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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

No. 41.

VOL. 38. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries 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.

The PLACE to Buy!

CLOTHING.

The Time to buy, Now!

A Large Winter Stock to be CLOSED OUT CHEAP!

S. MERRITT

Will continue the Clothing business and will be pleased to have all the customers of the late firm continue their patronage.

In order to reduce our stock of WINTER GOODS we are

NOW SELLING

MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

AND HATS and CAPS,

AT

VERY REDUCED PRICES

FOR THE CASH!

We have the Greatest Bargains for sale that we have ever had, embracing all grades from the finest to the low grades, all cut and made up in the best manner.

We call Special attention to recent purchases of

OVER-COATS

in price ranging from $3.50 up.

BOYS' SUITS from $3.00 up.
YOUTHS' " " $3.50 up.
MEN'S " " $5.00 up.

And in fact everything *as low if not lower than the same can be purchased in the city.*

Call early if you want BARGAINS!

As these goods must be sold to make room for Spring purchases.

S. MERRITT,
Opposite the Court House,
CHESTERTOWN.

Jan. 12, 1878.

LOOK! LOOK!

Clothing!

CLOTHING

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

J. Frank Connelly

(Successor to C. Rolph & Co.)

WE HAVE ADDED THIS WEEK to the already full stock of goods lately purchased of Chas. Rolph & Co., a new and well selected Stock of

Men's and Boys'

BOOTS and SHOES,

Heavy and Fine.

Also, LADIES' Button and Morocco BOOTS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's GUMS, which will be sold at small advance for cash.

OUR LINE OF

HATS and CAPS

Is Complete!

Including ALL THE LATE STYLES!

Our line of FURNISHING GOODS are selected to meet the wants of our trade.

Our entire stock for the most part is new and fresh, and all of which we are selling at reasonable profits.

My friends and the public generally are respectfully invited to call.

Remember the Place:

Opposite C. F. Stam's Drug Store.

J. FRANK CONNELLY,

Jan. 12, 1878. CHESTERTOWN.

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED.

BRENNEF'S SUGAR CURED COOKED CORN BEEF.

FISHER'S MINCE MEAT.

Pine Apple Cheese,
Canned Peaches, Pears, Pine Apple, Corn, Tomatoes, Lobster, &c.

French Mustard, Chow-Chow, Catsup and Pickles.

FRESH SWEET ORANGES, LEMONS and PRUNES.

CANDIES

OF ALL KINDS. FRESH.

The Celebrated Star Cough Candy,

Said to be a Sure Cure for Colds.

Also,

Dried Peaches and Apples, Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Dates and Citron.

V. BURGESS,
Opposite the Bank.

fel2-tf.

—1878—

SPARKS' VARIETY STORE,

HAS COMMENCED the NEW YEAR with one of THE FINEST STOCKS OF GOODS IN KENT CO., consisting in part of the following articles:

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Nuts, Crackers, Cakes, Pickles, Saucers, Chow-Chow, Jellies, French Mustard, Cox's Gelatine, Baker's Chocolate, Cocoa, Extracts, Spices, &c. Blacking, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Glassware, Glassware, Glassware.

LAMPS from 25 cts. to $5. Chimneys Shades, Tumblers, Goblets, Dishes, Fruit Stands, Pitchers, Molasses Cans, Glass Sets only 90c. and *Cigars and Tobacco.*

NOTIONS! NOTIONS!

COMBS, BRUSHES, POCKET BOOKS, Razors, Scissors, Toilet Soaps, Shaving Brushes, Read's Grand Duchess COLOGNE, Shoe Brushes, and CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Jewelry, Jewelry, Jewelry!

A full Stock constantly on hand.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!
Every Clock warranted for 12 months.
SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES! for old or young.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

We pay particular attention to this part of our business and keep the very best goods in the market. Try our new 5 cent Cigar (Miller's Golden Eagle); also, our 75c. Tobacco. Gravely's Best always on hand. Blackwell's Durham and Westward Ho Smoking Tobacco.

COME IN and see us, price our goods, examine them carefully, and you will be convinced that what we advertise is true.

SPARKS' VARIETY STORE.

jan26-tf.

New Store and New Goods

JAMES A. SHAW

HAS fitted up the store room on Court Street, adjoining the shoe shop, and just returned from the city with a large stock of Goods. Among the numerous varieties we name:

FURNITURE, Shoe Findings Groceries, Confectionery,

FLOUR by the lb. or bbl.; TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c., &c.

The upper story of the building will be used exclusively as

Furniture Ware-rooms

and my stock will include a general variety of everything in this line, which I can and will sell as cheap as the same kinds can be purchased in the city.

My purchases have been made for cash exclusively, and I am determined to sell goods as low as anybody else, as I expect thus to successfully compete with others and secure patronage.

My friends and the public are solicited to call and see if we don't know how to keep a store!

JAMES A. SHAW,
Dec. 15—y. Court Street.

MORE NEW GOODS

At S. FRANKLIN SMITH'S.

We have JUST OPENED a *BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF GOODS.*

We claim to keep a GREATER VARIETY OF GOODS THAN ANY HOUSE IN TOWN!

not the largest, but a more varied assortment. Call and see if you can't buy of us what no one else keeps in town.

Store opposite Voshell House.

S. FRANKLIN SMITH.

Jan. 26, 1878—3t.

WANTED,

EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT

WM. C. A. THOMPSON

HAS REMOVED

To the CORNER STORE Up Town,

lately occupied by Mr. James Wood, where he will be glad to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
NOTIONS, &c.

Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICE for cash or trade.

Remember THOMPSON's object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

Country Produce wanted for the cash or trade.

Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 12, 1878. Up Town.

New Billiard Rooms!

THE subscriber has just erected, on Cross Street, adjoining his Restaurant, a spacious room for

BILLIARDS,

and has put in two Tables of the latest and most approved designs—one a regular CAROM and the other what is known as a POOL TABLE.

The tables and cues will be kept in good order, and the lovers of this innocent and exhilarating sport will have an opportunity of amusing themselves whenever they feel disposed to do so.

JOHN ARMSTRONG,
jan26-6w. *Chestertown.*

Oyster Saloon.

MEALS at ALL HOURS

Table Board by the day or week.

OYSTERS in every style, at the old stand of Mr. J. Armstrong, below Bordley's Corner. Ladies' saloon private.

MRS. DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Dec. 22—3m*

REMOVED.

Main St., opp. Kent Nat'l Bank.

FOR SALE:

Cranberries, Apples, Sweet Cider, Hominy, Buckwheat, Beans, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Powder and Shot.

ALONZO MING.

dl5-tf.

FISHERMEN, LOOK SHARP!

CALL AND EXAMINE THE

LUCK BRAND

Gilling Thread!

2 and 3 cord, all numbers from 20 to 60, for sale at Philadelphia price, by

Jan. 19. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Is still continued, and I hope by *personal* ATTENTION and supervision, added to practical experience, to give *entire* satisfaction to those who favor me with any business in this line.

Also, Broken or Defaced Furniture will be repaired, cleaned or varnished at short notice.

My charges for all work will be as low as possible, and I solicit a liberal share of patronage. My best reference will be with those who have employed me in the past. Respectfully,

JOHN N. DODD.

jan13-3m*

Turner Brothers,

Still Pond P. O., Kent County, Maryland,

LUMBER AND PEACH CRATE MANUFACTURERS,

and dealers in all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES, COAL, SALT, FLOUR and GRAIN.

CRAMPTON'S

Imperial Soap

IS THE "BEST."

Crampton's Imperial Soap is the Best!
Crampton's Imperial Soap is the Best!
Crampton's Imperial Soap is the Best!
Crampton's Imperial Soap is the Best!

THIS SOAP is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen and Bath room and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers and Machinists,

As it Will Remove Stains

OF INK, GREASE, TAR, OIL AND PAINT from the hands.

The Huntington (Pa.) Monitor of April 5, 1877, pronounces this Soap the best in the market, as follows:

"Reader, we don't want you to suppose that this is an advertisement, and pass it over unheeded. Read it. We want to direct your attention to the advertisement of 'Crampton's Imperial Soap.' Having used it in our office for the past year, we can recommend it as the best in use. It is a rare thing to get a Soap that will thoroughly cleanse printing ink from the hands or from linen, but Crampton's laundry soap will do it, and we know whereof we speak. It is especially adapted for printers, painters, engineers and machinists, as it will remove grease of all descriptions from hands or clothes with little labor. For general household purposes it cannot be excelled.

Manufactured only by

CRAMPTON BROTHERS,

2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St., New York.

For Sale by PARRISH BROTHERS, 99 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md. and Grocers generally.

Also, for sale by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,
d1-2m. Chestertown, Md.

12 HEAD of Draft and Driving Horses

for sale at Worton Station (Fair grounds.) Terms cash, or note with approved indorser. Prices low. Will have some in Chestertown Saturday and Tuesdays.

feb2-3t* C. W. KENNARD.

$10,000—$4,000—$2,000—$800

TO LOAN.

Apply to

feb2-3t. C. T. WESTCOTT, Att'y,
Chestertown, Md.

$30,000 TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT,

on good farms in Kent or Queen Anne's counties.

THOMAS HILL,
Fayette & St. Paul sts.,
jan5-m. Baltimore, Md.

CABBAGE.

A lot of good CABBAGE for sale.

Address S. J. ROSEBERRY,
j26-3t. Kennedyville.

LADIES' CLOAKS—large assortment n24. at T. W. ELIASON, JR'S.

BOOTS and SHOES, at reduced prices, at J. H. SIMPERS & BRO'S.

OLD TIMES.

Old homestead, fair Stoneton, bright star of the morn,
Where my childhood was passed, where my father was born,
Played with sisters and brothers as I did with mine,
Where his father and mother felt death's fingers twine;
Methinks I can see a boat touching the strand
Over Sassafras river, in Cecil to land,
Where their forefathers landed, gentry Welshmen, to lay
In St. Stephen's Churchyard, their bodies of clay.
Fair Stoneton, such memories should not throng around,
I began this quaint rhyme for a livelier sound,
The locust trees old, when I was a child
To welcome under them curtseyed and smiled,
Dropped my harp at my feet, which I seized and new strung;
Then I thought the sweet violets and May apples sung,
The voice of the robin was heard in refrain,
While a mocking-bird echoed a heart-thrilling strain,
A smart dusky maid, a conch shell had brought,
Its mouth neath her lips, sweetest sea music wrought,
Calling in by its solemn and mystical sound,
The "hands" from the orchard and harvest fields round;
Underneath an old Cherry tree dinner was spread,
Chicken pot pie was mingled with bacon and bread;
They all were so happy, oh! how could it be!
The mist of a dream must have come over me;
I hear them still singing, I yet see them dance,
But it all appears now like a pictured romance;
Little thought we of color, the women and men
We were taught to call Uncle and Aunt in the Glen;
Through the woods, by the fountains, with Emeline strayed,
She then was my friend, my playmate and maid,
We both now have changed, and "The Old Times" have fled.
The Masters and Misters and Children are dead,
Or are scattered; no, a few yet remain,
And oh! my heart yearns to embrace them again;
To sit with them over the hickory-wood fire,
And lift from the ashes a magical Lyre,
That would call love's dear angels to twine them around,
With a chain of bright gems only angels have found.

"Old Times" have departed, the rose-tinted tear
That once made bright rainbows, is dried on the ear
Of ripe golden corn, brighter rainbows float past
From over the River, their radiance cast
Before they do vanish, ah quickly as thought
We must pass o'er the archway, the two shores have caught,
At the "Beautiful Gate" our burdens cast down,
Receiving from Christ Love's pure ransomed Crown.

MATILDA CANBY.

WILM'G, DEL., Feb. 1878.

Origin of the Letter Stamp.

The alleged origin of the stamp had a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but she had no money; so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young inn-keeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of correspondence without paying for our letters." The traveller, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving rise to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

BLESSINGS ON THE HEAD OF WORTH.—Worth, the great Parisian man-milliner, is a benefactor of his race. He has issued an edict which will relieve the ladies of many pounds of cumbrous skirts and flounces, and liberate them from the ungainly habit or necessity of holding up their dresses out of the mud as they walk the streets. This he has done by bringing out a short walking dress, called in the fashion reports "costume de fatigue." As soon as Worth's new garment is in vogue we shall no more see the fair sex describing a semi-circle in stooping down to raise their skirts with one hand while crossing gutters and dirty street crossings. We don't doubt that the change will be hailed with delight by all. How would they fancy it if necessity should compel the gentlemen, when walking with them in public places, to be continually hitching up their pantaloons by the hips. It would look very awkward, as well as impolite. We leave them to draw the proper inference.

WHAT A PLANT DID.—A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window that fresh air might help the plant to grow.—Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home, instead of spending his leisure at a tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as physical blessing.

THE following is a San Francisco advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door."

A DEWITT COUNTY teacher has adopted a plan, whereby, when a girl misses a word, the boy who spells it has the right to kiss her. The Clieton *Press* says: "The result is that the girls are fast forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity."

AN Iowa justice of the peace sentenced a man to be hanged. The higher court reversed the decision, and the justice gave the prisoner a licking, resigned his office and started for Chicago to become a real estate agent.

Girls and their Beaux.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

We often hear it said, and it is not far from the truth, that young ladies more readily fall in love with and marry strangers than with those of life-long acquaintance. Of the former they see and know only the best side; of the latter they understand his "worst side" as well. And so it is "a stranger takes."

The following story told by the *Rural New Yorker*, is but one of the many almost equally terrible mistakes made by the young in taking up with strangers.

A few summers ago, a young man, apparently a tourist, alighted at the most aristocratic hotel in the beautiful village of I——, in Central New York. While lounging on the front piazza, his attention was arrested by a very pretty young woman whose daily walk led her past the hotel. He inquired who she was, and in a short time learned from some gossipy co-lounger that she was Alice Kent, that her parents were of the highest respectability in the town, and that they had relations living at a certain place in New England. As it happened, the young man knew something about these relations, his own place of nativity having been near their neighborhood.

He had no acquaintance in I——, but being determined to make the acquaintance of Miss Kent, he resolved to introduce himself by forging a letter of introduction to her family from one of the New England relations. This done, he presented himself at Mr. Kent's residence, delivered his letter of introduction, told a plausible story concerning his business at I——, and was received with the courtesy that is usually accorded pleasant people bearing similar credentials. His attentions to Alice soon became marked—so much so as to excite the interest of her parents, who at various times felt inclined to write to their Massachusetts friends for further particulars regarding the young man to whom they had given the introductory letter, but always neglecting so to do.

Meanwhile Alice and the young man walked, talked, and rode together, their rides frequently extending to a very late hour in the night.

One day—only a few weeks after the beginning of this acquaintance, Mr. Kent returned home with the announcement that the young man had suddenly left the village without paying his hotel, livery, and other bills; that a telegram and an officer had been sent after him; that an examination of the contents of the trunks left behind him had aroused suspicions of a grave character, etc.

The effect of this news upon Alice was most alarming. She said little, but it was plainly evident that she suffered intensely. The young man was arrested, brought back to I——, a description and account of him sent to New England where the relatives of Alice lived, and the information obtained that he had a wife living there, that he was a very untrustworthy character, and that his letter of introduction was a forged one.

Alice's parents, believing that nothing more serious than a "flirtation" and perhaps sincere love-making had transpired between him and their daughter, expressed themselves as being glad that "it was no worse," when the girl surprised them by sinking on the floor at her father's feet, crying—

"Oh, father, it could not be worse—he is my husband!"

She then confessed that she had been privately married to the young man a few days before upon one of their long drives in the country, and detailed the persuasions and means he used for wishing that the marriage be kept a secret.

The anger of the parents equaled the anguish of their daughter, and a criminal prosecution for bigamy was begun against the young man. It was a useless thing to do so far as Alice was concerned, for a power higher than earthly edicts was surely lifting her beyond the terrible result of her folly. She was dying of a broken heart.

The trial resulted in establishing the guilt of the adventurer, and he was sentenced to the State prison for five years.

After sentence was pronounced upon him, he was taken at the earnest request of Alice, to see her.

The jailor led him into her room where she lay dying, and kept his eye upon the prisoner, as Alice pleaded with him for the sake of the love she had given him to reform his life.

When she put her thin hands on his and told him what she had suffered because of him—how truly she had loved him—that she was soon to die—that her parents were heart-broken—it was enough to soften the hardest heart. But he stood unmoved, and when the jailor led him away, he sneeringly laughed and made some light remark about the ease with which girls are won!

Three days later he was taken, handcuffed, to Auburn, and on the same day the body of Alice Kent was carried to the grave-yard.

What need to add more? No girl wishes to learn discretion through a self-experience like that which broke the heart of Alice Kent. But are you all sufficiently careful of your associations? A suspicious manner or haughty bearing are neither necessary or pleasing; one may be civil and polite without intimacy. But it is far better to decline the social advance of persons you do not know, than to receive them and afterwards have cause to blush because of your acquaintance with them.

Rather than be too easily approached, it would be better to be like the late Judge Nicholas of Kentucky:

"Let me make you acquainted with Judge Nicholas," said a gentleman to a friend, himself a Judge, as Nicholas entered the Bank of Kentucky one morning. "It can't be done," responded the friend, "It has been tried several times."

With him introduction did not introduce—a good motto for young ladies who meet with indiscriminate society.

THE model husband has been found. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer, and he puts it down in winter.

WHEN you are tired of twirling your thumbs, sit down and see how fast you can say—"Shoes and socks shock Susan in an inexplicable manner, and inexorably she ceaseth sheathing her shoes."

WOMEN AND MONEY.

An incessant taunt of men is that women don't know, and never can be taught anything about money. The former part of the statement may be a fact as respects many women; but the latter part men have no authority for making, because they scarcely ever attempt to be teachers. The dense and irremediable financial ignorance of women is usually a foregone conclusion; it is so universally taken for granted that hardly any body thinks of questioning it. Men mention it as a self-evident truth, because they have always heard it so mentioned, and will continue to affirm it, for generations yet to come, for no better reason. If women have no clear ideas of money, it is simply because every effort is made to preclude them from any and all intelligent acquaintance with the subject. They understand that money has power of purchase; they are aware, most of them by severe experience, that it is very hard to get; and there their information ends. They would like to increase their small stock of knowledge, and they often try to. But they can't. To all questions the masculine reply is, "Oh, you can't comprehend it," and so the matter is dismissed.

Men seem to hold that financial knowledge of every sort must be intuitive, if it exists at all in the feminine mind, since it never can be put there by any external means. They have to learn whatever they acquire for themselves; they are generally as ignorant of money before beginning practical life as any woman can be; but they never suspect that instruction or experience would do her any good. If they should fully explain to her the mystery of dollars and cents, she would be as wise as they; but then they would be obliged to forgo their beloved generalization. They appear to believe that any degree of monetary understanding would unsex her, and they are perpetually zealous to prevent her from gaining it. Nevertheless, they like to complain of her extravagance, or at least to laugh at her incapacity to estimate values, wondering that she should be so ignorant of what they have taken the greatest pains to withhold from her. They are constantly wishing that she knew how to use money, though they are resolved that she shall never have any enlightenment from them. They are like the overcautious parents who want their boys to swim, but won't allow them to go near the water.

It is the duty of every man, especially if he be of moderate means, to tell his wife or daughters about his pecuniary affairs—what he has, the amount of his income, and his capacity for earning. They have a right to his business confidence, and if they should get it, there would be far less room for domestic misunderstanding and discord. He has no ground for considering them imprudent or reckless of expenditure when he keeps them in entire financial darkness. They have no means of judging whether they can spend with prudence one dollar or a hundred; for dollars are abstractions, have no definite meaning. Their notions are those of children; they marvel why banks should issue $5 notes when they can issue 50's, as they suppose, with no more responsibility. They are perplexed to comprehend why their husbands or fathers should give them ten dollars when they ask for forty. It is either caprice or downright meanness, they are led to conclude, and they are permitted to remain in the delusion.

If they inquire why they can't have this or that, they are told again that they cannot, and then are treated to a number of cabalistic phrases touching notes to meet in bank, decline in breadstuffs, depreciation in stock, or panic in Wall Street, which would be quite as intelligible were they uttered in Chaldale. Shoud they request an explanation of the phrases, they are snubbed with the remark, "Women never can understand business," and left with the impression that what they have heard day after day for years must contain some truth.

Generally money is either doled out to women, or given them in a careless lavish way, as no account were made of it—this is very rare, however—so that they have no sense of responsibility from its possession. Men do not, as a rule, let their wives and daughters have money in a manner that will produce its intelligent use. In most cases they demand what they want it for, and having been told, they furnish the exact amount. They are seldom willing, even when they have abundance, to permit the woman to employ her own discretion in spenping it, which she might be trusted to do after a little rudimentary instruction, and which is the surest method of acquainting her with its value.

If she once understands that the whole thing is left to her, if she knows how much she can justly use, if she feels the full sense of responsibility, she is very apt to show that she is capable of managing dollars and cents. Having had proper training and teaching, she very often proves herself quite as competent as men are to deal with money, and not seldom surpasses them in this particular. She is not extravagant nor wasteful after she has had a little financial education. On the contrary, she is decidedly enonomical, and many husbands are willing to attest that their wives are more judicious purchasers and better savers than they can ever hope to be. After all that has been said of woman's extravagance, she is far less extravagant than man, and what she spends rarely does her harm, which can not be said of his improvidence. She will nearly always use money discreetly and profitably when she is treated like a rational being instead of a wayward child.

IN boiling eggs don't boil them. Put them in boiling water and set the vessel on the hearth and let it remain seven or eight minutes. This will cook the egg clear through, just as it ought to be, without hardening the white near the shell. This hint is worth a barrel of eggs, except to those wretched mortals who take their eggs solid, and know no better.

A STEAMER plying between San Francisco and Stockton keeps an eccentric and useful sheep on board. The sheep is trained to go out on a gang-plank at a landing when a flock is to be loaded, to show that the approach is safe, and to act as a pilot.

WISCONSIN is Indian name for "wild-rushing river."

Wide Awake.

WORTON, Feb. 11, 1878.

Messrs. Editors:—We see in your paper and also in the *Transcript* a report of the late fox-hunting case. The latter makes it all a one-sided affair. It only shows the bright side of the "heroic lady," as she is called, and that lovely Pitman. The *Transcript* says she very modestly and in a lady-like manner shot at the dogs. It was very much lady-like, when she could stand on the ground and see dogs chasing sheep over a poultry-yard fence sixteen feet high; and when she was asked by the counsel which were ahead—the sheep or the dogs—she very modestly replied the dogs were about 125 yards ahead. She also said that she did not see the huntsmen when she shot. When asked by my counsel how many fences were between her and the huntsmen, her reply was one; how many between her and the dogs, she replied two. When asked how she shot at the dogs without shooting the huntsmen, she in a lady like manner replied that she shot a little to one side of them. Now we don't want any heroic men or women in our county if that style of testimony makes them heroic; and the *Transcript* further says that the pointing of the gun at the huntsmen was flatly denied. Denied by whom? Nobody but lovely Pitman. The *Transcript* says the Justice thought that Pitman had not been guilty of the offence. Nobody said but himself that he did not point the gun at us. W. Duyer and I both say that he did. Still it is flatly denied. Well, "money makes the mare go."

The assault at the court house door was very properly condemned, you say. Condemned by the heroic friends we suppose. But the shooting of our dogs and shooting at us is condemned by the majority of the people; and the majority should rule. We think it was against the law, but we were willing to suffer for it, if you call going to jail for *that* suffering. We had all heart could desire, and most people think he had more.—Lovely Pitman said he was startled by the yelling of a large pack of hounds rough-shod running over the farm. So were the citizens of Chestertown startled by the yelling of Pitman running thro' the streets. We know he was rough-shod, as we could see his feet oftener than his head. The party attacked was escorted by officers, who commanded the peace in the name of the State. One of the party was lodged in jail two days after the first three, through the evidence of a 33 ct. man, which we would willingly have given him without that trouble.

M. M. RASIN.

BE MERRY WHILE YOU MAY.

"There is a crook in every lot,"
A shadow on the road
Through which we journey on to reach
A happier abode.
As surely as the evening comes
To close the eyes of day,
Will grief apper; and so, my dear,
Be merry while you may.

We cannot say to joy, "Remain,"
Nor unto grief, "Depart,"
The morning and the night must come
To every human heart.
And though the twilight hour dispels
The cheerful, sunny rays,
Shed not a tear; but oh! my dear,
Be merry while you may.

The sky may not be always bright,
The sea not always calm,
Nor breezes bring an argosy
Of spices or of balm.
'Tis time enough to weep and mourn
When sorrow has its day;
And you'll agree 'tis well to be
Right merry while we may.

Along the shores of life the tides
Have ceaseless ebb and flow;
And through the year the seasons have
Their time to come and go.
Then let us make the best of life,
And if not always gay
Or full of glee, why should'nt we
Be merry while we may?

That's Business.

Not long ago a weazen-faced little man, wearing a $3.50 suit of clothes, went to one of the big hotels and registering his name as from Texas, asked for a room and if breakfast was on the table. The Olympian clerk gazed at him scornfully for a moment, and languidly remarked:

"Any baggage?"

"No," replied the guest.

"In that case," replied the clerk, "the rules of the house compel me to insist on payment in advance."

"Very well," said the guest; without hesitation or appearing offended, "take two day's board out of this," and from a wad of greenbacks as big as your arm he produced a hundred dollar note.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the abashed clerk, "but we are so often taken in, and your face not being familiar to me, I—"

"No offence," cheerfully answered the guest, "business is business, and rules are rules. It does look a little odd to be without baggage, but as cattle dealers ain't much on style, and—"

"That's all right," said the clerk.—"Put up your money; we know a gentleman when we see him. Jim, show the gentleman to 146. Call for the best in the house, General."

The old man stowed away an ample breakfast, got the clerk to give him small bills for a fifty, and asked where Billy Coolbangh, the banker, had his office; inquired when they had dinner, desired the clerk to tell Mr. Farwell, if he called, that he would be back at two o'clock, then went—and hasn't been seen since. The clerk subsequently discovered that the fifty dollar bill was bad. The sad event cast a gloom over the hotel office.

—*San Francisco Gazette.*

THEY were examining applicants for admission to an Omaha foot race the other day and every man had to show his pedigree as a runner. "What credentials can you bring?" asked the Judge of a lank young fellow who presented himself; "you don't look as if you could run much." "I'm a Philadelphia militiaman," calmly replied the youth. "Oh! pass right in then," said the judge. "Next."

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

HARD, dry walks leading from the house to the barn and other out-buildings are a great convenience. They are particularly appreciated in the moist weather of winter and spring, and houses not thus connected with the farm buildings are deprived of important and necessary conveniences.

Letter from Nebraska.

GRAND ISLAND, HALL CO., NEB., Feb. 9, 1878.

Editors Kent News:—Please allow me space in your extensively circulated paper to answer inquiries concerning Nebraska, realizing as I do that most of my inquirers are readers of your paper, and probably others of your readers would like to hear from the so-called Great American Desert. After residing here about four years, I have come in contact pretty generally with the different phases of the climate, and also the productions of the soil. The climate is somewhat milder in general than that of Pennsylvania, although our storms are more severe while they last; but as soon as they are over the weather is pleasant and the sun shines. We have very little snow, and what does fall lays but a short time, owing to the brightness of the sun, as we have very little cloudy weather. Our winters are shorter than in Pennsylvania, commencing about the same time, but spring opens a month or six weeks earlier. The heat of our summers is tempered by the cool breezes that play over the prairies, but now and then we have a day without any breeze that raises the thermometer to 110 degrees. Our farm products consist of about the same kind as central Pennsylvania, but wheat is our main product, as our wheat fields are apparently limitless, without fences and broken only by roads. Wheat, on a general average, yields about twenty-five bushels per acre. Winter wheat is but little raised, but does well. Winter rye yields enormous; mine averaged 40 bushels per bushel. A Pennsylvania farmer, adjoining me, had fifty bushels per acre. Oats commonly fifty bushels per acre, and in some cases as high as ninety bushels per acre. Barley forty bushels per acre, but in extraordinary cases yields seventy bushels per acre. Corn yields on an average forty-five bushels per acre, but in many cases as high as ninety bushels per acre. Vegetables grow well here. At our county fair last fall cabbages were exhibited that weighed 30 lbs. per head; beets 27 lbs.; squashes 107 lbs., watermelons 65 lbs.; parsnips 32 inches long and other vegetables in propertion; also corn ears that measured 14½ inches in length. To the Maryland and Pennsylvania farmers this seems incredible, but yet they are facts. Nebraska, soon after you leave Omaha, on the M. P. R. R., becomes so level that you can see for miles in any direction, the only obstruction to vision being the numerous groves planted by the settlers, and at no great distant day Nebraska plains bid fair to be dotted with great trees. As you proceed up the great Platte Valley, one hundred and fifty-four miles from Omaha, you come to Grand Island, a beautiful and thriving town on the M. P. R. R, the county seat of Hall county, containing two thousand inhabitants, numerous stores and pleasant dwellings, a good school and fine church edifices of the following denominations: Methodist, United Brethren, Baptist, Episcopal and Catholic. The county round about Grand Island is beautiful and desirable and thrifty, dotted with well cultivated farms, the appearance of which bespeaks plenty and prosperity.—The great drawback to this section of country has been the grasshopper. They have been so thick here that they actually stopped the ponderous iron horse in his wild career, as well as the emigrant; and the way vegetation disappears before their rapacious maws is beyond the descriptive powers of the pen. However, this last year they steered clear of us and the scare is about over. No soil can be easier cultivated than this; the farmer plows the ground nearly the year round, and any one with a little get-up about him, with a good horse or mule team, can till one hundred acres every season. There are a number of your readers, Messrs. Editors, that know my love of ease, and yet if I live and keep my health this year I expect to have one hundred and fifty-seven acres of a crop—one hundred and forty-five in wheat, rye and oats, and twelve in potatoes and other vegetables; and I expect to do this without hiring and with one team of horses, except harvesting and threshing. A farmer here can ride and plow; ride and sow his grain; ride and plant his corn; ride and cultivate his corn; ride and head his grain; the header loads it on the wagon, and yet we have some few farmers here that fail, and why? Because they locate without any of the necessary facilities to carry on their farms, and if they don't raise 50 bushels of wheat per acre the first year and find nuggets of gold laying around promiscuously, they say the country is overrated. I would not advise persons to locate on lands here and expect to get rich without the necessary capital to carry on the business, which would consist of six hundred or a thousand dollars, according to economy used and size of family. There is a difference in farming here and in Pennsylvania. No fencing is necessary and land can be purchased at five dollars per acre on ten years' time at six per cent. interest, and is more productive than the one hundred dollar per acre lands of Pennsylvania.—Society is good and the people pleasant and agreeable, and as a general thing very intelligent; and a person in search of fools had better travel farther west. As I have already written too lengthy a letter I will close, promising (should this meet your approval and find a place in the columns of the *News*) you shall hear from me again.

JAMES WATSON, late of Md.

WE live in an age of pleasant frauds. Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured on Kelley's Island, French lace is woven in New York, Italian marble is dug in Kentucky, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Parisian art work comes from a shop in Boston, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Detroit. And for practical purposes it is of small account. "A rose by any other name," etc. But if one is troubled by a notion that things are only valuable if genuine—that shams are inherently and forever wrong and annoying—why then he must cultivate exceeding shrewdness, and not hope to get things "cheap."

THE time will come when every man can receive the election returns by telegraph to his own bedroom. The opportunities of the married men are being narrowed every year.