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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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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.

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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.

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.

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,

HAS RESUMED his Profession, and offers his services to the public.
Office in 'Transcript Building,' facing the Court House, Chestertown, Md. y.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Atty'y at Law, Chestertown, Md., will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.
Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
apr13. Chestertown, Md.

Educational.

WILMINGTON
Conference Academy

FULL Corps of Experienced Teachers. Modern facilities. Fine building, furnished with heat, gas, bath, etc.
Board and tuition $200 per year. Heat and gas in private rooms extra. Separate building for lady boarders. For catalogue address the Principal,
R. H. SKINNER, A. M.,
je22-6m. DOVER, DEL.

Wesleyan Female College,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

AT the opening of the Fall term, Sept. 9, 1878, there will be a NEW President, NEW furniture, NEW repairs throughout the buildings, NEW pianos, the modern conveniences newly introduced to add to the comfort of the young ladies, both in the public and private rooms, and all this at the old prices. For catalogues address the President, Rev. J. W. WILLIAMS, A. M. jly6-6m.

Baltimore Cards.

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.

JAS. A. MERRITT
WITH
I. M. PARR & SON,
Commission Merchants,
And Proprietors of the Canton Elevators
BALTIMORE, MD.

Possessing unsurpassed facilities for the proper handling of Grain, consignments are respectfully solicited and liberal advances made. o19.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,
Grain, Fruit and General Produce
Commission Merchants,
92 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
ag24-tf. *BALTIMORE, MD.*

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

Consignments respectfully solicited.
Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered. f

W. H. RUTTER,
Late of the firm of Greenwood, Rutter & Co.,
Commission Merchant,
For the sale of GRAIN and PRODUCE,
No. 96 Light st. Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
Consignments solicited. a6.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH ST., Corn Exchange Building,
y BALTIMORE.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO,
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets,
BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

BUY ONLY
THE
AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE,
The Best for Holiday Presents.

The only Sewing Machine which has a Self-Threading Shuttle. The Blind can thread it, and it runs so easy a child can operate it. It has self-setting Needle. Never breaks the thread. Never skips stitches. Is the lightest running.
All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired at short notice.
dec7. JOHN BELL, Agt.

JOS. H. THOMPSON
has just opened a large stock of new BOOTS & SHOES, which he will sell at very low prices. Attention is called to his Improved "Patent Kip Boot" for Men and Boys; from $1 75 to $2 25 for boys, and $4.25 for Men. Other make of Boots from $2 to $3 25.
Ladies' Button Gaiters $1 25 to $2 75.
Women's Lace Boots from $1 to $1 25.
Don't forget the place:
THOMPSON'S,
sep28. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

NEW assortment of SHAWLS, just received at
n16. J. H. SIMPERS & BROS.

New Year Announcement!

LARGE STOCK OF
BLANK BOOKS,
of all descriptions;
LEDGERS, JOURNALS,
DAY-BOOKS, TIME-BOOKS,
POCKET MEMORANDUMS.
DIARIES for 1879,
and PASS BOOKS,
ALL VERY CHEAP!

This stock has been selected with great care and with a view of supplying the wants of all.
COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

SOMETHING NEW!

I HAVE determined to establish at my Store, a
News Depot,
where may be found ALL THE LEADING PERIODICALS OF THE DAY, viz: Harper's Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, Atlantic Monthly, New York Nation, North American Review, Waverly Magazine, Baltimore Saturday Night, New York Weekly, New York Ledger, &c., &c.
COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for **CORN,** and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.
n23-tf.

Cassimere Clothing!
IN FULL SUITS,
Gotton up in unusually good style, and to our own special order.
Medium and Low Priced Clothing
A FULL LINE ON HAND.

Parties about buying garments for the Winter months may find it to their advantage to look at our goods before making their selections, as our business facilities enable us to challenge any sort of decent competition in quality and prices, which latter are now ruling lower than have ever before been known in the history of the Clothing Trade.
WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, December 2, 1878.

New Goods! New Goods!
CHEAP GOODS!
Call and examine our large assortment of
COOK
And HEATING STOVES.
We are selling at *Bottom Prices.*
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A LARGE assortment of POCKET CUTLERY, TABLE CUTLERY, Knife, Fork & Spoon for little folks; Christmas Tree Holders; Scissors, Skates, Sleigh Bells, &c.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TRIPLE-PLATED CASTORS, Butter Dishes, Pickel Dishes, Ice Pitcher, Tea and Table Spoons, Mugs, &c., &c., purchased at Receiver's Sale, and for sale very cheap at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A Large assortment of TIN-WARE on hand at prices to suit the times.

TOILET SETS, MONEY BANKS, CAKE PANS, GEM PANS, COAL HODS, SHOVELS, POKERS, &c., at *J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.*

Call and purchase a good Revolver. Cartridges, Breech Loading Shells, Shot, Caps, Wads, &c., at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.
Dec. 21, 1878.

NEW GOODS
ARE BEING RECEIVED WEEKLY
by
R. F. PARKS.
A call from the public solicited.
Nov. 2, 1878.

SPECIAL NOTICE to the LADIES!
DRESS MAKING,
Plain and fancy, done in the latest styles and neatest manner.
MISS LUCY PARSONS, having had considerable experience as a Dress maker, is prepared to do work at shortest notice.—Will be found at her home opposite Catholic Church. Prompt attention given to all. oc26-tf.

SEWING.
MISS ANNIE CRADDOCK and MISS MARY M. ZIESEL beg leave to inform the ladies of Chestertown and the public generally, that they have engaged rooms at Miss J. E. Redue's on Water st., where they are prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy Sewing, promptly and at the lowest prices. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Oct. 19, 1878.

MRS. S. C. JOINER continues the MANTUAMAKING business in all its branches. Store on High street, adjoining Wickes' Drug Store.
Oct. 19, 1878—tf.

NOTICE!
We have purchased our stock of *FALL & WINTER BOOTS,* at lowest cash prices, and are prepared to offer inducements to buyers. We guarantee every pair of our best Boots. Call and see them at
aug24. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FINE SALT—full weight, best quality save Ashton's, $1.60 per sack.
Ground Alum Salt, full weight, $1 per sack, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

MEN'S BOOTS $2, $2½, $3, $3½ and $4½. Boys' Boots from $1 12 to $2 25, at
n2. THOMPSON'S, up town.

THE SNOW.

Lightly and merrily,
Swiftly and steadily,
Down comes the snow shower all the day long,
Bright eyes have looked for it,
Young hearts have sighed for it;
Now it is welcomed with laughter and song.

Earnestly watching it,
Eagerly catching it,
Fair little face and hands reach forth;
Child and youth can be
In the white mystery,
Radiant visions of frolic and mirth.

Traversing fields of space,
Running a joyous race,
Beautiful flake after fluttering down;
Each one a perfect flower,
Nurtured in starry bower,
Each like a gem from an angel's bright crown.

Whiter and whiter still
Grows every roof and hill;
Whiter the domes late so grim and brown.
Strange is the spectacle,
Changed as by miracle,
Into a fairy land seems all the town.

Lo! upon the leafless trees,
Waved by wintry breeze,
Phantom's of summer's dead garland's appear.
Twining and clinging there,
Placidly smiling here,
Waking soft dreams of a season more dear.

Now, at the twilight hour
Ceases the snowy shower,
Listen! already the tuneful bells chime!
Soon will the rich and gay
Speed on their merry way,
Thankful and glad for the carnival time.

But as the night came down
Cold over all the town,
Many a heart sinks with terror and woe;
Many a heavy sigh,
Many a tearful eye,
Greets the chill prospect of darkness and snow.

Ye who in happy homes
Smile when the snow shower comes,
Think of the sad ones who weep at its fall,
Think, think how pitiful,
An object so beautiful,
Should, like a spectre, the needy appal.

Pray for these helpless ones;
Give to these suffering ones;
Dry the sad tear-drops that freeze as they flow.
Mercy and charity
Smooth life's disparity;
Warm poor hearts chilled by winter and snow.

Horoscope for the Ladies.

We extract the following "Horoscope" in each month in the year, from an old paper; it is, to say the least, a very amusing production:

JANUARY.

He who is born in this month will be laborious and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he will be complaisant and withal a very good singer. The lady born in this month will be pretty, a prudent housewife, rather melancholy, but yet good tempered.

FEBRUARY.

The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

MARCH.

The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent; he will be poor. The lady be a jealous, passionate chatterbox.

APRIL.

The man who has had the misfortune to be born in this month will be subjected to maladies; he will travel to advantage and love ladies to disadvantage, for he will marry a rich and handsome heiress, who will make—— what no doubt all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

MAY

The man born this month will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blessed in every respect.

JUNE

The man born now will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; marry at the age of twenty-one, and be a fool at the age of forty-five.

JULY.

The man will be fair, and suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome, with a sharp nose but fine bust; of rather sulky temper.

AUGUST.

The man will be ambitious and courageous; he will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married.

SEPTEMBER.

He who is born in this month will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife. The lady round-faced, fair-haired, witty, discreet, amiable, and loved by her friends.

OCTOBER

The man of this month will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady be large, liberal and full of novelty.

NOVEMBER.

The man of this month will have a handsome face and florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth and always inconsistent—promise one thing and do another, and always remain poor. The lady will be pretty; a bit too fond of talking—have two husbands who will die of grief; she will best know why.

DECEMBER.

The man born in this month will be a good sort of person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and a well proportioned body—be twice married, remain poor but continue honest.

ENGLAND'S SOVEREIGNS.

If students of English History will memorize this it will aid as nothing else will or can:

First William the Norman;
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John.

Next, Henry the Third;
Edwards, one two and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.

Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.

Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.

And next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came one.

Till Anne, four Georges,
And fourth William all passed,
Then came Victoria,
Who has long been the last.

WE may joke when we please if we are always careful to please when we joke.

DID THEY KNOW OR NOT?

"I'm not going to tell him, if he don't know it," said Mrs. Pratt. "There, now! Not a word! I slaved for him for thirty years. Made his shirts, washed and ironed them, cooked and scrubbed, milked the cows, fed the chickens, dried the apples, preserved the fruit and sold it to the dealers, kept the store in butter, and brought up half the animals on the place by hand, as well as my ten children, and if he don't know I haven't a bonnet to go to church in, I shan't tell him. He takes the money I earn and puts it in the bank, and asks me if I can't get along a little more economically, and I never have help but a rough girl. And such a bonnet as that my best!"

She tossed the fusty looking article to which she alluded into a corner as she spoke, and left it there.

"Six boys, too," said she. "Not one of them care—not one. A girl would have known; I wish I'd had a girl, if women had not so much to bear," and she burst into tears and cried comfortably for at least half an hour, after which she went to work at the Christmas mince pies and crullers.

It was a holiday afternoon for the men and boys. Mr. Pratt had gone to bank the butter money. He had taken Sam, Jack, Ben, Bill, Moses and Aaron in the wagon, and as they drove along he was thinking what a good wife he had, though he really did not know that she was his slave also, and had no guess that she had a bonnet like a market-woman's head-pad for her only one.

"Yes, mar is a trump, boys," he said aloud, after a season of silence. "I'm bankin' forty dollars to-day, butter money she's made. She's kept the machine a goin', boys. I tell you, I sot heaps by your mar."

The boys all grunted a favorable response, praises without words. Aaron, the youngest, alone spoke.

"She'd orter hev a Christmas. I see Ben Snow a goin' to town to get his mar a Christmas."

"Want to know!" said the senior Pratt. "Well, boys, Aaron is right. I'll get your mar a Christmas. You've all got your wages from me. Suppose we all get mar a Christmas."

Again all the Pratts grunted in the affirmative.

The subject then was dropped. When they got to town they separated; but after having, each of them, transacted their special business, remembered the Christmas present.

Old Silas Pratt, roaming up the Bowery, looked into the windows. "What do women like?" he asked himself. He didn't know the purpose of half the things at which he stared. He could not afford, or thought he could not afford, a watch; besides, "mar"—Penelope Jane—had the kitchen clock. At last he stood staring into a window where bonnets hung in rows, and hats were jauntily perched upon their stands, and a young Jewess, with a sharp eye to business, opened the door, and regarding him with very flattering smiles, said:

"Will the gentleman step in? There is no charge for showing goods. It is as cheap standing in the warm store as in the cold street, and if you want a present for a lady, why, what is so acceptable as a nice bonnet?"

"Why that's so," said Silas, "and I'll look at 'em, if you please."

And in he walked, and after long bargaining secured a garnet cotton velvet bonnet, with cabbage roses and pink streamers, and what the pretty Jewess assured him were real lace things, for four dollars. "I suppose my wife has got plenty of bonnets," he said, as he took the paper parcel under his arm; "but they say women can't have too many of 'em."

And away went the farmer with his parcel.

Meanwhile Aaron had wandered into Fifth avenue, and there beguiled by the gleam of silk and velvet into a lace curtained milliner's parlor, he spent fifteen dollars on a light blue silk dress bonnet, with a Marabout feather and a pearl clasp which a young sales woman perched upon her crimpled tresses with the question:

"Isn't that a becoming hat, now?"

"Of course mar has hats," he said to himself; "but this is so mighty pretty. If she doesn't wear it now she'll wear it next summer?"

Late in the evening the wagon stopped at the farm-house door. Supper for seven was on the table, and the mother was finishing up her Christmas eve's work by stuffing to-morrow's turkey. Her heart was full of indignation.

"Took my butter-money, and never knew I hadn't had a bonnet for five years and over," she had said to herself; "and not a boy of all the six knows it either." So she turned her back and called over her shoulder:

"Set by and help yourselves; I haven't time to wait on you to-night." But no one sat down.

The six sons stood in a row, tall and long-necked like six giraffes; and Silas, unused to Christmas gifts, felt awkward with his bundle.

"Penelope Jane?" he said at last.

"What!" said his wife, shortly.

"Ef you want your Christmas, turn round," said Silas, chuckling. "I suppose you'll laugh at me—but I didn't know what you'd like, so I got this. It's a bonnet, with real lace onto it—whatever that is. I suppose you've a good enough one, but you see—"

Before he could say any more, Penelope had turned and looked at him with a radiant countenance.

"And I thought you did'nt know," said she. "Why, I declare, it's the very thing I wanted—garnet, too; my pet color."

"There, I told you so," said Aaron to his brothers. "Women never do have enough bonnets. I've read that in the papers. Trot 'em out, boys!"

And Penelope Jane turned and saw her six giraffes, each with a bonnet perched on his red fist. Sam's was yellow and black; Jack's was purple and green; Ben's was so covered with crimson roses, that no one could tell what was under them; Moses had bethought him to purchase a bridal bonnet with a white veil and orange blossoms; and Aaron's opera bonnet with its pale blue silk and white Marabout looked as though it had been made for a fairy.

"She's set up for life," cried old Silas, rubbing his hands. "I don't believe there's nobody in the place so forehanded for bonnets as you be now, Penelope!"

But Penelope sat down in her rocking chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, how wicked I have been," she sobbed. "They all knew—they all took notice."

The six giraffes looked at each other.

"Ain't you pleased, Penelope?" asked Silas. "What makes you cry?"

For answer she kissed them all around set her bonnets in a row on the old sideboard, with a newspaper under them, and began to heap their plates with good things.

"There ain't a happier woman than I am alive this Christmas eve," she said.—"Do set by and eat, you must be hungry."

"I was a sayin' there wasn't a wife to match you going," said Silas. "I said it to the boys a-ridin' over."

It was the first compliment he had paid her to her face for many a day.

That night, as Penelope Jane went to her rest she added to her prayers: "Oh, Lord, make me truly thankful. They all knew."

Nobody had known; but it was all the same to Penelope Jane. She wouldn't hove worn one of those bonnets for a kingdom. She got Miss Scrimp, the milliner, to make her one out of brown silk, with strings to cover her ears, and a little white frill in the face, and wore that.

But several bandboxes stand in a row on her closet shelves; and whenever man's constant want of tact makes her heart feel heavy she takes off the covers of those seven treasure caskets and looks in, and says to herself:

"They do know, after all. It's only men folks' ways, I reckon."

After all, perhaps they do know, in a way. Some men do.

How Oysters are Fattened.

Very few persons who feed on the large and toothsome oysters which are served up at the raw boxes of many of the oyster houses in this city have the remotest idea from what source the luscious bivalves are obtained, or in what manner they are fattened.

The oysters obtained from Tangier Sound, Lynnhaven, and what is known as the Seaside oysters, are a rather small oyster enclosed in an immense shell—their native element being salt water. These oysters, when dredged and brought to the Baltimore market, are sold to the packers and others at the rate of about sixty cents a bushel.

Recently a plan has been discovered by which these oysters can be not only fattened in a very short time, but their value enhanced at 150 per cent. Two of the large oyster packing firms are now engaged in this business, and the manner of procedure is described as follows by one who has watched the operation:

When the oysters are unloaded from the pungies they are transferred to scows over which a deck is built, and on which deck the oysters are placed. Each of these scows will carry a deck load of about 600 bushels of oysters. The scows are then towed to a point in the Patapsco river near the Ferry Bar Bridge, where the water is quite shallow.

The vacant space in the scow, between the deck and the bottom, is filled with water by means of a valve and the scow is sunk. There she is left during two flood tides, when the water is pumped from her by means of a small machine provided for the purpose, and the scows are then towed up to the city again.

The change from the salt to the fresh water, and the immersion of the oyster during these flood tides, it is said, fattens them until what was at first but a comparatively insignificant oyster, becomes a plump and luscious bivalve, filling its entire immense shell.

After this operation the oysters, which, as stated, cost originally about sixty cents a bushel, are placed on the market and readily command from $1.50 to $1.60 a bushel.

Recently there were seven scow loads of these oysters immersed, and the firms engaged in the business have twelve scows constantly employed. The whole operation is under the supervision of one man, who undertakes the fattening for a consideration of ten cents a bushel, the firms furnishing all the appliances.

An Arkansas Magistrate.

During slavery I owned one of the blackest as well as meanest negro men in South Arkansas. He was known in the neighborhood as Crow Sam. I used to thrash Sam about twice a week. Steal! He'd steal from himself, and then deny it. Well, when the war came on he was one of the first to turn against me. He went into the army, and served till the surrender. After peace was made I moved over into an adjoining county and went to work trying to repair my broken fortune. One day a colored man that I had working for me knocked down one of my horses, which so enraged me that I struck him several times with my cane.

He went away and returned with a constable, who summoned me to appear the next day before a magistrate. The magistrate's office was several miles away.—Well, sir, when I got there who should I see on the bench but old Crow Sam!

When everything had been made ready court was opened, and old Sam, giving me a searching look remarked:

"'Pears that I've seed you afore."

"Look here, Sam," I said, "I don't like to be mixed up this way. Try to settle this affair without malice."

"De law is gwine fer to hab its direck course," said Sam. "Things hab kinder changed since we was in business together, but the principles of de nigger hav'nt revoluted. Dat nigger is as big a rascal as I used to be, so Mars John I'll discharge you, flinging de black ape in de cost."—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

"Two mouths with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved after giving his economical order of "one stew, two spoons."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* regrets to learn that in Canada the other day "the Empress of India was drunk standing."

IT is easy enough to get up a joke; the only trouble about it after you have got it up is to get it down other people.

SOME one says that nothing is healthy that is fried. This is probably so. Even Fri'day is unhealthy—for murderers.

Local Correspondence.

Letter from Lynch's.

EDITORIAL CONFLICTS—THE OLD AND THE NEW—JAMES A. ROSEBERRY.

Messrs. Editors:—If you did cut out our pet paragraphs we will not grumble, for "though white be white and black be black" we must not give offense,

"Nor find in either twin a lack
Of justice or of sense;
For either might, unless we're mum,
Be down on you and me;
And half believe in Tweedle Dum,
And half in Tweedle Dee."

I have always sympathized with editors, for they have to meet conflicting currents, conjunctures and corners. If they launch into religion, it is often to sound the trump of controversy; if into politics, it oftimes proves a hedge of thorns and briars. To be general is to be dull, and to be particular is to be offensive. So an editor requires more than common patience to stem the current.

As I write upon New-Year's day, please accept my hearty congratulations and compliments of the season; 1878 has passed away. How suggestive the thought. Another year has gone its round and closed up its record in the great drama of life, in which we have all been actors. It should come to us all with serious thought and solemn reflection as to how it has spent. We ought to consider well whether its record will develop in the great day of judgment heaven's approving smile, or whether its pure page will be blurred with a catalogue of our failures and shortcomings before our Maker. Have our thoughts and aspirations ascended up to the great Centre of Hope and Happiness, or have they been earth-bound? Perhaps this may be the last year our eyes shall behold the wonders of God in creation and grace. Many who passed away with 1878 stood upon its threshhold filled with joyous hopes and bright anticipations of the future spread out before them, but ere fell the autumn leaves they had passed to the land of silence.

The death of Mr. Roseberry spreads a deep sense of loss outside his own kindred. It was no part of James A. Roseberry's personality to hug and hoard the world. The poor found in him a friend and benefactor. He was sunny tempered and seemed to take a delight in making himself agreeable. He believed in the Methodist Episcopal banner, and showed his colors on proper occasions, but was broad in his charity as in his benevolence. When brought face to face with death he was tranquil and resigned, and his pastor did well to select as a funeral text, "To die is gain." SENTINEL.

The Public Schools.

THAT TEN PER CENT. REDUCTION AGAIN.

Messrs. Editors—Sirs: In a former issue of the *News* we had occasion to notice briefly a recent action of our School Board, restoring the salaries of a chosen few of the chosen teachers engaged in the public schools of the county. Now, to this measure of our School Board we have this objection—its narrowness of limitation. It is good, *very good*, as far as it reaches, but, not unlike many other resolutions, it is evidently too contracted and partial in scope and application. To come right down to plain matter of fact and no *evasion*, this incubus placed upon the teachers of Kent county in the form of a ten per cent. reduction should be speedily removed. We make the assertion in the first place for the reason that any diminution of the teachers salaries at the time when made was wholly uncalled for, and altogether incompatible with justice, right and principle; and secondly, that our opinion on this point, we believe, is sustained by a majority of the tax-paying citizens of the county, against the judgment of the School Board to the contrary notwithstanding. But what redress has the poor teacher? None at all. He is forced "to labor and to wait," only this and "nothing more." Immediately after the burden of reduction was imposed the teachers, upon consultation, decided to circulate petitions in the several school districts in the county in the hope that by thus obtaining an expression of the popular will on the subject in question, that the School Board might be moved to a reconsideration of their recent proceeding.

Many of the districts were canvassed, and the papers thus circulated were numerously signed by the most prominent and influential tax-payers thereof, and in this shape were presented at an early day to the School Board for their consideration. But with what favor did they meet? With none at all, the board absolutely refusing to listen to the voice of the people touching the matter, and the people's remonstrance vanished, as it were, into thin air. These are facts, and we hold sufficient data in reservation to give them additional force whenever it may appear necessary. Now we know without being told that the price of corn, wheat, bacon and the like, is low—almost unprecedentedly so—and if the teacher for his services had been receiving extravagant compensation, more than he actually earned, in this case his salary should have been proportionately diminished; and the School Board by doing it would have acted judiciously. But such was not the condition, and hence our plea in behalf of the teacher's interest. What we sincerely desire is to see harmony in all our school workings, that the cause of education may move on uninterruptedly to progress and development. Our Examiner is a live man, assiduously looking after and fully appreciating the varied interests connected with his high and responsible position; and, under his supervision, we firmly believe that the teachers are doing better work and more of it than has ever been performed in the schools of Kent county. This is saying much, but we know whereof we affirm. In another letter we shall enumerate briefly some of the beneficial results of the Teachers' Quarterly Association. PLAIN DEALER.

WHEN a man dies suddenly, "without the aid of a physician," the coroner must be called in. If the man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died and the coroner's inquest is not necessary.

QUESTION for a debating society—"If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or to let go?"

Hit 'Em Again.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—We noticed in pour paper of the 7th ult. an article from the pen of "Plain Dealer," in reference to the restoration of the ten per cent. to certain teachers in the county, while others who labor equally as hard, if not a little harder, have still to stand the reduction. We glory in his pluck, let him be who he may, and sincerely hope he will hit the powers that be again, yea, hit 'em hard, pinch 'em, squeeze 'em, do anything to convince 'em of the great wrong, to say nothing of the injustice, of the whole affair from the Alpha to the Omega. We hope yet to see the day when the services of the poor country schoolmaster will be properly appreciated and he will receive a compensation adequate to the labor required and expected of him by certain *quid nunes* of the good old county of Kent. O. P. Q.

I WOULDN'T, IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't, if I were you my dear,
I wouldn't, if I were you,
Be ready to fall in love my dear,
With any who come to woo;
For many a snare is laid with care,
And many a web is spun
With fiendish art to entrap the heart
That is ever too lightly won.
Far better it is to be cold and shy;
Betty to tarry than rue.
So I would not marry in haste, my love,
I wouldn't, if I were you.

Ah! many a soul as pure as yours,
Dear, innocent, trusting maid,
Allured by an evil one, has found in tears,
Its love and trust betrayed.
So guard the gates where a lover waits,
Far better that he complain
Over his fate to-day, than to-morrow say
I would I were single again.
Though maiden flirt with but little care,
If lovers be false or true,
I would not, if I were you, my dear,
I would not if I were you.

If love alone should decide the choice,
Then love will be sure to say,
The heart must wait ere it rejoice,
Though late the wedding day.
Far better an hour with love in your bower,
Than the ever unceasing ache,
The heart may know in that painful hour
It grieves o'er its sad mistake.
And tho' sweet May with December wed,
'Tis better to wait than rue;
I would not in haste to the altar be led,
I wouldn't, if I were you.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

THE HON. ELI PERKINS MAKES A GREAT DISCOVERY—CHINCHONA RUBRA.

The physicians and temperance men of Chicago are very much excited over a new remedy discovered by Dr. Robert D'Unger, which not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spiritous liquors. Mr. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, is one of the strongest endorsers of the new remedy. Mr. Medill has had many scientific articles in the *Tribune* about it, and has often devoted editorial space to make known to the drunkard that there is a simple remedy which can save him. Yesterday I had a long talk with Mr. Medill about this wonderful discovery, during which he said:

"This is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. Dr. D'Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used-up, demented, loathsome sot, and in ten days makes a well man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor."

"You have seen the medicine tried, Mr. Medill?"

"Yes, repeatedly. Why, one of our first citizens became a drunkard a few years ago. He fell to the lowest depths. He groveled in the dust. His wife, a lovely woman, got a divorce from him. But at the last moment, when ready to die, this man's friends tried this wonderful remedy. In four days his appetite came back, and in a week he gained the use of his tongue, hands and brain. Then color came to his cheeks, and in two weeks he was a cured man. He had no longing for liquor. He positively hates the sight of it. His wife and children are delighted, and to-morrow this reformed and cured drunkard is to be married again to the loving wife who had to leave him a year ago."

"Is this medicine a secret?"

"No, not at all. Dr. D'Unger is a regular practioner. He tells the secret to every one, and many of our physicians are using his discovery. I will give you a note to him, and he will tell you about it."

Armed with Mr. Medill's note, I called at the Palmer House.

"You are just in time," said the doctor. "I'm just going to call on a patient now who, though a rich man, has been a debauched drunkard for three years, and a steady drinker for fifteen years. For six weeks he has been in bed as helpless as a child. His memory was even gone. He has taken my medicine for four days."

"Is Mr.—— in bed?" asked the Doctor, as we gave our hats to the servants.

"Oh, no, he's in the parlor reading—walk in."

And there was the drunkard, still weak, but mentally cured. When the Doctor asked him if he had any longing for liquor he said:

"No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed. I am strong, and I wouldn't take a drink of liquor for the world, and ——"

"Oh, Doctor!" interrupted his wife, as she took both his hands, "you have saved George, and we are so happy!" and then her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Will that man ever drink again?" I asked the Doctor.

"No. I have never had a patient cured by cinchona rubra to return to drink again. They hate the sight of liquor."

"Now, Doctor," I said, "what did you give this patient? or, in other words, tell me in plain English what your medicine is, how you prepare it, and how any one may give it so as to cure an habitual drunkard—I mean a drunkard with inflamed eyes, trembling hands, bloated by habitual drink."

"My medicine," said the Doctor, "can be bought at any first-class drug store. It is red Peruvian bark (*chincona rubra*). Quinine is from the yellow bark (*calisaya.*) Now, there are eighty varieties of this bark. I use the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Druggists call it the quill bark because it comes from twigs about the size of a quill."

"How do you mix it?"

"I take a pound of the best fresh quill red Peruvian bark (*cinchona rubra*), powder it and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half pint—so it is a pound to a half pint. Any one can prepare it."

"How do you give this medicine?"

"I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half spoonful, then to a quarter spoonful, down to fifteen, ten and five drops."

"How long do you continue the medicine?"

"From five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty days. Seven is about the average."

"Now, please tell me the philosophy of this medicine—why it cures drunkenness, and how you happened to make the discovery."

"Well, first you must understand that intemperance, first a habit, finally becomes a disease. It becomes a disease of the nerve cells, or if talking to a physician, I should say it becomes a disease of the sensorial ganglia. I found by dissecting the brain of a man who had died of delirium tremens that the cells of the quadrigeminal body, or the cells that sends the nerves to the eye, were in an unnatural state on the outside, while within the nerve cells themselves I discovered a yellow, yeasty-looking deposit.

"Now, I asked myself what is this yellow deposit and what causes this abnormal look of the cells? It is caused, I learned after much research, by the ethereal part of the alcohol going straight to the outside of these cells. Now, if I drink milk," continued the Doctor, "or eat food, it will take it four hours to pass through the digestive organs, be taken up in the blood, and be passed to the nerve cell, from which the brain is fed; while if I drink alcohol it will go straight to the nerve cells in three minutes. This shows that alcohol is not digested. It is not food. It is a poisonous fluid electricity, which goes over the sensitive nerves as electricity goes over a wire, straight to the outside of the nerve cells, which it stimulates artificially when it should be stimulated naturally through the blood.

"If the spirit part of the alcohol," continued the Doctor, "were digested like soup, the kidneys and liver would extract from it its poisonous properties as they extract the injurious salts from our food, and this poison would never reach the brain. Once stimulated unnaturally by a poisonous substance like whiskey, the nerve cells call for larger and larger doses, till by and by a man can drink two quarts of whiskey or eat seventy grains of morphine a day. Cinchona rubra stops the call for alcohol."

"Does not red Peruvian bark and alcohol both stimulate the nerve cells? Then why can one cure the other?" I asked.

"Well, alcohol is a fermented, distilled stimulant, with poison in it, while my medicine is a natural stimulant, containing no poison; so my medicine stimulates the nerves, and, not being poisonous, allays inflamation—that is it holds the cells open until the morbid deposit is forced out, and the cells accustom themselves to receive their stimulants naturally through the arteries. It stops all craving for alcohol."

"Please explain the passage food and poisonous alcohol to the brain again."

"Well, when a man drinks alcohol it goes, like electricity, straight to the nerve cells; thence to the eye through the optic nerve; then to the brain, making a man talk lively; then to the spinal centre, limbering the back; then to the muscular system; when it finally gets to the stomach, he vomits. Food goes just the opposite way. Food goes to the stomach first, then into the blood, then to the heart, and finally, through the arteries to the brain."

"Then red Peruvian bark stimulates and builds up the nerve cells until they begin to receive nutrition from the blood?"

"Yes, that's it. The only credit I claim is making this discovery and discovering the location of the disease known as dipsomania."

"How did you discover that red cinchona bark would cure drunkenness?"

"Well, I first discovered it down in Maryland, twelve years ago. An account was published in the *Sun* at that time.