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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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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.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at 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.

C. H. J. SPARKS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN and COAL,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
a23-tf.

T. J. MWcHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,

DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL

LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted

for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;

J. J. Turner & Co.'s

FERTILIZERS,

which are the best in the market.

They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. MCWHORTER,
y 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

AND

FERTILIZERS,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED

McCORMICK SELF BINDER

And IRON MOWER,

The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
aug6. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

T. L. SUTLIFF,

Real Estate Agent

AND CONVEYANCER,

CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S CO., MD.
jy23-6m.*

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

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, fire-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.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the

CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.

is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)

Agricultural Lime,

in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.

Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,

19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

GLASSWARE, Lamps and Fixtures of all kinds, we are headquarters for and our prices cannot fail to give satisfaction to all.

SPARKS,
aug6. opp. Court House

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

VILLAGE LOTS.

UNDER and by virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY,

The 23d of November, 1881

at 11 o'clock A. M., in front of B. B. Adkinson's Store, in the village of Edesville, Fifth Ection District of Kent county, State of Maryland,

THE LOT

or PARCEL OF LAND in said village, containing

5 ACRES and 16 Perches of Land,

more or less, which is known as

THE HODGES PROPERTY.

THE IMPROVEMENTS on this lot are a

Frame Dwelling

with a STORE ROOM and KITCHEN attached, and out-buildings in fair condition. The situation is desirable, having good business facilities and convenient to churches, schools, &c.

It has been accurately surveyed and divided into

SEVEN LOTS,

a plot of which will be exhibited at the sale. The property will be sold as a whole or in parcels as may be found most desirable.

TERMS OF SALE.

The decree prescribes the following terms of sale:—One-fourth of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof at trustee's option; the balance in two equal instalments of six and twelve months from the day of sale. The whole purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale, and be secured by bond or note with surety or sureties approved by trustee.

R. HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Oct. 29, 1881—ts.

New Arrival Fall Goods!

LOWEST PRICES!

We have just opened a large general stock of goods suitable for the FALL and WINTER season, and respectfully invite buyers to inspect our goods and prices before purchasing.

DRY GOODS.

DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, KERSEYS, MUSLINS, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Shawls, Skirts, Nubias, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, FINE BOOTS, Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes, in great variety.

HATS and CAPS!

Newest Styles! Lowest Prices!

CARPETS and Oil Cloths,

Woodenware and Queensware,

Groceries: Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices. Tobacco, &c.

We will give you good values, and WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 15, 1881.

SPARKS,

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

Largest Stock,

Most Beautiful Styles,

Greater Variety,

and Lowest Prices

—FOR—

Lamps and Fixtures

in Kent County!

LOOK FOR THE PLACE:

SPARKS',

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Oct. 29, 1881.

J. W. PERKINS,

LYNCH'S, MD.,

HAVING laid in a *LARGE STOCK OF GOODS* in the following lines, respectfully request my friends to inspect the same:

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Notions, Hardware,

Queensware, Tinware,

Willow-ware, Boots & Shoes,

Fish by the bbl., ½ bbl. and ¼ bbl., or kit; also, Horse Collars, Bridles, Lines, Traces and Halters, all at the

Lowest City Prices!

Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.

J. W. PERKINS,
March 19, 1881. LYNCH'S.

Take Notice.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

Wool, Calves, Chickens, Eggs, &c.

I can be found at Thompson's Granary or at the store of W. H. Lambert & Co., Chestertown.

my14-tf. WM. H. HAMILTON.

SALE OF

HOUSE and LOT.

BY virtue of competent authority, the undersigned, as Agent, will offer at PUBLIC SALE to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY,

The 30th November, 1881,

at 12 o'clock M., at the Hotel of W. H. Pennington, in Galena, Kent county, Md., all that

HOUSE AND LOT

in Galena, formerly belonging to Mrs. Alice R. Nowland. This Lot is well situated in the pleasantest and most eligible part of the village, upon the street leading to Georgetown, and adjoining the property of Jas. S. Willson and others.

IT CONTAINS 3 ROODS, 30 PERCHES, and 78 SQUARE YARDS of LAND, more or less, and is improved by a

Good Frame Dwelling,

in fair repair, and of ample size for an ordinary family. There is also a STABLE on the premises.

The situation is one of the best in the village, and the lot is large and valuable.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

One-fourth cash on the day of sale, and the residue in three equal instalments in one, two, and three years, with interest from date, secured by bond of purchaser with approved security.—Possession given at once.

EDWIN H. BROWN,
AGENT.

JAMES H. COSTIN, Auctioneer.
Nov. 5, 1881—ts.

Look to Your Interest.

NURSERY STOCK.

GENERAL ASSORTMENT.

APPLES, PEACHES, PEARS, PLUMS, Shropshire DAMSON, Apricots, Nectarines, Cherries, Grapes, Gooseberries, Currants, Quince, Raspberries, Rhubarb, Strawberries, Osage Quicks, Asparagus, Blackberries,

Ornamental Stock and Evergreens,

ROSES, &c., &c.

Send to C. E. JARRELL, Hillsboro', Caroline county, Md., for his varieties and prices.

sep17-2m.* C. E. JARRELL, Prop'r.

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF

—COOK—

AND

Heating Stoves

AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove

which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves

for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,

AND

New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.

Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the

Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE

for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,

Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station in Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Piddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quick Lime

for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.

oc15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

EDITORS KENT NEWS:—Will you please find a space for the enclosed lines selected as a token of the deepest sympathy the human heart can feel for my much loved and sorely afflicted friend, Mrs. Harriet M. Usilton, deeming them to be the true sentiment of her submissive heart.

Orangeville, Ill. MAGGIE A. LOGAN.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest
In hush of sweet submission
On Thy dear breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That Thou, my Good Physician
Art working still;
That all Thine own good purpose
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift;
And true, though tremulous praises,
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But thou dost hear.
The whisper from the pillow—
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

The following lines are also submitted as a tender tribute to the memory of Mrs. SALLIE M. BIDDLE, as they must have been her own sentiment, for when dying she sung so touchingly "Jesus lover of my soul." Green be the memory of her name. M. A. L.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Than all others far more dear!
Faithful, though I faithless be,
Ever nigh my heart to cheer.
"Let me to thy bosom fly,"
Lover faithful, lover true;
For the woes of life oppress
And the cup is held anew.

"While the nearer waters roll,"
Close to where my feet are led,
When the spray is o'er me dashed,
And the waters cold I tread,
With thy presence near to guide,
Naught can harm my trusting soul;
True to me, whate'er betide,
As the needle to the pole.

"While the tempest still is high,"
Save me from its wasting power;
Human aid cannot avail
In this agonizing hour:
Thou alone canst whisper "Peace!"
All its wrath to thee is naught;
Still the tempest with that word
Which with heavenly calm is fraught.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,"
In thine arms outstretched to me!
Safety, peace, and rest are there,
Mine to share eternally.
Foes surround me with their darts,
Gladly would they pierce and kill;
But to thee, blest Saviour, Friend,
I am clinging, clinging still.

"Till the storm of life is past,"
And its fury ne'er shall cease
Till my soul is anchored fast
In the port of lasting peace.
Safe from ill I cannot be
While a pilgrim here I roam,
Only on the blessed shore
Shall I find a blessed home.

"Safe into thy haven guide,"
Jesus, now my soul would sing;
Every other wish aside
Gladly, joyfully would fling.
This of every wish the best;
Safe from peril, shipwreck, loss;
Every doubt and fear o'erthrown,
Clinging to thy saving cross!

"O, receive my soul at last,"
Glorious end of care and strife,
Endless rest for weary feet
In the land of newborn life!
O, to be received by thee,
Jesus, Lover, Saviour, Friend!
This my bliss in Heaven shall be,
Without measure without end.

JONES' HOUSEKEEPING.

"Don't tell me anything about it, Maria," said Mr. Jones. "I think I have stated the case clearly. A good mistress makes a good servant; and if you give your orders to Nora—well, say as I give mine to my clerk, all would go on as it should. Try being very reasonable and very kind, yet very positive. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Maria, but I could manage this house and see that the little bit of cooking, and all the dusting and sweeping, and trifling of that sort, was properly done without stirring from my seat in the parlor. We live very plainly, and really this talk about housekeeping is absurd."

"But Albert, my dear," said Maria, "you don't understand. I merely mentioned that mutton roast must never be sent to the table rare, and she—"

"There, there, Maria," said Mr. Jones. "I don't want to offend you, but it's all your want of calmness. Now I must run. I'd no idea it was so late. But if you'd only take my plan, Nora would give you no trouble whatever."

Mrs. Jones said no more, but she kissed her husband good morning with a look in her eye that meant something; and when Mr. Jones came home at night he found his wife with a handkerchief about her forehead lying on the sofa. She had a terrible headache, and, moreover, it was no better in the morning.

"And if you can stay at home, dear," said Mrs. Jones, "I'll be so thankful."

"Very well, my dear, I can stay and I will," said the husband, "and perhaps I had better go for the doctor."

"No," said Mrs. Jones; "nothing ails me but a headache, but it's not possible for me to attend to anything. So now, love, you can show me how Nora should be managed."

"I think I can," said Mr. Jones; "I think I can, Maria. "What will you have for breakfast now?"

"Oh, nothing but toast and tea," said Maria; "and there's steak in the house, you know, and eggs, and you must give out the coffee."

Mr. Jones nodded and rang the bell. There was no answer.

"I suppose Nora is not up yet," said Mrs. Jones; "I generally wake her."

"I should never think of waking my clerk," said Jones. "Nora should be taught to rise at a proper hour to begin her daily duties. However, I'll rap at her door."

Having climbed the stairs for this purpose, he succeeded at last in producing from the interior of Nora's apartment a loud—

"Lord, save us, is the house afire, mum, that you're batin in the door?"

"The house is not on fire," replied Mr. Jones, with dignity, "but it's time that you were up. In the future rise at seven without being called."

"Did I ever hear the like?" retorted Nora. "Do you think a gurl is an owl to slape with one eye open."

"I have given my orders, Nora," said he, gravely.

"Then I'll take none from you, sir,' said Nora.

However, shortly after she came flapping down stairs in her morning slippers and was heard splitting wood in the kitchen, whereupon Jones again rang the bell. This performance producing no effect he rang it six times in succession, and, at last, growing hot with indignation, bounced down stairs.

"Did you hear me ring the bell, Nora?" he asked.

"I did; and I was wonderin' if you found it amusin'," replied Nora.

"I rang for you," said Jones

"Ye'll ring long," said Nora. "Keep a second gurl ef you want bells answered; and what's happened to the Missus that she sends you after me?"

"Mrs. Jones is not well."

"I'm sorry, then," said Nora, "for she's a dacent behaved lady, and that's more'n I can say of some others."

This remark was personal, but Mr. Jones pretended not to notice it.

"Mrs. Jones will have tea and toast," he said, "and I will have coffee, steak and some eggs."

"For the same breakfast?" asked Nora.

"Yes."

"Ye'll take the same tea as she does, then," said Nora.

"No; I will take coffee."

"Ye'll not get it. I've never made tay and coffee for the wun breakfast for any wun, and I'll not begin."

"I will have coffee, Nora," said Mr. Jones, calmly, and he proceeded to unlock the pantry door and produce coffee sufficient for breakfasting a regiment; then he walked calmly up stairs and waited. Hours rolled on; nothing came into the dining-room but smoke; Jones knew too much to ring the bell this time; he went down stairs and penetrated the clouds of smoke that filled the kitchen.

"Is breakfast almost ready, Nora?" he inquired.

"Sora a happorth!" said Nora. "The fire won't light."

"It's this damper," said Jones; "it's pushed the wrong way."

And he altered it.

"I've not lived out for twenty years," said Nora, "to be learnt how about a fire by a man."

"Very well; it's as I say. Breakfast in fifteen minutes, Nora."

"Hearken to him," said Nora, through the smoke.

Mr. Jones retreated. An hour afterwards breakfast was served—the steak a cinder, poor Mrs. Jones' tea flavorless warm water, no coffee whatever, and the eggs too soft to be eaten. As for the toast it was scorched in black bars, and had been done on the gridiron on which fish had been broiled.

"You see," said Mrs. Jones, "I always see to things a great deal. I suppose you couldn't, dear."

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, I think Nora must have a peculiar character. I have not yet found the key to it. I must be more decided, I suppose. I'm sorry your tea and toast don't relish. I'll see that you have something better soon. Do you know, I believe the military style of command is best. I'll adopt it. Since Nora was not engaged to answer the bell I must call, I suppose. Nora!"

Nora appeared.

"Clear away," cried Jones.

Nora put her arms akimbo.

"Clear away," said Mr. Jones, as an officer might cry, "Shoulder arms."

"What?" said Nora.

"Remove breakfast things!" bellowed Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones retired to the sofa and shut her eyes.

Nora walked out of the room with a grin of decision. Jones followed her out.

"Remove the breakfast things," he said again.

"If you mane clear the table," said Nora, "I'll do it when I'm ready. There's a dale to do yet before that time comes."

Jones retreated. His wife watched him as he re-entered, with eyes that were very bright for one with a headache.

"Maria," said he, "I suppose you had rather give orders about airing bed-rooms and so on eh?"

"Oh, no. I leave it all to you."

She shut her eyes again. Mr. Jones read the paper. About an hour elapsed, when Nora came up to clear the table. Thereupon he tried his military system upon her again.

"Neatly arrange the whole house," said he.

"The like o' that," said Nora, as she marched out of the room.

Jones followed.

"Did you hear my command to you?" he inquired.

"You get out of my kitchen," commanded Nora. "I'll take no more orders from you."

Thereupon Nora threw a dishcloth at him, and he, naturally infuriated, threw it towards her again, whereupon Nora at once tied up her eye in a large pocket handkerchief and vanished through the open door.

Poor Mrs. Jones! Her headache would never have lasted so long had she known what the result of her husband's method would be. She had expected a little fun, but not quite this.

Nora, who knew only too well how such things were managed there, made a "charge" against her cruel master for assaulting her. Not only had Mr. Jones to pay a fine and receive a reprimand, but he was published over the length and breadth of the land, name and residence in full, as one of the greatest brutes living. In some papers he had beaten his servant girl with a poker. In every case she was represented as innocent in grief, and he as a ruffian. For the next week he spent his time in contradictions to the papers, from which Mrs. Jones, in floods of remorseful tears, cut the paragraphs concerning him.

But he never boasted of his method with servants again, which, after all, must have been a comfort to Mrs. Jones.

THE world is much indebted to Dr. Agnew for a startling piece of expected information. He says: "Garfield's death was inevitable, sooner or later." With the exception of Sammy Tilden and Gov. ——, that's the fix we are all in.

MRS. BROWN SMITH.

"Well, my dear, really some retrenchment must be made, you know. When a man finds his income reduced five and twenty per cent. and he's been living up to it, and something over, why there's only one way of it the expenses must come down. The—expenses—must—come—down." And Mr. Brown Smith emphasized each word of the last sentence by thrusting his hands deeper and deeper into his trowsers pockets, without meeting with any serious obstruction.

"Well, my love, I really don't know where the retrenchment is to begin. The household expenses are already upon about as low a level as is in any way consistant with decent respectability. There's the Mugginses"——

"Oh, bother the Mugginses!"

"Of course. It is quite impossible to make a comparison, or even a remark, without being met with some soft expletive or another." And Mrs. Brown Smith, who prided herself upon the correctness of her direction, and never allowed herself to be surprised in cutting a sentence short, or not properly rounding it, runs her hands down her smooth morning-dress, and arranges the rings upon her well preserved fingers.

"Well, but look here, my love, surely something might be done. There's Mary, I've often thought it's been more than we could to keep a couple of servants; and besides, Edith's getting a big girl now, and ought to be useful."

"Useful! Well, if you have no objection to seeing your child doing menial work, I have. Rather than she should be obliged to do the work of a scullery-maid, I—I should do it myself." Mrs. Brown Smith didn't look much like doing it; but Mr. Brown Smith didn't say so.

"Oh, that's out of the question. I don't see the necessity of her doing the scullery work; but she might help a bit in the kitchen, and she might make herself useful about the house."

"Will you be good enough, my dear, to be a little more precise. Kitchen work may mean anything, from cooking a dinner to cleaning out a sink; and as to helping up stairs she does that already. She always assists me to dust the drawing and dining rooms and arrange the furniture."

"Well, that's not a very heavy job. If you wouldn't mind—if you think you could manage it without assistance, it would leave her free to help in other ways; don't you see?"

Mrs. Brown Smith looked remarkably hard at her husband, and said: "But in what other ways?"

"Well, she might help to make the beds, and see to the preparation for dinner—potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on." And Brown Smith waved his hands about, being rather at a loss for powers of description.

"Potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, so on. Well, I suppose it is quite impossible to make a man understand the work of a house—quite impossible. But at least there is one thing I should have thought you would not have failed to recollect. You know the cook's temper. Do you suppose she would allow Edith to interfere with her? Why, I don't suppose she would allow me." Mrs. Brown Smith omitted to say that she had no intention of making the attempt.

"Well, I think you are wrong there. I have a somewhat different opinion of Sarah. She has been with us some time, and I believe the best plan would be to take her into our confidence—of course, only a certain extent——"

"Really, William, if you have so little regard for what is due to yourself and me as to think seriously of intrusting a servant with a statement of your pecuniary position, I think it is quite time we do without servants altogether. The Mugginses"—

"Oh, good gracious! Here's my 'bus. Good-bye, my dear; good-bye, girls." And Mr. Brown Smith shouts up stairs to his daughter, and rushes out of the house, and mounts to his accustomed seat upon the knifeboard of that social police van which takes so many of us every morning to the treadmill of our daily lives.

Mrs. Brown Smith watches the omnibus out of sight, arranges the damask window curtains, looks well over the india-rubber plant, and comes back to the fireside. She shakes up the cushions of her own peculiar chair, settles herself comfortably down into it, crosses a pair of very well-shaped and very well-slippered feet upon the fender, and rings the bell. "You can take away the breakfast things, Mary. Are the young ladies ready for school?"

"Very nigh, mum. They've put their hats on."

"Where is Miss Edy?"

"She's in the garden a cutting the grass."

"Has she got her gloves on?"

"Yes, mum."

"Tell her I shall go up to dress in about an hour. We had better start before twelve. Has the man brought the paper?"

"Here it is mum."

Mrs. Brown Smith takes it, gives herself an extra setting down, and opens her paper. The immortal Sam Weller, when he ordered that the memorable pint of porter and the newspaper, turned at once to the police intelligence. Mrs. Brown Smith was the very antipodes of Sam Weller, and yet she began at the law reports and that is the next door to it. She soon become interested, so much so that it was a rather vacant kind of kiss that she gave her two girls who came in to say good-bye before starting for school. I am not going to tell you what Mrs. Brown Smith was so much interested in—whether it was the cape war or the Afghanistan campaign, or a Royal marriage, or—never mind what it was; it wasn't the leading article. The hands upon the mantle piece clock turned round to half-past eleven, when she is interrupted by a good sized, almost done-growing—what a terrible description of a young lady—counterpart of herself, who makes her appearance in a pair of garden-gloves and a good deal of grass about her, and wants to know if mamma isn't going to get ready.

"Of course, my love. I had no idea it was so late; but a little extra exertion will soon rectify that."

Mrs. Brown Smith makes it and her toilet at the same time; and if she is a very personable-looking woman in her morning wrapper, she is really a very good-looking one in her walking dress. It is all very well to talk, but the difference between a well dressed woman and shabbily dressed one is no joke to get over by those æsthetic people who will have it that a woman's charms are not enhanced by her clothes, which is not the least of the mistakes made by æsthetic people. She is at the street door, and Mary is standing ready with her mistress' umbrella upon one side, and Miss Edith with her bag upon the other, when a good-looking, although rather grimy, face appears at the top of the staircase leading to the lower regions of the house.

"About the dinner, please, mum?"

"Oh, of course, Sarah. Really, it had almost escaped my memory. Let me see. What have we in the house? We had veal for dinner, I think, yesterday?"

"Yes, mamma," said her daughter, "and bacon."

"Exactly. Cold veal is rather insipid."

"Better mince it, I think, mum," said the servant.

"I think so, Sarah. And if you can get a bit of fish—Mr. Brown Smith is so fond of fish—and a tart."

"What fish, mum?"

"Oh, anything, I really don't care. I seldom eat it. Mackeral, or soles, or"—

"Mackeral is out of season, and the man says soles is scarce."

"Well, anything that may happen to be plentiful, and——"

"Boiled whiting and parsley sauce?"

"I think so, Sarah. Yes; that will do nicely."

"Anything in the way of a marmalade tart, mum?"

"Yes; I think so. The children are fond of marmalade tart."

And Mrs. Brown Smith having thus ordered the principal meal of the day, and arranged its details, starts upon a couple of morning calls. The quiet of the house is only interrupted by occasional murmurs from the kitchen, and the going up and down stairs of pails and water cans. The baker comes, the butcher comes, and the green-grocer, and the tax-gather; and the girls come home to their early dinner; and at last Mrs. Brown Smith and Miss Edith. Mrs. Brown Smith makes at once for her own particular chair, into which she sinks with a sigh of relief. "Really, I think those trams are almost more fatiguing than walking. Have you the parcels quite safe, Edith?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I wish you would unbutton my boots for me, and take my bonnet up stairs. And before you go, Edy, just take my keys, and give me a glass of sherry, my love, will you? I feel quite faint."

Mrs. Brown Smith had her glass of sherry and a biscuit, which appeared to revive her considerably. After half an hour's rest, she washes her hands, makes some slight alteration in her dress, and again seeks the haven of her faithful chair. The bell is rung, and one of her daughters dispatched, to make inquiries about dinner, and she superintends without getting up, the arrangement of the table. Six o'clock comes, and Mr. Brown Smith's well known knock. His daughters run to open the door, and there is that pleasant five minutes of domestic intercourse which has furnished a theme for so many pictures both in words and colors.

The dinner is served and Mrs. Brown Smith—who has launched heartily at a pastrycook's manages to eat a very good meal, and to look very pleasant over it. Her work for the day is done. If Mr. Brown Smith is agreeable and conversational, willing to discuss the domestic economy of their friends and neighbors, Mrs. Brown Smith will be to the fore; and if, on the other hand, Mr. Brown Smith is distrait and not communicative, why, then, there is always some music, or the girls, or a novel to fall back upon. Mr. Brown Smith is equal to either fortune. If Mrs. Brown Smith succeeds in squaring the circle, why then the even tenor of Mrs. Brown Smith's way will not be interfered with. She will go on rounding her sentences and her finger-nails until the natural end comes. But if Mr. Brown Smith fails to square the circle—and it is a difficult operation—why, then—well, then, perhaps, who knows? Mrs. Smith Brown may develop some of the virtues which lie in the hearts of most women, hidden, dwarfed, and stultified as they too often are by the action or want of action of their purposeless lives. She may learn the lesson of self-denial and of duty from adversity, and become a wiser woman and a worthier wife. It is the better history of many human souls.

Brother Gardener on "Stuff."

"De udder Sunday afternoon," said the old man, as he gave a tug at his shirt collar, "I stopped to look over a collection of stuff in de street. Dar was a heap of old chair, two ole stoves, two or free lounges, a broken bedstead, two ole mattresses, an' I doan know what else. De stuff spread ober a quarter of an acre of ground, an' yit de hull pile wasn't wuff 15 cents. I turned from de yard to de world aroun' me an' I foun' de same result. Dar am heaps of people spread ober a vast 'mount ob territory who are but rubbish to de res' ob de world. Dey occupy ground dat am wanted for better use. Dey consume time, an' room which belongs to better men. De man wid his hands in his pockets is rubbish for good men to stumble over ober. De man who sits on a dry goods box am an ash heap in life's highway. De drunkard am an alley full ob blind ditches. Take de world as you fin' it an' one-half ob de people in it seem to have come alone jist to fill up an' keep de weeds down. We don't want any rubbish in dis club. We doan' want members to hold de chairs down. We doan' want members simply to fill up wid. Uncle Dave Crane war axin' me to present his name, an' I had to smile. He began life fifty years ago wid a dog an' wheelbarrow, an' he's nebber seen de day dat he had two dogs an' a wheelbarrow. He stood an' stood, an' sot, an' he's had no mo' to do wid runnin' de world den a gate post. Trustee Hornback wor also sayin' dat he'd like to jine us. You've all seen him. He sticks boaf hands down in his pockets, an' walks along wid his head down an' his back humped up. He eats an' sleeps an' moves about, but he's a hitchin' post. Be keerful whom you recommend, an' be twice as keerful whom you vote in. No man who carries his hands in his pockets kin keep pace wid de world."

LETTER FROM "OLD VIRGINIA."

OLD CHURCH, HANOVER CO., VA.,
Nov. 10, 1881.

Editors of Kent News—Dear Sirs: Flattering myself that there are some among your readers who will be pleased to hear from me, even through the columns of a newspaper, I indulge the disposition which has this evening come over me to pen you this letter from "Old Virginia." A few short weeks ago I came here (at the hearty invitation of some who through some mysterious influence had taken a fancy to me) to make this county my permanent home. I have thought that some account of the country and habits of the people here would not be uninteresting to the people of Kent.

If you will take your map and look at it well, you will see how this county lies right in the track over which the armies of McClellan and Grant had to pass in their efforts to reach Richmond, during the late "unpleasantness" which existed between the North and the South. Some of the hardest fought battles of that bloody issue were fought within a few miles of where I now sit, and the road that passes within a few yards of my door was a thoroughfare for both Northern and Southern soldiers, as first one and then another held possession of this region. In consequence of this whole section having been so thoroughly trodden over during the war, by both friend and foe, it was so completely prostrated that it has not yet recovered, and it will be long, long years before the prosperity of antebellum times is regained. There was scarcely a pannel of fence left, and the people were so greatly impoverished that but few have been able even yet to fence in their property. You may ride for miles, even now, along the public roads with nothing to separate you from the open fields but the grown-up hedges where the fences formerly ran. These naturally give the country a very neglected appearance. The plantations are so large that, under the present system of labor, the owners, in a majority of cases, are only able to cultivate the rich bottom lands along the creeks and larger streams, the hill-sides and poorer lands being left to sage and pine, which is indigenous to the country. The average size of farms here seems to be from eight hundred to a thousand acres. There are some that are many times larger. One gentleman that I know of has a farm of thirty-five hundred acres in one body, fifteen hundred of which he has under cultivation, and finds this so small a patch in which to exercise his fondness for farming that he rents another farm of about three thousand acres. I suppose he cultivates in all about three thousand acres of these two farms, and I must say does it remarkably well, considering the fact that, besides being a farmer, he is a railroad man and a prominent political character. The natural capacities of this country are, I think, very great. The land is easily tilled and susceptible of a high state of cultivation. If the fertilizer men had to depend upon this section for their livelihood, they would soon have to close up business; there is none used and they spurn the idea of using it. Yet the crops here (though to all appearances badly put in, no drills being used, no rollers, and corn planted one way,) will compare most favorably with the crops of Kent. There are valleys here that, with almost every apparent disadvantage, will produce per acre larger crops than the best lands of Kent, with all the fertilizer you may use. There is that here which will one of these days, under a different system, make these valleys almost astonish the country for their fertility. The marl banks are numerous and accessible, and yet not used. I saw some a few days ago which was said to be extremely rich in its fertilizing properties, and the gentleman told me that he could drive right under the bank and heave it in his wagon. There is scarcely a bottom where marl does not abound. In time to come, when it is used, the land must improve. To a Kent man the amount of timber land here would be somewhat of a marvel. It is, however, rapidly disappearing. Steam saw mills are running everywhere. A great deal of the lumber which goes from this section of Virginia is carried to Kent. Turner, at Betterton, has a saw mill in Lancaster county, and Leary, at Grey's Inn, gets his lumber largely from Gloucester and Matthews.

The habits of the people here are somewhat peculiar. There is a great deal of old fogyism about them and an antipathy to anything new. This is indeed "Old Virginia," as was truly remarked to me on my first visit here. In many things they are way behind the times. They are opposed to labor-saving machines. I have not seen a drill, nor anything else that will save labor on a farm, but a self-binding reaper and thresher. What would your farmers think of breaking up clods with hoes and axes, instead of a heavy roller? I have seen that this fall for the first time in my experience. The reason why this antipathy to machinery exists is that in times gone by labor was so abundant that these people did not feel the need of it, nor have they even since the war felt this need until within the last twelve or eighteen months.

Another peculiarity of the country is the little covered market carts which are universally used by the poorer classes. On the road you will rarely meet a larger team than a double family carriage and these little one-horse carts, with the driver walking or crouched down under the cover, which is on bows too low for him to sit erect under. These little carts will go for forty miles to the Richmond market to carry a load that could be almost wheeled on a wheelbarrow, and you never see them move faster than a walk.

Holding as they do to old things you will find among the people here that frank, open hospitality for which Va. in all time has been noted. They are easy in their manners and can talk with a glibness which is somewhat astonishing. They are not so reticent of their feelings as we of the Eastern Shore of Md. are. If anything pleases them they say it does, and if it does not they are equally ready to condemn it, so that you know better where to place them. As a public character it is certainly more pleasant where people tell me when anything has been said to please them, than to go off enjoying it all to themselves, as it were.

I find my letter has grown somewhat formidable in appearance and so bring it

[Concluded on fourth page.]