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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.

Vol. 40. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879. No. 12.

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.

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.

Educational.

WEST NOTTINGHAM ACADEMY,
COLORA, CECIL CO., MD.
Young Men and Boys *thoroughly instructed* in English and Collegiate studies. *Session begins Sept. 1st.* For particulars, address
jy19-13t. G. K. BECHTEL, A. M., Prin.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

THE next Session commences Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1879. For catalogues, &c., apply to
WM. H. PARKER, Pres., College Station,
jy19-3m. Prince George's co., Md.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE,
WILMINGTON, DEL.
A refined Christian school of high grade. Two degrees conferred. Select courses. Net cost of board, furnished room, lights & fuel, $190 a year. For catalogue address
REV. J. M. WILLIAMS, A. M.,
jy12-8t. President.

Peach Boxes
FOR 1879.

HAVING purchased my stock of boxes I am now prepared to take orders for the coming season, either in shooks or made up, and in quantities of 100, 1000 or by the vessel load, and will deliver at any of the wharves on Chester river from Crumpton down.

I have the following sizes: ½, ¾ or pear box, and the regular four-fourths or bushel; all correct sizes, and of bright seasoned material, of either white pine, yellow pine, or spruce pine; also, extra Slats by the 100 or 1000.

Special rates given parties wanting a vessel load, and delivered at any wharf on Chester river or Bay shore, on accommodating terms.

Parties wishing to purchase as they use will find my Factory at Chestertown well supplied with everything they want to ship fruit in, and in every form.

I have also erected a house at Quaker Neck wharf, that parties shipping from there may be better accommodated.

My prices, I know, are as low as boxes can possibly be handled for, and if patronized will always keep both Factories well supplied with stock.

For prices, &c., call at Factory, or address R. S. EMORY,
je21-6t. *Chestertown.*

LOOK! LOOK!

WE beg leave to call the attention of Peach Growers and Shippers to our LARGE STOCK of the

MARVIL BERRY CRATE

ALL SIZES. Quart and Pint BERRY BASKETS. Also, a full stock of 5-8 and half bushel

PEACH BASKETS,

with or without cover. Grape Baskets with covers; Small Peach Baskets to fit 32 and 48 qt. Berry Crates, and the best

PEACH BOX

we have ever seen in the market. All of this stock will be sold at bottom prices, and delivered free of charge at any station on the Kent Co. R. R. Give us a call.
Communications answered promptly.
C. W. WARREN, Kennedyville.
W. F. WROTH, Still Pond,
S. FRANK SMITH, Chestertown.
ma3-4m.

WHITELOCK
VEGETATOR.

WE have made ample preparation for a large demand this season, and the quality and condition is equal to anything our factories have turned out.

The last winter demonstrated the Vegetator to be the cheapest manure to apply as it will stand any weather.

While offering the article at low prices much less is required to manure land than any other manure.
Address, W. WHITELOCK & CO.,
jy5-3m. 44 South st., Baltimore.

Ice Cream! Ice Cream!

MRS. D. A. BENJAMIN,
QUEEN ST., CHESTERTOWN,
Is now prepared to furnish her friends and the public with
ICE-CREAM
of the BEST QUALITY by the plate or gallon, at the lowest prices. Also, Cake, &c. Families, Pic-Nics, Excursions, &c., supplied on most liberal terms.
☞ OYSTERS served in any style, and whatever can be had in a First Class Restaurant in the way of Delicacies, &c.
Fresh BREAD, CAKES, &c., every day.
☞ Please give me a call.
MRS. D. A. BENJAMIN.
May 3, 1879—tf.

Ice-Cream!

ICE-CREAM & STRAWBERRIES!

Frozen Custard and Water Ices!

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!
CHEAP, CHEAPER, CHEAPEST!

The subscriber is now selling his best Ice Cream for $1.25 per gallon; 75 cents per half gallon; 40 cents per quarter gallon; 25 cents per one-eighth gallon; plates 10 cts. It is now pronounced to be the *very best* that was ever in this market—so declared by ladies and gentlemen from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Cream furnished by the undersigned to the Odd Fellows' anniversary, at the Court House, April 29th, was said, by the two hundred or three hundred ladies and gentlemen who partook of it, to have been the *best they ever ate;* which, of itself is a good advertisement.

Picnics, Festivals and Excursions will be allowed a discount on all orders of and above five gallons. All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

The Ladies' Parlor will be open after next Monday.

Thanking the public for all favors conferred in the past, and hoping for a continuance of liberal patronage, I promise to do my best to please all.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun Saloon.
Chestertown, May 24, 1879.

☞NOTICE!

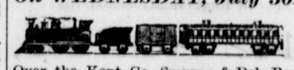
TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

I have repaired the damage done my THRESHER at Mr. C. W. Spry's last week, and will fill all my engagements as made and would be pleased to have other orders. SAM'L COPPAGE.
June 5, 1879.

IF you want a REALLY FINE CIGAR or TOBACCO of the BEST GRADE, go to M. A. TOULSON'S.
jy5. New Drug Store.

Grand Excursion
TO
CAPE MAY

In the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of Chestertown,
On WEDNESDAY, July 30.



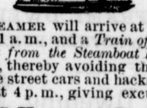
Over the Kent Co., Smyrna & Del. Bay R. R. to Bombay Hook, thence by the Bay Steamer "THOS. CLYDE" to Cape May.

EXCURSION TICKETS

From Chestertown, including Kennedyville and Black's	$1.50
From Lambson's and Massey's	1.25
From Clayton, Smyrna & Bombay Hook	1.00

Children half fare.

☞ Leave Chestertown at 6.00; Worton 6.20; Lynch's 6.25; Still Pond 6.30; Kennedyville 6.45; Black's 6.55; Lambson's 7.05; Masseys 7.20; Delaney's 7.30; Bingham's 7.40; Clayton 7.50; Smyrna 8.05; and Bombay Hook 8.30.



The STEAMER will arrive at Cape May at about 11 a. m., and a *Train of Cars will run direct from the Steamboat Landing to Cape May,* thereby avoiding the tedious ride in the street cars and hacks.

Leave at 4 p. m., giving excursionists
About 5 Hours at Cape May!

The Q. A. & Kent R. R. will connect at Masseys, and at Clayton with trains from Middletown, Harrington and Easton.

Breakfast, Dinner and Supper served on the boat at low rates.

☞ Music and Refreshments on board.

☞ The committee pledge themselves to use every possible means to make this *the grandest excursion of the season!*

COMMITTEE:
Rev. E. B. Newnam, Chas. H. Baker,
T. W. Eliason, Jr., James E. Taylor,
Marion deK. Smith.
July 12, 1879—3t.

PEACH LINE
For BALTIMORE.

STEAMER "COMMERCE,"
Capt. Jos. W. THOMPSON,

From Chestertown,

stopping at QUAKER NECK and some intervening landings.

The Steamer has undergone a thorough repair and remodeling, making her more suitable for the Peach Trade in giving air to the fruit and the prevention of heating by steam that fruit is generally exposed to.

All fruit guaranteed to be delivered to the consignee, and special attention given to the sale of small lots.

Care taken in receiving, handling and delivering of empty boxes, thereby saving losses that so many experience.

All freight landed at Hughes' Quay, and sales reported daily.

☞ Freight 8 cents per box. No charge for empty boxes, unless bought new.

The boat and fruit will be under my own supervision, and special attention given to all requests.
jy19-tf. JOS. W. THOMPSON.

New Drug Store
IN CHESTERTOWN.

M. A. TOULSON,
(*Graduate of Phila. College of Pharmacy,*)

Has fitted up the store room formerly occupied by Mr. John Bordley, and opened a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE.

His medicines are all fresh, and purchased of the most reliable dealers in the cities, and having knowledge of and considerable experience in the manufacture and use of Drugs and chemicals, claims the ability to compete with any first class drug store on the shore.

☞ **Prescriptions a Specialty.**

The leading and most reliable Patent Medicines will be kept in stock or furnished at short notice.

Also, a line of NOTIONS, such as Stationery, Perfumery, Soaps, and Toilet Goods generally. The attention of the ladies is particularly invited to his stock of French and American hdk'f Extracts.

Also, for gentlemen a very fine line of
CIGARS and TOBACCO

We specially invite those who indulge in "the weed" to call and try our "fragrant Havana," unexcelled in town.

☞ We shall give constant personal attention to the business, and exercise particular care in compounding prescriptions, and hope to merit public favor.
jy5-tf. M. A. TOULSON.

LEARY'S PHARMACY.

HAVING OPENED A FIRST CLASS
DRUG
And PHARMACEUTICAL STORE,

I now offer to the people of Kent and my patrons generally all the advantage of a First Class Drug Store. Intending to supply everything in the Drug line, my stock embraces
PURE MEDICINES,
and Chemicals; the latest and most approved remedies.

TOILET GOODS

in great variety, such as Soaps, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, Pocket Knives, Sponges, Lilly White, Mein Fun, Magnolia Balm; also, the improved Metalic Hair Brush; Flavoring Extracts of my own make, such as Strawberry, Vanilla, Pine-apple, Lemon, Rose, Ginger.

A Choice lot of FINE CIGARS.
PARIS GREEN for Potato Bugs.

The Prescription Department

will receive my special attention; I manufacture all of my preparations from first class materials, and can confidently recommend them to be reliable.

I would be pleased to have the public call and examine my stock.

With thanks for past favors I will endeavor to merit a continuance of same.

Open on Sunday from 6 to 10 a. m. and 12 to 3 and 4 to 10 p. m.

J. F. LEARY,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST & DRUGGIST
Formerly of Baltimore.
LEARY'S PHARMACY,
je7* Opp. C. A. Leary's store.

Auditor's Notice.

THE lien creditors of WILLIAM H. BROWN are hereby notified to file their claims before me, properly authenticated, within two months from the Eleventh day of July, 1879.
GEORGE VICKERS,
July 12, 1879—4t. Auditor.

St. Dennis' Congregation
WILL GIVE A
GRAND PICNIC

in McCauley's Woods, near Lambson's Station, on THURSDAY, JULY 31st, commencing at 9 a. m., and closing at 8 p. m.

☞ Dinner and Supper will be served on the ground at 50c. each. Admission to the Platform 50c. jy19-2t.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Millington, Kent Co., Md.,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND DEALER IN
Coal, Lime,
FERTILIZERS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR
GRAIN
at the different stations on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. jy12-tf.

Galena Machine Shops!

A NEW JOINTER.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.,

Have now completed their arrangements to meet the demand of farmers for implements, &c., for the present and approaching season. Our stock of material is large and of the best character, while our workmen are excelled by none.

We call special attention to our
IMPROVED CONCAVE PLOW!

We have overcome the objection heretofore exisiting against the groove; and are selling our Plows at prices to suit the purchaser.

We have just constructed a new
"JOINTER,"
which can be used on any Flushing Plow. It has been tested and works admirably.

Especial attention given to
Repairing DRILLS.

Farmers are requested to send them in early.

PLOW CASTINGS

and HARROWS can now be had at Galena or the Foundry in Chestertown.

Our Castings are the best we have ever offered.

Early orders are respectfully solicited.
WM. A. HYLAND & CO.,
July 19. GALENA.

New Summer Millinery
—AND—
FANCY GOODS.

LAMBERT SISTERS have just opened a new and beautiful assortment of
Summer MILLINERY
AND FANCY GOODS,
embracing all the LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES.

Our Goods have been selected with care and bought at the lowest cash figures, which enables us to guarantee satisfaction both as regards style and prices. Our stock includes a full line of all such goods as are usually found in a first class Millinery Store, such as *BONNETS, HATS, Laces, Flowers, Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Toilet Articles, &c., &c.*

The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods and prices. We are selling at small profits for cash.

DRESS MAKING of all kinds done in the best manner and at low prices.

☞ Store opposite KENT NEWS Office.
may10-tf. LAMBERT SISTERS.

SUMMER
Millinery and Fancy Goods!

LATE STYLES! LOW PRICES!

MRS. H. USILTON,
Just below Wickes' Drug Store, has received a well selected stock of new and beautiful MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS for Spring and Summer wear, of the latest and most fashionable styles.

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons,

LACES, TRIMMINGS,
Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments. She is satisfied of her ability to please both in quality and price.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. No effort will be spared to give full satisfaction to all who favor her with their patronage.
MRS. H. USILTON,
Just below Wickes' Drug Store.
May 10, 1879.

NEW MILLINERY!

Mrs. Kate Gill,

Would respectfully call the attention of her customers and public in general to her assortment of
SUMMER MILLINERY,
which comprises all the Latest Styles of the season. Also, a full line of the
Latest Styles of GLOVES,
with embroidered bands, very stylish. A full line of fringes of all colors; handsome Black Silk Fringe for dresses.

Call and examine.
May 31. MRS. KATE GILL.

FROZEN CUSTARD
Every Wednesday & Saturday.
Water Ices made to order.
☞ The Ladies' parlor is now ready for reception. WM. PERKINS,
je14-tf. Rising Sun Saloon.

"I STARTED IT"—
The 5c. Counter.
The largest and most varied assortment of 5 cent goods in the county, at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S,
je28. Chestertown.

TRY OUR 65c. Chewing Tobacco.
jy12. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

THERE'S DANGER IN THE TOWN.

There, John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come near me and sit down,
Your mother wants to talk to you before you drive to town;
My hairs are gray, I soon shall be at rest within the grave,
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave.

I've watched o'er you from infancy, till now you are a man,
And I have always loved you as a mother only can;
At morning and at evening I have prayed the God of love
To bless and guide my darling boy to the bright home above.

A mother's eye is searching, John, old age can't dim its sight,
When watching o'er an only child to see if he does right;
And very lately I have seen what has aroused my fears,
And made my pillow hard at night, and moist with tears.

I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheek a glow,
That told me you were on the road that leads to shame and woe:
Oh! John don't turn away your head, and on my counsel frown,
Stay more upon the dear old farm, there's danger in the town.

Remember what the poet says—long years have proved it true,—
That: "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do;"
If you live on in idleness with those that love the bowl,
You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and wreck your deathless soul.

Your father, John, is growing old: his days are nearly through;
Oh! he has labored very hard to save the farm for you;
But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown,
If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into town.

Your prospects for the future are very bright my son,
Not many have your start in life, when they are twenty-one;
Your star that shines so brightly now, in darkness will decline,
If you forget your mother's words, and tarry at the wine.

Turn back, my boy, now in your youth; stay by the dear old farm;
The Lord of hosts will save you with His powerful right arm;
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave,
Then light her pathway with your love, down to the silent grave.

Banged Hair or Idiotic Fringe.

To our sight, there is nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged.

A lunatic might be excused for such an erratic style of hair dressing, but how a woman in the full possession of her faculties, and with the knowledge that she has a character to keep up, can wear her hair banged is, to us, a profound mystery.

From whence came the style? What originated it? Who set it afloat? Nobody on earth can say truthfully that it is beautiful. We have never heard that it was healthy. We never heard of its curing the liver complaint or the rheumatism. It does not render any one more liable to draw a prize in a lottery. It does not insure the wearer against being drowned, or struck by lightning, or bored by sewing machine agents.

It does not make a tall woman look shorter, or a short one taller, or a fat one leaner, and if it is becoming to any human face, then the face has escaped our notice!

It will metamorphose the prettiest girl of our acquaintance into a monstrosity, and for its effects on a plain woman! may the saints deliver us from seeing it!

It sets our teeth on edge! It imparts to the average female face the most discouraged, woe begone, done-for generally expression we have ever seen—as if the person had played her last card, got euchred, and was ready to sell out cheap to the first purchaser.

Just imagine Lady Washington with her hair banged! Think of Barbara Fritchie, waving the flay in Stonewall Jackson's face, with her hair banged! Picture to yourself Joan of Arc leading her troops to victory with her front hair banged!

A woman in this style of hair arrangement resembles a Shetland pony, which has been well groomed, and which is in doubt and uncertainty, as if she felt a little doubtful lest the thatch on her forehead might not be securely fastened, or that it suddenly might go back on her, and show something which ought not to be seen.

We always commiserate the woman whose hair is banged. We feel like asking her if there is anything we can do for her. She appears to us like a woman in trouble. We speak softly to her as if ordinary tones might jar on her nerves. We wouldn't offer her a subscription paper for the world! Nor be glad if any anybody trod on the trail of her dress, or squirted tobacco juice on her new velvet mantle.

We look at her and wonder how she would seem with that mask taken off her forehead. We wonder if she has got moth patches on her temples, or a mole on her classic brow, or a "cowlick," or a colony of pimples and "black heads." Her forehead is to us as profound a mystery as fortune-telling, or pyschomancy, or materialization; and we get so full of doubt over it that we would give half a dollar to see the fringe lifted, and what is under it brought forth to the light of day.

We wonder if she admires herself in the glass? If she thinks bangs are bewitching? If she never wishes she had not cut that hair off, and so condemned herself to wear her hair that way, willy, nilly? Does her husband admire it? Does he never sneer at it behind his paper? Does he ever tell her he wishes she had as pretty a forehead as Miss Smith? Does he ever call her an angel and think to himself how an angel would look in bangs?

But there! what is the use of conjecturing? Fashion is omnipotent; so is folly; and we doubt that somewhere in this world, to-day, somebody is saying, "Bangs are so becoming!"

AN old batchelor being ill, his sister presented him with a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmetic; it is very aromatic and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

AN exchange says of the air, in its relation to man, it kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him. Blurt says that that description suits his wife exactly.

HOW HE WON HER.

A LESSON TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE.

A designing young man of Chicago recently fell madly in love with a rich and beautiful young girl, the daughter of wealthy parents on the south side, and, enlisting the sympathies of her nearest and dearest friend, resolved to win her and dye his moustache in the attempt, even though she was in wealth and social position infinitely his superior.

Having deeply studied the plan of his campaign, he obtained an introduction to the young lady at an evening entertainment, bowed to her coldly, and a moment afterward asked her to excuse him—he wanted to finish a conversation with a gentleman about the marks of a good bull-terrier. Then he did not go near her again all the evening, but from time to time stole a glance at her, and when he left the house he didn't say good-night to her. With every whalebone in her corset trembling with indignation, the girl expressed a hope that if ever he ran for a judgeship he might run 268,000 behind his ticket, and when next day she saw her (and the young man's) confidante said the young man was a sweet pill, a nice duck, or words to that effect. The confidante then replied: "Well, he has pretty much the same opinion of you." "Has he?" cried the beautiful girl; "it's just like his impudence. What did he say about me? —tell me, now, do; not that it makes any difference to me, of course; still I am curious to know. Did he think I was good-looking?"

"Oh," he said, "you were pretty fair, but that any one could see with half an eye that you painted and your hair was false."

"The wretch," gasped the lovely girl. "I'll scratch him at the polls—I mean scratch his eyes out, if ever I get a chance. Well, and what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him that he was mistaken, and he said that perhaps he was, but anyway your intellectual gifts were contemptible, that your conversation was trivial and ungrammatical, and your ideas commonplace where they were not ridiculous. He said that under wise training you might develope into a good seventh class woman, but it would hardly pay to devote himself to such a task, and so he asked me to introduce him to Susie Barker."

(N. B.—Miss Susan Barker is that young lady's pet enemy.")

"He did—did he?" said that beautiful young lady; "well, just you bring him 'round on Sunday night after church, and you'll see what I'll do to him."

"You won't throw vitriol on him, or bolt his nomination, or anything, will you?" asked her (and the young man's) friend, and she said that she would not, and when her friend had gone she went and looked at herself in the glass, and took a solemn oath on the big volume of Longfellow's poems on the centre table that she would make that young man fall in love with her and marry her inside of one calendar month or else go and be a Trappist nun. Which is precisely what that young man is after. As the poet says: "When a woman can't, she will, and that's an end it it."

Advice to a Young Man.

The following, taken from the Burlington *Hawkeye*, is as good for the "young man" of this community as for that of any other, and, accordingly give it place in our columns:

"And then remember son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral or even heard of his death. Be as smart as you can of course. Know as much as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. 'Make a few,' tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need for young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes, than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copperplated signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, so. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently."

A COLORED man remarked, while in conversation with a friend:

"I dusn't believe in having a parderner when you've got a small business. If yer make enny thing, why yer don't git it, and if yer lose, yer have to lose it all."

"Jesso," remarked his companion.

A MAN intruded into an Irishman's shanty some time ago "What do you want?" asked Pat. "Nothing," was the visitor's reply. "Then you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was!"

A MAN may not be able to keep his balance on a tight rope, but if he keeps it in the bank "it's greatly to his credit." —*Chrystal.*

A Wonderful Fountain.

One of the most wonderful natural phenomena ever witnessed was seen by a large crowd of people a few days ago at the house of Mr. Peter Taylor, who lives just outside of Sarnia, Ontario, Canada. For some time Mr. Taylor has had a number of men boring for water in the southwest corner of his grounds. When a depth of 150 feet had been reached Mr. Taylor heard a peculiar rumbling sound, apparently issuing from a hole, and judging that something unusual was about to happen, warned his men to move to a safe distance from the well. Scarcely had they time to do so when a fountain of muddy water shot straight into the air with terrific force, carrying up the boring pipe with it as far as the fastenings would allow, and scattering mud, water, and stones in all directions. The subterranean noises appeared gradually to increase in violence, and as they did so, the expelling force, whatever it was, seemed to be proportionally augmented until the cone-shaped column obtained a height of fully 150 feet. Some idea of the mysterious subterranean power which supplied the motor for this exhibition of natural water works may be conveyed by the fact that stones weighing fully five, six, and even eight pounds were shot up into the air to a considerable height, while showers of rounded pebbles of smaller size fell like hailstones upon a circle of several yards around the hole. One large sized stone struck a timber of the derrick in its upward course, and glancing off, was thrown several hundred yards into Mr. William Taylor's grounds on the opposite side of the road. The wind was blowing pretty strong from the south at the time, and the result was that the roof of Mr. Taylor's large brick house —one of the largest in town—and its south side were bespattered with muddy water, there being actually a puddle of clay, pebbles and water several inches deep on the roof. Showers of the same mixture were carried over the house and for some distance along the street north of his lot. After the extraordinary spectacle had lasted for nearly an hour and a half, the fountain appeared to make one last grand effort to do better than its best, and then gradually to lose its ascending force. The series of jerking leaps, for the expelling power seemed all along to be irregular and intermittant rather than continuous—became weaker and weaker; the steady whirring sound which accompanied the exhibition, and which can best be described as resembling very closely the noise of a steam fire engine, gradually lessened, and at about 5.30 Mr. Taylor was rather relieved to find that his magnificent but inconveniently powerful lawn-sprinkler had disappeared, for the present at least, within subterranean recesses. The rumbling sound continued for a few minutes and then ceased, though the water which filled up the pipe to within twenty-three feet of the surface of the earth was disturbed for some time afterwards by a bubbling noise.

A Triumph of Mechanical Genius.

The English correspondent of a New York journal describes a wonderful machine which he saw at work in Bradford, Yorkshire. It was the invention of a Mr. Binn, a practical silk weaver; and if the account is true, as there seems to be no reason to doubt, is destined to work a revolution in the weaving of the world's fabrics. As yet the machine has been put to work only upon silken cords and braids for trimmings and the like, but the inventor claims it can be used in multifarious designs in weaving. All it requires is to be kept clean, to be supplied with motive power, and have abundance of material to 'feed' from, and it can be run from Monday morning till Saturday night, without attendance. Whereas Mr. Binn used to employ numerous hands to watch and wait on the old machines, all he now requires is an engineer, a bookkeeper and one man to keep the machines clean and lubricated and to see that they do not run out of material. Thus the mill can run night and day without cessation. The machine is so complete that if a thread breaks it instantly stops, picks up the thread by means of wire hooks, joins them and once more resumes its spinning as methodically as a human being. The correspondent saw fifteen machines working thus automatically, and their product was a marvel of neatness.

Mountain of Ice.

Cumberland (Md.) Times.

Our readers are probably not aware that within 30 miles of us there is an ice mountain, where nature provides her own icehouse. The mountain is located near Cold Stream, on the road from Springfield, Hampshire co., Pa., which connects with the Winchester pikes. The mountain has the appearance of having been rent in twain, leaving a deep gap with precipitate slopes on either side. The gap fronts north, and the sun seldom penetrates the gorge. Upon the top of the mountain there is a level plain, and the northwest winds of winter sweep over the level and drive the snow into the gaps, where it lays to the depth of a hundred feet. Up the gorge the north winds sweep through a tunnel, and the snow has become compacted and frozen until it is almost a solid bed of ice, and the sun of summer seems to effect it but little. There never has been a time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant when this gap was clear of snow and ice.

MR. F. L. STEWART intends to exhibit at the Pennsylvania Agricultural Fair this fall, to be held in the Permanent Exhibition building on the Centennial grounds, his process for making corn sugar, at a cost of from two and a-half to three cents per pound. He prefers corn to beets for the production of sugar because corn only requires three months to perfect the green stalks, and as the culture is familiar to all farmers, as it can be grown over such a width of latitude and in every soil, and as there can be more sugar produced from corn than from beets, which take eight months to perfect, and can only be raised in a comparatively restricted area of soil. The difficulties that frustrated previous experiments in making sugar from sorghum are obviated by this new process, as he designs to practically demonstrate at the coming exhibition.

COULD Cicero a boat?

Letter from Missouri.

FROM A FORMER RESIDENT OF CHESTERTOWN.

MEXICO, MO., July 17, 1879

Dear Sir:—After an interval of many years I again take the liberty to address you. The occasion of my present writing is the following: We have a very good and beautiful country here. Land is very cheap. You can buy good prairie-land here from five to ten dollars per acre, according to distance from the city; improved land may also be had for $10 to $25 per acre, likewise according to distance from the city and nature of improvement. It is a fine stock-raising country, besides producing wheat, corn, and fine grass almost equal to Kentucky.

This city is a place of 5,000 inhabitants and rapidly improving. We have three railroads centering here, which give us direct communication with St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City. We have very good public schools, private schools and churches of all denominations.

Our county (Audrain) is practically out of debt, owing but $52,000, which will be paid off in the next two years.—Our bonds command a premium.

Learning that times are very hard in the East, I concluded to write to you, so in case there should be any in your, or adjoining counties, who wish to emigrate West, you could inform them of the advantages the State of Missouri in general and this county in particular offers to emigrants. Our society is also very good and anybody will receive a hearty welcome, no matter what his belief or politics may be. Any further information you might wish I will gladly furnish.

Hoping to be favored with an early reply, I remain,
Yours, most resp'y, I. FRANK.

The Umbrella Bird.

A PRETTY CREATURE WITH A PARASOL ON ITS HEAD.

The umbrella bird is a truly remarkable creature, and from the extraordinary mode in which its plumage is arranged, never fails of attracting the attention of the most casual spectator. The bird is a native of the island of the South American rivers—being seldom if ever seen on the main land—from whence it is not unfrequently brought by collectors, as there is always a ready sale for its skin, either to serve as an ornament in glass cases, or as a specimen for a museum. In dimensions the umbrella bird equals the common crow of England, and but for the curious plume which adorns its head, and the tuft which hangs from its breast, might be mistaken at a distauce for that bird. The general color of this specie is a rich shining black, glazed with varying tints of blue and purple, like the feathers of the magpie's tail. Very little is known of the habits of the bird. Its crest is, perhaps, the most fully developed and beautiful of any bird known. It is composed of long, slender feathers, rising from a contractile skin on the top of the head. The shafts are white and the plume glossy blue, hair-like, and curved outward at the tip. When the crest is laid back, the shafts form a compact white mass, sloping up from the top of the head, and surmounted by the dense, hairy plumes. Even in this position it is not an inelegant crest, but it is when it is fully spread that its peculiar character is developed. The shaft then radiates on all sides from the top of the head, reaching in front beyond and below to the tip of the beak, which is completely hidden from view. The top then form a perfect slightly elongated dome, of a beautiful shining blue color, having a point of divergence rather behind the centre, like that in a human head. The length of this dome from front to back is about five inches, the breadth four to four and a half inches. Scarcely less curious than the "umbrella," as this overhanging plume is very appropriately named, is a bunch of elongated feathers that hang from the breast in a tuft, perfectly distinct from the rest of the plumage. The peculiarity of this tuft is that the feathers of which it is composed do not grow from the neck, but from a cylindrical fleshy growth, about as thick as an ordinary goose quill, and an inch and a half long. The whole of this curious appendage is covered with feathers, so that the breast tuft is wholly distinct from the feathers of the neck and breast. The entire skin of the neck is extremely loose, more so than in any other bird. The feathers of this tuft are edged with a beautiful and resplendent blue, and lap over each other like so many scales. The food of the umbrella bird consists chiefly of berries and various fruits, and it always rejects the hard stone of stone fruit. As its cry is extremely loud and deep, the natives call the bird by a name which signifies a pipe.

MATRIMONIAL.

Little Miss Featherweight,
Mincing along,
Haughty and arrogant,
Train a yard long,
Too proud to notice
Shop windows or wares,
Rude and unlady-like,
Putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody,
Living quite fast,
Boasting of pedigree,
Rank in the past!
Nursing with fondness
A few silken hairs,
Leaning on relatives,
Putting on airs!

Little Miss Featherweight
Meets Mr. N——,
"Angel in petticoats!"
"Sweetest of men!"
Giggle and badinage,
Love unawares;
Each to th other one
Putting on airs.

Young Mr. Nobody
Marries the maid;
She blushing tenderly,
He half afraid,
Now we've two Nobodies—
Doves go in pairs—
Spending the honeymoon,
Putting on airs.

One year has passed away,
Masks are thrown down;
She a virago proves,
He but a clown!
Strangers, the Nobodies
Pass on the stairs;
Void is the pedigree,
Gone are the airs!

GIN SLING is the euphonious name of a Chinese freshman at Yale. Who knows but at some time in the dim distant future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the American bar.—*Waterloo Gazette.*

Farming in Kansas.

Mr. William Warner, formerly of Harford county, has bought a farm of 323 acres, on the Blue River, near Manhattan, Kansas. Mr. Warner gives a glowing account of the advantages farmers have in that favored region. The farm work is mostly done by contract, thereby avoiding the necessity of keeping hands and teams. He pays $1.50 per acre to have his wheat cut, and 9 cents per bushel to have it threshed Corn is made and put in the crib at 10 cents per bushel. Cattle are wintered seven months for $4, and herded on the prairie for from 10 to 15 cents per month each. If fed on grain the charge is from 6 to 6½ cents per lb. for all the weight they gain. He says:

A young man here borrowed upwards of $3,000 last fall, bought 100 cattle, had them fed at 6½ cents per pound, and cleared $1,700 after paying 15 per cent. interest for the money. The man who fed them had a profit of $600. The same man is pasturing 300 more cattle. He will probably clear $3,000, and this on money borrowed at 15 per cent., with no labor except to buy and sell his cattle. I spent a few days at St. Mary's, (28 miles east of here.) I was told by a Jesuit father and also by a brother who has charge of the cattle (they have 400,) that during the last 14 years they have never sold a grass-fed steer for less than $65. Their grain-fed cattle they sold last winter for $76.35 per head. My share of the crops on my farm this year bids fair to be 1800 barrels of corn, 800 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of wheat and 100 tons of millet. We expect to get 60 or 70 acres of prairie grass at $1 per acre, that will cut 1½ tons to the acre. With 175 acres of corn stalks, we expect to be able to handle between 200 and 300 cattle, little and big, next winter.

The valley of the Bonnie Blue river here is about 2½ miles wide. About one-half is in timber, consisting mostly of elm and walnut, with some white oak, cotton wood, maple, box-alder, ash and mulberry. There are no briars except raspberries. This is a great country for fruit of all kinds, but apples and peaches are scarce on account of frost. Game is plenty, such as partridges, prairie chickens, wild ducks. and geese. We have plenty of fish in the river. Catfish have been caught weighing 135 pounds, and white bass weighing 7½ lbs. Beavers appear to be plentiful; we can hear them plunging into the water at night.

A Good Lesson for Families.

It will be observed that Baron Lionel de Rothschild in his brief will calls the attention of his sons to the happy unity existing between him and his brothers, to which he attributes the success of the firm, and expresses the hope that a similar kind feeling will continue to animate the members of the house. Having regard to the remarkable success which, in many salient instances, has attended the "sticking together" of a family, it seems singular that, merely from considerations of policy, it is not more frequent. It is said in England of the Barings that they abuse each other roundly, and are by no means particularly affectionate among themselves, but let any evil threaten one of them from the outside, and the whole clan rallies to his aid. Thus, at a memorable and momentous crisis, the late Lord Ashburton, after he had ceased to be in any way responsible for the firm, did not hesitate to throw his estates and all beside into the scale when the firm was in jeopardy. There are certain families in this country who occur to the mind as being guided by a similar policy and with similar results. Rich people may thus be of incalculable benefit to their poor relations by giving them countenance and encouragement, and showing other rich people that they by no means think them beneath kind consideration. The Hopes, of Amsterdam, took generous notice of a young clerk, their nephew, who came to them from Boston, and were rewarded by his services bringing their house wealth and fame beyond what it had never known. The Scotch, who carry this sort of thing out on the largest scale, owe no small share of success to it.

The Blessing of Labor.