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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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

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ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cen ts for each subsequent insertion. Obitua r ies one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

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

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

WILLIAM M. SLAY,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

COLLECTION OF CLAIMS or other Legal business promptly attended to. tf.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
New Office Court St., 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,
y MARION deK. SMITH.

Baltimore Cards.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.
WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
For the sale of GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and Country Produce generally,
No. 92 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.

Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other merchandise, will be promptly filled.
Consignments respectfully solicited.

JAS. WARDEN. JAS. A. MERRITT.
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WARDEN, MERRITT & CO.,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 8 SPEAR'S WHF,
y. *BALTIMORE, MD.*

ALONZO F. CREW. JAS. W. JEROME.
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
92 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered. y

JESSE WILSON. G. W. WILSON.
J. WILSON & SON,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Grain, Peaches, Apples, Canned Goods, Vegetables, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fish, &c.,
Corner of Light and Camden Streets,
y BALTIMORE.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. WM. H. RUTTER AND. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD, RUTTER & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH ST., Corn Exchange Building,
y BALTIMORE.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
92 Lombard st., near South, BALTIMORE,
Wholesale Dealers in
MANUFACTURED AND LEAF TOBACCO,
Imported HAVANA and GERMAN CIGARS,
And Manufacturers of fine Havana, Principe and other Cigars.
y

BOLTON & SONS,
DEALERS IN
PAINTS, OIL, GLASS,
Lanterns, Lamp Goods,
PITCH, TAR, OAKUM, KEROSENE, SIGNAL and MACHINERY OILS, GASOLINE, &c.
No. 92 W. PRATT ST.,
NEAR COMMERCE ST. BALTIMORE.
March 31, 1877—3m.

Educational.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE,
CONCORDVILLE, DEL. CO., PA.
Boys $4.50 per week; Girls $4.00. Boys prepared for Yale or Harvard College.
Jos. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal.
d16y.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,
PENNINGTON, N. J.
Terms reduced to suit the times. Only $40 per quarter for full English course.
Address Rev. A. P. LASHER, Principal and Prop'r for 24 years. jy29y.

$65 PER QUARTER FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.
BOARDING, SCHOOLING, BOOKS, &c
No extra charges whatever. Special attention and extra private instruction for backward pupils and young boys. 10 Instructors. English, Classical and Mathematical courses. French and German spoken in language classes. Natural Sciences by Prof. C. S. Gauntt, M. D. Book Keeping and Penmanship by Prof. W. P. Hammond, author of Potter & Hammond's books. Two lectures a week by Philadelphia Professors, with the finest and fullest apparatus for experiment and illustration. Fine building with 55 rooms. Heated in all stories and lighted with gas, hot and cold water baths and closets in each story. Gymnasium, &c. Ample Grounds. Healthy location.
Circular contains picture of building and full particulars, with references, and letters from Bayard Taylor, Col. Richard J. Hinton, Gov. John L. Routt, Judge George M. Vanhoeson, Ex-President Hill, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Rev. John Long, Samuel Martin, Amos J. Peasley, Dr. B. Lippincott and others. School 15 miles by rail from 31st and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. 14 daily trains. School coach meets them regularly without charges. School only five minutes from Media Station.
Address
SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE,
(Harvard University, A. M.)
Aug. 19, 1876—tf. Media, Pa.

Medical Notice!

FROM the changes and manner in which all business is now being conducted, I am compelled to earnestly request of my patrons and friends THE PAYMENT OF THEIR MEDICAL BILLS. Some of them have been long standing; I have a family to provide for, and almost every necessary of life to buy, *and pay for.* Through the blessings of a kind Providence, my health is again somewhat restored, and I can at all times, day or night, when not professionally engaged, be found at my residence. With moderate charges and a will to do my whole duty, I am ready to obey the calls of the sick.

Having for several years made the diseases belonging to Women and Children my special study, and thankful for past patronage, I take this method of assuring all, high or low, rich or poor, of my continued intention to give them where needed, all necessary attention and advice.

Respectfully,
E. F. NOWLAND,
apr7-3t. Chesterville, Kent co., Md.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

THE regular meeting of this Association for Kent County will be held at the School Room in Chestertown, on

MONDAY, April 16th.

At 10 o'clock A. M.

QUESTIONS: How to Teach Reading. The Teaching of Mental Arithmetic.
ESSAYIST—Miss M. A. Downes.
Mr. J. C. PIGEON, of Washington College, will deliver the address.
E. F. PERKINS, Pres.
March 31, 1877—3t.

Notice to Tax-Payers
OF THE
SECOND DISTRICT.

YOU are requested to settle your taxes for 1876 on or BEFORE THE FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT. The Court demands a settlement from me, and your taxes must be paid, otherwise I will be compelled to collect according to law.
F. H. BOULDEN, Coll'r.
March 31, 1877—3t.

NOTICE!

ALL persons indebted to me for Taxes, or on private account, are requested to make immediate payment, as further waiting will do you no good and place me in a very embarrassing position. I have been compelled to borrow money to pay some of the claims against the county, and in a few days that money will be due. Now, I tell you that this money must come, and you will find it both policy and economy to pay your debts promptly, even if you have to borrow the money to do it with, as discount at the bank would amount to much less than officers' fees and printers' bills. Hoping you will not disregard this notice—as I intend to collect this money and that very soon—I await your decision.
JAMES A. SHAW,
tf. Coll'r 4th Dist.

WATERS & SONS'
CELEBRATED
Organs and Pianos!
AT GREAT BARGAINS!

EVERY Organ and Piano sold warranted to give entire satisfaction.—My prices are the lowest. My terms are the best. Numerous styles, at prices to suit all. Thousands of testimonials can be given endorsing their merits. A few testimonials will suffice, as follows:

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—How impressively is this old maxim demonstrated in the extraordinary success of the great Musical instrument house of Horace Waters & Sons, adopting from the first the rigid rule that every instrument should prove all and more than their warrantee called for, the firm has built up a business far in advance of their cotemporaries and from Maine to the Gulf the name of WATERS is as familiar as household Words." *Woods' Household Magazine.*

"HORACE WATERS & SONS.—These well known manufacturers have secured an immense patronage, their sales extending and increasing in every direction." —*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

"THE Piano you sent me is allowed to be the best in this town, and there are several of Chickering's and Stoddart's here." —*Chas. Rice, Perth, Canada West.*

Also refer to Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, editor Methodist Protestant, Baltimore.
Illustrated Catalogues free.
Address W. K. JUDEFIND, Agt.,
apr7-6m. Edesville, Kent co., Md.

A CARD.

THE GENERAL
FREIGHTING BUSINESS,

Conducted for many years by my father, J. F. Taylor, between Chestertown and Baltimore, has now entirely and solely passed into my hands. It shall be my constant effort, aided by the long experience in the business of my agent, Mr. W. H. PALMER, to secure a share of the public patronage.

The business is attempted under adverse circumstances, yet we trust, by our constant and personal attention to the trade, to regain whatever may have been lost to the late business. The vessel has undergone such repairs as now make her in every respect suitable for the business.

Respectfully, J. E. TAYLOR.
March 31, 1877—tf.

Always Reliable!
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR
by the Barrel, half-barrel, and in 25 pound sacks. FLOUR at all prices—less than it will cost you if purchased in the city.
Graham Flour for sale at
apr7. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

When you are in
need of CARRIAGE BOLTS, TYRE BOLTS, PLOW BOLTS, Strap and T Hinges, go to HINES & CO. They are prepared to furnish them at low figures.
March 24—tf. HINES & CO.

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES
in abundance, for Ladies, Misses, Men and Babies, cheaper than ever. Come and see at SAPPINGTON'S.

POTASH RESIDUANA,
Guaranteed to prevent Corn from Frenching, at the low price of $17 per ton, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

NEW GOODS are being daily received By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
And his prices will always be found to be as low as the lowest. mar10.

LEADER SHIRT—finished—2100 Linen and Fine Muslin. Price $1.00.
mar10. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

BRUSHES! BRUSHES!
A large assortment of White-wash Brushes, Horse, Shoe, Dust, Scrub, Paint, &c., very cheap at
mar31. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

IMPROVED CHURNS,
Butter Prints and Paddles.
For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!
For Sale by
mar31. J. K. ALDKIDGE.

CHESTERTOWN.

Fair as the dawn opening to the
View, out of a long, smooth road, emerging
From an emerald hill, old Chestertown
Appears. Washington College planted on
This hill, shines like the golden sun to
crown
The valleys, and adorn thy shores, here,
but,
Beginning like the river's flow, that sparkles
On the bosom of the Bay, and adds a
Silvery string to the mysterious
Harp that plays within the mighty Ocean's
Breast, is the deep influence of this seat
Of Learning felt. The great Washington
once
Pressed its sod, and from each foot-print
Buds and
Flowers have sprung. Athena breathes
them
Into bloom, and Hermes steals them from
her
Trembling breast, and scatters them thro'
all
Columbia's shores.
Now will I raise the
Curtain, that is drawn between the past
and
Present, and see the Chestertown as on
The map of memory thou art traced, my
Child eyes in delight looked down thy
street and
In the distance saw the wondrous bridge
that
Clasped two counties, wondrous then to
me, as
Were the Fairy tales I loved to read. Small
Boats, and larger ones with sails dotted the
Stream, some casting anchor on each
county's
Shore loading with golden grain. Like busy
Bees, the teamsters seemed to be, and with
Expectant looks the merchants thronged,
to see
If all their goods undamaged were; for in
Those days the noise of steamboats had
not there
Been heard, and what is now a few hours
Voyage, in those old times, when all depended
On the wind and tide, to cross the Bay
Consumed oft many days. The same bright
sun
Which now shines down on Chester river
and
Its lovely town, shone sixty years ago,
Year after year hath shown, tho' hidden
Sometimes by a veil of cloud, it now to
Me seems brightening up the precious
picture
Memory doth hang upon time's dusty
Walls. The stores were show shops to
my childish
Mind, where costlier treasures than from
Eastern looms were piled on shelves, or
were
Around the counter spread. The picture
Dimmer grows, not of the worth or beauty
Of the Town, or of dear homes of comfort
It enshrines; but that I cannot feel the
Soft, warm hand, that led me to the gig,
piled
To the dasher's brim with goods and chattels
For our happy home, a home twelve miles
away,
Again on College Hill we found ourselves
And journeying on we looked towards the
West, and found in one short hour the sun
would
Set; already paths of crimson and of
Purple, paved with amethyts and rubies,
Crossed the sky, leading on to seas of gold
Where angels waved their banners, white
and blue,
The landscape first grew brighter, then
melted
Into gray, next standing on the battlements
Of heaven those angels were, scattering
The stars. She who that eve was journeying
On with me soon reached her home in
heaven,
And in spirit often has been felt that
Soft and gentle hand at the open gates
Of Bliss, the leading thro', one after one,
The household band, left sorrowing on the
earth.
Far have I wandered from thee, Chestertown;
Now back again I come, for thou art dear
To me, making the present thus unveil
The past. Registered within the Court
House
Of this county town, the last low echoings
Of the dying live on parchments freshly
Fair, or worn and yellow from the breath of
Time. The oath of Trust, the Deed of
Right, the
Landmarks' winding turns in smiles or
frowns,
Ghost like, do haunt this spot, Spirits of
loved
Ones, seem to float around, to see if their
Last wishes are fulfilled,
Fair Chestertown.
Thy Churches are thy Diadems pointing
To the golden sun, greeting the star shine
And the soft moonbeams. Up every Temple's
Ilse hath youth and beauty moved, the
Bride and
Bridegroom at each altar stood; hope fluttered
Like the Mocking Bird in Spring, as
hand in
Hand, the two made one went forth to
sing through
Calm and storm, "The Psalm of Life."
But where are
They who, sixty years ago, bowed down in
Prayer before the Living God? Now
memory's
Picture darkens! The wings of Death
will touch
The fairest things, as youth doth year by
year
At last reach age. A livelier harp string
Would I touch for thee; and from the
ruins
Of these sixty years, raise from the dust the
Freshest flowers of Spring.
But Chestertown thou
Far beyond my life and of a century's
Life hath lived, and seen time's rusty
gates fly
Back, and freedom's Bird float through
thy valley
And thy River join the song so joyous
Then, so softly plaintive now.
Memory
Grows brighter as again I look from
College Hill, upon the quaint old Town
with
Chester River smiling at its feet; as
Far as eye can reach rise up the homes of
Those whose ancestors were Peers, for
these green
Shores were colonized by England's noblest
Sons, who scattered seed for golden harvests
Here. Amid our forests and along our
Path the classic Laurel grows, weaving
green
Garlands for the Victor's brow, like Ocean
Shells their blushing blossoms sing.
Will not thy
Sons go forth these fadeless wreathes to
win?
Dear Chestertown, be thou a star casting
Thy radiance round, and guiding the
Wanderer from Time's shadowy land to
Thee, where pictures fresh and pure by
hands
Unseen, are painted on the wall of memory.
MATILDA CANBY.
Wilmington, Del., April 1, 1877.

Corrupting Influence of Postal Cards.

My grudge against the postal card is that it is gradually developing an affection of the eye—in others as well as myself—which on the hint of Mr. Grant White's "hetrophemy" I may call *heteropsis;* that is the tendency to read against your own will postal cards not addressed to yourself. There is a fascination about the thing which is very like kleptomania. I knew a clerk in the post-office who had his salary reduced, to make allowance for the time which he spent in this way.—He would have lost his place, too, if I had not pointed out to the postmaster the frailty of the human eye in this matter. I ingeniously dropped on the postmaster's table a card addressed to his unmarried sister; as we were talking, he picked it up and read an impassioned declaration written by myself but signed with ordinary initials. He smiled, I tore up the card, and the clerk was retained. But clerks can be trained; other people cannot,—for example, myself. What misplaced confidence it is for people to address postals to other persons, under my care! Yet they constantly do it. But that is not half the trouble about postal cards. They also expose you to the worst imprudences of friends who are profuse of intimate advice, but so sparing of their pennies that they can't afford an envelope to hold it in. They force you to suffer the grossest errors of taste on the part of well-meaning but mistaken acquaintances. They have the unpleasantness of the telegram without its necessity and without the sacredness which the telegram had before Congress so far yielded to heteropsis as to destroy the privacy of the wires.—Postal cards have only two advantages, that they are handy for printed circular announcement, and they cannot become dead letters. But their disadvantages are many and cannot be controlled by law or by custom, unless every one follows my example and announces that after a fixed date he will read no more postal cards except formal announcements,—and possibly excepting also postals addressed to others than himself. But indeed, why could not the government withdraw the postal and give us instead a very small piece of stamped (one cent) paper, gummed for folding and fastening in the decent fashion of old.

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT.—Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly on the eyes as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or, if the work needs strong illuminations, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a toplight alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work. In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows but only have the side lights from the left; and as the light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an inference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils. We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side, and never to neglect the use of a shade so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time when kerosene lamps, with their intensely luminous flames, becomes more and more common.—*Medical Journal.*

BOOKS.—Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard. Give us a home furnished with books rather than furniture—both if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passion and vice.

IT TAKES TWO TO QUARREL.—A woman out on North Hill, being counted out the other morning after a debate on the question "Who shall arise and build the fire?" got up and split her husband's wooden leg into kindling wood and broiled his steak with it. It made him so mad that he got hold of her false teeth and bit the dog with them. She cried until she had a fit of hysterics, and then filliped out his glass eye, and then climbed upon the bed-post and waxed the glaring eye to the ceiling with a quid of chewing gum. Then he took her wisp of false hair and tied it to a stick, and began whitewashing the kitchen with it. Then she started off to obtain a divorce, but Judge Newman decided that he couldn't grant a divorce unless there were two parties to the suit, and there was hardly enough of them left to make one.—*Burlington Hawk Eye.*

Happiness and prosperity depend to a very great extent upon good health. All those suffering from Hoarseness, Cold, or Cough, should try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures.

How the Crickets Brought Good Fortune.

My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could only be coaxed to eat by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change a little six year old in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop.

"Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

The woman climbed upon the counter, (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four pound loves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking so much care.

"Have you any money," said the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No ma'am," said he hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to tell you she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jacques came forward for his money.

He had put his purchase into his pocket and was about to go when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he supposed to be half way home, standing stock still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the good baker's wife to the child whom she had also thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said the child.

"Well, then carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. Something absorbed his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder.

"What are you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes," said the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek."

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the cricket—frequent guests in baker's houses.

"It is a little bird," says the dear little fellow, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No indeed, little goosey," said the baker's wife, "those are crickets. They sing in the bake-house because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child. "Are they really crickets?"

"To be sure," said she in good humor.

The child's face lighted up.

"Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of the request, "I would like it very much if you gave me a cricket."

"A cricket," said the baker's wife smiling, "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend?" "I would gladly give you all there were in the house to get rid of them, they run around so."

"Oh, ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please," said the child, clasping his little hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your mamma cry," said the friend who could no longer help joing in the conversation.

"On account of bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all?"

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who dared not touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bake-house. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy. When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand.

Then she took down her account book, and finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom "Paid."

Meanwhile, my friend, to lose no time, had put up in a paper all the money he had in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the cricket boy, her bill receipted, and a note in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to the baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child with his big loaf, four crickets and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that when he reached home he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips. The boy believed that it was the arrival of the four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the cricket and his good little heart, would this change have taken place in his poor mother's fortune.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.—It is a noble and beautiful answer, that of Queen Victoria, the monarch of a free people reigning more by love than law that she gave to the African Prince who sent an embassage with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's glory. The beloved queen sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour show the ambassador her diamonds, her jewels and her ornaments, but handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said: "Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

AN exchange recommends Dr. Mary Walker for a position on the polar expedition.

Sending a Dog by Telegraph.

A good story comes from Norwich, Conn. One day last week a gaunt, slab-sided chap, with particles of hay-seed on his coat, and in his tow-colored hair, stepped up to the telegraph office at the depot and asked if the boss was in. The operator assured him that the boss was, and his rural friend went on to relate that he lived up in Danbury, and had come down from there that morning, and intended bringing his brother's dog, which a man in Norwich wanted to buy, but had forgotten it, and wanted to know if the dog could be sent down from there by telegraph. The man of lightning seeing a good chance for a little fun at once answered:

"Certainly sir; that is a matter of daily occurrence. All that is necessary for you to do is to give me a description of the dog, so that no mistake can be made; call again in about half an hour and the dog will be here."

"It is a yellow dog, with small ears, and is about so high," said the countryman, placing his hand eighteen inches from the floor. He then took his departure with the remark that he would call again soon. The operator then sent his messenger boy to look for a dog as near the description as possible, which he soon succeeded in finding. It was at once brought to the office, and secured to the operator's desk by means of a piece of telegraph wire. After a little coaxing the dog was made to lie quietly down, and everything was in readiness for our rural friend. Punctual to the time appointed he made his appearance, and asked if the dog had come.

"I will see," said the operator, and stepping up to the instrument he tapped a few times on the key, at the same time inserting his legs under the desk, he managed to step on the dog's toes, which caused the canine to yelp. "Ah! he's coming," said the operator, and then tapping more furiously on the key, at the same time kicked the dog clean from under the table, who, not relishing this kind of treatment, barked furiously and ran around the office with the wire attached to the neck. "Fifty cents, sir," said the operator, turning around to the countryman. "Uncommon nice dog; must be worth $50; but he is the hardest dog I ever received over the wires; he is so muscular, you see, that he broke the wire; in fact a piece of it is now attached to the neck, which he broke off."

During the whole of this operation the countryman gazed on the operator with eyes wide open and full of surprise; but when the dog came from under the table and was seen by the countryman, that was the culminating point, and he was struck with amazement. After looking at the dog a moment or so, he said: "Say mister, he ain't so big as he was, and he is darker; how is that?"

"Oh! that is easily explained," said the operator; "you see the chemicals employed in making electricity of course darken his color, and the velocity with which he passed over the wire caused him to contract in size; but after you expose him awhile he will soon assume his original size and color."

"Du tell!" said the countryman, and after placing 50 cents on the counter, picked up the dog, and walked out of the office remarking that "the man who invented them telegraphs must be a very knowledgable man."

Bonner's Blooded Stock.

Robert Bonner has prepared a full catalogue of the blooded stock at his farm and city stable. There are 100 entries—5 stallions, 1 three-year-old colt, 6 two-year-old colts, 5 yearling colts, 11 geldings, 4 five-year-old geldings, 5 four-year-old geldings, 4 three-year-old geldings, 23 brood mares, 14 mares in training, 6 five-year-old mares and 17 fillies. The list includes Dexter, with a record of 2:17¼ over a "long mile" at Buffalo, and 2:21¾ to road wagon; Grafton and Joe Elliott, each with a record of 2:15½; Startle, who has trotted at Fleetwood Park in 2:19; Pocahontas, who has trotted in 2:17¾ on Mr. Bonner's private track; Wellesley Boy, Peerless, Mosley, Music, John Taylor and Walton, whose records range between 2:27½ and 2:20¾; Eric and Lady Stout, who have come within 2:29, and 8 trotters who have trotted in 2:30 or better. Mr. Bonner may congratulate himself upon owning the largest stable of trotters in the world. He began to buy horses twenty years ago. His physician had recommended driving, and he soon found that his pleasure depended very much upon the rate of speed of the horse he sat behind. He says: "In those days Col. John Harper, Commodore Vanderbilt and many other well-known gentlemen, were almost daily frequenters of the road. I determined, if I could get them, to have horses that no other could pass. At that time Mayor Rice, of Boston (now Governor of Massachusetts), happened to be in my office one day and told me of the swiftest pair of horses in New England, owned by Captain Robbins. They had just taken the first premium at the New England Fair. I authorized Mr. Rice on his return to buy this pair for me. Ultimately, of course, I shall be obliged to reduce the numbers in my stables by sales. But I first began the acquisition of fine horses in the manner I have spoken of, and have pursued it from my love for the horse." Mr. Bonner does not tell how much his stable has cost.

PETRIFYING THE DEAD.—The French have a new method of disposing of the dead. At the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid, and in about five years the corpse is turned into stone. The secret of the petrifaction is known only to the discoverer. He says that in a thousand years' time, if persons will only preserve their relatives, they will be able to build a house with them, and thus live in residences surrounded by their ancestors. Another application of this process has been suggested, viz: To have the petrified corpse nickel plated or electro-plated with bronze, and, if a statue of an individual is desired, to place the corpse on a proper pedestal, so as to fulfill the functions of being the statue of the person deceased.

A SAD sweet smile went wandering around a pious congregation in this city yesterday morning when the good pastor with tender and solemn intonation read, "Do men gather thorps of grains or thigs of fistles." And he couldn't for the life of him imagine what they were smiling at.

FORTY ACRES AND A MULE.

HOW THE NEGROES IN THE SOUTHERN STATES WERE BULLDOZED WITH RED STICKS.

To the Gazette:—After a perusal of the following extract from the report of the joint select committee, perhaps better known as kuklux, reported to Congress February 19, 1872, we think it will not appear strange that the negroes so largely deserted the carpet-baggers in the elections held last fall, and joined their fortunes with those of the democrats.

John G. Pierce, of Alabama, testified as follows: Question. State anything you know in regard to land and mules. Answer. I can tell you from what I know and have seen myself, and also from what negroes have told me, that they have been promised land and mules—forty acres of land and a mule, on divers occasions. Many an old negro has come to me and asked me about that thing. I can illustrate it by a little thing that I saw on a visit once to Gainesville, Sumter county. At a barbecue there I saw a man who was making a speech to the negroes telling them what good he had done for them; that he had been to Washington city and had procured from one of the departments there certain pegs. I saw the pegs. He had about two dozen on his arm; they were painted red and blue. He said that he had obtained those pegs at a great expense to himself; that they had been made by the government for the purpose of staking out the negroes' forty acres.—He told the negroes that all he wanted was to have the expenses paid to him, which was about a dollar a peg. He told them that they could stick one peg down at a corner, then walk so far another way and stick another down, until they had got the four pegs down; and that when the four pegs were down the negroes' forty acres would be included in their area; and that all he had to say to them was that they could stick those pegs anywhere they pleased, on anybody's land they wanted to, but not to interfere with each other, and he would advise them in selecting the forty acres to take half woodland and half clear; that nobody would dare to interfere with those pegs. (Pp. 299-300.) Gen. Ambrose R. Wright, of Augusta, Ga., in his testimony before the same committee, corroborates the foregoing, as the following extract will show:

"Up to the latter part of 1868 the negroes believed that by voting they were going to get a division of the land and stock of the country.

"These carpet-baggers would go down there and actually sell stakes to them.—That is almost too improbable for belief; but these rascals would go down there and sell painted stakes to these negroes, and tell them that all they had to do was to put down the stakes on their owner's farms, and forty acres af land would be theirs after the election. You could see them all over the country. The negroes said they gave a dollar apiece for these stakes." (P. 299.)

According to the foregoing this peg swindle was perpetrated in the States of Georgia and Alabama, and in how many other States I have no means at present of ascertaining. Further comments unnecessary.

Since the foregoing was written I have ascertained from a reliable source that similar sticks were vended by the same disreputable class of people, carpet-baggers, to the negroes in some of the strong negro counties in North Carolina, in the vicinity of Goldsboro'. The price of these latter pegs was $1,25, $5 for four. The plan for disposal was to call a meeting, to which the negroes were invited. After a harangue of rather an incendiary nature, the pegs were offered for sale.

CONSTITUTIONAL UNION.

PAPER FOR BUILDING.

Among the new services that paper is performing is the, at first sight, somewhat anomalous one, of taking the place of lumber in structures of all sorts. For this purpose a paper is especially prepared—and, what is of more importance, it has satisfactorily stood the test of actual use—answering the purposes intended so thoroughly and well that a mill has been erected by a stock company in Wisconsin, whereat sixteen tons of building paper are made every day, orders pouring in faster than they can be filled.

Building paper is a thick and indurated pasteboard, turned out in sheets thirty-two inches wide, and is divided, for transportation, into rolls of various sizes, weighing from twenty-five to one hundred pounds. While running through the machines whereon it is made, it is subjected to a pressure of several hundreds of tons to the square foot. This process welds the fibres into a homegeneous mass, perfectly air-proof. When dry and ready for use, this paper is superior to wood for building purposes, being one of the worst conductors of heat and cold extant. A house constructed of this material is cool in summer and readily heated in winter; neither does it shrink or warp as wood does, and requires no seasoning save the drying it gets at the mill; neither does it burn as readily as lumber does, and is quite as impervious to water. Cheaper than timber, and more easily transported, it is rapidly coming into use in the region where it is manufactured.

THE MAFFETT WHISKY BILL, to collect a tax on whiskey drinks by means of an instrument something like a car bell-punch, has passed the General Assembly of Virginia. It will be put up in every bar-room. The tax on lager beer per drink is half a cent, and alcohol liquors two and a half cents. If strictly enforced it is estimated that in a few years the State of Virginia will be able to extinguish its own and the national debt, and it is stated in some of the papers that if continued indefinitely and drinking keeps on and the drinkers pay for their tipple like honest men the State of Virginia will eventually take in all the money in creation.

SALARIES OF ENGLISH DIPLOMATS.—Lord Lyons, as British embassador to France, has a salary of $50,000. The British embassadors to Germany and to Rome have each a salary of $35,000, and the latter receives an allowance for rent of $6,000. The embasssador at Vienna gets $40,000, and the one at St. Petersburg $39,000. Sir Henry Elliott had at Constantinople $40,000, and Sir Edward Thornton entertains pleasantly at Washington on a salary of $30,000.

An Agricultural Rhyme.

Plow deep—two feet at least—for corn or rye.
You can't in stony land? Sir, that's a lie;
A sub-soil plow will do it; then manure,
And put on plenty; if the land is poor
Get muck and plaster; buy them by the heap,
No matter what they cost, you'll find them cheap.
I've tried them often and I think I know;
Then plow again two feet before you sow.
Potatoes get on best in sandy soil,
I'm sure of *that*—but plant before you boil,
Then put in strawberries; that's what I do—
Confound you for a blockhead! Why don't you.
Get modern works and read them! No, you'd rather
Go creeping on just like your stupid father.
That patch is good for melons. Why the dickens
Don't you convert those *swamps* to better use?
Beets are a paying crop and don't cost much
To raise, so's cabbage, pumpkins, squash and such;
They'll always sell and bring you back your money.
No bees? The mischief! What d'ye do for honey?
Sir, let me tell you plainly, you're an ass—
Just look at those ten acres gone to grass!
Put turnips in 'em. Timothy don't pay—
Can't cattle feed on anything but hay?
I don't consider hogs a first-class crop;
Give me my own free choice, sir, and I'd swap
The best of 'em for strawberries or *sheep*—
But let me say again, you must plow deep,
The trouble with our farmers is that they
Can't be induced to look beyond to-day;
Let them get sub-soil plows and turn up sand,
And hang it, sir, let them manure their land.

SALT IN FARMING.

The *Maryland Farmer* of last month gave extended facts in evidence of the value of *Salt* as a fertilizer. It this month adds still further testimony, and of more recent date and nearer home.

Major Peter Jones, of New Hampshire, the past year, used about 1,000 bushels of salt, broadcast, on his wheat in the fall, and found that it increased the yield fully one-third. He proposes to apply several thousand bushels the coming season on wheat fields and meadows, putting it on late in the fall.

These are rational arguments why the duty-tax should be taken off on an article used on the fields, in the dairies, in curing meats, and in everything we eat.

The beneficial effects of salt on the land are seen for several years after its application, on all fields as well as round trees.

AGE OF COWS.

Cows live an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots and every succeeding year another is added.

Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive on the question of age, that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE BUSHELS OF CORN TO THE ACRE.—They make good corn crops in Cumberland county, Pa. Among the most worthy examples of large yields, during the past year, is that of Joseph Bosler, who obtained, from twenty-six acres, twenty-seven hundred and thirty bushels of shelled corn, or an average of one hundred and five bushels to the acre. The field was allowed to lay in clover one year without pasturing. The large growth of clover was then under, and 250 bushels of lime to the acre applied. The ground was then cultivated and harrowed twice, and the corn put in with a planter on the 2d and 3d of May. After the corn was up, the cultivator was again called into use, and af