

Messrs. Editors:—The merry Christmas time was ushered in at Fairlee by the exhibition of Salem Sabbath School under the superintendence of the indefatigable Brother James Kendall, on the evenings of Dec. 21 and 23d.

The Church was beautifully decorated with wreaths and festoons of evergreens intermingled with flowers, and was on Tuesday night filled to its full capacity, on Thursday evening a few more could have gained admission. The programme opened with a well written and appropriate address of welcome, delivered by Miss S. C. Bordley with much grace and ease of manner.

The recitations and dialogues were generally well spoken, and showed a clear understanding of the topics and a full appreciation of their significance. A few specifications may be allowed, not to make invidious distinctions, but because they are impressed on the memory.

"Keeping in repair," charade and tableau, by Messrs. Geo. Pennington and A. M. Kendall, an excellent temperance lecture in itself. The acting was very natural. "The ratification of a treaty," by Miss N. Kendall and Master J. T. Blackiston, was admirably done.

"The value of Whiskers" was finely shown by Miss Emma Blackiston and A. M. Kendall. Master John McIntyre gave a laughable account of himself and family as "young mischief." Miss Lottie Hulme's address to her "dear little Dolly, not quite a year old" was admirably done, while her younger sister Zadie, as "little Chatterbox" won great applause. Miss Eva and Miss Ruby Corson and Miss Bessie Corey and two little sisters, Rose and Ida Bramble, all performed their parts in excellent taste. "Exageration," by Walter and James Dowling, gave general satisfaction, and a dialogue on "grammer," prepared for the occasion, was rendered with good effect by Misses P. Kendall and Ella G. Sparks. A capital burlesque of the pothouse political orator was given by Ambrose Frazier, though some thought that the display of the bottie and the invitation to take a "a smile" might have been judiciously omitted, but would it have been as true to life?

"The judge outwitted," by James Fogwell and G. Pennington, was full of humor and admirably done.

But it is impossible to particularize the whole in detail; Miss H. E. Smyth, her sister Mary C., Miss S. Joiner, Miss M. Parsons, Miss Anna Joiner, Misses Laura J. Roeder and sister Anna, Miss Laura Blackiston, (suffering from severe cold,) Miss Clara Kendall, Miss Agnes Bordley and others not herein named, all performed well.

The performance was interspersed with choice music: Mrs. A. S. Skirven presiding at the organ, Mr. C. Hurlock and lady, Mr. John W. Corey, Mr. S. Shuster, Miss M. R. Shuster, Miss E. Gowing, Miss M. Bramble and Miss Freer doing the vocalization. A duet on the stage by the Bordley sisters, and a solo by Miss Agnes were heartily encored.

The feature of the entertainment on both evenings which gave universal delight was the tableaux, under the direction of Prof. T. A. Hulme and lady, assisted by S. C. Corey. The first was in the charade "Keeping in Repair," and showed the wretched loafer, "signing the pledge," "putting himself in repair" the intermediate scene in the charade.

"Heaven." Two sisters, Miss P. and N. Kendall appear, one seated, the other reclining on her, enter into a touching dialogue on "Heaven." At its conclusion the inner curtain is drawn disclosing a scene of transcendant beauty; angels and blessed spirits in the radiant glory, enjoying the rest that remaineth for the people of God. I was not surprised that this had to be repeated both evenings to satisfy the delighted audience.

Another tableau "Lifting the veil" was certainly very beautiful, as was also "The Reception," "Crowning the Queen of May" and "Good Night," were both very fine, and it must be understood that in all these, children from 5 to 8 years of age were the principal actors. "Youthful depravity" representing a gentleman accosted by a little "city arab" (Master W. Dowling) begging for a penny, while another little arab (J. T. Blackiston) quietly abstracts the handkerchief from his coat pocket, was well done. Another, entitled "One peep was enough," put the audience into a convulsion of mirth.

These tableaux, in their general effect, and in their minutest of details, reflect great credit on all concerned, and speak volumes for their æsthetic taste and skill.

I am not able to speak accurately of the proceeds but understand that the amount was respectable.

The whole was repeated at Rock Hall, and I have heard intimatious that if a suitable place could be had, Salem Sabbath School would give their friends in Chestertown "a taste of their quality."

A happy New Year! Messrs. Editors.

Fortitude in Business.

Many a man, who would be brave before a cannon's mouth, manifests a lack of courage and fortitude in the ordinary affairs of life.

Discouragement and despair are always unmanly; and this should be borne in mind in times like these.

No matter how you are situated do the best you can. If you have made mistakes in the past, rectify them in the present, and avoid them in the future. Everybody makes mistakes; therefore do not be disheartened because you have fallen into error, when you reflect that error is common to all.

Look at the future. That is the field for hope and for labor. Only regard the past for the lessons which it teaches. Say to yourself, disaster may come, but despair, never!

Be brave in business as you would be brave in battle. If your efforts in the past have failed, renew and redouble them in the future. Never despair.

THE fine mansion of the late Edwin Forrest, in Philadelphia, was sold last week by the executors of the estate for $98,000. It was purchased by a number of gentlemen. It is reported that it will be fitted up as a public resort.

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.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Buggins thinks that dynamite is a contraction for die any minute.

Josh Billings says: "Yu kan't change a date by kussin' after an edition has been worked off."

You will notice that when a boy steps on a Canada thistle or sticks a pin into his foot it is invariably a few minutes before school.

No Chinese bank has failed for five hundred years. When the last failure took place the officers' heads were cut off and flung into the corner with the other assets.

"Mr. P., father wants to borrow your newspaper. He says he only wants to read it." "Well, go back and ask your father to lend me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it." The next evening he did not come.

Mrs. Partington wants to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time it leaves port.

The much-talked-of telescope, it is said, has really brought the moon down within ten miles of the earth. One or two more turns of the screw and they will have the whole thing down on us.

Says scientific authority: "The wine crop of France this year would fill a ditch three and a half feet wide, three and a half deep, and 4,000 miles long." Now, don't you wish you were that ditch.

"Now," said a back-woodsman at a recent dance, "you see that heifer in a red dress; that's my wife, an' ef yer dance with her more'n two times, pard, I'll shute the hull top uv yer ed off. What'll yer drink?"

This is the kind of weather that makes the dashing young man wish that instead of spending a dollar and a half for a massive diamond pin last summer, he had judiciously invested it in a pair of winter drawers.

Cats, foxes and weasels have always enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably sly, and they no doubt deserve it; but nothing can surpass the slyness with which a woman, surprised by an unexpected caller, will slip a set of false teeth into her mouth.

A Vassar girl wrote home: "Dee Paw-Paw, we study Latin fo' owahs a day; Fweach seven up and science evah so loung. The good matrons nevah let us go owet. Won't you send me my leggins and skates fo' a po' little girl in the village. Don't forget the heel stwaps."

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, answered: "I dunno 'zakly, but it 'peared as ef de shore kinder histed and frowed me."

A meteoric stone weighing ninety pounds fell in Missouri last week, striking a darkey square on the head. He seemed to be a little confused when he got up, and went off muttering: "Ef I knowed for sure de man wat frowed dat brick, den I'd see whar am de cibble rights ob niggahs."

"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It cannot both be and not at the same time. For example the door over there must be either shut or open; it can't be both shut and open." Tutor—"Give another illustration." Student—"Well take the case of another door."

Seest thou much snow on the flaggings; verily it is in front of the house of the slothful man. He sitteth by the fire to keep himself warm, neither will he depart for a scuttle of coal. When the housewife crieth aloud for a pail of water, he hath not his boots on. In the day when the storm falleth he secludeth himself; he saith to the shovel, "Ha, ha, let us rest in peace." So his sidewalk is an abomination in the eyes of the people and his name is in every man's mouth.

How Women are to Get Married.

In most countries it is the general rule for the family to put by something every year, perhaps half the income for the future establishment of the children, and particularly the girls, who as such are less capable of making their way than their brothers. Here, we know, as a general thing, the parents improvidently live up to their income, bring up their children in luxurious habits, and thus unfit them for that life of trial to which they are destined. They are, in a word, softened instead of