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The Kent News:

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

Terms of Subscription:

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Kent News.

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

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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.

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,
oct3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH

L. M. Bean. R. J. Foard.

BEAN & FOARD,
MASSEYS, MD.,
GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Coal, Lime, Hardware, Seeds,
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements, &c.

☞ Highest cash prices paid for Grain on Railroads and Sassafras and Chester rivers.

☞ By a strict personal attention to business we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Nov. 10, 1875—3m.

BURNS & SLOAN
Lumber Dealers,
OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE,
YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,
OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.
IN LOTS TO SUIT.

Another Arrival from Philadelphia!

LADIES if you want Cheap Buttoned Gaiters and Balmorals, you can find them at
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S,
Under the Kent News office.

Ladies' Lasting Fox But Gaiters		$2 50 to 2 75
" Pebble Goat " "		3 00
" Balmorals " "		2 25
" Morocco Bals " "		2 25
" " Lace Boots		1 75 to 2 00
" " Grain Bal's		2 00
Women's A Calf		1 75
Misses Button Gaiters		2 25 to 2 50
" Lasting Fox		2 00 to 2 25
" Lace Boots		1 25 to 1 75

Infant's Shoes at all prices.
Gents' and Ladies' Gums.
☞ Give me a call.
Dec 25, 1875. JOS. H. THOMPSON

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.

☞ COME AND SEE ☜
THE LARGE STOCK
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 ALL WOOL.	80c.	"
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.

Nursery Stock.

APPLE, PEAR, PEACH and CHERRY TREES, and SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, by the 100, 1,000, or 10,000.

I have for SPRING PLANTING the most extensive, and choicest assortment of Fruit Trees and Plants I have ever before offered to planters.

APPLE TREES.

The growers of this valuable and profitable Fruit in Maryland generally have been sadly disappointed in getting trees from the north; as winter varieties there, when planted here, mature their fruit too early in the fall to keep through the winter with us. For this reason, and to secure reliable winter keeping apples, I grew my Apple Nursery on my farm in Va., 300 miles south of here.

I have a choice selection, which cannot fail to give satisfaction, and have grafted largely of a variety called Smith's Horse (not the old Horse apple.) The fruit can be picked nearly as early as the Early Harvest, and being double its size, commands readily from $5 to $7 per bbl.

PEACH TREES.

Almost all my Peach Trees were budded from bearing trees, grown on my own and two adjoining farms, the buds being taken from the trees while the fruit was on them leaving no doubt in my mind that my stock is true to name.

I have not a long list of varieties; have budded chiefly of late most approved canning sorts, including three very valuable new varieties for canning, very popular in Del., ripening with and after Smock.

I also have a large stock of Early Beatrice. I fruited this variety last summer; several of my friends in Kent saw the fruit, and can testify that it was fully ten days earlier than Hale's; a high colored, showy, firm peach, I think it well worthy extensive cultivation.

PEAR TREES.

I have secured a large stock of St. and Dwf. Pear Trees from a reliable source in N. York, and can furnish in quantities of the most approved varieties. No better Pear Trees can be grown anywhere than in N. York.

CHERRY TREES.

I have but few varieties of this fruit, and the planter wants but few for profit.

Small Fruit Plants.

I have a large supply on hand, and recommend but few varieties. My extensive experience as a fruit grower enables me to judge of the merits of the many kinds in the market. I have rejected two thirds of them as not worthy of cultivation.

Catalogues mailed on application,
N. BARNARD,
Jan. 8, 1876—4m. *Still Pond, Md.*

NECK WEAR—Neck Ties, Windsor Scarfs, Bows of all colors, and Collars, both in linen and paper, of the best styles and quality at S. MERRITT & CO.'S.
oc2. Bordley's Corner, Chestertown.

FRESH BUCKWAEAT and HOMINY, at
nov13. *THOMPSON'S, Up Town.*

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

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 9 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.

1876. 1876.

H. A. SPARKS.

PRICE LIST:

FRENCH CANDIES	35c.	per lb.
VERY BEST "	45c.	"
PLAIN single pound	22c.	"
" 5 lb. or more	20c.	"

ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS,
NUTS, RAISINS, &c., &c.,
at the same rates.

TOBACCO, TOBACCO!
AN ELEGANT TOBACCO at 75c. per pound, sells elsewhere at 85c.
TWIST, at 90, sells at $1.00.
EMMA VIRGINIA $1.50, equal to Gravely at $2.00.

CIGARS, CIGARS, CIGARS!
I make a speciality of a
FIVE CENT CIGAR,
and am determined to sell THE BEST.
TRY THE
"Islanita Cubanna,"
for sale *only* by myself. Cigars of various kinds and prices. Pipes, Stems, &c.

Pictures, Frames, Coral,
WAX FLOWERS,
MOTTOES on perforated board, &c.
Come and see them.
☞ N. B.—I challenge comparison with any goods in town, as I am determined to keep the best and sell at small profits.
H. A. SPARKS,
Between T. W. Eliason and E. T. Willis'.
Jan 15, 1876.

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
Worcestershir Sauce, French Mustard, Toilet Soap, Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Toys, Jewelry, Lamp Fixings, Lamps, Glass-ware,
Cocoa, Chocolate and Flavoring Extracts.
TOBACCO from 5 cts. to $2.
CIGARS, from 2½ cts. to 25 cts.
We name following Brands and Prices:
La Angelita Dr A 15c.; Flor Del Fumar 5c to 20c.; Principe Alfonso ¢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 Cubana 5c.; Flor de Cuba 6 for 25c; Flor del Fumar 6 for 25c.; Henry Clay 6 for 25c.; Our Fries 6 for 25c.; Joys 6 for 25; Twins 6 for 25c.; Vicory 6 for 25c.; Emperor 3c.; Nice and Safe, 2 for 5c.
☞ Give me a call
Nov. 20, 1875. J. H. SMITH.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
IS MAKING
SPECIAL ABATEMENTS
IN PRICES OF
BLANKETS, CASSIMERS,
AND
HEAVY FLANNELS,

Fruit of the Loom Bleach'd Muslin	11½c.
Wamsutta " "	15c.

☞ Special attention is invited to a large stock of Alpacas.
T. W. ELISON, JR.
Jan. 15, 1876

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.

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.) Pomp, and polite attention to all. sep18.

YOU can buy any part of Harness separate, from a Hame strap up to a set, at
n20. J. F. HOWARD'S, Court S.

Foreshadowings.

WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1874.

Raising my eyes in absent mood, I met
Those of my youngest born, in steadfast gaze.
I could but wonder how his thoughts were set,
And what wise scheme his truant fancy stays.

It seemed as though the future, all unsought,
Unrolled its mysteries to my startled gaze:
And in that baby visage—pure—untaught—
The embryo man—with all a man's wise ways,

Leapt into being!—and my mother's heart,
Thrilled with a vague forshadowing of loss:
As when thro' summer skies, with light, swift dart,
A sudden shadow o'er the sun will cross.

The great gray eyes were looking through—beyond!—
Unmindful of my eager yearning love.
I feared the dawing of an alien bond—
And to recall him to the present strove.

The look was gone—as sudden as it came:
I held my *baby* in my arms once more.
The soft gray eyes with baby love aflame;
Thank Heaven for the respite!—o'er and o'er.

Thank Heaven for the years that yet are mine—
For the sweet ways and love, all—*all* my own!
As seasons roll, new stars in turn may shine,
And find my babe to recreant manhood grown.

Avaunt, quick years! Put back thy rushing tide!
Fix me forever, where I stand to-day!
Lest priceless treasure from my clasp shall glide,
And die to *me* with each awakening ray.

We know not what *shall* be, but what is *now*;
Earth holds one joy—all perfect could it last.
I rain mad kisses on lips, cheek, and brow,
And get them back in love as true as vast.

All *other* loves may fail us—more or less:
This one alone is ours to have and hold.
Immeasurable field in which to bless!
Unfathomed love!—not to be bought or sold.

Some day—yes, some day! he will be a man:
With a man's interests, passions and pursuits.
Let me forget it then while yet I can—
Nor see the flower, in thinking of the fruits.

CHESTERTOWN.

A VALENTINE.

BY L. E. R.

Oh! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your Valentine!

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

"But," said the minister, "It takes two to make a quarrel. Perhaps you may find a way to peace and quietness if you had the will."

The minister was a kindly disposed man, and he wanted to help his parishioners if he could.

"I wish I could think so," sighed Mrs. Joseby, folding her hands in her lap.—"I've certainly tried to please Mr. Joseby, but it's no use. If I have beef for dinner he'll growl because it ain't bacon; and if I have bacon, he says I want to make a smoked hog of him. If I boil greens, he wants cabbages, and when I boil cabbages, he says they're only fit for cattle to eat. And so it is all the time. Now, I ask you, parson, isn't it enough to try the patience of Job?"

"It must try your patience, surely, but if you could only smile, and never show a cloud upon your face, might you not conquer in time?"

"Ah, parson, if he had a particle of reason in him—but he has not. If ever there was a speck of sunshine on his face inside of his own house—but there is not. Goodness! how bright and clever he was when I was plain Miranda Small, and he wanted me to be Mrs. Joseby. You'd a thought he was a paragon."

"But, my dear Mrs. Joseby, sour looks and thoughtless words need not harm us if we are proof against them. If you feel in your heart that you are right, you should bear up."

"If I feel that I am right! I *know* that I'm right. Not harm me! Goodness mercy! how can I help feeling when I get a plunge right through the heart? How would you like to be called cross and ugly when you're only sick? How would you like it, if you were a woman and your husband should cuff the little ones—your own children—cuff 'em to-day for making too much noise and kick 'em to-morrow for being mum and silent? And how would you like to break your back splitting and lugging in wood, when you know your great strong husband was smoking his pipe in the village store? O, yes! I can fancy your liking it! Don't tell me that, sir!"

"Still," urged the minister meekly, "I must believe that where there's a will there's always a way."

"Where there's a will there's always a way, say you? Well, perhaps you think so, sir, but I don't. I know that I'd like to make blessed sunshine in this house, and have it peaceful, and happy—I've got the will, if ever a woman had it. But what's the use? It takes two to find the way, and *one of 'em won't.*"

The good clergyman looked at his watch and remembered that he would be late for another appointment if he did not hurry away.

A YOUNGSTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said:

"Go 'way from the stove, the weather is not cold."

The little fellow, looking up demurely at his stern parent, replied:

"I ain't heatin' the weather, I'm warming my hands."

NO PULL.—Briggs set a hen on thirteen eggs and she came off with one chicken, and as he took a stick and knocked it on the head, he was heard to exclaim: "Its no use for me to try to be a farmer. That chick"—here he gave another rap—"cost me twelve shillings, not counting the hen's time anything."

AN old maid in Reading married a tramp because, as she said, he smelled just like an Italian count whom she had once met and loved.

"DON'T let's have any words about it," as the man said when he dodged the dictionary his wife threw at him.—*Danbury News.*

The Beggar Girl of Paris.

During the 'Reign of Terror' in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women. The very streets of Paris were deluged with blood. But near the guillotine it ran in rushing torrents. One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth; countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping multitude stood by and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the two leaders. The face of the woman was beautiful and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each heap fell she would dance and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him."

Each expression of this kind would create a laugh from those who heard her, though any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could be so depraved.

The first female watched this creature a few minutes, and then, pressing one hand to her side, she laid the other upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd, but they did so at length and then the first female asked the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh, I am called the Reggar Girl Maria."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what is your name and what do you want?"

"My name is Maria, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where you can find a room lead me to it, and you shall find gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow, filthy street, and then down into a dark and filthy room. The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes; everybody knows Maria, the Beggar Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish."

"You see that my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to not show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl; and then handed her a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh! I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress; you want to represent myself."

"Yes, I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is a little too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Maria de Nantes was clad in the rags of Maria, the Beggar Girl of Paris. The history of Maria de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized, but of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her but a few hours before. After the exchange the pauper, looking on the stockingless and shoeless little feet and ankles of the lady, said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few minutes Maria was prepared, and in filth and rags she emerged into the street. She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard about her, but those laughs sounded strangely. She stood within the platform, swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there. The cry was raised, "The aristocrats are coming!"

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the steps that led to the block. Up to this moment the strength of poor Maria had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love swelled up in her heart, and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she said:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats who are to die."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not go away until you tell me why my brother is thus bound."

"Your brother!" was the echo. "Well, who are you?"

"I am Maria; don't you know me?"

"The beggar girl?"

"Aye."

"But this is not your brother."

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light crossed his face, and he murmured, "Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"Does Maria speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"Are you not de Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat—perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly in his face; then he approached Marie and looked steadily into her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while cries rent the air, for they supposed he was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way thro' the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Maria. They scarcely escaped it before the young girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again; she will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper and asked of her:

"Have you seen this female before?"

"Yes, I know all about her," returned the pauper. "She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble lady had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so, they both sought more secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Maria de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan—he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case; but if so, it was a deed of mercy, and was the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him, by personating the Beggar Girl of Paris.

A Disappointed Politician.

From the Atlantic Constitution.

Yesterday, Si was found engaged in one of his philosophic, political harangues to some of his colored friends.

"Dese hear 'publicans kin promise till de las' day in de mornin' but dey ain't a gwine to ketch dis hear blackbird wid no more chaff!" he exclaimed positively.

"Whatch you mad 'bout?" asked another darkey.

"Dis is what I'm mad 'bout—mind my words now! Didn't dey say, when de war was played out, dat de nigger was gwine to be made good as white folks?"

"On koarse dey did."

"An' dat de nigger worked for all dat de ole marsters had, and could soon yearn all dat propity back to demselves, hey?"

"Yas; dat's true too."

"Dat de white folks waz gwine to be pore as church mouses and niggers rich, hey?"

"Oom-hook; dat's what dey said?"

"Dat's all sounded jus' as purty as readin' on a cirkus bill, didn't it?"

"You'se right, it did!"

"Well, what makes me mad is dis, dat cirkus hasn't arove down hear yit, an' we kan't hear dat it is a comin'! Bress de Lord, de white folks is jes' as rich as eber, an' it waz de nigger what got busted, an' he's bin busted eber since, an' he's gwine to stay busted!"

"Fact, sartin!"

"An' dat's what makes me mad, an' ef de 'publican's eber git anodder chance at me, I'll go die wid de yaller jandiss, a tryin to chaw up de ole yaller 'leckshun tickets!"

None felt capable of responding to Si's point, and silence reigned for a time.

THEY DIDN'T GET MARRIED.—A few days ago a Detroit widower, who was engaged to a Detroit widow, each having two or three children, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him and at the same time discover if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called upon her at the usual evening hour, and after a weile remarked:

"My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance for $25,000 changed to their sole benefit in case of my death."

"You did quite right, my darling," she promptly replied. "I have three children, as you are aware. As soon as we were engaged I had every dollars' worth of my property so secured that they alone can have the benefit of it."

He looked.

She looked.

The marriage did not come off at the time set for it last week, and it may never occur.

HE sat in a railway car. His head was thickly covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat sat a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him, "I guess you wasn't around when they dealt out hair." "Oh, yes I was," replied bald head, "but they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash-bin."

P. T. BARNUM has resolved to be a traveling showman no longer, but when it was announced that New Haven had a two legged horse, his wife had to hide his hat.—*Danbury News.*

Wishing and Waiting.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

What pleasure is got out of wishing
For things we may never possess?
For hope has the wings that will bear us
Away from our present distress.

And who, for the sake of the riches
In money or treasures he'd gain,
Would ever be willing to cancel
His right to a "castle in Spain?"

In dreams we may live among princes,
And share in their royal estate—
May loll upon velvet and satin,
And be entertained by the great.

And if it provokes us to wishing
Our pennies would turn into pounds,
It won't spoil the taste of the tea, dear,
Because we've consulted the grounds.

There's always a fortune awaiting
Us somewhere or other, you know.
And sooner or later we'll find it,
If in its direction we go.

And we need'nt be cross or unhappy
Because the luck changes so late,
For better than gold in the bank, dear,
Is a heart that is willing to wait.

'Tis wishing that lightens the morrow,
And waiting that keeps us content,
And, sure, if we'd come to our fortune,
The whole of it might have been spent.

But poverty gives us a mortgage
On some undiscovered estate,
And nobody's hurt by our wishing
We hadn't much longer to wait.

Everlasting Fire.

In the neighborhood of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, there is a phenomenon of a very extraordinary nature called the everlasting fire, to which a sect of Indians and Persians called Gaurs pay religious worship. It is situated about ten miles from the city of Baku, in the province of Shirvan, on a dry, rocky piece of ground.

On it there are several ancient temples, built of stone, and supposed to be all dedicated to fire, there being one among them in which fire-worship is now carried on. Near the altar there is a large hollow cane, from the end of which issues a blue flame. The worshippers affirm that this flame has continued ever since the deluge, and they believe if it were suppressed in that place it would break out in another.

At a short distance from this temple there is a horizontal gap, two feet from the ground, about six feet long and three broad, out of which comes a constant flame of the color of that in the temple. When there is a strong wind it rises to the height of eight feet, but is much lower in calmer weather.

The earth around, for more than two miles, has this extraordinary property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface and applying a lighted lamp, the part uncovered immediately takes fire, even before the flame touches it. The flames make the soil hot, but do not consume it nor affect what is near with any degree of heat.

It is said that eight horses were once consumed by this fire, under a roof where the surface of the ground had been turned up, and by some accident had ignited. If a cane or tube of paper be set about two inches into the ground, closed with earth below, and the top of it touched with a live coal, a flame will immediately issue forth without consuming the tube, provided the edges be covered with clay. Three or four lighted canes will boil water in a pot, and are sometimes used to cook victuals. The flames have a sulphurous smell, but are inoffensive.

A Parlor Scene.

They were seated in the parlor, conversing in the softest accents, and little Louie was seated statue-like in a chair near by listening and looking, as well as the chastened light allowed her. Still they spoke only on the ordinary topics of conversation, the Exposition, and the weather particularly, avoiding that which was nearest to their hearts, and which they ardently desired to talk about. It was growing late, and before he would take leave of his inamorata he would, if possible, breathe a few accents of love in her willing ear. But Louie was as immovable as when she took her seat an hour and a half previously. He would use some device to cause her to absent herself. He requested Louie in the gentlest manner to bring a certain piece of music from the adjoining parlor, knowing that she would have to search for some time before she found it, if at all, and to strengthen his request, as he thought, he added, "and I will kiss you sweetly." What was his astonishment when the child answered, "You can kiss Carrie." The denouement can be imagined.

POVERTY OF THE LANGUAGE.—There sometimes appears to be real danger that our language will be permanently corrupted by the flood of slang which enters so largely into common conversation. The difficulty which some persons find in using the mother tongue after habituating themselves to slang phrases, and the lack of sense which most of these phrases convey, were both illustrated by a colloquy between a Chicago woman and her husband, *apropos* of the whiskey frauds:

"My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that a man has 'squealed?'"

"Why," replied the man loftily, "they mean that some member of the ring has 'peached on the rest.'"

"Peached on the rest?" exclaimed the wife; "now what does that mean?"

"Why, it means that he's—'he's blowed on 'em.'"

"Blowed on them?"

"Yes, you see he's 'given 'em away.'"

"Given them away?"

"Why, of course—dummit! Can't you understand anything? Do you think I am an unabridged dictionary?" continued the husband, impatiently. "It means he's—he's 'let out on 'em'—'gone back' on his 'pals'—'squealed'—you know?"

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the man's lucid explanation; but not wishing to appear ignorant in her husband's eyes, she remarked, 'Ah, yes; I see!' and forbore further questioning.

IN CAHOOT.—Two white boys and a negro went possum hunting, the negro furnishing the dogs. Next day the darkey was asked how they came out. "Kocht four possums" "Well, what did you get?" "Dunno, massa, yer see we's gwine in cahoot, and kocht four possums. Mars Jim took two, and Mars Mack two, and as we's gwine in cahoot, I reckon I gits de cahoot."

THE praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.—*Maria Hare.*

The Teas of Commerce—How they are Manufactured.

Messrs. Editors:—We take the following from a recent New York journal:

"WHAT WE DRINK.—A grocer who had been convicted before some London magistrates of selling tea painted or faced with gypsum and Prussian blue, appealed on the ground that he had sold the tea just as he had received it from the wholesale merchant and as it is prepared in China; but the higher court held that this did not excuse him.

"It is said that although a very large part of the tea which is sold is painted before it is imported, yet there is such a thing as tea that is not poisoned or adulterated, and the court took the view that the difficulty in obtaining such was no justification for knowingly selling an article compounded with deleterious matter.'

It may be of interest to your readers to know exactly how green teas are prepared in China for exportation, and we therefore present the facts as they now exist. The tea leaf when gathered is cured or dried very much like coffee is in Brazil, either by exposure to the sun or by slight artificial heat. When "cured" it more resembles dried leaves than the tea of commerce, and when infused with boiling water has a greasy and insipid taste.

The roasting of the dried leaf is done in *iron* pans, never in copper ones, as is popularly supposed, and the adulteration, if any, is put in at this stage while the tea is hot, as it will then best take the color. This coloring consists of powdered indigo or Paussian blue, to give a dark greenish blue tint, and gypsum also, powdered, to brighten it up, while constant and laborious manipulation with the hands *polishes* the tea, giving it the handsome appearance so much *admired* by the American tea drinker. While the coloring and polishing may not seriously affect one's health, still it is there and is an evidence that teas are often bought to *look at* and not to drink, in addition to which the consumer pays a good round sum in order to secure this proper *shade* and *shape* of his tea; for this very coloring and polishing, while it destroys the finer qualities of the leaf, adds very materially to the cost of manufacture.

Finally, green teas go through a tedious and expensive process of sorting into different sizes and shapes, called gunpowder, imperial, hyson, &c., which is quite as useless and absurd as though a lot of coffee should be sifted till the small berries were in one bag, the medium in one and the large in another. The old lady who has all her life drank her gunpowder, to the exclusion of imperial, young hyson, &c., little suspects that the only real difference between her favorite and imperial is that one went through a smaller sieve than the other, and that they grew side by side on the same bush. There is but one conclusion that an intelligent Chinaman arrives at, which is that the foreigner buys teas to look at.

All this preparation of *coloring, polishing* and *sorting* adds to the cost of green teas about 20 to 25 per cent., and depreciates the intrinsic merits of the tea about 8 per cent. Japan teas, when the ports were first opened, all came pure and without coloring, and it was a common mark on the half chests, '*Uncolored Japan Tea,*' but the deep-seated prejudice of American buyers was such that importers have been compelled to color their teas or suffer loss, and there are now but very few Japan teas imported that have not more or less coloring on them. We have at a very serious pecuniary loss fought against this, to us, foolish prejudice, until in despair we made a final attempt to prevent the consumer from *seeing* the tea before he had tried it. We packed teas in China and Japan in pound and half-pound packages, and with a reputation of over fifty years' standing we placed our name on each bag as a guarantee of its purity. The fact that the teas were neither *colored, sorted* or *polished* enabled us to offer them at low price, notwithstanding which the sale has been very limited, the retail grocers reporting to us that they were compelled to open the bags to show its appearance to customers, when three-fourths of them would condemn it with the remark that it looked like such "*common stuff.*" And so we conclude that notwithstanding all the complaints and newspaper warnings about colored teas, &c., the tea-drinker himself likes it that way, and has got used to the peculiar flavor imparted by the coloring and hard polishing.

Yours, truly,
MARTIN GILLETT.
Baltimore, Feb. 4, 1876.

A Dogmatic Definition of the Telegraph.

"Sam," said a darkey to his ebony brother, how am it dat dis yer telegraf carries de news froo dem wires?

"Well, Brutus, now s'posen dat am a dog free miles long."

"Nebber was sich a big dog; don't beleib dat."

"You jess wait a minin; I's only illustratin', you stapid nigger. Now, dis yer dog, you see, jess put his front feets on de New York sho'."

"Yesser."

"Now, s'spose you walk on dis yer dog's tail in New York—"

"Yesser."

"He'll bark, won't he?"

"Yesser."

"Well, where will dat dog bark?"

"In Hoboken, I cac'late."

"Dat am jest it. You walk on de dog's tail in New York, an' he bark in Hoboken, an' dat's de way de telegraf works."

"Yesser; jesso—jesso! You am right, you am by golley!"

IN Cincinnati recently a physician died, was buried, and an administrator was appointed. Among the bills presented to the administrator for payment was one from a brother of the deceased for $7 50, expenses incurred in attending the funeral of his dead brother.

A MEMPHIS prisoner, who hated to see two lawyers disgrace the court-room by fighting, walked out and was unfortunate enough to get lost. He has not been heard of since.

THE most glowing passages in a minister's sermon will attract scarcely half the attention that centres on the man who blows his nose in church.—*Fulton Times.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man sends fourteen of his children to one school, and when they combine against the teacher he knows he can safely bet on the result.