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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. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881. No. 42.

The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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.

Bargains! Bargains!

MEN'S HEAVY BOOTS

SELLING AT COST!

For the next THIRTY DAYS I will sell Men's HEAVY BOOTS AT COST, in order to make room for Spring Stock.
☞ Look to your interest, and call and see us.
T. D. PIERCE,
NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite the Bank,
jan22-m. Chestertown.

NEW GROCERY STORE
UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.
Our stock comprises
SUGAR, COFFEE,
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

Roofing & Spouting,

TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE, Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of
ROOFING and SPOUTING
at the very lowest prices for cash.
TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work. Stovepipe, Lard Cans, tire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.
REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
☞ A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of
JOHN T. SKIRVEN,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.
All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 9th day of August, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 7th day of February, 1881.
THOMAS W. SKIRVEN,
J. WALTER SKIRVEN,
WASHINGTON G. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 12, 1881—4t. Exec'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of
ARAMINTA W. SKIRVEN,
late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.
All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 16th day of August, 1881, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.
Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.
JAMES A. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 5, 1881—4t. Exec'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of
SAMUEL L. BELL,
late of Kent county, deceased.
All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 16th day of August, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.
JAMES P. CAROTHERS,
Feb. 5, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration d. b. n. c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of
WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.
All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of January, 1881.
AUG. L. VANNORT,
Jan. 29—4t. Adm'r d.b.n.c.t.a.

Ratification Notice.

Edward Crew and others,
versus
James R. Crew and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1881.

ORDERED that the resale made and reported by JAS. A. PEARCE, Trustee for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings of this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the seventh day of April, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the seventh day of March next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $1200.
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Feb. 5, 1881—4t.

J. C. HUTCHISON, Jr., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.
HUTCHISON & HILL,
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,
Wholesale Commission Merchant,
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
jan8-6m.

THE CELEBRATED
Hyland & Co.
FARM WAGON!

To our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public.
It is an acknowledged fact that most Wagons are built of green material.
Ours are built of the VERY BEST and most THOROUGHLY SEASONED MATERIALS, and the workmanship
Cannot be Excelled!
☞ We recommend them to be in every respect an article superior to any other Wagon built or sold on the Peninsula, and know their use will demonstrate this fact.
We are located in the midst of an excellent Timber country. We carry a very large stock of thoroughly seasoned Oak, Ash, Hickory and other Lumber adapted to our business, and are prepared to make any size or style WAGON or CART at short notice, and will give, when desired, a guarantee on every Wagon and Cart we sell.
☞ Farmers and Carters please give us a call. Yours, truly,
W. A. HYLAND & CO.
Feb. 5, 1881.

STOP! STOP!

HAVE YOU EXAMINED
THE
LARGE STOCK
OF
L. K. STAM?

☞ IF NOT, YOU HAD BETTER DO IT.

He sells his goods AS CHEAP as they can be bought in the City, and
WILL DELIVER THEM TO YOUR HOMES FREE OF CHARGE.
Notice a few articles:

Bed Room Suits,	*Chairs,*
Extension Tables,	*Lounges,*
Bedsteads,	*Mattrasses,*
Sideboards,	*Kitchen Safes,*
Wardrobes,	*Bureaus.*

The Celebrated
Heywood Rattan Chair

China Tea Setts,	*Mustache Cups,*
Looking Glasses,	

Beautiful Window Shades,
Library and other LAMPS,
and many other articles too numerous to mention.
DO NOT FAIL TO CALL and examine his Stock even if you do not buy—you will be politely received.
Remember the place—just below C. F. Stam's drug store, and adjoining Mrs. E. N. Melvin's.
L. K. STAM.
Dec. 11, 1880.

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE,
&c., &c.,
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST, *Proprietor,*
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

A GOOD TIME-PIECE is a pleasure in any family. Keeps the men folks in a good humor, because meals are always ready. If you need one the best place to buy cheap is at SPARKS'
oc9. opposite Court House.

Written for the Kent News.

A Fatal Night.

BY TRIX.

In the year 1872 I packed up and started for the Far West, to carve out one of the many fortunes that are supposed to be found there, but are so seldom now in these days come up with. I settled in Colorado. The little town of Colorado Springs was in its infancy—only a frame shanty or so here and there out on the broad plain, looking lost and miniature from the very surroundings; on the east side the boundless parairie and to the west the imposing Rockies, rising blue and grand above it. Pike's Peak, the scene of Fremont's ascent, and later on noted for the gold excitement, called the Pike's Peak rush, towered above it capped with its crest of eternal snow. The only monument remaining to show where these adventurous men made their home are a few dilapidated dwellings in what is known as Colorado City, at one time the capital of Colorado, now a town in name only. I had not been prospecting long when it was my fortune to meet a young Englishman named Nere. He was the youngest son of a nobleman, and, like many of the younger sons, had struck out to try his luck in the new world. He was one of the most generous, noble-hearted souls I have ever met with, beloved by all who knew him, and respected for his high sense of honor and right. After a year had passed I was visiting Nere at his ranche in the Wet Mountain Valley, a valley noted for its richness and beauty. While there he informed me that he had received news from home that his elder brother had met with a violent death while hunting the tiger in India. He seemed somewhat depressed, though he remarked he had not seen him since a child. After awhile he looked up, and taking his pipe out of his mouth said: "I say, old fellow, do you believe that a human being can foretell one's destiny?" I said no, most emphatically, I don't. Why, what has got into your head? You are nervous. He laughed slightly and said: "No, I am not; but some years before I left England my mother had a dream, in which she dreamed that my brother (who was then away) had met his death in some violent manner and also that both my brothers, Reginald (who is the next one) and myself, all came to our death from some violent cause; and this thing of the tiger killing Courtney brought it up to me." I laughed it off and said: "What does your other brother do?" He answered that he was an officer in the Guards, and they were then fighting in the Ashentee war. No more was said on the subject, and after a good night's rest, our couches being sheepskins, I departed.

It was but a few months after this that Nere and myself made a trip to New Mexico for the purpose of buying sheep. He had written home telling his folks to send all letters and papers to Trinidad. On our arrival there he inquired for his mail and found several letters, one of which had a black margin and the crest of his family on it. I saw him turn pale, and handing me the letter said brokenly, "Open it, old fellow, I can't do it." I broke the seal; for a second I could not breathe, for the first words I saw were, "My son, your brother was killed." He said peevishly, almost angrily, "Why don't you read—what are you waiting for?" I at last read it to him, in which it stated that his brother had been killed in an engagement with the Ashantees, and bidding him come home, as he was now Lord Nere. For several days he was like one in a dream, and often when I would awake in the night I would find him sitting over the slumbering embers smoking his pipe and gazing at the coals. God knows what he saw there at these times; I never spoke to him, but let him dream on. But during the day, while traveling, I would try to laugh with him, and before our arrival at his ranche I had the gratification to see that he was getting over it somewhat. So one day I said: "Look here, Alec, we must give a good-bye supper and have all the boys down—have a regular old-time Western supper." At first he did not enter into it with much spirit, but when I talked and grew enthusiastic I think he was more or less affected by it. So off we went to town and invited all the Englishmen we knew, and for several days we were all busy killing game, and one enterprising spirit sent to Dover and procured a keg of beer, the most essential thing to our English dinner. When the night came what a time we had getting everything cooked by an open fire—antelope, buffalo tongue, white grouse, prairie chicken and venison; but when we set down to it we did ample justice, though each man used his bowie knife to carve his meat, which he held in the other hand. There was one young man in the party named Price. He was an Englishman also, but had left home years before, for what reason no one knew. For the past six or seven years he had lived in South America, where he had become an adept in throwing the *riate*, or lasso, and the *machete*, Spanish knife. I have seen him stand at twenty paces and drive his machete into a card every time. He was rather unpopular among us, but as we were all clannish we admitted him. Nere had been particularly kind to him, giving him money and helping him in every way that was in his power. Well, after we had fared with hearty relish—as only men in that life can—we tapped the beer and laid around the open fire of Rocky Mountain pine, each one smoking a briar wood and supremely happy. Nere was bright and particularly entertaing, and in fact all vied with each other to make the evening pleasant. Many were the yarns spun of actual life experience, and tales of "Merry England" numerous. How vividly the roughness of our ranche life shone out as we brought from our memory's store incidents of home, for with those incidents the dear faces of the loved ones loomed up in the far distance, and as the fire now and then blazed up each shadow was a picture or was a scene never to be forgotten. These glowing embers casting flickering bars of gold and vermillion o'er the log hut, tinting the fair Saxon faces of the young men lying around it, whose eyes had that far-off look of the dreamer who cares not to be disturbed, for they had so lapsed into such a quiet, thoughtful mood the cry of the cayote outside was scarcely heard. Price alone sat in his usual way, alone, sullen and moody. The fire had no bright picture of home to him. At last he started up and said: "Is this your idea of a good evening, to sit brooding there conjuring up mirages in a smoky fireplace?" Never in all my life did his voice sound so harsh and grate more on my ear. However, we all laughed and proposed a game of whist. Price said, "D—n whist—play poker; we are in America now—let's play their game. We all consented, and after clearing up our rough deal table sat down to play." The stakes were small, only enough to make the game interesting.

We had probably played an hour or more, Price winning all the big pots. Suddenly one of the party grabbed Price by the neck and in a moment had thrown him from his seat on the floor. We all sprang up and inquired what the row was. Lansdowne answered, "The bloody beast has been cheating all through the game," and sure enough there were several cards that Price had concealed. It broke up the game, of course. Price arose from the floor and muttered, "I'll be even with you, d—n you." Nere was more incensed than anyone else, as he had often protected Price's character from those who said he was not square. He said: "Price, if it were not midnight I would turn you out of this cabin; I would rather you had slapped me in the face than cheated at cards, for then I could have fought with you, but now, even if you would fight, (which I don't believe you would) I would not soil my hands on you; but every one shall know before I leave Colorado that you are a swindler and a coward." Price did not say one word, but there was a sinister look in his eye that gave his usually devilish face a more wicked look. This thing threw a gloom over the evening, but there was to be a deeper shadow than that before the morning broke. We had gotten off into conversation again, however, when Price arose from his stool and walked out. There were several surmises as to the cause of his exit. I said, "I wouldn't be surprised if he has started for Colorado Springs (a distance of 40 miles.) I would if I were in his place." "So would I," said Lansdowne and Nere. "But he has not got the nerve," said another. We all laughed at this and then Lansdowne said: "D—n his bloody eyes, I could hardly keep from kicking him." Just at this moment the door opened and Price said: "I say, Nere, let me see you a moment." Nere got up and going to the door stood on the threshhold with his arms braced against the side, and leaned out into the darkness and said, "Where the devil are you?" "Here," said Price with a sort of yell; and with that Nere loosed his hold and staggered back into the room with the fatal machete buried in his breast an inch above the heart. He reeled and said, "My God, he has killed me." We sprang to catch him, while Lansdowne rushed out into the night after Price. We had scarcely laid Nere on the snowy sheepskin, which in a moment was dyed with his life-blood, that a struggle was heard outside. I sprang to assist Lansdowne, for I knew it must be he. I found them both on the ground, Lansdowne above, with his fingers clutched like a vice on Price's throat. I with difficulty forced his hand off, and when I did drag it off the skin and flesh came with it. Price was nearly suffocated. We dragged him in the cabin and bound him hand and foot with several rawhide *riatos*, and went to the assistance of those who were endeavoring to stop the flow of blood that was pouring from the wound in Nere's breast. As I came up to where he was lying, he put out his hand and said: "S——, old, fellow, I believe in dreams now. I will follow my brothers." Then, generous to the last, he inquired: "What will you do with Price?" "Lynch him," said Lansdowne, "as soon as daylight." Nere said, "Tom, I ask you not to do this; let the law take its course." Tom begged him not to ask it, but Nere insisted we should promise this. So we did, though with reluctance.

We sat by him bathing the wound and watching the life-blood ooze and ooze through the lint with which we had bound the gash. Nere said: "Those were not dreams, old fellow, that I saw in the fire. I was thinking of my mother's dream all the while, but they were life pictures." As we sat by, his ruddy English face paler than ever I saw it, his golden hair lying across my knee, I felt that I loved the boy more than e'er I knew, and the heavy tears welled up in my eyes and dropped upon his face. His eyes opened and he said: "Never mind, boys, don't take it so hard, it is destiny; bury me somewhere near the town, where you can see my grave sometimes—that's all; I know you will write home for me; divide my things among you; now every one kiss me." We all knelt over him, we ranchmen, who lived a life little above the savage, and kissed his cheek, and tear after tear fell upon his now cold face. He opened his eyes once more and said: "It is good to die, boys, when one is—loved so much. Don't—lynch—Price—good-bye." He never spoke again, but as the glowing fire died and the fatal night waned into morn that noble and generous spirit passed into a golden morn forgiving and loving all men. We remained motionless around him for a long time, no one feeling as if he could disturb the fearful quiet. At last Lansdowne, in a broken voice, said, "Let us pray;" and we all—many of us probably had not said a prayer since we lisped it at our mother's knee—sank upon our knees and muttered a prayer that was heartfelt if not eloquent. Now what of Price? He lay in the corner with his eyes shut—no sign or look did he give of consciousness; his neck was raw and bleeding, and his wrists and ankles were swollen from the tightness with which the *riato* had been drawn, and his sufferings must have been intense. We picked him up and lashed him on a mustang, and, in charge of ten of the party, sent him on ahead to Carson City, where there was a jail. We placed Nere's body in a wagon, and covering it with a blanket, drove to Colorado Springs.

* * * Any one visiting that place now will see a cross carved from beautiful white limestone, on which is the following inscription:

To the memory of one of God's noblest creatures,
ALIC HARWOOD NERE,
This cross is dedicated by his friends.

Born in Hereford, England, Oct. 19, 1852.
Died in Colorado Territory, by the hand of an assassin, Nov. 10, 1872, in the 21st year of his age.

Let it suffice to say Price was tried, and defended by a lawyer sent out by his folks from home, with the instruction to save his *life only*, which he succeeded in doing. He is serving out a life sentence in the Carson City jail. May God forgive him as Nere did.

UNDER THE SNOW.

And what is under the snow?
The pure and beautiful snow?
Seeds and grass and flowers
Slumber through wintry hours
Under the beautiful snow.

Wealth is under the snow,
Emerald wheat fields glow;
Silver and gold are there,
Rubies and diamonds rare,
Lie deep down under the snow.

Under the beautiful snow,
Dear hearts lie still and low;
God watches above these bowers
Through cold, dark, wintry hours,
And melts with his smile the snow.

We bend down over the snow,
While tears to rainbows grow;
The seed, the grass, the flowers,
Are kissed by sun and showers,
'Till blushes of love do glow.

Soon out from under the snow,
In glorious robes aglow,
Bursting with spring's young flowers,
To ruby and emerald bowers,
Will our lost and loved ones go.

So pure is the beautiful snow,
It is like the streams that flow
Through the saintly land of bliss,
'Mid the valleys of happiness,
Where all the Redeemed shall go.
MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, Jan. 29, 1881.

A Notable Donation.

SPONTANEOUS UPRISING OF "KYSER'S" FRIENDS TO HIS RELIEF.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You are probably not aware of the height and depth or length and breadth of the vast sea of sympathy and benevolence that surges in the heart of some of our townsfolk. It was put to the test on Saturday last. No sooner had the smiling face of the *News* reached our village on the aforesaid day, and the excruciating tale of poor "Kyser's" sufferings been perused, than instantly was born in the noble hearts of sundry Galenaites the irresistible desire to rush to his relief. The poet has truly said, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and you may be sure, after such a harrowing tale of domestic disquietude, of solemn midnight promenades with his adorable sucklin, and of pestiferous mud and measles, that several of us grew wondrous kind. Hadn't we been there, too? Were we going to stand coolly by and see "Kyser's" gray hairs brought down to an untimely grave? He and his darling *heir must* be relieved, or Galena's reputation for philanthropy must needs suffer.

Such being our resolve, therefore, the shades of evening had scarcely gathered ere a committee of relief were hastening to "Kyser's" humble abode. Approaching his lowly residence, where love's dear hand had apparently twined the rose and honeysuckle in fantastic shapes about the porch, (though they may have grown so themselves,) peculiar and uncertain sounds were heard issuing therefrom. These were at once attributed to that irrepressible babe, of whose sonorous "war whoop" Kyser writes so pathetically. Hurriedly opening the door, lo! what a *striking* tableau presented itself! Mrs. Kyser, with slipper uplifted, sat astride the "old arm-chair," and no less a person than poor Kyser himself, of all mortals you would have thought to have seen, was laid face downwards across her knee. Yes, there he was, actually undergoing the *impressing* process he so vividly described in his last letter to the *News*. Hence the ominous sound heard before entering. Quicker than lightning it flashed upon us why he was able to give such life-like and lucid accounts of his maternal connections in those previously *peaceful years*. Wasn't he having frequent wifely reminders? The presence of the committee of relief, of course, rather summarily ended this sweet domestic scene. The committee immediately proceeded to business, said business being the presentation of sundry sweet smelling herbs, curious mixtures, balmy decoctions, tonic medicants, &c., all of which being, according to truthful advertisements, *purely vegetable*, were peculiarly calculated to soothe the mind diseased and minister to tired corporeal nature. Notable among these friendly helpers we noticed that most powerful remedy, *Hiabiscus Consarnanimus*, a soothing surety for the *personal* use of Kyser at that critical moment when the midnight "war whoop" might cause him to look in opposite directions at the same instant. All our standard remedies, such as peppermint, catnip, pennyroyal, (great nervines, you know,) together with lots of other 'yarbs' were sent in to alleviate his sufferings. With the plenteous gift of red pepper, was the injunction, "keep the measles well broken out." The omission to send Kyser any *mustard* was due to the fact that the rubefacient effects of the slipper in the hands of Mrs. Kyser was *all sufficient* as an arterial stimulant. I might dwell much longer on this interesting donation affair, but your readers are doubtless all convinced ere this that Galena is well alive to the urgent needs of any and all its suffering *Kysers*. OBSERVER.

Josh Billings' Proverbs.

"Josh Billings" has published a Cook Book and Pictorial Proverbs as his latest contribution to literature. Freed from their bad spelling, the following are some of his best sayings: The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other. —There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half the time put on hindside before.—Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been. —The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.—There are two kinds of fools in this world—those who can't change their opinions and those who won't.—A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.—Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the fireside only one.—The world is filling up with educated fools, mankind read too much and learn too little.—Every man has his follies; and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

BONNETS grow larger and larger.

Letter from Rock Hall.

This is a lively place, very lively indeed; in fact *too lively*, especially when "the snow makes nice balls," and you are forcibly and impressively made aware of the fact by the repeated thumping of said balls in your own and your—well—friend's back. But as it is only liveliness manifested, you reflect and think how nice it is to be lively. "Hold on there, friend!—give us a ride?" Ah, this is nice. "Going to Edesville?" "That's good. Been taking a sleigh-ride, I suppose?" Oh! "been after a girl to go to a party." We did not like to press the questions on him too much, and so did not find out why "the girl" did not go to the party. But perhaps we will know some day.

Well, here we are at Edesville, this old creation, Forktown. S. Burgess & Bros. having bought the "Old VanLear" store-house (and attached a new dwelling to it) are doing a very good business, and when it comes to keeping a store, Sammy "knows all about that, you know."—Well, he is a kind, good natured fellow, and has one of the best of wives, and his house is a place to have a jolly good time, and many a one we have had there this winter, thanks to their kind hospitality, and it is our heartfelt wish that they live long in happiness and prosperity.

Our friend Harry and his kind wife threw open their doors a short time ago to a few of their many friends, and a more pleasant time it has never been our fortune to have. We are bordering on the hope of repeating the pleasure at some not far distant day. We give our very best wishes for this hospitable couple, bid Edesville adieu, and "mount" the sleigh with our friend for Piney Neck.

We arrived here all safe, and found the store (now conducted by Messrs. Maslin & Strong) well filled by the masculine inhabitants of the place. On making inquiry for E——, one fellow in the midst of a narrative about "'Napolis," stopped and looked at us and then remarked:—"Man, you don't live 'round here, do you?" "Kinder stranger like." Then from different parts of the room: "Must be," "Don't know the rig," "His brain is addled, I guess," "No," "Yes," and about forty similar remarks. At last we asked a fellow what it all meant? He said "a protracted dancing party is now going on, and E—— is one of the leaders." Thought we had heard about them.

These people have prepared (so we were told) a petition to go before the Honorable Board of County Commissioners to allow them (the people) to put a gate across the public road somewhere below the store, as there are persons driving up and down the road all night, and those living near the road can get no sleep.—We believe they propose locking the gate at 10 P. M. If they succeed in this endeavor, Piney Neck will be a good place for a feed stable.

We also learned while there that there is a candidate for the "second term" in the Neck, and that he has the "nomination." But if reports be true he is a candidate for another office as well.
Yours, truly, SYLVANUS.

Talbot and Caroline.

A few days ago Mr. J. F. Turner, Clerk of the Circut Court, and Mr. Geo. M. Russum, of the Denton bar, were both on the up train, and fell to good-humored chaffing and joking each other about their respective counties. Mr. Turner, of course, had a store of good anecdotes appropos of Caroline, and Mr. Russum's armory was equally well supplied with weapons (of yarn they were) which he wielded at Talbot.

Mr. Turner told the following good story of the late Mr. Hignutt, for so many years crier of the Caroline Circuit Court. The story has done good service in the comminglings of the bench and the bar for several years, but it has never I believe, appeared in print:

Mr. Antone de Pasquale, of Easton, was upon one occasion a witness before the Caroline Court. When Mr. Hignutt, who could not then see very well, nor spell very well, came to this (to him unusual) name on his dockets, he commenced on it very slowly, "An-to-ni-o de ——," and after pondering awhile over the rest of it his face lighted up, as he was sure he recognized the name of an old acquaintance, and he bawled out "An-to-ni-o de Lexpascault! come up!"

The laugh ran through the car, but Mr. Russum was ready with the following story of a Talbot county juror at the late Novenber term of court:

"A man from a remote part of the county," said Mr. Russum, "had been drawn as a juror and returned summoned. At the opening of the term he was drawn on the grand jury pannel. But he was not there, and on the second day of the term he was still not heard from. He had once before been drawn and summoned, but failed to come or send an excuse, and so the Court ordered an attachment for him, and the Sheriff brought him into court on the fourth day of the term. Wishing to ascertain what excuse he could possibly have, the Court questioned him:

"Court—'Were you not summoned?' Juror—'Yes, sir.' Court—'Why did you not come?' Juror—'Didn't know I had to come; didn't know when to come, nor where to come to.' Court—'Did you not know where the court-house was?' Juror—'No, sir; didn't know there was a court-house.' Court—'Did you not know where Easton was?' Juror—'No, sir; never was in Easton before in my life.' Court—'Do you know what a summons is?' Juror—'No sir.' 'Do you know what a jury is?' 'No, sir; never saw one. Heard one did go through our place once, but I never saw it.' 'Do you know what a court of justice is?' 'Justice, justice,' said the juror; 'O yes; we've got a justice of the peace down our way. Is it anything like that?'

"And," said Mr. Russum, "the Court then stopped and concluded to"—— but the laugh through the car stopped him from telling what the Court concluded to do with the recusant juror.—*Easton Jour.*

"I don't believe in those secret societies," said one lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other. "Your husband is a Forrester, a Knight of Pythias and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least $10,000 when he dies." "But what good will all that do me," was the tearful response, "when he never dies?" And the poor creature wept.

Letter from Still Pond.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Perhaps there is no place in "Old Kent" of more importance and heard from less than Still Pond.—We, unlike what our name represents us, are anything but *still* at present. The bells that rung such a solemn peal over the corpse of the old year, and the joyous happy chimes for the birth of the new, are ringing in my ear to-night as the sleighs pass and repass with their gallant youths and fair maidens, regardless of the accidents that have befallen some of their friends—such as going through dashboards, sliding off bridges, and turning sleighs over in a way that would frighten such old folks as you and I out of our senses.

We have no less than seven young bachelor farmers almost within sight of our village, not to speak of those who still live under the parental roof, and our gallant clerks, wheelwrights, blacksmiths and widowers; but we wish to speak of this very low, lest we be overrun with girls from other neighborhoods. It is said some have already learned of "the situation," and threaten to pack their satchels and come down determined to convert some of our bachelors into staid married men, *if they can*.

Our girls, most of them being very modest, did not avail themselves of Leap Year, but dame rumor has it that "forty fair ones" are to go off this winter. Time is flying, girls.

Skating has been very fine and freely indulged in by both sexes. Some of the girls skate very well, and, thinking they can compete with the boys, start off for a race; soon we hear the fair damsel exclaim: "O don't, ——, you're real mean." We don't know what she meant, but of course we had our suspicions. A kiss, my fair one, will do you no harm. We have faint recollection of receiving a similar shock in our youth from our —— brother.

You may hear again soon from
Yours, truly, VESPERTILIO.

BETTERTON.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I thought I would write a few lines to your excellent paper, but as 'Babelmandel' generally keeps you pretty well posted about this place there is little left for me to write about.

Babel writes a splendid letter, and it may be a very sensible one too, but I just tell you there is not enough of *common sense* in them for the majority of us fellows around here; therefore, we poor unlearned creatures can do nothing but read and wonder!

Dancing parties seem to be all the rage down here this winter. We have had quite a number of them. Babel didn't tell you about that. How about it?—Perhaps he is not *partial* to dances. If not, then we can account for it. As to my part, I think it would be quite prudent for us to have a litltle extra meeting down here.

Babel says: "The seine needle plies its vocation in our hamlets, but a dollar per pound is hardly enough for the poor widow's patient, toilsome labor." Now I venture to say, if he was a fisherman, he, like the rest of us poor fishermen, would have his seine knit just as cheap as he possibly could—if not cheaper. I would like for him to inform us of something that the widows (or any the rest of us) could do that would pay us better this kind of weather. Babel must remember we have to toil night and day for what little we earn in the Spring.

Some of us are about getting through with our knitting, and we are just delighted to think of it, but the present appearance of our old "laying out" places makes us shudder when we look at them, for they look, oh! so cold, and icy.

Business is somewhat dull around here about now, in fact everything *looks* dull. We must either knit or loaf, and I think the former is the most appropriate for us.
FISHERMAN.

What We Owe to Poor Children.

The world owes some of its richest treasures to those who were deemed unfortunate in youth, and who looked to others at that unsheltered period for pity, protection and help. Our country was discovered by Columbus. He was a hard-worked boy, and often knew the need of sufficient food. We owe our freedom of religion, which has made our institutions what they are, to Luther. The reformer once sung ballads in the street to procure the means of an education. Our advances in science started with Franklin; yet the inventor ate his penny roll in the city of Philadelphia when a lad, and knew what it was to feel all alone in the world. We owe the beginning of our cotton mills to Sir Richard Arkwright. He was the youngest of a poor family of thirteen children, and his father was a barber. Abraham Lincoln ate the bread of hardship in childhood, and went as poorly clad as the humblest child in the streets of any country village to-day. The President-elect of the United States was once a poor, hard-working, friendless boy. The great missionary of the century is Dr. Livingstone. He learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work, and he once said proudly on completing his education, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn." Professor Heyne, one of the greatest scholars that Germany or the world ever produced, was a penniless child. "Want," said he, "was the companion of my childhood. I well remember my mother's distress, when without food for her children. I have seen her on a Saturday evening, weeping and ringing her hands as she returned home, having been unable to sell the goods that my father had made." A kind family helped him in his distress at school, and in so doing honored themselves and their country in a way of which they did not dream. Some forty years ago there lived in one of the country towns of New York a slender little factory-girl. She speaks of her early recollections of "noise and filth, and bleeding hands, sore feet and a very sad heart." She says, "I used often to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and do the washing for the family." She found friends. That girl was Emily Chubbuck Judson. He who protects, assists, educates friendless children, makes the best contribution to the future that human resource can find. He builds himself a monument, not in marble, but in influence. Lips will call him blessed when the moss is filling the letters of his cenotaph. He lives for ends that do not terminate in himself.

Letter from Galena.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have just been indulging in a good, hearty laugh—all to myself. I haven't laughed so much since my baby recovered from the measles. What a joke, Ha, Ha, Ha! Some of my friends had better be sure of their man hereafter. Well, I am going to tell you about it. You know I wrote to you about my baby having the measles; my trouble with it, etc. Well, some sympathizing friends in town, thinking they *knew* "Mr. Kyser," rigged out a nice, great big basket full of articles, which they thought he greatly needed, and sent them to his home—the home of a young man down the street! Messrs. Editors, that young man hasn't seen *his* baby yet. I don't suppose he ever thinks about one. If he has a *wife*, no one in Galena knows it!

But the basket:—when that young man dove down into the depths of that basket, he pulled out things that he had never heard of before. First, came a bottle of Soothing Syrup to be administered just before the war whoop; then came Paregoric, Squills, Coal Oil, Catnip, Lavender, Pepper-mint, Hoarhound, Peneroial, Peppers, Hops for pillows, etc.—The names of quite a number of things I have forgotten. Some "Hiabiscus Consamanimus" was sent for his *own* use. This was to be used only in moments of extreme peril, as—just before the three o'clock promenade, to prevent the evil effects of said exercise.—Directions for preparing:—Put on in 1qt. of boiling water. Let it simmer slowly until reduced to 1pt. Add three ounces of "Silvaetanareae." Take one quarter drop for dose. Gentleman, it took that young man about two hours to untie all of the bundles. Poor fellow, I'll bet he could have bitten a ten-penny nail in two about that time. When he could control himself, he simply packed the things back into the basket with his foot and then *feinted*. He is better now and I have understood he has saved the donation for future use.

Who sent it, do I hear you ask? Well, he don't know but thinks it is some one who understands taking care of babies better than he. I heard say a few days since that if he had to carry one around, he'd carry it on a shingle or the end of a cow-hide. Darned if I don't pity the baby that will have to call *him* "pap." He is green; he don't know what it is to have "the old woman" comb your hair with a stool, or pick your teeth with a poker. Wait until he gets one of them dear little wives, and hears a "still small voice" yell out about midnight, "Frankie, crawl out and give the baby a teaspoonful of paregoric." Gentlemen, I'll bet he'll crawl. Crawl, that will be no name for it; he'll pop out like the cork out of a beer-bottle. I used to talk just like *him* when I was young. Now, it is different; when my old woman says—"Old fel, you git up and make the fire"—I git, I do, and never say a word. His case might be different, but I doubt it; and if he will take my advice, he'll never marry a girl with false teeth and a wig: marry *none*, and he'll never be troubled with a baby.

Glass-ball shooting was the rage before the last snow. We have some crack shots in Galena—some can hit the side of a barn "two-best-out-of-three." At one of the "matches" a few days since, after our friend "Bun" had planted a "No. 14," into the basket of balls, the contestants found that they did not have enough globes left to finish the shooting. Bun should have about 6 pounds of those feet sliced off.

Those "sweet little dears" who attend the "menagerie" on Sunday nights, should respect its religion or stay at home. Such disrespect sometimes costs ten dollars.

"Say, Sissy, how's that valentine?"
Give my love to the cook.
Most truly, KYSER.

COMPARISONS OF FARM PRICES.

It is interesting, as a mere matter of curiosity, to look over the prices of farm produce for a series of years, but it is of much greater interest to the student of financial science. The prices given are the average prices in New York city for the month of January in each year. The ruling figure in New York for grain ranges two or three cents higher than in Baltimore:

	Corn, bus.	Wheat, bus.	Oats, bus.	Hams
1825	42	1 01	27½	9½
1826	74	90	45½	9½
1827	75	93	56	10½
1828	57	1 15	34