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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 17, 1857. No. 36.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of religious or charitable nature, will be charged at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF J. P. D. BROOKS.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, December 2, 1856.

On the application of Wm. B. Wilmer, administrator of J. P. D. Brooks late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 2nd day of December, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of J. P. D. Brookslate of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 26th day of June, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of December, 1856.

WM. B. WILMER,
Admr. of J. P. D. Brooks dec'd.

Dec. 6, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF RICHARD STARTT.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, November 25, 1856.

On the application of Mary E. Startt administratrix of Richard Startt, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 25th day of November, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration of the personal estate of Richard Startt, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 26th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1856.

MARY E. STARTT,
Adm'rx of Richard Startt, deceased.

Nov. 29, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF RICHARD D. DOWNING.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, December 16, 1856

On the application of D. C. Blackiston, administrator of Richard D. Downing, late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 16th day of December, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Richard D. Downing late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 26th day of July, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of December, 1856.

D. C. BLACKISTON,
Adm'r of Richard D. Downing, dec'd.

Dec. 20, 1856.—4t

LeFevre, Black & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN AND PRODUCE,

Nos. 71 & 72 South Wharves, Philadelphia.

LATHES!

A LARGE lot of good Plastering Lathes, just received and for sale very cheap by

dec 6 '56. C. E. WICKES

KRAUSERS PORTABLE CIDER MILL.

THESE superior Cider Mills can still be furnished, of improved construction and finish. Their grinding apparatus is peculiar and gives them an advantage over all other mills. By the action of two reciprocating pistons the apple, are forced up against the teeth of a rapidly revolving cylander and retained till ground to a fine pulp, which of course yields more juice when subjected to pressure than if the pomace was coarse. The screw press has been greatly improved and strengthened since last year and the whole frame is tightened by strong joint bolts. It is adapted to either hand or horse power and can be worked by hand to the extent of six to eight barrels in a day.

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Implement and seed store,
7th and Market street, Philadelphia.
oct. 11, 1856.

Archer, vs. Walker and others. } In the Superior Court of Baltimore city, In Equity.

ORDERED, this 5th day of December, 1856 that the sales made and reported by Henry W. Archer, Trustee, in the above entitled case in his 4th report of sales, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 10th day of January, 1857, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the said 10th day of January, 1857.

E. DOWLING, Clerk.

State of Maryland, Baltimore City, Set.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the Order Nisi, filed this fifth day of December, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty six (in the case of Archer vs. Walker and others.)

In testimony whereof, I hereto sc. my hand [L.S.] and affix the seal of the Superior Court of Baltimore city, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1856.

EDWD. DOWLING, Clerk
of the Superior Court of Baltimore city.

De3,

Henry W. Archer, Adm'r vs. Thomas Walker; Thomas C. Ringgold. } On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County.

ORDERED this 6th day of December, 1856, that the sales made and reported by Henry W. Archer. Trustee in the above entitled case, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 6th day of February next: Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent County, once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1200.

J. F. GORDON, Cl'k.

True Copy—Test:
J. F. Gordon, Cl'k.

Dec. 13, 1856.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT,
For Kent County,
October Term, Nov. 12th, 1856.

ORDERED by the Court that *WILLIAM C ANDERSON*, an Insolvent Petitioner of Kent county, give notice to his creditors, endorsees, and surittes to file Interrogatories or allegations against him in the said Court, on or before the third Monday of April next, that being the time appointed by the Court for the said Insolvent Debtor to appear and answer all such Interrogatories and allegations as may be proposed or alleged against him, and that a copy of this notice be inserted once a week for six successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland prior to the third Monday of April next.

JAS. F. GORDON, Cl'k.

True copy,—
JAS. F. GORDON, Cl'k

Nov. 15, 1856.

State of Maryland,
Kent County, Set:

I HEREBY certify that John Ruthvin came couhty gave information to me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, that he had taken up as astrays trespassing upon his enclosures,

One red BULL,
two years old next spring, and
One red STEER,
two years old next spring without any ear mark Witness my hand and seal this 19th day of December. JAMES GRAVES, [LS.]

NOTICE.

The owner of the above described cattle are hereby notified to come forward, prove property pay charges and take them away.

JOHN RUTHVIN.

Dec. 20, 1856.—4t. ca22.

MAD DOGS UP TOWN!

WILLIAM BACCHUS,

Has just returned from the city with the best assortment of GOODS he has ever offered the public in this market. He has among the articles he offers, the following for cash or produce:

CLOTHING.

Over Coats of various colors and sizes, dress and plain Frock Coats, plain and fancy Pants, silk and silk velvet, with a full assortment of cloth and other Vests. He also has an assortment of Shirts, white and brown wool. Fine muslin, canton flanel, servants shirts and drawers; with a full assortment of monkey Jackets, handkerchiefs, suspenders, neck ties, gloves, hosiery, &c.

FOR THE TOILET.

Combs, Brushes, Extracts, Cologns, soaps, Pomatums, hair oil, &c.

CONFECTIONARY.

Figs, Raisons, Oranges, Candies, &c.

GROCERIES.

crushed, pulverized and brown Sugar, Coffee, Teas, molasses, flour, buck wheat, bacon, lard, and provision generally.

LIQUORS.

Brandy, Old Rye, Gin and common Liquor, Cider, vinegar, etherial oil, cheese, pickles, &c.

Fish, shad, mackerel and herring.

Dec. 6, 1856.

SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

PREPARED FROM FORMULA,

BY DR. JAMES HIGGINS,

State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland,

Expressly for B. M. RHODES,

141 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

☞ Put up in bags, 150 lbs. each, $42,50 per ton

June 7, 1856.

NOTICE TO GUNNERS!

ALL persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon my enclosures with dog, gun, or otherwise, from this date. I will prosecute all who may disregard this notice.

R. T. ALLEN.

jas. 3, 1857. 3t.

POETRY.

LOVELY MARY DONELLY.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"Oh, lovely Mary Donelly, its you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine,
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

"The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor,
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh but she was gay;
She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away.

"When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet,
The fidler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

"And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweet hearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

"Oh, you're the flower of womankind in country or in town,
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down,
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

"Oh might we live together in lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
Oh might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

"Oh lovely Mary Donelly, your beauty's my distress;
It's far too beautious to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!"

MISCELLANY.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON

BY DOW, JR.

Somebody—I think a near relative of mine—has given a bit of advice to the unmarried ladies generally, including the small residue of creation. From his short sermon I shall draw a few texts. These are his words:—

Take up with him whose bosom is
A mind of gold itself;
Whose heart's a "nugget," worth alone
A mountain mass of pelf.
With such you never can be poor—
Dire want you ne'er may dread,
Although he lacks the glittering ore,
And can't bestow "airy red;"
"Prospecting," 'mid life's rugged scenes,
That color soon he'll see,
Which gladdens pockets, eyes and heart,
Amen—So mote it be!

My Hearers: If girls, here and elsewhere, only knew the actual worth, Troy weight, of many a young man (I may, on a tight venture, add widower,—never old bachelor) whom a vain wicked world calls poor, if they could see how much pure virgin gold is contained both upon the surface and in the deeper recesses of his nature—how many ounces of the article, nay pounds, might be washed out of his apparent dirt in process of time—how his whole bosom is a perfect ledge of auriferous quartze—how, if he were carefully assayed and his true value ascertained, tho' no rich vein had yet been struck in his pockets, except in the pockets of his mind—I say if a girl did but have a proper appreciation of all this, she would know exactly how and where to make a strike.

Therefore, my dearly beloved creatures you too are miners, as well as those heavy-shod, blue-shirted, and long-haired nondescripts, who search, dig, and burrow in the mountains. Verily, thou diggest and washest but little, yet to prospecting thy heart is much inclined. But, oh! how often, to your sorrow and disappointment, my dear strivers after the evil root, do you set your affections unwittingly upon a salted clam! How quickly, my too confiding ones, have you made your pile of agony for lonn years by a few grains of "dust," designedly scattered upon the surface!

Allured by the temptation, you strain your corsets and almost jump out of your hoops to obtain the unknown wealth of this promising claim, so obounding in riches that its very sweat is glittering with gold. You get it, at last—you open it—you test it; and you finally become convinced that you are in possession of a small quantity of God's earth, worth, at a fair estimate, one half of just nothing at all; and what cost you, at least, five hundred pounds happiness sterling!

Of "salten claims," dear girls beware!
Don't buy a salted claim;
Better to wed a grizzly bear
Than get a salted claim.

My enchantress better dig into some rough honest fellow's affections, that pay the least attention to the dazzling claims set up and offered for sale by the thousand and one speculators in female vanity, love and frailty, who strut the path of pretended wealth, rectitude and honor, with all the spreading, wing-scraping pompestry of turkey-cocks in April. Try the pick-axe of your love upon the pliable heart of some sober, hard-working miner who makes no magnificent display of either words or watch seals—whose animal appearance might even resemble that of a cross between a bison and the dog Cerberus—and you will peradventure hit upon the right sort of diggings, viz: an old boot abounding in *ore*, and a bosom stuffed as full of true love and tenderness as was ever a roast turkey with sage and onions.

Again, my darlings, be not infatuated with salted claims, rather prefer the solid claims of candor, integrity, industry, and sobriety—a get that can knock a fortune out of poverty—a face that can stare starvation out of countenance, and a heart that never yields but to the noble impulses of humanity. With an hombre of this sort you have nothing to fear, though his purse be as lean as the ghost of a lizzard, and the future look as dark as the den of despair. Prosperity is peeping from its hole in the distance—his pile, that Providence has put by him is safe; for it is watched over by a guardian angel, and not by the black dragon who ever keeps a cat's eye upon ill-gotten gains. Necessity spurs, while hope and ambition beckon him on. He is bound to reach that pile, as sure as a dog that jumps for suspended pluck. He prospers, but nevertheless works—works like a barrel of new cider in the sun. At length with a magic rod the spot is found, and he fails to digging with all the ferocious energy of a terrier at a rat-hole. He digs—digs on—unceasingly digs, stopping only to take an occasional "smell"—at the beans boiling so savorily. 'The substance of things hoped for" is found! He takes out his pile—he weighs it and it turns out just as he expected; much larger than he ever supposed it would!

Girls! attach yourself to that kind of incarnate industry which breeds riches and happiness as naturally as does an old cistern mosquitoes in August, and turn your thoughts aside from those deceptive flare-ups of a day—those phosphorescent meteors of a night—those ornamental decorations of subterranean society, who, when time and matrimony shall have deprived them of their gilding, will prove to be "specimens"—worth their weight in brickbats. So mote it be!—*S. F. Golden Era.*

A Kansas Justice.—A man was recently arrested in Kansas for stealing a cow and a bee gum. The jury, to facilitate matter, put both charges in one indictment, and convicted him of stealing the cow. He took an appeal. The justice in making up his docket, made out the following report of the case: The defendant in the case found guilty—he beat us on the bee gum, but we cotch him on the cow.

A Remarkable Woman.—The subjoined epitaph is copied from a tombstone in a Hospital Graveyard at Norwich, England:—"In memory of Mrs. Phœba Orewe, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years; who, during forty-nine years practice as a mid wife in this city, brought into the world nine thousand seven hundred and thirty children!"

☞ A woman who loves, loves for life unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the objects of her affections. So says somebody.

A man who loves, loves for life unless he *alters his mind*. So says somebody else.

☞ An English Jury, in a criminal case, is said to havs brought in the following verdict:—'Guilty, with some little doubts as to whether the prisoner is the man."

☞ The following challenge was handed us by a friend, which he received the other day. It is a new "code" and we would recommend it to "gentlemen" who engage in "affairs of honor":

Jan 5th 57 I understand you say if any person sayes I piled of my coat and asked you out of dores they are a dam liar I am the person thet sayes I did and I allso say if you call me a dam liar again I will mash your mouth I therefore channel you to meet me half way between where you and I live and we'll fight you any day that you name you have insulted mee and it is not don with I intend to flog you or you shall flog mee

I Remain a cake unturned and you cannot trim me

The Girl in Red; or the Serenade that Missed Fire.

Cassius M. Clay tells the following:—During the late political canvass, Burlingame and himself occupied adjoining rooms at the Bates House, Indiannapolis. At a late hour, one evening, says he, I was in B's room, and both of us were somewhat elated with the popular enthusiasm. We were, as soldiers are want to do, fighting our battles over again, when a fine band right opposite my room poured o'er the sea of night floods of soul stirring music.

"Clay, you are honored," said B., "go out and acknowledge the compliment."

With due diffidence I excused myself, when, as I had anticipated the band broke forth anew in strains of heroic melody in front of the room occupied by B.

"I have you now," said I, "now give 'em a sentiment."

"No, you," said B.

"Well," said I, "both together."

So locking arms with an air of intense dignity, we walked out upon the balcony and in a faltering voice I commenced:

"Indiana, Massachusetts, and Kentucky—tripple sisters—may they ever be true to the family union!"

The leader of the band after a pause, with a thick tongue inquired,

"Who are you?"

"Clay and Burlingame," said I.

"The h—ll you are," said he in reply; and then, in an undertone, addressed to his followers, he concluded: "*Boys, it's not the Girl in Red!*"

Warning To Young Men.—Young men keep your eyes peeled when you are after the women. Is the pretty dress or form attractive? Or even a pretty face? Flounces, boy are of no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile will give way to scowl of the termagent. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet and eats your candy. Keep your eyes peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for washing dishes you will need a girl to fan her.

If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure sir that she is of the codish aristocracy, little breeding and little sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit slaughter at the pianno, you have got the poorest piece ever got up. Find one whose mind is right then pitch in.—Don't be hanging about like a sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the article like a man.

An Infernal Machine.—General Walker, it is stated, has been supplied with a new war engine of such efficiency and deadly instrumentality as to merit the title of an "infernal machine." In form it resembles a small grind-stone, turned by a crank, and will discharge 300 one ounce balls every minute, attended by only two men. Every machine is calculated to destroy three regiments of soldiers in the same space of time. It can be directed with the same ease as a common rifle is handled. The inventor, a Yankee, is now in England experimenting before the Admiralty. The gun, or machine, discharges without report, and sends a ball three times the distance of the ordinary rifle or cannon, as the case may be. This is the story told by the New York papers.

Certain Cure for Sores and Runnings.—Wash them in brandy and apply elder apple leaves, changing them two or three times a day. This will dry up all the sores, though the legs were like a honeycomb.

To Clean Black Silk.—Take an old kid glove, boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and when cold add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

Why Is It?—Our government land costs one dollar an acre on an average, and champagne two dollars a bottle.—How many a man dies candleless, who during his life, has swallowed a township—fees and all.

COWS HOLDING UP THEIR MILK.

Some time ago it was stated that putting a strap or cord across the back of a cow with this ugly trick, loaded with heavy weights at each end, would prevent her from holding up her milk. To be effectual the weights employed must be quite heavy, as the efficacy of the plan must depend upon its preventing the cow from contracting those muscles by which the holding up of the milk is brought about. The editor of the Portland *Pleasure Boat* has lately given to the public the result of a somewhat similar plan, which he was led to adopt, from observing that his cow when she held up her milk, always contracted her muscles so as to round back. After observing this fact, and after having tried coaxing and all gentle means in vain, the thought occurred to him that if he could keep his cows's back straight she might no longer be able to retain her milk. By way of experiment he held the sharp corner of a small stick of wood on her back with one hand, while milking with the other, and was gratified to find that the cow had not the power to hold up her milk as usual. Thus assured of the efficacy of the plan, he saw a piece of board just long enough to reach from the floor over head to the cow's back, as she stood in her natual position, and after sharpening the lower end like a wedge, he attached the upper end to the flooring above, by a leather hinge, so as to rest the board upon the back of the cow. When he commenced milking, after applying this apparatus, the cow would be observed to raise her back, but found the sharp wedge-like end of the board more than a match for her. Finding herself unable to do as she had been accustomed, she was entirely cured of her evil habits in a few days.

A Mesmerizer Nonplussed.—During the early part of last week, an itinerant professor of physiology visited Illetown, but failed to draw any considerable number of people to the hall. In the hope, probably, of inducing a larger turn-out he concluded one day to give some specimens of his skill to his fellow boarders at the Exchange Hotel; and to this object he called up a little darkp as a subject.—After various passes and manipulations over young Gumbo, his eyes dilated and his muscles became rigid.

"Now," said the professer, "your arm is paralyzed."

And so it really was; for several tried in vain to bend it.

"Wonderful," said the boarders.

The professor then laid a three cent piece on Gumbo's hand, and said:

"Now, sir, you cannot close your hand. If you can you may keep the money."

The darkey seemed to make an effort, but the hand remained open.

The professor next placed a quarter of a dollar upon the darkey's kand, inviting him to close on it and keep both.

Still the hand rearained open.

The crowd was mystified.

The professor, in a glow of enthusiasm at the triumph of his science fumbled for and scared up half a dime and added it to the pile, still inviting the negro to close.

Young Gumbo concluded the professor's small change was about exhausted; and on the last invitation to close, he deliberately shut his hand, thrust it into his pantaloon's pocket, and with a 'sky-iy-ip!" such as only a young nigger can give, he disappeared through a side door.

The professor acknowledged himself to have been slightly taken in.

Involving The United States in the Anglo Persian War.—At a public meeting held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, "to protest against war with Persia, and to consider means of redress," we find the following singular statement made by one of the speakers, Major S E. Rolland. The Major said:

"A new treaty had been entered into between Persia and the United States, which treaty contained three clauses; the first of which was, that the United States being a maritime nation, and Persia not being one, the United States bound themselves to support Persia against any maritime attacks whatever. So that a war with Persia involved a war with the United States!" [Hear.]

Casting Off.—"Do you cast things here?" said a Yankee the other day as he sauntered into a foundry, at Norristown and addressed the proprietor.

"We do."

"You cast all things in iron?"

"Certainly, do you not see that is our business?"

"Then cast a shadow, will you?"

He was cast out and sent to a brass foundery.

☞ "Let go that jib!—let go that jib!" shouted the captain of a down east sloop, to a raw hand, in a squall.

"I ain't a touching yer jib!" returned Johnathan, indignantly, as he thrust his hands elbow deep into his pockets.

☞ A young physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her, to which she replied, "No, sir, I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."

☞ A California lover writes to his sweetheart thus:—'Ise, on yeres is ret for long to kort a gal, but I'll have you yet Cate."