THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1871. NO. 50.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

IS NOW OFFERING

AT

Low Prices,

A Large Assortment of

SPRING GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED.

April 1, 1871.

Spring Millinery

AND FANCY GOODS.

The subscriber begs leave to call the attention of her patrons and the citizens generally, to her late arrival of Seasonable Goods, of the latest Styles. Give her a call.

M. A. BISCOE,

April 22—4t. Queen Street.

New Spring Millinery.

Mrs. Clara Rawleigh

Has just returned from the city with a fine assortment of new Spring Millinery and

FANCY GOODS,

consisting of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., of the latest styles, all of which she is prepared to sell at the very lowest prices. The Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. April 22, 1871—3t.

TIME TABLE

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05	P.M. 8:25
" Massey's,	12;20	8:37
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,

April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

GALENA FEMALE SEMINARY,

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,

GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

E.L. Benny, Principal.

THE Third Semi-Annual Term of the above Institution will begin on the 21st of February. For terms, or other particulars, apply to the Principal. Feb. 18—tf.

Notice.

I HAVE PLACED MY ACCOUNTS in the hands of E. F. PERKINS for collection. All persons owing me on store account will therefore please call and settle with him without delay.

BENJAMIN STRAUSS.

April 1, 1871—tf.

SHOE PEGS, Wax, Awls, Knives, Thread Rubbers, Nails, Eyelets, Button Hooks, &c. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,

Musical Instruments

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

Of Every Description

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publisher prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and Clear. Price from $30 to $60, in

[redacted]

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S
PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BOOKS.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish any Book at publisher's price. Also, Catalogues furnished when selections are wanted to be made. Orders left at Mr. L. S. Fowler's store will receive prompt attention. WM. S. STAM,

April 8. Chestertown.

Natural Mineral Waters

For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.

For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

GENUINE EXTRACTS
FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

To Mothers.

LIEBIG'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.—This valuable and popular food for infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Medical Card.

DR. T. S. HOLTON having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, (when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. S. Wickes' Drug Store.

Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

Selected Poetry.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows [redacted]

A LOST AFFAIR.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"I think," said Isabel Waring, "that independence and a clear conscience are better than anything else in the world."

It seemed hardly natural that she should say that—a girl with such red blood, such sweet eyes, such a tenderly low voice.—But she did say it—riding lightly and smoothly over the prairie, her horse bounding like a roebuck, her figure swaying too easily in the saddle to disturb her thoughts. It was a beautiful face looking steadfastly out from beneath the jetty plume. A face tender, truthful and sweet, yet resolute beyond all. There was a shadow upon it, in spite of the clear, steadfast eyes

Suddenly she checked her horse.

"Where are we, Leo?"

Leo stretched his neck and looked around, then started again, of his own free will. He saw, as well as his mistress, the little brown house which was their destination. Springing into his light lope again, he bounded away, and paused at the door.

A low, wide-spread house, built of logs. A great cottonwood tree rustling over it. The door open, and a woman singing at her work within.

Isabel slipped from her horse and stepped toward the threshold. Suddenly a ferocious dog came panting around the house, and bounded towards her. She paused with a faint cry of terror; but a woman appeared in the door, and whistling like a man, attracted the creature's attention.

"How dy?" she exclaimed, nodding. "Come right in, Bruiser wont touch yer. Miss Waring, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Just leave yer horse standing. Tom will take care of him. Ready fer schoolteaching? Yer scholars are waiting fer yer."

The woman, who was a strapping damsel of twenty, led the way into the house—a rough, primitive place, but clean and cool, the boards of the floor scoured white, the windows shaded with green paper curtains, and bright-colored, home-made mats placed about.

"This'll be your room, Miss Waring," said Jane Green. "Yer trunks have come. There they be. Now just make yourself at home. Supper'll be ready in about an hour."

She went out, shutting the door into the adjoining room, where Isabel saw already a number of children congregating in burning curiosity of her arrival.

When the door was shut, she could hear their numberless questions regarding her, the sounds of supper under process, and the arrival of men from the field.—She was very glad of the one room to herself, beginning to have some idea of the life before her. A resident governess in a western family, was something very different from a resident governess in an eastern metropolis.

"I can certainly do good here," she said to herself, after supper, bravely.

There she had seen them all—energetic, off-hand, practically-shrewd Simon Green, pale, faded-out, depreciatingly-apologetic little Mrs. Green, the six gaping children, the half-sister Jane, and a score of men. She hardly noticed these—the "hands." They were sunburned, rough, and ate greedily, with one exception, but that first night she did not notice the exception.

The next morning, before breakfast, she was off with Leo—a ride to give her courage for the day. The six little Greens were clamorous for knowledge.

Two miles from home, loping around a bend in the road, she felt her saddle slipping, and springing instantly to the ground, she yet retained her hold of the bridle, so that Leo simultaneously whirled towards her and stopped, while the saddle fell heavily to the ground. It had been fastened only by girth, and that—the surcingle—was broken.

What could she do, but to replace the saddle upon the back of her horse and lead him home? The prospect was not agreeable, with the fervid June sun rising high in the sky. But she commenced preparations by unfastening the belt of her long riding-skirt.

Suddenly a man rode up. He was well-dressed, though indifferently mounted. He came so quickly to her assistance, that she had time to make no more observations.

"You are in trouble," he said, with a pleasant and foreign accent. "What is the matter?"

"My surcingle is broken," said Isabel.

"Let me give you mine," he answered promptly, preparing to do so.

"But what will you do?"

He smiled.

"I can ride without any girth, if necessary."

He had a frank smile, which altered the character of his rather worn face. It had a look of repression—was almost impassive when in repose—blonde, golden-bearded, sunburned to a tawny glow; but when the surcingle was buckled, and the stranger raised his hat in response to the lady's thanks, he revealed a forehead that only scholars have, and it was as white as a girl's.

"Now shall I put you in the saddle?" he asked.

As he spoke, he lowered his hand, and responding to the action, she was lighted lightly upon her horse. Somewhat to her surprise, the stranger rode promptly on beside her.

"We had best ride fast," he said quietly. "There is possibility of a sunstroke for us."

The horses trotted fast towards home. A dizzy, blinding headache was coming over Isabel, but she made no complaint. A sudden sickness overcome her at last; she reeled in the saddle; then, with a bewildered feeling of falling, uttered a half cry.

The next she knew she was lying upon the grass, in the shelter of her horse's shadow, her dark hair drenched with water about her face. She came back to life with a thrill of shame for her weakness.

"How strange that I should faint!" she exclaimed, in a vexed tone. "I am bound to have all kind of disagreeable experiences this morning."

She was lifted like a child to her feet; the stranger, without a word, put her in the saddle.

"You are unacclimated," he said, as they rode on. "I hope you are not going to be ill."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Isabel, impatiently. "Of course I'll not be ill."

But when she reached home, she walked dizzily, straight to the bed and flung herself down. Before night she was in a raging delirium.

Poor child! She never knew all she suffered, perhaps; but her face grew thin and white, and her eyes, so dark and sad, retained all the shadows of her pain.—Sick among strangers! She knew, before the long six weeks were past, how weary they were of their task, what a burden she was, how much in debt.

She was bolstered in a great rocking-chair, before the open door, one evening, quite alone in the room, when a step sounded at the door, and, to her surprise, the stranger who had been her companion on that eventful morning, came in, and drew a chair before her.

"How is my patient?" with the frank smile which seemed pleasanter even than before.

"Are you the doctor?" asked Isabel, surrendering both frail hands.

"No; but I have been a tolerable nurse, they say."

"You are very kind."

"You have been very sick."

"Yes. I had better have died," quietly.

"Are you ready to die?"

"I am not ready to live."

"Poor little girl? Does poverty sting you, too?"

Her bravery was all gone, and she cried, bitterly. Her friend started to his feet and walked the floor. She was growing calmer when he came to her side, but whatever he would have said was interrupted. Jane Green entered the room; and saying, hastily: "I will see you again," he told Jane not to let Isabel sit longer exposed to the coming dew, and left the room.

"Marlborough orders around awfully about you," said Jane, with a laugh.—"I guess he's taken a fancy to you."

Isabel flushed a little.

"Who is he?"

"O, he manages Simon's business—does his writing, work's in the field when we're pushed. He's gentleman; came from New York."

"Yes," assented Isabel, wondering greatly.

"Simon's worth twenty thousand dollars and can't write his own name. Marlborough always does any business that needs writing. He's quiet-spoken, but always has his own way. He manages Simon like a child. He's smart enough to sell the roof over our heads. Many a man would do it—but Marlborough is honorable. I'll say that for him, if he does think himself made of a little better stuff than common folks." And Jane wrinkled up her snub nose with an expression of pique at some hidden experience.

"Is he poor?"

"Well, I reckon he is or he wouldn't stay here. I don't suppose he'll stay here much longer, though. He's got to going to the town ten miles off, to give music lessons. Liddy says she expects he'll leave and set up an academy or something. I don't know what Simon will do."

The next morning, after these revelations were made, Isabel saw her friend mowing upon a hill as patiently and steadily as the clowns among whom he labored.

"It is strange! what can it mean?" she said to herself.

But she had other things to think about, also. Here was her independence balked at the first move. She had been ill six weeks, and there was barely five dollars in her little purse with which to remove obligations. As she was weak and unable to commence teaching.

One thing put a little heart into her. It was a fortnight before she saw Marlborough again, but meanwhile she received constant tokens of his remembrance. Strawberries and flowers were placed upon the sill of her open window, great oranges travelled somehow from the town and piled themselves on her table; magazines and illustrated newspapers were brought in by the children, and though she knew the mid-summer pressure of work was great, Leo was always saddled for a morning ride.

She began teaching at last, but that evening she lay with throbbing temples on the bed. To her surprise a letter, post-marked New York, was handed to her.

She read it and laid it down with a long sigh of relief.

Made stronger by the news she had received, she went out into the moonlight, pacing back and forth, and thinking new thoughts. Marlborough appeared suddenly before her.

"How is this little girl?" he asked.

"Better."

"But crying is not good for her."

"Do I show that I have been crying? Well, I will not any more," she answered.

"You are brave, but your position is too much even for your bravery. And I cannot help you. There is where the sting comes, child."

He paused sadly.

"I am poor. It has been galling before, but never as now, when I see, and no one else sees, that you are wasting your life and breaking your heart in this barren place. Isabel, if you could love me, I would make a little idol of you, I think—setting you up above every good thing—but that is absurd—and I am poor—cursed poor," with a passionate gesture, "and could really only give you food to eat and a shelter for your beautiful head."

"And you do not love me?" said Isabel, coldly.

"Yes I do. But I will not ask you to marry me. There are rich men all over the country who would give half their fortune for your pretty, pure face, child.—Men who have earned their money hard, and grown hard and weary in the battle of life, and are longing for a little truth and sweetness. For your love they will give home and luxuries. I have nothing to give you."

It was a strange courtship, but there were two hearts loving each other, and thank Heaven! the way was open to happiness.

"Listen," said Isabel. "I am rich, not poor. My home is open to me now. The step-mother, jealous and malicious, who has barred me out, is dead. I have no need to work longer. The trial is over. But I had no idea," with a little sigh, "that independence was so hard."

"Then you will leave me?"

"No."

She put her arms around his neck.—Gratitude had blossomed into love in the moonlight.

"I am an heiress, but my house needs a master," she said.

A few weeks later he told her his history. I do not need to repeat it, but it was one that made Isabel Marlborough much happier. Marlborough was a hero, but no one knew it as well as his wife.—No estate on the Hudson has a finer master than Marlborough Hill to-day—and the mistress will tell you that there is something besides independence that is sweet.

The Dog in Church.

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened, and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog.

Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ; he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him.—The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them first on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again; also the organ that was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside, and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it and smelt at every crack and corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course he wanted or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked, and wagged his white, bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of the pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth.—Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertantly. It slipped over the chair's edge, Our Dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made a noise, and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort, and strain where they ought not to.—Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton tried to put Our Dog out.—He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went.

The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native agility. This was something like; it was fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, "Well, ain't you going to try it again?"

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save that man in the pulpit. Our Dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as he did so he waved, in a majestic and patronizing sort of way, his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, "Well, you can sit here, glum and silent, if you've a mind to. I do no such thing. I'm a dog; I need none of your preaching, I'm superior to all that. Things go on easy enough with me, without coming here once a week to sit silent, sad, melancholy and stupid, and be scolded at by a man whom you pay for it."

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the properties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there; seemingly, those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.

A Singular Superstition.

A Maryland paper says;

"There lives a family in Dorchester county, every dark-eyed member of which for the past fifty years has gone blind at the age of twenty to twenty-five years. Those with blue eyes escape the terrible affliction. There is a tradition about this singular circumstance which we lay before our readers as we heard it: Some sixty years since—so goes the story— a beautiful black-eyed girl of twenty from some cause or other lost her eyesight. Her misfortune brought penury and want with it. Being reduced to beggary she was wont to go abroad asking alms. During one of her journeys she visited the neighborhood in which resided the ancestors of those who are now sightless. Instead of her helpless condition exciting, as it should, have done, a feeling of sympathy, she was treated with ridicule by some of the young members of the house her evil star had led her to. Two boys, as a matter of mere deviltry, took her out, promising to conduct her to a place where plenty awaited. Instead of giving her a safe conduct, they carried her into a swamp and left her. It is said that she cried out beseeching them to put her on the public road, but they heeded not her lamentations. Finding herself about to be deserted among the tangled bushwood, she turned her prayer to a curse, asking her Maker, in her revengeful anger, to punish her betrayers, by making their offspring for seven generations as helpless as she was. It is said that she was found dead in the swamp, having perished from hunger and cold. This may appear somewhat romantic, but whether the traditionary part of it be false or true, it is assuredly a fact that the male offspring of the family referred to lose their sight as indicated. Hundreds of persons in Dorchester will verify it."

A Sensible Resolve.

'Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?' said a workman to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

'No,' said my father, 'how was it?'

'Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

"What's for dinner?' said the man.

"Roast goose,' replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?' he asked.

"No, she answered.

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce.'

When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man,' said he to himself, can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't even have that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow's good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense,' So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public-house never to enter it again.'

'The same thing is going on in thousands of public-houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy men who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

GRAND LODGE OF MD., I. O. O. F.—At the recent recent semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, held in Baltimore, on Thursday night, 20th inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

M. W. Grand Master—Jos. Vansant.
R. W. Deputy Grand Master—Wm. R. Creery.
R. W. Grand Warden—Jos. Thompson.
R. W. Grand Secretary—J. Hahn, Jr.
R. W. Grand Treasurer—William S. Wonderly.
R. W. Grand Marshall—Thomas H. Dennison.

Charles H. Rawlings was elected Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States for two years, vice F. A. Ellis, who has occupied the position for a number of years.

The report of the late Grand Master, Alex. L. Spear, Esq., represents the Institution to be in continued prosperous condition.

What American Girls say about Kissing.

The varied emotions excited by young ladies in leading cities along the line from Boston to St. Louis, as kisses are stolen from their sweet lips, are expressed in the following manner:

A Boston girl says, with an assumption of indignation, Sir, I declare such a liberty as that is beyond all bounds of propriety and gentlemanly manner; I—, she is stopped by another which is just resisted very badly. The New York girl says—'Indeed, Mr. Brown, your conduct is a little familiar if not ardent. I've half a mind to ask what you take me for?' The reply of Brown is, that he takes her for something nice and sweet, and a sharp, rapid smaking ensues. The Buffalo girl says with marked positiveness of manners, but with equally marked insincerity:—'Wretch, thief, put that right back; I wouldn't lose it for the world.' She not only don't lose it, but gets as she wants, double principal and interest.

The Philadelphia girl says—'So you think that's dreadful smart; you wouldn't have done it if I had been looking, no indeed;' but she makes it a point not to look. The Baltimore girl says: 'Repeat the insult if you dare, sir,' and exposes her face, that it might be done easily and often. The Washington girl remarks: 'You've been gone and done it, have you; now cipher out how much better you feel, and calculate when you'll get another chance.' The Chicago girl says: 'Confound your impudence! do you take me for a New Yorker? I'd have you know there is a spice of danger in that little matter.' The only danger she apprehends is that you won't cut and come again. The Cincinnati girl says: 'Did you ever, no I never—you men are perfect monsters.' Affects tears and indignation, but is assuaged by a duplication of the old dose. The Louisville girl: 'You're done it sure and well. If there are more of the same sort please help yourself. If you can stand it, I can.' The Detroit girl girl says: 'Mien Jerusalem: what a naughty, funny man. Better you look out how you take one, two, four more, before mine mother comes.' The St. Louis girl says: 'Oh, go along with your nonesense; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You can't do it again.' She exposes her face, and it is done again several times.—*Boston Post.*

Facts for the Farmers.

Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them, they will starve you.

Rain is cash to the farmer.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for the land.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow in time, and pay very little attention to the moon.

Cultivate your own heart right; remembering that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Recording even your own errors will be of benefit.

Ground once well plowed is better than thrice poorly.

Weeds that grow unmolested around the fences, stumps, and stones scatter their seeds over the farm, and are very likely to grow.

When you see a fence down, put it up; if it remains until to-morrow, the cattle may get over.

Farmers' sons had better learn to hold the plow and feed the pigs, than measure tape and cut buttons.

☞ A German, who had been naturalized in Wisconsin, wrote a letter to a fellow-countryman recently, in which he said: "Oxkoose me dat I Schreib you it Englisch. Ich habe so long stadt in Visconsin gewont, das ich already twise have gevoted."

☞ Another of Dumas' sayings—"They call men the strong sex! it is true? A woman resisted me for twelve years, and then politely went off with another. I have never been able to resist a woman more than ten minutes."

☞ "How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0305