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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. H. 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.

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.

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JOB-PRINTING:

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

200,000 Osage Orange Hedge QUICKS

For sale in large and small lots at very low rates. Apply to A. J. GADD,
mh29-3t. Sudlersville, Q. A. co., Md.

THE KALAMAZOO

Diamond Iron Plows,

Warranted to give satisfaction,
For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 29, 1879.

FERTILIZERS

For Spring Crops

J. J. TURNER & CO'S Ammo. Super Phosphate.
J. HORNER, JR. & CO'S Conc. Super Phosphate.
G. OBER & SONS Dissolved Super Phosphate.
SUN GUANO.
PERUVIAN GUANO.
RAW BONES.
DISSOLVED BONES.
POTASH SALTS.

☞ Formulas furnished for compounding Fertilizers if desired.
mh29-tf. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LIME! LIME!

LIME!

RAMBO'S LIME,

LONG KNOWN AS THE BEST IN THE MARKET,

Delivered by rail or water, to all parts of the county for cash or on time to responsible parties.

It will be to your advantage to call and get price before purchasing elsewhere.

LOUIS K. STAM,
mh29-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

B. F. FLEMING

DEALER IN

GRAIN, LIME,

COAL, WOOD AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Highest market price paid for WHEAT, CORN and OATS.

WANTED 50,000 Bushels Prime Amber WHEAT,

Expressly for Wm. Lea & Son's Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

LIME.

Schuylkill Lime a Specialty.

It will be to your interest to ascertain my prices and easy terms before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed and competition defied.

COAL.—Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal sold in car lots ONLY, which run from 5 to 10 tons each, and by purchasing in this way you avoid dust, dirt, &c. 2240 lbs. to the ton guaranteed.

WOOD.—OAK WOOD delivered at your door for $4 per cord.
mh29. B. F. FLEMING.

Every Farmer his own Manufacturer.

POWELL'S

Prepared Chemicals

FOR

MAKING FERTILIZERS.

TRADE QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY MARK.

Registered U.S. Pat. Office, May 7th, 1878.

SCIENTIFICALLY combined, so any Farmer can make at home his own Fertilizer, at less than one-third the price of manipulated compounds, called Phosphates, Super-Phosphates, &c.

For CORN, WHEAT, Tobacco, Cotton and VEGETABLES.

The Chemicals for each article sold in combination as represented in the plant they are recommended for.

PRICE for quantity sufficient to make a ton of fertilizer:

For Corn	$12 00
For Wheat	12 00
For Tobacco	18 00
For Cotton	12 00
For Vegetables	12 00

A copy of Powell's Farmer's Memorandum and Book of Crop Formulas sent to any address free.

Prepared only by

WM. H. BROWN & BRO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
BALTIMORE, MD.

LOUIS K. STAM,

SPECIAL AGENT FOR KENT COUNTY.
-4m.

Plows! Plows! Plows!

Made of the best Smyrna Castings!

You can buy them Cheaper than the Cheapest. Also, CASTINGS good and smooth, as low as the lowest.

☞ Just come or send to us. We will "astonish the natives" in WAGONS and CARTS.

Also, all kinds REPAIRS and TWIN HARROWS at same astonishing prices.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Mar. 8, 1879.

BEST CHEESE only 11c. per lb., N. Y. Buckwheat 70c. per sack of 25 lbs. at WHEATLEY BRO'S.
March 1, 1879.

Richmond and Baltimore Nurseries.

FRANKLIN DAVIS, at Richmond, Va., 500 Acres in Nurseries. | FRANKLIN DAVIS & CO., No. 1009 Main Street, RICHMOND. | EDW. H. BISSELL, at Baltimore, 300 Acres in Nursr's.

The attention of Fruit Growers of Kent

and adjoining counties, is asked to the advantages which we offer by reason of the location of our Nurseries and our long experience to supply them with Fruit suited to their locality. We have paid special attention to the growing of Winter Keeping Apples, and as an evidence of our success we state that at the Grand Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held at Philadelphia, we received not only the first premium, but the committee in consideration of our valuable collection voted us a diploma. We *warrant* all our trees to be true to *name*, and guarantee that all orders will be filled with fine stock, and delivered in good order.

All persons giving orders to our agent may be sure that their orders will receive as careful attention as if they came in person to get their trees from the Nursery.

1,000,000 Apples,	100,000 Plums,	1,250,000 Currants,
500,000 Peach,	100,000 Cherries,	1,250,000 Gooseberries,
150,000 Pears,	100,000 Apricot,	1,250,000 Raspberries,
	100,000 Quince,	

ORNAMENTAL TREES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, EVERGREENS, &c.

We refer by permission to Capt. R. S. EMORY, who is acquainted with our firm.

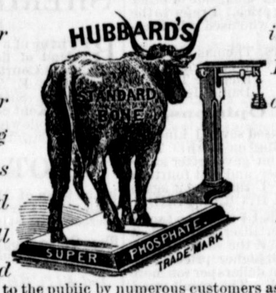
☞ Our **Mr. J. R. SOWERS, Gen'l Agent,** is now soliciting orders in this county. Orders left with Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, at his Hotel in Chestertown, will receive prompt attention. mar22-5t.

T. R. HUBBARD. W. W. HUBBARD.

SPRING GREETING TO FARMERS!

PRICE REDUCED!

Is now ready for Spring Crops, this very super'r article having stood six years of the most rigid Test with all other Goods sold



in the market of Del. and Md., is a guarantee in itself, and is to-day

A LEADING FERTILIZER!

Highly recommended to the public by numerous customers as a crop producer. We give below the names of a few of our patrons that have used the STANDARD successfully year after year, and will cheerfully recommend it to all who desire to increase largely their crops of Corn, Wheat, Potatoes, and Early Vegetables.

KENT COUNTY:	QUEEN ANNE'S CO.
Thos. C. Parsons, near Chestertown.	Richard J. Carter, near Queenstown.
William Morris, " "	George Davidson, Jr., "
William W. Stephens, Hanesville.	J. P. Davidson, " "
Abraham Hurlock, "	Walter K. White, Kent Island.
Isaac Parsons, "	W. C. Ringgold, " "
Gary H. Leaverton, Lankford.	John Denny, " "
Joseph Rasin, "	Dr. Wm. Denny, " "
William Stevens, Rock Hall.	James E. C. Wright, "
Capt. Edw. B. Woodall, Galena.	William McKenny, Centreville.
Geo. W. Chrisfield, "	John B. Brown, "
Col. Rich'd C. Johnson, Masseys.	W. F. Ford, Ford's Store.
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, "	Chas. B. Downes, "
Samuel J. Hill, Locust Grove.	Mordecai Price, Pirce's Station.
William Archibald, Kennedyville.	John D. Elliott, Church Hill.
William L. Bowers, Lynch's.	Jacob B. Walker, " "
John W. Corey, Fairlee.	Geo. W. Smith, near Church Hill.
John P. Nicholson, Fairlee.	George H. Snitcher, " "
Bartus P. Hatcherson.	Joshua S. Cosden " "

☞ To avoid disappointment and delay we advise all orders be send in early.

BLACK RESIDUUM—*A large lot just received at our Factory, for sale cheap for cash or credit.*

ADDRESS:

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.
m8-10t.

J. J. TURNER. J. D. KEILEY, Jr. J. J. TURNER, Jr.

J. J. TURNER & CO.'S

"EXCELSIOR,"
"AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE,"
"PURE DISSOLVED BONES."

ESTABLISHED 1878.

TO TOBACCO PLANTERS.

1858. 1879.

Forming the most concentrated, universal and durable FERTILIZER ever offered to the Farmer—combining all the stimulating qualities of Peruvian Guano and the ever-durable fertilizing properties of Bones in fine dry powder, prepared expressly for drilling, and can be applied in any quantity, however small, per acre. It is the opinion of many close-calculating Farmers, after TWENTY-ONE YEARS' experience in testing it side by side with other popular fertilizers, that an application of 100 lbs. of "EXCELSIOR" is equal to 200 lbs. of any other fertilizer or guano, and therefore fully 100 per cent. cheaper.

Uniformity of Quality Guaranteed by the Manufacturers.

☞ Farmers can only be secure from inferior imitations by seeing that every Bag is *Branded with our name and the Analysis in Red Letters.*

To CORN Growers!

Ammoniated Super

BONE Phosphate.

Composed of the most concentrated materials, it is

Richer in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphates

Than any other fertilizer sold, except OUR EXCELSIOR, and is made with the same care and supervision; uniform quality guaranteed. Fine and dry, in excellent order for drilling. We have also a very superior quality of

Pure Dissolved Bones,

and keep constantly on hand a large supply of high grade PERUVIAN GUANO.

J. J. TURNER & CO., 42 W. Pratt st., Baltimore.

Artistic Upholstering AND PAPER-HANGINGS.

Cornices, Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Window Shades, Furniture Covers, Wall Papers of all the latest designs, with Dado's Fringes and Borders.

CRAMBLATT & STINSON.
No. 85 Penn. Ave., (5 doors North of Biddle St.) Baltimore, Md.
☞ Orders from the country especially solicited. All goods and work guaranteed. mar15-y.

NURSERY STOCK For Sale CHEAP.

Wishing to clear a piece of land occupied with Evergreen will sell cheap for cash. Also, lot of Apple and Pear Trees low. R. G. NICHOLSON,
Hanesville, Kent co., Md.
March 22, 1879.

CASH PAID for EGGS at JAMES WOOD'S
Up Town Grocery and Feed Store.
Mar 22—*

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When, sometimes, our feet grow weary,
On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor and rife—
We pause on the toilsome journey,
Glancing backward in valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning,
In all its freshness and light,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night.
We remember the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And ask, with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain, indeed, is the askipg!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who dare shrink from the labor,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And it may be not far on before us
Wait fairer places than then,
Life's paths may lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin again.

Forevermore upward and onward
Be our paths on the hills of life,
And soon will a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toil and the strife,
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward then;
In the joy and peace of another world
He'll let us begin again.

A Beautiful Extract.

Have I given them up forever? Is all this discipline, all this love of the nursery, all this sweet life upon the knee, all this night and day in my bosom, as they lay sick while they were babes—is all this gone forever? My boys—are they mine only as they are everybody's? Is there nothing that my heart may claim in them? I doubt not that we shall find our children there. I do not believe that the heart has been kindled to so much fear and suffering that it may be quenched with everlasting forgetfulness. This is my liberty. It is not God's revelation. It is my necessity. And I am not rebuked when I indulge in such thoughts. My heart cries out to those who have loved me and gone to the heavenly land; and when I cry to them I hear a voice answering, as the Spirit and the Bride are represented as saying, "Come!" At night, by day, at twilight, in joy and in sorrow, I hear the voice of loved ones saying, "Come!" Over all troubles, louder than the noise of winds and storms I hear the voices of those who have gone before me, saying "Heaven is real; God is real; love is eternal; come—from out of winter, from out of trouble, from out of storms, from out of sinland, come!" There sound perpetually from the walls and battlements of the celestial city voices that win and woo every aching heart, saying, Come, come, come.

He Wished to Argue with Mr. Moody.

Mrs. K. has been a regular attendant on the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Moody. The husband of Mrs. K., while not objecting to his wife's devout attendance, has made the modes and methods of Mr. Moody frequent matters of discussion with his wife, confidently asserting that did opportunity present he would be able to confound the evangelist. Time and again he expressed the wish to meet Mr. Moody in an argument. On Thursday afternoon last, Mr. K. was induced to attend Mr. Moody's meeting in Dr. Backus' church, Madison street.

After the discourse, a number of persons entered the anxious room, and among the number was Mr. K., who was determined to have an argumentative bout with the great preacher. When Mr. M. approached Mr. K. with "Well, brother, what is your feeling to-day?"

Mr. K. replied that he was "feeling very well, and had entered the room, not for the purpose of getting consolation, but with a desire to discuss his (Mr. M.'s) method."

"All right, brother," replied Mr. M., "but before commencing the discussion, will you permit me to pray for you?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. K., "if you concede me the privilege of praying for you at the same time."

"Of course," responded Mr. Moody; "I want you to pray for me continually."

All present knelt and Mr. Moody prayed audibly. He appeared to be endowed with more than his usual power, and his earnestness increased in intensity with each word he uttered. After a few minutes, "amen" was said. Mr. Moody rose from his knees and turned to address Mr. K., but he was not there. The afternoon was pleasant and one of the windows was hoisted. Mr. K. took advantage of the open window, and without attaacting the notice of any one in the room had decamped for home. Up to this hour there is no report from Mr. K., and we are unable to say whether he still desires to have an argument with Mr. Moody as to the latter's methods.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee." During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which after the purchase was found to contain a treasure for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed. Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the treasure given them as a dowry. Alexander was astonished. "And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?" "We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use." "And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?" "Certainly," said Alexander. "Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

A CONNECTICUT dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "Law, me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen, mostly boys and gals!"

"TRIX" ON BACHELORS.

For the Kent News.

We are one of the above class, and are keeping bachelor's hall, or rather, like all establishments where celibacy rules, it is keeping itself. God bless bachelor's halls! We say God bless them, because we do not know of anything that needs blessing more than they do. I think maybe if they were smothered with benedictions like a beefsteak with onions (excuse the homily, no other occurs to me just now) the beefsteak would be the most desirable. The wind is howling outside in angry, wintry gusts, as if the past season had forgotten something and had returned to gather it up; it makes the old house rattle and shake again. The very storm without ought to make it the more cosy within, (but don't) for the open fire which is proverbially cheerful does not seem to burn as brightly or freely as when the home folks are here. but sings and sputters as now and then a green log makes an effort to ignite; no bright, cheerful, sparkling and cracking blaze like we are wont to see. But after awhile, by a generous donation of dry wood, it gets off, and as we gracefully rest our feet upon the mantle with our constant companion and solace (our pipe) between our teeth, we gradually fall into a more contented and affable frame of mind, and unknowingly are deep in the mazes of the contrast problems of married life and bachelorhood.

Now suppose we were married, could Sam, Tom or Harry drop in at all times, at all hours, maybe wet and muddy, carelessly throw his soaking overcoat on one chair, his hat on another, and then with a "devil may care sort of way" say "Deuced wet outside, old boy," (he might say something stronger than 'deuced,' but that will do now anyway) and proceed to draw up his chair to sit in, and another to deposit his boots on, which have an acre, more or less, of real estate adhering to them; in the meantime his coat and hat, finding themselves overcharged, have relieved themselves by a miniature Niagara, which have met and forming one common stream are following out the principle of common science, "seeking their own level." Then the decanter is produced, and while we take our social glass and talk of the past these lines come to me—

"Flash out a stream of blood red wine,
For I would drink to other days"—

though it don't happen to be wine. We say could this be done were it not bachelor's hall? Would not our little wife hold up her hands in holy horror as our friend walked out leaving with his muddy boots—

"Footprints on the sands of time?"

We say would she not raise her hands and say, "Trix, why *did* you let him put his wet things here?" and then remove the aforesaid decanter reprovingly, while—well we, bless our soul, would say nothing. And then again we come in tired, dirty and hungry from the labors of the farm. We are without our coat already, so we remove our boots and sit in our stocking feet; we have had no collar on all day, so we don't bother about that. We sit down to our supper in this way, caring for nothing and glad when this duty is over. We can do just as we chose—no table etiquette here; we can put our own knife into the butter or salt—we even eat with it if we chose; and then tilt our chair back with the most abandoned freedom, wipe our mouth on our sleeve, yes, and even take a chew terbacco right there without any fear of reproof, and as we rise spit into the corner, as there doesn't happen to be a spittoon handy. We smoke, and while we smoke we dream, and as we dream the scene changes. Our bachelor days were over. We came in tired and worried, as we had often done before. Things had gone wrong on the farm that day. We were discouraged, and we walked towards the door thinking we would rather do anything than farm. As soon as we get in the door our ever watchful helpmeet is there and sees there is something wrong. She says nothing then, but greets us with a kiss; we half push her away and start into the house. We unconsciously find ourselves making our toilet and are down by the fire with a comfortable pair of slippers on, a birthday present worked by her; our pipe is filled and somehow we feel better than we did a little while ago—that heavy lump has gone from our throat and as we let our eyes drop we find that she has drawn a stool to our feet and with both hands folded on our lap and her eyes, which are filled full of sympathy and love, gazing in ours, she says *so* softly, "Dearie, what is it?" We stoop down—the trouble, the worry and even the pipe is forgotten—we take the little face between our hands and say "Nothing now, darling," and it is nothing now. Then we go arm in arm, hand in hand, together to tea. How sweet everything looks in our dining room. Here the neat little table just large enough for two, covered with a snowy table cloth, in the centre a cluster of the earliest spring flowers, while at each plate is a napkin with our monogram, also a production of her own hand, and a piece of silver here and there to garnish the whole; but the sweetest feature to crown all is the little wife presiding opposite. Choose of the two pictures which will you have? We are not much of a judge, but it seems to me the blood red wine, the meals *ad libitum* and all the liberties of bachelor life would not in a life time compensate for that one little "Dearie, what is it?" TRIX.

SEWING IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.—It is reported that the teaching of sewing in the Boston schools is very successful. Although instruction is given to each girl only two hours in every week, those pupils who came into the school in September not even knowing how to hold a needle are able to hem nicely and to sew overseams at the end of the first term. The special teacher prepares the work at home, so that it can be put promptly into the hands of the pupils without wasting a moment.

IN the opinion of the St. Louis *Republican* a conflict between Congress and the Executive, similar to that of the Johnson era, is probable. In such an event it predicts that the Executive will get the worst of it.

THE best time for a man to speak is when he has something to say. And silence often passes for sense.

The Headgear of the Past and the Hair dress of the Future.

The Baltimore *Sun's* Paris correspondent "Mont" in a recent letter thus writes of the "coming coiffure" and some of the latest Parisian Fashions in dressing:

"But the comming *coiffure!* No longer the sweet simplicity that obtains of late, the Athenian knot or the "Lysistrata" wave will obtain in high society or classic reunions. The outlines of the small and narrowly rounded head, so charmingly indicative of "a lordly lineal brain," will again be hidden in the excessive decoration of what I may be permitted to call the Florentine Rennaissance of *coiffure*. The modern graces of Greece are numbered for the season, and the luxurious fullness of Rome, Naples, Milan and other Italian States will prevail in the style that marked the Borgian and the Machiavellian periods, and the days of Savonarola, the "weaponless prophet." The extravagance that Addison denounced is to be revived, and the chignons of collossal proportions resumed. Lovely women will not only now wear her own, but others' locks. Even before leaving England the other day I witnessed the coming agony in this intricate future of hair. "Fringes" of the future will be beyond man's comprehension, and chignons an enigma not to be unraveled by even the docile readers of "society journals." And with the style, so also with the color—a change has come over the *coiffure*. The flaxen-hued crop with "the bandy, poppy, glittering upstart red in golden rows" now has to give way to deepened brown or raven black. "Eau de Blonde" or "Aqua Mira," and "Auricomus" acid are now shelved. Black, "without sin, danger or care, is the color, the proper thing in hair." Never mind if it does not suit, the tyrant fashion ordains it to be the correct color. In parts of Asia the fashion of women's attire has not changed in 3,000 years! And how admirable they took in all the perfection of ease and poetry of dress. In my time, in America, fashion has changed more than 3,000 times, and what is it in perfection or poetry to-day?

MORE AND LESS OF DRESSING.

I noticed that "*decollete*" dressing with the English ladies of *ton* is tabooed. On the 13th ult., those who appeared in St. George's Chapel were dressed as if there was a sufficient quantity of the material left to be purchased, and not, as I have seen heretofore, when the fabric was scarce at one point and superfluous at another. At St. David's ball, in London, on the 1st of last month, I was impressed with the number of superb dresses that were trimmed with vegetables! I could understand a *petite* and patriotic leek adorning the daughters of Cambria, or a large display of decoration in grand finery, for we are told that St. David was over fond of such, but fringes of open pea-pods, with pearls within as peas, esculents, parsley, small tomatoes and miniature carrots, to say nothing of "artichokes and cauliflowers, the finest of the sort that ever you did see," as the old song says, were rather too much of a market garden for a ball-room. A pretty brunette girl, dancing with a decoration of scarlet runners in her toilette, or pumpkin vine around her waist, may be novel, but I confess not pretty. With such vegetable blossoms we may yet see the day or the night when we can drop in at one of these fashionable ball-rooms from our bachelor or benedict arbor of the vine and fig tree to behold the tendrills of one and the leaf of the other, the pure and paradisical adornment of our votaries of the dance and the *beau monde!* I observe that nearly all the ball-dresses are a combination of gray and white and black and white. Buttons made of terra-cotta, and about the size of a silver half-dollar, are frequently worn on walking dresses. I noticed on the occasion of the late royal wedding at Windsor that some of these buttons were hand painted, representing landscapes, portraits, &c. Some people set great store by them, and nowaday a mind however great is not "above buttons." That rotund abomination, the capacious crinoline, is again coming into vogue. Indeed, all the arts of the venders to increase the dimentions of materials and prices are being brought to bear in every part of our social system.

Statistics for Girls.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his note-book, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question:

"How many meals do you eat a day?"

"Why, three, of course; but of all the oddest questions—"

"Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her slender waist:

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures."

"Goodness! Gracious! What can you mean?"

"Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life?"

"But I don't want to hear."

"Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 3,122; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit, (baskets), 602; cheese, 103; bread, cake, etc., (in sacks of flour), 40; wine, (barrels), 11; water, (gallons), 3,000."

At this the maiden revolted, and jumping up, exclaimed:

"I think you are very impertinent and disgusting beside, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house.

He gazed after her with an abstracted air, and left, saying to himself:

"If she kept talking at that rate, twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years, travel a distance of 1,332,124 miles."

The maiden, within two months, married a well-to-do grocer, who was no statistician.

"NEBBER COME HOME NO MO."

The following little poem, which is considered by all who have read it a masterpiece, is from the pen of Mrs. F. G. DeFontaine, of Charleston, S. C., and will touch a tender chord in every breast. It is particularly appropriate at this season:

I'se been waitin' long for de good old time,
Dat'll nebber come no mo',
When I used to work an' rock an' sing,
In de little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle—
Po' Sam—he's gone—done dead;
Dead for de want ob food an' clothes,
An' de shelter ober head.

An' little Mose—well, he's dead too;—
How he used to dance an' sing!
While Jim an' Polly, an' all de res',
Went roun' an' roun' de ring.

Old missis—bless her dear ole soul—
Would laff till her sides gib way,
An' massa'd stop at my cabin' jest
To say, "How's ole mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean ole massa's boys—
Dey lubbed ole mammy, too,
Who nussed 'em eb'ry blessed one,
Clean down to little mass' Loo.

Po' Massa Loo! He went to fight,
But he neber come back no mo';
We heard dat he fell wid a ball in his breast
In front of de battle roar.

He put his arms aroun' my neck
An' say: "Mammy, I love you so!"
He did'nt see no harm in dat,
Do' his mammy was black and po'.

Ole miss is died wid a broken heart
When de last of de boys was killed,
An' massa bowed his head an' cried—
Dat his cup of sorrow was filled.

An' here I've sot a waitin' an' a waitin'
For de good time comin' no mo',
An' I see old miss a callin' mammy
Across from de udder sho'.

A Business Woman.

Few men are inclined to grant women the credit of having any business tact, or of doing business in a business way, but they must come down in the case of a Detroit widow whose personal effects are now being overhauled by an administrator. She made no will, but the private papers in her desk explained all that. The first paper in the bundle was endorsed:

"Offer of marriage from Mr. ——. Respectfully declined on the ground of his stoop-shoulders and defective vision.—Contents private."

The next paper was endorsed,

"Schedule B, showing that I have just sufficient to bury me."

A dainty-looking epistle bore the endorsement in red ink.

"Number 'G.'—Conditional offer of marriage from Mr. S., declined with thanks."

A bill sent from a millinery house bore the endorsement,

Paid the bill in the presence of the cook the day Mr. G. called and offered me his hand and heart; parlor stove fell down the same day."

A bill of $28.23, sent from a grocery house was endorsed,

"Settled the within for $25, as I had never the sardines as charged. Paid the money the day the cook fell down stairs. Rejected Mr. B.'s offer to wed him just before the bill came in."

An official envelope containing several papers was marked,

"Various epistles hinting at marriage; orthography generally poor; grammer terrible; construction very bad. Answered each one kindly but firmly."

A pink-colored letter without envelope was marked.

"Gushing offer of marriage from young Mr. Y., in very poor ink, and no pathos in his expression. This is his second direct offer. Declined on the ground of his youth."

A bill for $7, balance on a cloak, was filed,

"Paid this after a sharp dispute, in the presence of Sarah, who hurt her nose the same day. Mr. —— was in the parlor at the time. Proposed before he left; gently, but firmly declined offer on account of his deafness.

Prices in 1864 and 1879.

The following table, being the price-list of wholesale grocers and dry goods dealers in 1864, and the prices for the same goods at the present time, show the difference—

	1864.	1879.
Crushed sugar	$0.20	$0.10
Cuba sugar	.21	.08
N. O. Molasses, gal	1.35	.40
Coffee, lb	.46	.20
Cotton, lb	1.50	.12
Pork, bbl	45.00	9.00
Gold	2.50	1.00
Prints	.40	.06
Ginghams	.40	.10
Checks	.55	.18
Best ticking	.75	.25
Balmoral skirts	5.00	1.50
Brown drills	.60	.12
Canton flannels	.65	.08
Bleached muslins	.55	.12
Brown muslins	.55	.08

The footing of the list for '64 is $61.07, while that for '79 is but $13.45, for the same articles. In '64 laborers received at the rate of two dollars per day, while now the same class of workmen receive from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day; but the dollar a day they now earn will purchase nearly two and one-half times as much as the two dollars they earned in '64.

A Question of Damages.

Some lawyers take very practical views of cases in which they are retained. In a certain town in Missouri Squire G—— was defending a charge of malpractice. A colored man was sueing for damages, his wife having died shortly after an operation for the removal of a cancer.—When it came the Squire's turn to cross-examine the plaintiff, he asked:

"Mr. Wilson, how old was your wife when she died?"

"About forty-five, sir."

"Been in feeble health a long time had she not, Mr. Wilson, and cost you a great deal for medicine and help?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have married again, have you not, sir?"

"Yer, sir."

"How old is your present wife?"

"About thirty-five, sir."

"Is she stout and healthy, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

Then, Mr. Wilson, will you please state to this jury how you are damaged in this case?"

Mr. Wilson had evidently never taken this view of the matter, and could make no answer. The good and true men thought he had made rather a good thing by his bereavement, and brought in a verdict for the defendant.

The Man Who Had Dyspepsia.

There came to the dinner-table at the Lawrence House, Adrian, Michigan, the other day, two strangers, one a lean and hungry looking customer, the other a decent appearing young fellow. As they reached the table the older man clutched frantically at the bill of fare, and remarked as follows:

"Let's see what they got. You know I cant eat everything. Been nearly dead for ten weeks with the dyspepsia. Ah! oyster soup'—guess that won't hurt me." To waiter: "Bring me some oyster soup; and let's see, boiled white fish; yes, I'll have some of that."

The soup and fish were rapidly eaten.

"Now let's see what else they've got; you know I can't eat everything. 'Roast beef,'—yes, I'll have some o' that. 'Chicken pot-pie—yes, that's easily digested—I'll have some. Let's see, I can't eat everything, I'll take a bite of the boiled ham, some macaroni, and—ah! some chicken-liver and vegetables."

The waiter had been taking the order, and the man with the weak stomach reached this way for crackers, that way for butter, here took a piece of bread, there a pickle and a stalk of celery, and, frequently remarking that he couldn't eat everything, stayed his stomach until his dinner was brought. He looked it over, sent the waiter back for some roast veal and another onion, remarking that his stomach was weak, he had been suffering terribly from dyspepsia, and couldn't eat everything, but at last got to work and cleared the dishes. The matter of desert troubled him some because his stomach was so weak, but he finally ordered mince-pie, plumb-pudding, and ice cream, with a cup of coffee. They were brought and devoured, then he called the waiter and made her a confidential communication to the effect that he had been sick with the dyspepsia, that his stomach was weak, he couldn't eat everything, and would she bring him a bowl of milk?

The milk was brought, he crumbled some bread therein, and his younger companion had departed, the man with the weak stomach remarked to the gentleman across the table from him that it was darned rough to come down to bread and milk, but he had been sick, he couldn't eat everything, and he had to be careful. And now the landlord is anxious for the man to come around when he is well. He needn't come but once.

Pleasant Company.

A good story is told of ex-Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, who is a good talker and likes to do most of the talking himself. Recently, in making the journey from Cincinnati to Lexington, he shared his seat in the car with a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman. The Governor, after a few commonplace remarks, to which his companion smiled and nodded assent, branched into a description of the scenes he had witnessed in different parts of the country, grew eloquent over the war, described with glowing speech the horse-races he had witnessed, talked learnedly of breeding, and told thrilling stories of his battles with the Indians in the Northwest. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when the train was nearing Lexington the two exchanged cards and parted with a cordial shake of the hands. The Governor drove to an inn, and to a number of friends he remarked that the ride had never seemed so short before.

"Then you must have had pleasant company aboard."

"You are right. I met a gentleman of unusual intelligence. We conversed all the way over. I never was brought in contact with a more agreeable man."

"Indeed! Who was he?" asked his friends.

"Wait a minute; I have his card," and the gentleman felt in his pockets and produced the bit of pasteboard. "His name is King."

"Not Bob King?" shouted a dozen in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen; Robert King—that is the way the card reads," was the proud reply.

A roar of laughter followed.

"Why, Governor, Bob King is as deaf as a lamp post. He was born deaf and dumb!"

A BEGGAR MILLIONAIRE.—A beggar recently died in Berlin who left an estate valued at more than a million and a half marks. He lived in Berlin, where he had a large family, and was noted for the sumptuous burgher style in which he entertained during the winter months, when alone he was at home. The champagne flowed freely at his dinners, and the trades-people whom he invited were not kept in ignorance of the most recherche efforts of the North German cuisine. During summer and autumn, however, the millionaire was not at home. He was away at the watering-places, but it has only just transpired in what capacity. In fact, he went the rounds of these resorts, when they were most crowded, in the discharge of his business as professional beggar, in which art he has no rival, and which enabled him to accumulate his fortune and live at such pleasant ease in the "off season." He was a genuine artist in his line, a perfect actor, a master of disguises, and played many roles in his foraging expeditions. "In wretched habiliments," says one account, "with an invalid's cap, blue spectacles, long snow-white hair judiciously unkept, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly and most artistically along the promenades. He never directly asked alms, as he knew by experience that the silent system of begging paid the best; but money was liberally bestowed upon him, his best harvests being gathered in the once famous gambling resorts, the winners doubtless making gifts in the way of thank-offerings, the losers to propitiate fortune." He used to send his receipts to Berlin every week and had them invested with prudence and judgment. He drove this profitable trade for thirty years, long after he had become a rich man, and was finally recognized at Weisbaden by a Berliner and exposed, whereupon he gave up his little game and retired.

A PRETTY GIRL out West told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?" "Yes," said she; "you have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.