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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. 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.

THOS. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

WE OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES:

CHAPPELL'S IMPERIAL MANURE,

made expressly for **CORN.** It is put up in 200 lb. bags and is highly recommended by those who have used it as an article especially satisfactory and in excellent condition. This MANURE has been sold in Western Maryland for years, and the increase of sales each year is of itself a guarantee of its value. The Price strongly recommends and those who have used it state positively that

IT PREVENTS CORN FROM FRENCHING.

Samples of this manure can be seen at our HARDWARE STORE.

PRICE $25.00 PER TON

Delivered in Chestertown.

☞Call and Examine it or send for Circulars.

HINES & CLEMENTS,
Adjoining the Bank, CHESTERTOWN.
February 24—tfm.

Sterling P. P. Phosphates!

FOR CORN AND VEGETABLES,
MANUFACTURED BY
CONNELLY & DeFORD.

The results obtained from the use of above brands by so many in this and adjoining counties, and *their* unhesitating endorsements thereof generally, certainly awards to them an excellency, which all those using spring Fertilizer will do well to remember in ordering.

Our many patrons will confer a favor by ordering early as a largely increased trade this spring is already assured, and we desire to be fully prepared to meet the demand. Prompt attention paid to special formula. A full line of KANIT and other Chemicals.

CONNELLY & DeFORD,
March 17, 1883. Chestertown, Maryland.

C. W. KENNARD. H. C. CHASE.

IMPORTANT to FARMERS!

TRADE MARK

INCREASE the YIELD of YOUR LAND by using

C. W. KENNARD & CO.'S
STANDARD PHOSPHATES
For all Spring Crops!

☞ABSOLUTELY PURE and in FIRST CLASS CONDITION.

Your attention is particularly directed to our

PEACH TREE GUANO.

THE BEST ARTICLE of the kind in the market.
Manufactured by C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Chestertown, Maryland.
WAREHOUSE—AT MASSEYS. March 3—s.

Notice HUBBARD'S Important
To Farmers. Announcement

STANDARD BONE — SUPER PHOSPHATE — TRADE MARK

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers of Hubbard's Standard and Extant Bone Superphosphates,
And Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO.

SEE ANALYSIS:

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27, 1883.

Messrs. T. R. Hubbard & Son:—Sample of your Ocean Bird Guano sent me gives the following result:

Moisture Det. at 100	10.40	Alcaline Salts	2.62
Organic matter	13.34	Or total Nitrogen: equal to Ammo.	1.12
Capable of producing Ammo	0.93	Bone phos. of lime available	26.59
Inorganic matter	76.26	Bone phos. of lime undecomposed	13.51
Containing Nitric Acid	0.57	Salts of potash and soda	2.62

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27, 1883.

MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON.—*Dear Sirs:*—Enclosed you will please find result of my analysis of the sample of Ocean Bird Guano which you sent me a few days since. It is my candid opinion that the article represented by this sample must prove a valuable Fertilizer; as stated in my analysis 26.59 per cent. of the Bone Phos. of Lime is soluble in a solution of citrate of ammonia, abnormal temperature, and would be quoted available phosphate, though the physical condition of the undecomposed phosphate justifies me in saying that all of the phosphate is in an available form and ready to act as plant food.

Very truly, yours, G. A. LIEBIG.

☞SAMPLES and PRICES of our O. B. GUANO can be seen at our office, and will be pleased to furnish it to the trade either from Factory at Chestertown or from warehouse, Baltimore. We also call special attention to our GUANO COMPOUND for CORN, in addition to our Standard & Extant Bone Superphosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
March 31, 1883—7t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

CORN FERTILIZER.

THE HOME IMPROVED
In Fine, Dry Condition for Drilling.

Price $25 per Ton

Manufactured and for sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 8, 1883.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

OLD KENT No. 2

I again offer to the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties my

Standard Phosphate
—FOR—
CORN, OATS, VEGETABLES, and FRUITS.

It will prevent Corn from
FRENCHING
And the Worms from Injuring
FRUIT TREES.

Call at my office on Court Street and read the certificates of some of our best Farmers.

"OLD KENT"

has been used now for Five or Six Years with ENTIRE SATISFACTION to those who have used it.

J. W. HINES.
March 10—8t.

The Secret of Successful Farming.

USE
ORCHILLA GUANO!
A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT
Rich in Phosphates and Alkaline Salts.

WOOLDRIDGE, TRAVERSE & CO.,
Importers,
64 Buchanan's Whf., Baltimore.

I have secured the control of this very superior Crop Producer for Kent county and am able to offer it

At IMPORTERS' PRICES.

ORCHILLA is endorsed by the Deer Creek Farmers' Club, of Harford co., Md. It contains but little ammonia, hence is no stimulant. It contains no vitriol—hence gives no encouragement to sour grass. Call on or address the agent for full particulars.

WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's, Md.
☞Crop time given for a satisfactory note. mr3-2m.

Facts! Facts!

I do not propose to be Outstripped in Business!
And OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE REQUESTED
Not to Forget It!

I carry a FULL LINE OF GOODS generally, embracing—
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions,
Beautiful line of HAMBURGS, Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Oil Cloths from 2½ down to 1 yard wide. CARPETS, &c., &c.

I buy goods closely, cautiously, and carefully. In this way, and by looking to my customers' interest—as I am by 14 years' experience in business taught that I *must* do—propose to make it to everybody's interest to come to

PARKS'.

It is a fact, and the people know it too, that I carry one of—if not *the* best—stock of goods in Kent county. The coming season further additions you may expect.

As to SHOES, BOOTS, Tobacco, Coffees, Sugars, Soaps, as well as Dry Goods and Notions, will say that those who undersell us *have got to get up early!*

I am selling a Tobacco for 50c. lb. that can't be beat; a Black Cashmere for 50 & 75c., ladies from the city say is cheap.

ANOTHER FACT—an effort to accommodate is our aim.

☞All kinds trade taken in exchange for goods, and do not limit the *quantity.*

Very truly,
fe24. R. F. PARKS.

Don't You Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,
GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,
Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.

1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.
11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.
Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!
Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.
☞All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.
Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

Is It You

Reader, who said you would like to get such nice fitting Clothing as City people wear, rather than the wholesale goods commonly sold in most stores? This will tell you how to do it. The very large increase in our business the past season allows us to make a still lower scale of Prices than ever before, and you can save enough in buying from us to pay for your trip to our city.

The Garments we sell are manufactured under our personal supervision, upon the premises, thereby securing the best sewed and fitting Clothing ever produced. Our Goods are made for the individual wear of our patrons, and not for wholesaling. We sell them with a positive guarantee; therefore no one runs any risk in buying at our house. We indulge in no kind of show or pretension that can only result in increased prices, but depend on the merits of our Goods and genuine Low Prices to hold and gain patronage.

Upon these statements we invite you to call and look through our immense Stock of New Styles and Fashionable Designs. Any garment not entirely satisfactory will be gladly exchanged or money refunded.

☞*Be sure and first call upon*

C. N. Oehm & Son,
Clothiers of Men, Boys and Children,
230 W. Pratt St.,
THROUGH TO
55 Hanover St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞*CUSTOM DEPARTMENT attached for those who prefer their Clothing made to measure.* mh10.

A New Departure

W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.
Galena, Md.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.

Department No. 1: DRY GOODS, PRINTS, Muslins, Ginghams, Satins, Cashmeres, Lawns White Goods, Flannels, Cottonades, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves—the celebrated Alexandria Kid Glove, warranted. Hamburg Edgings, Corsets; Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Waterproof Gossimer Coats; Satchels, Clocks.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes. SHOES! SHOES! SHOES! for the large and small.

HATS and CAPS, Queensware, Hardware, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy & Staple Groceries.

Depart. No. 2—Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Salt, &c.

Depart. No. 3—Men's and Boys' *READY-MADE CLOTHING.* Men's Suits $5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $18, $20.

Depart. No. 4—(second floor)—*FURNITURE AND BEDDING.* Cottage Suits, Tables, Chairs and Lounges at City Prices.

Depart. No. 5—(second floor)—*CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS.*

We also buy the Sigwalt Singer Pattern Sewing Machine, and sell at less than list prices.

☞We would ask our friends and the public to please call and examine our stock.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.,
Main Street, GALENA, MD.
March 3, 1883.

LUMBER
For the SPRING of 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

Takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

WHITE PINE, VIRGINIA PINE,
and GEORGIA PINE
LUMBER

on the Peninsula, embracing in part—
White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank, "
" " 8-4 "
" " 4-4 Picks & Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weatherb'ing
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft,
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed & und'ssed
" " 4-4 12 inch stk. dressed;
" " Frame Stuff,
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff,
" " Flooring.
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

A large lot of Cypress Fencing to arrive. SHINGLES, LATHS, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, Window Frames, Sash, Mouldings, &c.

☞Specially low price to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

☞*TERMS LIBERAL.*

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.
Feb. 24, 1883. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

To Whom it May Concern:

I AM prepared to furnish at short notice and reasonable rates, all kinds of LUMBER, namely:

Frame, Bridge and Wheelwright
LUMBER,

the last named a specialty. OAK SILLS, Posts and Braces; Oak, Gum and Poplar JOISTS & STUDDING; Sheathing or Shingling LATHS; Red or White Oak BRIDGE LUMBER; Piling, any size or length.

☞Small profits, large sales.
Please call on or address
JAMES COX,
Cox's Station, Queen Anne's co., Md.
☞MERRICKTON P. O. jan20-6m*

FANCY BASKETS, Work Baskets and Satchels, at SPARKS'.

FINE CONFECTIONERY at W. H. LAMBERT'S.

The Esterly
LIGHT DRAFT
Twine Binder.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY IN THE ESTERLY BINDER.

Our Drive-Wheel has a heavy tire, welded and shrunk on. Thousands have been made, and one has never been known to break down.

Our Cutter-Bar is made of angle iron, and the strongest known.

Our Platform Canvas runs close to the sickle, and does not permit the butts of grain to drag on Cutter-Bar.

Our Raising and Lowering Device is more simple than any other known, and more easily operated.

Our Double Truss Brace holds the platform and elevator frames solid, so that it is impossible for them to get out of square.

Our Canvas Adjusters, at each end of the Binder, help to form a good bundle in long or short grain.

Our Three Discharge Arms prevent the dragging of the bundles even in badly tangled grain.

Our Knot-Tying Device has been so simplified that it astonishes even "old binder men," to see how little machinery is necessary to tie a knot.

The Old Plunger Bolt, Tucker Finger and Slack Arm, with all their springs and complicated combinations and adjustments, as used in all other forms of the "Applebee Binder," have been dispensed with by us, and our New Cam and Roller substituted, being much more simple and positive in its operation.

We have succeeded in simplifying the Binder to the extent of taking out Forty-Seven Pieces and putting in their place only Seven Pieces to perform the same work. Thus the Esterly is made a marvel of simplicity and strength.

I am Agent for the above Binder for the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Districts of Kent county, and will have one on exhibition in Chestertown during the April term of Court.

I am also Agent for Kent county, for the ALBANY INDEPENDENT TOOTH SPRING HARROW and the LADOW JOINTED PULVERIZING HARROW.

These Harrows are now on exhibition in Chestertown.

JOEL C. SLAUGHTER.
March 24, 1883—tf.

CARRIAGES!

NEWEST STYLES! BEST MAKE! and LOWEST PRICES!
—AT—
GEORGE E. LAMBERT'S
CHESTERTOWN.

I have ample accommodations and a full supply of the best material on hand for the manufacture of Carriages, and have in my employ the very best workmen to be found anywhere, enabling me to make to order any style of Carriage needed in this section.

I have now in my show rooms as fine a variety of the different styles as can be found in most city establishments, and we guarantee them to be AS GOOD and AS CHEAP.

Among them we may mention

Piano-box Top Buggies,
Brewster & Wilson spring;
Double Spring Phætons,
Jump Seats, Rockaways and Dayton Wagons,

We deal exclusively in Carriages, Dearborns and Express Wagons, and knowing our reputation is at stake, and purposing the permanency of our business establishment here, we have something more at heart than temporary pecuniary advantage. We are determined that our work shall give satisfaction in every respect and therefore do not hesitate to give guarantees in every case.

DAYTONS.—Special attention is called to our Dayton Wagons—the very thing for farmers.

Repairs of all kinds—Smithing, Painting and Trimming—at short notice, at lowest prices.

☞Please give me a call.

GEO. E. LAMBERT,
tjl. opposite M. P. Church, Chestertown.

R. F. BRIGGS & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
T. D. MARSHALL & CO.,
53 W. Fayette St., Baltimore,
Opposite Barnum's.

FINE LEATHER TOP BUGGIES,
At $150, our own make.

Jump Seat Carriages at $150, our own make.
Fair Leather Top BUGGIES at $100.
Leather Top Phætons at $100.
☞Write for cuts or come and see us.
A. W. HAWKS, Manager.
mh31-6m.

LADIES' GAITERS,

Just received and for sale a VERY FINE ASSORTMENT of
LADIES' GAITERS,
of as Good Material, as Nicely Made, and for as Little Money as they can be bought for on the Shore.

JAMES A. SHAW,
march 31. Court st., Chestertown.

Oliver's Plows.
A FULL LINE OF
Plows & Castings
NOW IN STOCK.
W. HEPBRON,
March 24-4t. LYNCH'S, MD.

THE VREY BEST 5c. Cigar in Town at SPARKS'.

TRY our 5c. Segars. They are fine.
J. B. SAPPINGTON.

SKEPTICISM.

Written by the late CAPT. GEO. H. WILLSON, while at school in 1812.

O'er all this scene of Nature's wondrous works,
While in each part some hidden beauty lurks,
Some secret source of wonder and delight,
Some charm that bursts resistless on the sight
And all aloud the mighty power attest,
Who saw them start to breathe at his behest?
Who speaks in awful silence to the soul?
The eternal God, who made and rules the whole.

The Skeptic casts around a dubious eye
And asks if there can be a Deity!
Is this thy boasted triumph reason, say?
Are these the glories of thy vaunted sway?
Oh, blind contemners of the voice of Heaven;
Who spurn the light gratuitously given;
Who all your trust in your own might repose
Forgetful of the source from whence it rose.

In youth's gay season when the passions swell,
And pleasure's syren voice know but too well,
To lure the heart from duty's path astray,
And shroud the light of fair religious day;
How then enraptured in its ideal bliss,
The inexperienced mind should amiss,
Should dare to say what it but wishes yet,
Deny the God it would but can't forget.

'Tis wondrous! but that wonder soon will cease,
And to a *deeper, dreader* thought give place,
To see the calculating unbelief,
The state that could, but would not have relief,
The mind, that blessed with every other light,
Still on religious splendor shuts its sight,
Yes, yes, there are to whom in kindness Heaven
Rich stores of intellectual wealth has given;

Where high career has started with the *sun,*
With him the circuit of the spheres has run;
Who giant-like exulting in their might
Explored the regions of Eternal light,
The Heavens, the Earth, the untrodden deep traversed,
And bade new light on every science burst:
Or, happily, through the vista of the past,
The ardent glance of retrospection cast,

And fed the lamp of knowledge from the blaze
That classic genius lit in other days;
Or, if perchance, they touched the living lyre,
The deep-toned chords became instinct with fire,
Which flowed the strains of harmony around,
And nations started at the electric sound;
What though their brow the fadeless laurel twine
And glory's brightest halo round them shine.

If blessed with love, with every science fraught,
The God of science still they have forgot,
Searched all the laws nature's springs control;
Nor how the Almighty hand that rules the whole
Won every wreath but that which will not die,
Nor aught neglected, save Eternity.

A MERRY MAN'S DEVICE.

Why Jefferson Davis Wanted Lieutenant Derby to be Court-Martialed.

Washington Letter in the Boston Journal.

The invitation sent of late to naval officers requesting them to furnish suggestions for a change of uniform "reminds me"—as Mr. Lincoln would have said—of a similar invitation issued by Jeff Davis when he was Secretary of War under General Frank Pierce. One of the invitations was sent to Lieutenant Derby, a good draughtsman and a merry wag, who sent in response a proposition for having a two-inch iron ring appended by a piece of strong leather to the seat of each enlisted man's trousers. Long and formal specifications demonstrated the utility of this ring. Each officer to carry, instead of a sword, a long white ash pole, with a hook on one end. By hooking into the ring of a private he could be kept in line of battle if he was disposed to hang back or caught if he attempted to run away. The ring would also be useful in the artillery service for draft purposes, and in the calvary men could be locked to other rings in their saddles and so be kept from falling off. The illustrations which accompanied the specifications represented officers catching infantry stragglers and forcing them into the ranks, dragoons padlocked to their saddles and artillerymen with cannon-prolonge hitched to their rings, hauling huge pieces of artillery up steep heights.

It was very funny and the clerks in the War Department enjoyed some hearty laughs over it, but when it reached the Secretary he became indignant and regarded it as an insult. He ordered charges and specifications to be drawn up and a court-martial was actually ordered, when it came to the ears of Governor Marcy, then Secretary of State, who was a level-headed and who advised Davis to let the matter drop. He might convict Derby and dismiss him from the service, but he would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other. Davis took the advice and Derby's "suggestions" are still to be found on the files of the War Department.

TWO LOVING MUSTANGS.

A Case of Constancy in a Dumb Beast Equal to that of Damon and Pythias.

Some time last fall D. C. Evans bought a pair of Texas mustangs which were offered for sale at one of the auction stables in this city. They were shaggy little animals, undersized and apparently of so little value that it was only the low price at which they were offered that induced Mr. Evans to make the purchase. Early in the winter Mr. Evans sent both the horses out to a farm near Muldraugh's Hill, to remain until spring. They were but little used and were permitted to run at large in the pastures. The evident affection which existed between the two animals was noticed and commented upon by everybody and they became great pets with the farmer's household, the children especially. They were inseparable, so much so that where one could be found the other was not far off and if either was ridden or driven away from home its mate had to be taken along, too.

About two weeks ago the smaller horse was taken ill from some malady peculiar to the equine race. He grew steadily worse day by day in spite of all treatment, and finally became so weak that he was unable to stand or to eat. His mate never deserted him, but lost his spirits, and, with drooping head, remained with his companion, never straying off more than a few yards from his side. The sick horse finally died, and Sunday the carcass was carted off and thrown into a gully.

From the time of his death his mate seemed possessed with a demon. He was at first fastened up in a stable, but he kicked the door down and ran out in the fields, neighing and acting in such a frenzied manner for some hours that no one dared approach him, and finally in one of his insane freaks he fell and broke his neck. A stranger instance of affection among animals seldom or never occurs.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AT THE LAST, NOT STRANGERS.

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said; "don't let me die. Hold me fast. O, I can't go." "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out again despairingly: "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong-limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place. "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers. I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among its pillows and she was gone.

MR. TURNER, one of the Kentucky Congressmen, declares that Florida is the "most God-forsaken spot on earth." One of his principle objections to the Flower State is that one "can get nothing to drink."

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

A VIRGINIA COOK.

Why It Is Impossible to Make Batter Cakes the Same as Before the War.

Special Correspondence of Phila. Times.

RICHMOND, April 6.

Old Mimy has never left those who once were her owners. When the exodus took place she declined to join the sable ranks for many reasons. First, she was "rheumaty;" secondly, old Hard Times, her husband, lay ill of a fever, and, lastly though not leastly, "Dem what stayed behind gits the moss."

So Mimy still remains, has the best cabin on the plantation, has her pigs, her fowls, her garden and her wages, and for these small privileges consents to do the cooking, if allowed to do it in her own way. Her bread is white, light and crisp—rolls one morning, biscuits the next, and no earthly persuasion has ever caused her to deviate from this fixed and unalterable habit.

"Mimy," said I, "you know how to make those nice corn-meal batter cakes we once had. Can't you make us some?"

"Law, chile, dat was fo' de war. Injun meal was meal in dem days, shore nuff. An' eggs was eggs. Dem batty cakes 'quires de mos' 'sideration. Tings ain't flung up in a hurry widout 'sideration dese days; dey ain't as dicular no how as dey was fo' de war."

"But, Mimy," said I, "there are eggs and milk! there is everything you require to make batter cakes now—why can't we have them sometimes?"

FO' DE WAR CAKES.

"Dey is dere, chile, sich as dey is; but dere's Nancy and Tibby and Phillis, 'sides little Pete, a wanting dem batty cakes. Fo' de war, when I sif' de meal Tibby flew to de griddle an' stuck dere, too; you min' of she didn't, now. Den I crack de eggs, and Phillis come up square wid de bacon fat; she know'd better'n not to come up in be berry nick ob dat time, and stand dere too. Den I tilts de pan ob milk, and little Nancy she flew and smooved off dat griddle; I glansbs at Pete, and he pack in de chips. Law, I tell you, chile, dem chillun know'd all de ins and outs ob dem batty cakes. And now dem gals, big strapping creeturs, is a sailin' round in dey silks, and nary one altogedder, can't turn de fust batty cake."

"I dare say not, Mimy. But you know it does not require a half dozen people to make batter-cakes. I can beat the eggs and help you, too, though I could do it all myself easily."

"An' who on airth would eat 'em, chile, affer yer'd done wid 'em? Slinging 'em roun' back-'ard, fust here and then there. Him above knows it can't be done dese days, chile. Fust I 'quires meal as is meal, not dat measly meal dat sif' froo too fas'. It 'quires dat meal dat has to be shuck and shuck, and leave ebery hus' behind. Den dem eggs! Eggs ain't like dey was fo' de war; den eggs was big and yaller; now dey is leetle bit ob small shells and mos' all wite in 'em. Dey ain't fit for no batty cakes, honey. An dat milk! Dere ain't no cow 'bout here, chile, dat gibs milk down like dey did fo' de war. Dey keeps back de best for deyselves. You knows dat yerself. I done hear you say: Mimy, dis milk mighty pore and gits sour jest as soon! Dem batty cakes 'quires de best ob everything. No yaller corn; no pore white egg, no skimpy milk, and the bacon skin don't grease de griddle like it did fo' de war. 'Pears like dem hogs is all wrong somehow."

OLD MIMY'S RECIPE.

"Well, Mimy, give us the recipe, anyhow; you always made them so nice, and we want it for a friend."

"Law, chile, don't tell dat to no fren'. I hear my ole mistiss, what's dead and gone, read dat out ob de biggest Bible fo' de war."

"Oh, Mimy, you make such a mystery of the thing."

"Dat's jest it chile; it's all a misty. My ole mistiss what's dead and gone, says she, Mimy, eberything is a misty. How yer soul an' body 'gree to lib togedder is a misty, an' she know'd a heap, my old mistiss did."

"But, Mimy, the batter cakes. You say first get good white meal and sift it very slowly."

"Hm, hm, hm," answers Mimy.

"Then you break two eggs—I think you said two?"

"Jes hear dat chile now. Two pore, white, miserable eggs. Hm, hm, hm!"

"Must you beat the eggs separately, Mimy?"

"Law, chile, dere ain't no gettin' roun' you; set down, set down, an' get the 'ceipt, but don't tell no fren', honey. Dat's bad luck. Fust git de white corn, and git it ground ober to 'Strider's mill; dat's de fust ting, chile."

"But Strider's mill was burned during 'the war,' Mimy."

"Dat's de Bressed Marster's troof chile; dat ain't meal what's grind to dat new fangled mill, a smokin' and screechin'; its yaller powder, dat's what it is. Dere ain't no hopes for dem batty cakes. Jes gib it up, honey."

"No, Mimy, we'll get white meal somewhere, and low much?"

"Git a bar'l while yer gittin."

"No, I mean how much meal for the batter cakes? I'll try a pint, with two eggs and milk enough to make a thin batter. Will that be right?"

THEN AND NOW.

"Lor, chile, you ain't no more like your bressed mar than nuffin. Fo' de war old mistis sez Mimy, come git out de bleckfuss. Dere was bar'l's and bar'l's in de sto' room den. Ole mistis gib her orders; Mimy sen' in an' sen' in batty cakes. Ole mistis nebber, no nebber, ax Mimy how you do dis an' how you make dat. She know'd better. She gib de order. Mimy bake de cakes, shure as yer born."

"But, Mimy, you won't do that now. I believe I'll ask Hard Times. He's a pretty good cook."

"Massy on us, chile! Hard Times dasn't lay de bery leetlest cend ob his leetlest finger on nary ting in dis kitchen. Hard Times nebber riz abuv corn pone and ash cake. Ebber sence Rosumcranch [Rosecrans] tuck dat leetlest red cow wid dem short horns dere ain't been no milk here wuff drinkin'. Den dem eggs! Rosumcranch know'd what he was 'bout when he carry off dat blue hen what lay dem yaller eggs. Ole mistis cry berry hard when Rosemcranch tuck de picturs outen de parlor, but law chile, picturs don't lay no eggs; leetle as you know, honey, yer knows dat. Yer was the leetlest baby and don't member milk fo' de war; jes like de white kiverlid on mistis' bed."

"Well, Mimy, I see we are not to have those batter cakes."

"Chile, when fo' de war turn up, it'll be plenty time to 'sider dem batty cakes."

"Dey do say dey is coming back some day.—Hard Times don't believe it. Hard Times don't believe nuffin. He's a scape grease, Hard Times is. But I does. I've seed so much in my time, chile, I believes ebbery ting. All fings roll round like a bar'l, of yer jis gib it time; why fo' de war no roll 'round? Mimy warn't born, dese days she's had 'sperience. Now min', chile, yer don't lose that 'ceipt, and don't tell it to no fren."

Doubtless this has been the experience of all Southern housekeepers, if they really desired to obtain recipes from colored cooks. I have never known one who would give correct information concerning kitchen mysteries. It is against their principles and practice.

A NEW CLOCK

Dr. Lyman Beecher was frequently absent-minded. On one occasion, after an evening's service, he started for home in a brown study. The houses of his block were of the same pattern. He entered the wrong door. The house he mistook for his own was occupied by a well known batter by the name of Rhoades, a Unitarian. The doctor put his hat on the stand in the hall, went into the back parlor where Mrs. Rhoades and her family were gathered, drew a chair to the fire, put his feet to warm on a mantel over the grate, tipping back his chair and his head—simply thinking. Just then he happened to notice a French clock under glass, upon the mantel, and exclaimed:

"Wife, where in the world did you get that clock?"

No answer. No one could answer, for they were ready to burst with merriment at their neighbor's absence of mind.

"I say, wife! where did you get that clock?"

Mrs. Rhoades was a lady. Putting her hand gently on his shoulder, in the sweetest tone she said:

"Dr. Beecher, you have made a mistake and got into the wrong house."

He cast a quick glance around upon the family circle, sprang from his chair, and, with a bound, was out of the house without a word of explanation or excuse.

SENATORS ANTHONY AND SHERMAN are the only two men now in active political life who participated in the session of Congress in 1861, called together by President Lincoln, after the storming of Sumter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

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

[*Correspondence Baltimore County Union.*]

LETTER FROM KENT COUNTY, MD.

Pleasing Memories—An Ancient Town with Activity on Every Hand.

CHESTERTOWN, April 7th, 1883.

Editors Union:—To write to you from here is quite a change of base, yet I am sure this old town would prove very interesting if you once could pull yourself away from Towsontown and roam through its new pastures. To me Kent has many memories and associations—memories of my ancestors, whose graves possess a melancholy interest, and with many of whose descendents I have pleasant acquaintance. Associations of happy courting days and experiences, holidays and furloughs well spent, carrying me back to those times when care sat lightly upon me and the future looked bright and attractive, full of hope and brilliancy. As I look down the stretch of years between now and then I see those hopes turned to ashes, that brilliancy dimmed in so many respects. And yet withal, though things have not turned out as I could have wished, so much remains for which to be thankful.

Chestertown used to be a famous place in Colonial days, when she had direct trade with England, vessels transporting tobacco from her own wharves and returning laden down with products of the mother country. Many of the old residences are built of the small dark English bricks brought over by these vessels. The place formerly owned by my wife has a date on the door-knocker of massive brass "1709," as well as I can make it out, which I think shows quite a respectable old age. Yet the thick walls of the house and the evident care taken in building still assert themselves, and the house stands firm to-day, though marred in its ancient beauty by the desecration of a coat of whitewash on the brick walls.

I should judge Chestertown had about 2,000 to 2,500 inhabitants and is principally one long street, stretching away from Chester river for probably a mile. Along this street we find houses of all descriptions and materials, ancient and modern, wood and brick, and equally varied in style of architecture. This principal street running through the town is wide and pleasant in aspect and has upon it the various stores of the merchants; also the Kent National Bank, the Voshell House, which repeated experience has demonstrated to me to be a good hotel and well managed, nice accomodations and good feed; the Roman Catholic church and the new Methodist Episcopal church, both of these being neat, handsome edifices. Further along we come to the stopping place or terminus of the Kent county railroad. Station-house we could not find or see and concluded that on rainy days the passengers took refuge in the poudrette factory on the opposite side of the street, which probably gave them a chance to vegetate afterwards. Right about here we also saw some small-pox flags hanging on the outer walls, and with so sweet a scent and aroma pervading the air, we naturally wondered what these poor people had done that they should be thus dreadfully punished by a visitation of such a disease when they had already this stench near at hand strong enough to kill them. Why should this fertilizer factory be allowed right on the main street of so pretty a place, where every one coming or going must smell it? [The writer is in error here. This factory is some considerable distance outside the town limits.—EDS. NEWS.]

About midway of this street stands the square or plaza, and fronting upon it is the court-house, a modernized neat building of brick and seemingly well adapted to its purposes. There is also a brick building upon which I noticed the Masonic square and compasses. Then there is the Episcopal church, now being improved and enlarged. Behind this is the county jail. The lawyers' offices are on streets to the right and left of the court-house. The place has, I believe, two weekly papers, and a spirit of progressiveness is prevalent. A large paper mill has lately been built by a stock company, which gives a market for the straw of the farmers. A sash and blind factory is being pushed forward and a large brick-yard has been added to the industrial interests of the place, besides canning factories. Altogether Chestertown seems to be shaking off the dull sloth and supineness of past years and is reaching out after material interests in quite a lively way.

Wheat, corn and peaches are the staple products of the county. The wheat looks badly at this time. The farmers are just beginning to plow for corn and peach orchards, of which we passed miles, are as yet without beauty. A couple of weeks from now and the face of the county will be a mass of pink color from the blossoms.

This town, being situated upon the beautiful Chester river, has good facilities in the way of steamboat communication with the rest of the world. The boats of the Chester River Company run direct from Baltimore, besides which there is a night line of boats. Then the Sassafras river lines make connection by stage from Worton, on the bay, and the Tolchester line, from Tolchester, also on the bay shore. You can make the round trip by this route in one day and have several hours in Chestertown or Baltimore, as you choose. Besides the boats the railroad has two trains a day to and fro. Altogether this is an interesting place, particularly pretty and attractive about the 1st of May. Though my companions and myself came down here on some disagreeable dry-as-dust law business, yet we managed to charm away quite pleasantly the hours of our stay. Yours, W. H. RICHARDSON.

THE POISONED SAUSAGE.

The old Dutchman slept placidly. His head reclined upon the table amid some empty glasses, while his long white hair fell over his arm like a fleece of silver. A brace of medical students entered the saloon and glanced at the sleeper. They noticed the end of a Bologna sausage peeping out of the aged man's coat pocket. Here was an opportunity for a practical joke which no well regulated student could permit to escape. They secured the sausage and ate it. Still the old man slept. They had him aroused. He rose and prepared to depart. He missed the sausage. A wave of anguish swept over his mellow old countenance. The joke was taking splendidly and the enjoyment of the young men was keen. The old man searched all his pockets, under the table and under the stove. The look of anguish was rapidly assuming an expression of horror. The students were positively being consumed by the inexpressible fun of it all. At last the old man gave up the search, and, approaching the bartender, said in tones of intense excitement:

"I had a sausage. Did you see him?"

"Yaw."

"Did you take him?"

"Nein."

"Tunder unt blixen! Dot vas poisoned to kill r-r-rats! I dink it vas tangerous to leaf him round loose!"

Immediately that saloon contained the sickest pair of students in Baltimore. A physician was summoned, emetics administered to the sufferers, who were enduring all the agonies which result from too much strychnia, and they were just pulled through, they were assured, by the skin of their teeth.

When it was all over, and the poor fellows