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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:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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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.

NOW FOR
THE NEW YEAR!
READ! READ! READ!

L. K. STAM
IS NOW OPENING
THE GRANDEST DISPLAY
OF ALL KINDS OF
FURNITURE
Ever Offered in Chestertown!

Children's Goods!
Gentlemen's Goods!
Ladies' Goods!

Indeed, everything in the Furniture line,

Big lot LAMPS and CHINAWARE.

☞ Many beautiful articles, specially purchased for Christmas Presents, which have been bought at very low figures, and *must be sold!*

☞ **Complete Outfits** OF **FURNITURE** ☜
AT CITY PRICES.

☞ Don't fail to call and examine my Stock, even though you do not buy. We love to show our Goods and especially the great CHRISTMAS BARGAINS we are now offering.

L. K. STAM.
Adjoining C. F. Stam's Drug Store.
Dec. 13, 1879.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

CHEAP, FRESH AND RELIABLE.
at the NEW DRUG STORE on
BORDLEY'S CORNER.

M. A. TOULSON
Has opened a first-class Drug and Prescription Store.
PATENT MEDICINES of every description furnished at short notice.

The PRESCRIPTION Department
is complete in every particular. Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and dispatch, (being under my own personal supervision) and in most improved pharmaceutical manner, from English, French and American drugs, at the very lowest possible figures.

A Full Line of Fancy Articles.
CHOICE PERFUMERY
in great variety.
☞ I can suit both Old and Young in

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses.
Very superior PEBBLE GLASS.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO!
Imported Key West and Domestic cigars. Gravely Tobacco, &c., &c.
M. A. TOULSON,
oct25. Bordley's Corner.

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.

SOMETHING NEW!
NEWS DEPOT
AT
M. A. Toulson's Drug Store.

☞ Will in a few days have all daily and weekly papers; Popular Seaside Libraries, &c. Subscription for papers solicited at the DRUG STORE of
M. A. TOULSON,
Nov. 1. Bordley's Corner.

A Card.

Miss R. W. Watkins respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms Moderate. She refers, by permission, to MRS. LAKE. oc11-3m.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR
and VERY OLD,
For sale by WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, September 6, 1879.

New Year's Gifts!
At SPARKS'
Opp. Court Hous.

Now Opening a BEAUTIFUL STOCK
OF
SILVER PLATED WARE,
Castors, Butter Dishes, Pickle Stands, Goblets, Mugs, Syrup Cups, Tea and Table Spoons, Napkin Rings, Cake Baskets, all Triple Plate.

Also, a large and well selected stock of
Bohemian Glass Ware,
Vases, Toilet Setts, Ink Stand Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Cups, Mugs, &c.
We have a larger stock of
Handsome LAMPS,
than any house in Kent county. Also, cheaper Lamps of all kinds; Oil Lamps, Kitchen Lamps and Lanterns
FANCY PAPER IN BOXES, from 25 cents up.
We have also the largest Stock of
CLOCKS
in town; some beautiful patterns, suitable for Christmas presents. *Very Cheap.*

In our CONFECTIONERY department we have just everything delicious to tempt the appetite.
NUTS and FRUITS of all kinds.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
We have a large stock of Cigars, and will sell by the box at wholesale prices.—We mean what we say. Come and see.
☞ We have also some beautiful WAX WORK, and many other goods suitable for the Holidays. Be sure and look for
SPARKS',
d4-7t. Opp. the Court House.

Citizens of the FIRST DISTRICT
LOOK AND LARN
WHERE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WANTS SATISFIED!!
AT
THE NEW STORE
OF
Walter S. Harper,
MASSEY'S, Kent Co., Md.,
Where a full Stock of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES,
and everything that should be kept in a First Class Store are sold at prices to suit the times. Do not fail to examine our stock before purchasing, for is the pennies saved that make the dollars.

☞ If you want a FINE CIGAR or a choice brand of CHEWING TOBACCO do not fail to come to headquarters, at
WALTER S. HARPER'S,
MASSEY'S, KENT CO., MD.
Dec. 13—3m.

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, each run from 5 to 10 tons each, and by phasing in this way you avoid dust, dirt, &c. 2240 lbs. to the ton guaranteed.

WOOD.—OAK WOOD delivered at your door for $4.40 per cord.
mh29. B. FLEMING.

Galena Machine Shops!
CORN SHELLERS!
WM. A. HYLAND & CO.,
Have now completed their arrangements to meet the demands 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.
HYLAND & CO'S
CELEBRATED COB SHELLERS
And TWO-HORSE POWERS,
are taking the lead everywhere. Be sure and secure one. We are selling very low for cash.
We call special attention to our
IMPROVED CONVEX PLOW!
We have overcome the objection heretofore exisiting against a groove; and are selling our Plows at prices to suit the purchaser.
We have constructed a new JOINTER which can be used on a Plushing Plow. It has been tested and works admirably.
Especial attention given to
Repairing DRILLS.
Farmers are requested to send them in early.
Early orders are respectfully solicited.
WM. A. HYLAND & CO.,
Nov. 1, 1879. GALENA.

FINE Sugar-cured HAMS and Broiling Beef. Capsco Extra, Orange Grove Flour 50 lb. bag or bbl., at THOMPSON'S, Up Town,

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has the bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a day that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At the evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the wakening makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the wakening makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be nearer
To the heart that's desolate.

There's never a head so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Father cannot heal;
There's many a lowly forehead
That's bearing the hidden seal.

How the Elephants Turned Back.

A long time ago, two hundred and seventeen years before Christ, there was a king of Egypt, Ptolemy the Fourth, who was returning, proud and victorious, from a war with his enemies. On his way home he passed through Jerusalem, and there, feeling that such a mighty conqueror had a right to go where he pleased, he endeavored to enter the most sacred precinct of the Jewish Temple, the "Holy of Holies." No one among his own people could prevail upon him to give up his rash plan; but in answer to a prayer by the High Priest of the Temple, who stood undismayed before him, this great king fell senseless to the ground.

He did not try again to penetrate into this sacred place, but he became very much enraged against the Jewish people; and, when he returned to Alexandria, he ordered all the Jews in that city to give up their religion and to practice the heathenish rites of Egypt. Only a few Jews consented to do this; nearly all of them boldly refused. Then the angry king commanded that all the Jews in the country around about, as well as those in the city, should be arrested and confined in the Hippodrome, or great circus, just outside of the town.

When, after a good many failures and difficulties, this had at last been done, Ptolemy prepared to carry out his great and novel plan of vengeance. This was to have these poor people trampled to death by elephants. Such a performance in the circus would make a grand show for the heathen king and his heathen people.

But it was not to be expected that elephants, who are good-natured creatures, would be willing to trample upon human beings unless they were in some way excited or enraged. Therefore a great many elephants were drugged and intoxicated, and when they had thus been made wild and reckless, they were let loose in the great arena of the Hippodrome, where the trembling Jews were gathered together in groups, awaiting their fate.

In rushed and stumbled the great monsters, and the Egyptian King and vast multitudes of the Egyptian people sat in their seats to see what would happen to the Jews.

But, suddenly, up rose Eleazer, an aged priest of the Jews; and, lifting his hands towards heaven, he prayed earnestly for deliverance.

Then, all at once, the elephants stopped. They snorted and threw their trunks into the air, they ran backward and sidewise in wild confusion, and then they turned, and with savage cries and tossing trunks, the plunged over the low parapet around the arena, and ran trampling madly among the people who had come to see the show.

The scene was a terrible one, and the punishment of the Egyptians was very great. The King sat high above all and out of danger; but he was struck with fear, and determined no longer to endeavor to punish a people who were so miraculously defended. When at last the elephants were driven back and this awful performance at the circus had come to an end, the King let the Jews go free. And this day of their wonderful deliverance was made an annual festival among them.—*St. Nicholas.*

HISTORY OF A DUCK.—A wild duck was killed near Clinton, Iowa, a few days ago, that had a leather locket fastened about its neck. In the locket was a neatly written note, in which the writer, a resident of Denver, stated that, while walking along the shores of Senouth lake, Washington Territory, she found a duck in distress, the bird having been seized by a mud turtle that held it by its foot. The duck was rescued and this note was fastened about its neck. The note further stated that the liberator of the duck was a duck of a girl, sixteen years of age, who pined for a man with a warm heart living in a more genial clime than beneath the cold skies of Colorado, and that if the note came into the hands of such a man she desired to correspond with him regarding matrimony. Unfortunately the Clinton sportsman happens to be a married man.

AN EMPEROR'S MUSINGS.—When the Emperor William received the news of the attempt on the life of the Czar he became, it is said, very serious, and, after remaining silent for some minutes, said in a tone at once melancholy and energetic: "If we do not change the direction of our policy; if we do not think seriously of giving sound instruction to youth; if we do not give the first place to religion; if we only pretend to govern by expedients from day to day, our thrones will be overturned, and society will become a prey to the most terrible events. We have no more time to lose, and it will be a great misfortune if all the governments do not come to an accord in this salutary work of repression."

UNDER THE BED!

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges—if indulgence it can be called—in this peculiar practice. I did not object to it in the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself; but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably replied:

"La, Evergreen! what harm can it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

But, as before observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp and report. I've done it rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and in. If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader.

In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must under no circumstances be imparted to that lady. If for twenty-two years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years they have been)—if, I say, for this long period I have refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it? Far from it. Mr. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any one of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstances which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time expired, Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think at his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had fairly bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred tried to put it on the "country air and the quiet that was benefiting his health," etc., but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking in one's eyes so as to captivate them, for mere personal amusement. At any rate, she had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing.

I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her if he tried all his life;" that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," etc. After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon come to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her.—Things went on this way without any definite result until Fred received a summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit, he insisted upon staying at the Oakville hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrance unavailing, there he went. The landlord (honest old Dowsbury—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsbury. "Any friend of of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long as I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? He was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Bell's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room to smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts and solicitudes. Did she love him? was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others, he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes.—In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle, as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousin, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterward became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and, hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him, I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal he had a detestation) so soon as he entered the room.—The door opened and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long drawn meow, when from my hiding place I beheld Bella Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and thus facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasped her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion went through it and held it captive. I shall never forget my feelings of surprise and my deep emotion when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters and friends; bless all around me, and O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down Thy mercies over him. Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she arose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers you would be less indifferent to me?"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snowflake, proceeded to turn off the gas and to get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young, and unsophisticated girl, wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him by hearing words which she supposed went only to heaven. I knew then that night must pass away and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes, and was, I flattered myself losing herself in sleep when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There! I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me. All is lost; what should I do? Belle rose and I heard her feel for the matches. She struck one and was moving towards the gaslight, when the lucifer went out, leaving all in darkness again. Blessed relief, but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and try to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh, dear, there are no more! escaped from her lips, "Safe, safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance.

Belle groped back to bed, but did not immediately get in it; she stopped and lifted the curtain which hung around the bottom, and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far, for her to reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in bed again and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon the hard carpet and thought the night out—thought of her and her love for me; thought of myself and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fear was groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door and departed, I lost no time in getting out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, exclaiming:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last days of an ill spent life. And your coat, too—why, it is all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night, that's all. Our house is full and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark, what kind of a bird was it? from the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But seriously I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man Fred, and make up your mind to hear something exclusively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell you now."

"Good heavens, Gus! How earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention the name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her.—There's no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by heresay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville. I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me, and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson, the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Gus!" said he, after dinner when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Gus, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you."

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, as I tell you reader,) all about the bed room affair at the Oakville hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

"Amazing Grace."

The following, in Harper's Magazine, is vouched for by one of the most reliable of Philadelphia divines:

A young clergyman having agreed to supply the pulpit of an older brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and after seeing her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience.

Upon reading the hymn to be sung, the young clergyman was surprised to perceive evident efforts on the part of the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and, all unconscious of that fact he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words 'Amazing grace,' and proceeded with:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home!

Got Something Frisky?

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery stable and called for a saddle horse; "something that will prance about lively and wake a fellow out of his lethargy? I used to ride a trick mule in a circus, and I reckon I can back anything that wears hair." They brought him out a calico-colored beast, with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off. Before he had gone two blocks the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawnmower. They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations and plastered him up with raw beef. A few week's later he called at the stable and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the hay mow and gallop around a little where it was soft and it wouldn't hurt him if he went to sleep and fell off as he did the other day.

AN INTERESTING PUZZLE.—Perhaps some of our young folks are not familiar with the following puzzle: A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting the apple, and then, if she is willing, you can have her." He solved the question, and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The old woman was to have one-half of the balance, which would be three and a half, and half an apple over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which number the daughter is to have one-half and half an apple over, which would give two and leave the lover his one, "without cutting the apple."

GEN. WALKER, superintendent of the Census of 1880, thinks the result will show the population of this country to be from forty-seven to forty-eight millions. He believes, from facts and figures already in his possession, that there will be found to be quite an increase of population in the Western States, particularly in Kansas, Iowa and Minnesota. The Southern States will also show an increase, particularly Texas, Missouri, Tennessee and Northern Alabama. He does not think there has been a decline in the population of any of the States. According to Gen. Walker's estimates, three Western and four Southern States will have an increase of representation in Congress.

THE Grant family show, in their matrimonial alliances, that they fully understand that money is a good thing to get. It is said that U. S. Grant, Jr., will marry in February the daughter of the San Francisco millionaire, J. C. Flood. This kind of Flood, when taken, will lead U. S. Grant, Jr., on to fortune.

Kent Co. Agricultural Association.

CLUB ROOM, Dec. 29, 1879.

Messrs. Editors:—Christmas times and Christmas turkeys are not promotive of agricultural meetings or reports. Only a few members were present to-day and they came late, but the meeting was spirited and pleasant. Two subjects caused a lively discussion and absorbed nearly all the time. The first, making the secretaryship a salaried office; the other, the propriety of an elective executive committee. The giving my own views on these and other matters is only using a right which "corresponding for the association" does not touch, and which brings no responsibility to the club, and if you are so kind as to permit it I will take the responsibility of writing. An elective executive committee has been slightly discussed before, but a two-thirds vote cannot be had as yet in its favor. Its opponents say that it is necessary for the members to be united in their views, and this harmony can only be had by their appointment by the President. Perhaps as good a reason may be the willingness and ability to give good suppers. These last are good things, so is harmony; but strife is better than death, and liberty, progress, literary attainments and all great inventions in science and art come from conflicts, not from harmony, and harmony created by power and not coming from the nature of things leads to death and not to a vital, active, progressive life, and the sooner this fact is accepted by the majority the better for the organization.

The duties of the secretary are laborious. His office is one of work and nothing else, both in the meetings and afterwards, requiring that sort of effort that the majority of farmers don't like and are not accustomed to, and yet very much of the success and pleasure of the meetings depend on having the secretary's duties certainly and effectively done. When the organization was entirely impecunious there was some propriety in accepting gratuitous services, but now that it has become a capitalist the wisest policy as well as right principle prompt to the duty of making the secretary some compensation for his sacrifice of time and convenience. I imagine it will be difficult to obtain an efficient secretary willing to attend regularly and perform faithfully the duties of the office. Disinterested motives do not exist and scant thanks hardly pay for a weekly ride of three or four miles, perhaps in the mud, an afternoon's dry work, followed by an evening's writing. A majority of those who opposed the motion had never held the office, and of those voting for it the most had "been there." Although the motion failed, the "irresistible logic of events" will yet show its necessity as well as of some other things now successfully opposed.

The report on fertilizers was made and adopted. Five fertilizers were used, about one hundred pounds of each on one half acre of land, differing in results five bushels between the highest and lowest. These all had the fertilizer in the hill, one handful in three hills. Experiments with broadcasting the same quantity per acre produced about the same relative results, but showed that putting in the hill gave two bushels where broadcasting gave one. The experiments were hardly accurate enough to justify naming the fertilizers in this paper, but any one interested can see the report by applying to the secretary at any meeting.

Next Monday week is the annual meeting for the election of officers. All in favor of horse-racing had better attend, for if officers opposed to that ancient but corrupting institution should be chosen, it might be endangered. PARTICEPS.

WINTER IN PARIS.—For four weeks the Parisians have been experiencing something approximating to artic weather. Snow fell and ice formed in the streets until they became almost impassable. It was a blockade such as never before had been witnessed in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the pack of snow and of ice hummocks being so great as to baffle all the efforts of the street brigade to clear a passage-way for vehicles. For a part of the time the thermomter fell to eight degrees below zero, Centigrade, or, in other words, to sixteen degrees of Fahrenheit thermometer in general use with us. These degrees of cold in the moister meridians of London and Paris are felt much more severely than they would be with us in our dryer atmosphere, just as a summer temperature of 75 degrees in London is more relaxing than one of 90 degrees in the United States. In Paris the difficulties of locomotion during the past four weeks have been very great, and street accidents from breakdowns quite frequent. All the horses in the city were brought into requisition, as many as four and six being put to a single passenger vehicle. On the outskirts the tramways were better served, but extra horses had to be used in drawing the cars.

A KISS?

A pout and a parting of lips as they touch—
That's a kiss in the abstract. It does'nt seem much;
But where is the language can rightly express it?
What letters can sound it to help you to guess it?
What simile suggest, or what fancy reveal
The mysterious bliss it can cause one to feel?
Here Nature assuredly won a diploma
For fragrance of flavor and perfect aroma.

A kiss is electrical—comes with a start
That tingles a delicate shock to the heart,
And sets the eyes twinkling with rapturous delight
Like stars in the sky of a clear frosty night.
When 'tis over the ecstasy clings to you yet
'Tis a joy to remember and never forget.
All pleasure condensed in an instant of bliss
Can but partly describe what's contained in a kiss.

—*George Birdseye.*

JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH.—There are girls who would gladly give their lives for the men they love, but when, after one has left her home and turned her back on her friends for ever, to elope with the man of her choice, he asks her to say to the man who issues the license that she's twenty-one when she is only seventeen, he asks her to do what no woman will do, and she ought to be ashamed of himself.

A WESTERN editor says one hug is worth a dozen love letters, and they can not be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit.

A STOUT old woman in Pittsburgh couldn't let lately because a photographer had her picture taken. She fanned herself while

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.

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

OUR SCHOOL.

From the Echo, published by the Chestertown Public School.

Dickens' Curiosity Shop isn't anything to be compared to our school. Why, we have everything here. Ours is not just a collection of inanimate objects, but we have real live people—some poets, others writers, and, indeed, we have people of every calling. High up in our school we have a Byron, and often his spirits have such a flow that he has to be checked by a Spencer. Then we have an Aldrich, who although, maybe he did not write "The Story of a Bad Boy," he has certainly read it. We are also honored with the presence of Chapman, Cooper, Taylor, Spencer, Burke and Rawleigh. Indeed our school presents quite a literary company, but we must not forget to mention our Edwards, who looks so much what we may imagine the Rev. Jonathan to be, we can almost imagine him the original. We can send forth from our school people of almost every calling. Among them we have several very expert Gardners, Bakers and Millers. We have a flower garden, and our prettiest flowers are our white Lillie and Rose. We must not forget our Solomon, who sits on his little throne and is just as wise as he is large, and *our* Solomon is as meek as he is wise, and can be governed very easily by our gentle Ruth. David and Benjamin are also members of our school, but, alas! our Joseph has departed. We are honored with two members of the House of Stuarts, so you see we can boast of nobility. We have some very pretty Bowers, but our Bowers are not green.

The highest honor our school has is that it is governed by a Newton. It may not be the real Sir Isaac, who discovered the law of gravitation, yet we know that he preserves law in the school room. We have a very large Woods, and the prettiest trees that grow in it are our Greenwood. We have also some very strong Welchmen, who might Hew-itt if they were not afraid they might Hurtt it. There are seven windows in our school and it is very Cold-by them.—However, Bacchus, our God of Wine, seems to be regaled by its breezes. The Garrett part of our school room is of a Vandyke brown and forms a very beautiful contrast with the red brick below and the White-hill on which it is situated. Our Rivers are teeming with splendid fish, but we like our Minnie's best, because they make up in quality what they lack in quantity, and then their Gills are very musical. We don't keep any apples except Pippins, and they are the rosiest-cheeked ones you ever saw, and they are splendid, although they do grow in the same place as Brambles. As Christmas is coming we have a few Rasins, but they are so very small that they could Crouch into most any corner. We have not any valuable mineral productions our finest being our Blackstones. We had some Emory, but sold it into other regions. We are no longer in Hazzard of enemies, as we have formidable Cannons to protect us from all invasions. We have very strong foundations so that our schools may not Rockwell when the Gales sweep around it. We have a very skillful draughtsman in our school, and one day he went to the board An-drew such a beautiful picture every inmate of the curiosity shop was filled with the greatest admiration. Our inmates are very musical and sometimes they Carroll beautifully. Of course we have Smith's and Jones's, but then we don't exactly count them as a curiosity, as we believe there are a few more in the world. We could tell you a great deal more about our school, but we have not time, so you must come sometimes and see for yourself what a Curiosity Shop our school is.

ONE OF THE SEVENTH GRADE.

MR. SPURGEON, the famous London preacher, whose tabernacle has drawn such a succession of delighted crowds, has broken down, it is feared irreparably, and now lies seriously ill at Mentone, Italy, his health gone and his spirits under a terrible cloud. The verdict in his case must be overwork, too much mental excitement, too great persistence in intellectual and moral strain. Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essexshire, June 19, 1834, and he lacks six months yet of being forty-six years old—of attaining the age, in other words, when orators should be about in their prime. He began to preach and exhort when but little over sixteen, was in charge of a congregation at eighteen, and famous at twenty. In 1855, when he was but just come of age, he was a leading speaker at Exeter Hall. This is getting too early in harness to last long. Yet Mr. Spurgeon has done a good deal of work. He has founded a college and in it trained up preachers for thirty-two chapels, every one of which he himself established. He has edited a magazine, published about thirty volumes, and preached eight thousand sermons. With such a record to look back upon Mr. Spurgeon ought to be able to contemplate the prospect of an enforced inactivity in the future without regrets.

A BRIEF AND EXPLICIT WILL.—The will of the late Alexander Stuart, the bachelor millionaire, who died in New York last week, has been admitted to probate. It reads as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Alexander Stuart, of the city of New York, do make this, in my own handwriting, my last will and testament, viz: I give, devise and bequeath all my estate, both real and personal of any kind or wherever situated, of which I may be possessed at the time of my decease, unto my brother, Robert L. Stuart, of the city and to New York, sugar refiner, to his heirs, and hold the same unto him, his heirs, administrators and assignees and appoint hereby nominate, constitute Robert L. Stuart, sole executor of my said brother's last will and testament. I value the estate of the deceased at about $7,000,000."

A. PACKER, superintendent of the Pennsylvania and New York railroad, lately conversed by telephone for two hours with friends in Mauch Chunk while himself in Nebraska, 2,000 miles off. At the office in Bethlehem connection was made with the Easton and Amboy wire, and at Perth Amboy with a Western wire. Every whisper was audible.