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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Advertisements not exceeding *eight lines* will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES half price.

Job Printing, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch.

The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868. No. 10.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE IN VIRGINIA.

THE owners offer for sale in Amherst Co., Va., SEVEN CONTIGUOUS FARMS, of very valuable land, well watered and well timbered. These lands comprise an aggregate area of 1255 ACRES, and vary in size from 134 to 200 acres. Six of these farms are enclosed with good fences, and all have comfortable Dwellings upon them.

LOCATION.—Five miles from the James River Canal, ten miles from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and fourteen miles from Lynchburg. PRICE—$12.50 to $35 per acre.

For further particulars apply to
R. C. BERKELEY,
Principal of Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
je13-4t*

BRICK HOTEL At Private Sale.

THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale, his

BRICK HOTEL

In the village of Millington, Kent Co., Md.

It is a Two-story Building, situate on the corner of Sassafras and Cypress Streets, within seventy-five yards of the Depot on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad.

On the first floor there is a Parlor, a Dining room, Sitting-room and a Bar-room, a Pantry and Kitchen. On the second floor are nine chambers. There is a LARGE DRY CELLAR under the whole of the building.

THE HOTEL LOT is about 75 by 200 feet.

There is a Meat House, Carriage House and proper Stables.

The whole property is in fair order.

The property is now occupied by Mr. JAMES R. HANES, who will take pleasure in showing the premises to any who wish to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:

The following terms of sale are proposed, subject to such modifications as may be found expedient: $896 on the first day of September next. $800, with interest on the residue from the day of sale, on the first day of May, 1869, and the balance on the first day of January, 1870, the whole to be secured by bond, with security approved by my Attorney, RICHARD HYNSON, Esq., Chestertown, Md.

WILLIAM T. URIE.
Chestertown, June 6, 1868—tf.

New Goods at Kennedyville.

JUST OPENED, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF GOODS for the Household and Farm.

DRY GOODS, a Full Assortment,

Among which we will quote CALICOES from 8 to 19 cts., MUSLINS 10 a 30 cts.

Clothing.—A fine and complete assortment; COTTONADES, SATINETS; CASSIMERES, plain and fancy. Plain Black Cloth Suits from $10 to $20, and all at REDUCED PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—A large stock, especially of Misses and Children's.

Notions, Queensware and Groceries.

Also, a large stock of MEDICINES. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

CHARLES W. WARREN.
April 25, 1868.

NEW BOUNTIES. United States Bounties. State of Maryland Bounties.

AS it is confidently expected that both Congress and the State Legislature will, at their present sessions, enact laws providing Bounty for those Soldiers and Sailors who have never yet received any, it is important that those interested should have their claims in the hands of some one who will look to their interests and see that their claims are put upon file early and in due form for prompt payment.

I shall be glad to receive the papers of any who desire to avail themselves of my experience and facilities in the collection of all just claims.

All papers will be promptly acknowleged, and while in my hands will be kept in a fire and burglar proof vault, specially built for the increasing number of valuable papers in my possession.

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
N. E. Cor. of Fayette and St. Paul St.,
ja18. BALTIMORE, MD.

BURNS & SLOAN, 132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.
May 16, 1868—y.

WOOL! WOOL!

I AM buying Wool for Messrs. Mallalieu & Co., for which I am paying the cash or exchange, optional with the seller.

I also have the agency for Seymour, Morgan & Allen's Self-Raking Reaper and Mower, known as the "NEW YORKER," which has been giving such general satisfaction in the Northern and Western States. Any orders left with me will be promptly attended to.

I will inform all persons indebted to me either by note or otherwise that I greatly need the money to do business with, and will take it as a great favor if they will settle with me.

E. N. ROLAND.
Bell Air, May 30—1m.

BREAD AND CAKE BAKERY.

DOROTHEA GRUBER,

AT the old Bakery of Mr. John Waibel (up town,) respectfully informs the public that she is prepared to furnish

BREAD, RUSK, BUNS, PIES, Biscuits, &c.,

FRESH FROM THE BAKERY, together with every description of Cake, such as

Pound Cake, Sponge Cake,

FRUIT CAKE, JUMBLES, SUGAR CAKE, Jelly Cake, Lemon Cake, &c., at the lowest prices. Having had large experience in Philadelphia in this business, she is satisfied of her ability to give satisfaction.

DOROTHEA GRUBER.
Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1866.

DR. W. T. URIE, HOMŒPATHICIAN,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity.

He may at all times be found at his Office under the Voshell House, when not professionally engaged. d14-tf.

OAK AND PINE WOOD FOR SALE in large or small quantities, delivered in Chestertown. WM. F. BAKER.

FARMERS!

YOU need not go any further than Chestertown now to get your

Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, THRESHING MACHINES OR HORSE POWERS.

They are all kept by

HINES, WOODALL & CO.,

at the Foundry of Mr. CHAS. A. ESTES, in Chestertown.

REAPERS.—Woods' self-rake Reaper, and Woods' Reaper and Mower combined; New Yorker self-rake Reaper, and New Yorker self-rake Reaper and Mower combined; Johnson's self-rake Reaper, and Hoffkin's self-rake Reaper.

MOWERS.—Monitor Mower, Woods' Mower and Hoffkins' Mower.

RAKES.—Harman Wheat and Hay Rake.—Sinclair Wheat and Hay Rake; Hoffkins' wheat and Hay self-discharge Rake.

THRESHERS.—Gueser Thresher, large and small size.

All kinds of Horse Powers.

For other articles we refer you to the advertisement of R. Sinclair & Co., for whom we are acting agents. All the above articles for sale by HINES, WOODALL & CO.
June 13, 1868—4t.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY YOUR MACHINERY!

McCormick's Celebrated Self-Raking Reapers,
McCormick's Prize Mowers,
Kirby Combined Reaper, Mower & Self-Raker,
Kirby Clipper Mower,
Ridgaway's National Reaper, Mower and Self-Raker,
Shaw & Co.'s Combined Iron Harvester,
" " " Clipper Mowers,
Hauck & Bro's Celebrated self-discharging Hay and Grain Rakes,
Stevenson's Patent Grinder for sharpening Reaper knives.

☞ All of the above Machines are warranted to give satisfaction, or they will be taken back and considered no sale. Call and see these Machines and get Pamphlets, containing certificates of farmers who have used them. For sale by CHARLES STANLEY & SON,
je6-6t. Chestertown.

1868. HARVEST. 1868.

NEW GOODS

OPENED THIS WEEK.

THOMAS S. WICKES calls the attention of Farmers to his large and varied stock of HEAVY GROCERIES just purchased, to meet the demands of the approaching Harvest.

BROWN SUGARS, COFFEES, LIQUORS for field hands, at a low figure; MOLASSES, OILS, TIN-WARE, &c., &c., &c., all offered at reasonable advances.

Chestertown, June 20, 1868.

WINE BOTTLES for sale by the dozen, by
June 20, 1868. TH. S. WICKES.

New Summer Goods. New Summer Goods.

T. W. ELIASON & SON
Will open on Monday next,
A LARGE STOCK OF SEASONABLE GOODS.
June 20, 1868.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. W. ELIASON & SON will have in store for sale next Monday, a large assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES, embracing in part:

Men's Fine French Calf Boots, ½ D. sole,
" " " " " pump "
Boys' " " " "

Men's Balm'l Boots,	Misses' Mor. Boots,
Boys' do. do.	" Goat Boots,
Ladies' last'g Anklets,	" Fancy "
" " Gaiters,	" Buff "
" Mor. Bal. Boots,	Childrens' Gaiters,
" Goat " "	" Fancy Boots,
Misses' last'g Anklets,	" Buff "

Infants' plain and fancy Kid and Morrocco and Patent Leather Shoes. June 20.

NOTICE OF A Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Partnership lately subsisting between Joshua B. Fenimore, Sr., Joshua B. Fenimore, Jr., and William B. Miller, proprietors of the "Fairlee Steam Saw Mill," Kent county, Maryland, was dissolved on the 12th day of February, 1868, by the death of J. B. Fenimore, Jr., one of the partners.

The books of account have been placed in the hands of C. T. WESTCOTT, of Chestertown, Md., for collection. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said C. T WESTCOTT, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

J. B. FENIMORE,
WM. B. MILLER.
June 13, 1868—12t.

JAMES W. PATTEN

Has added to his stock CHILDREN'S SHOES of various kinds and sizes; LADIES', likewise. MEN'S work and Dress Shoes. Men's and Boys' Hats. Also, a lot of DRY GOODS, which I will dispose of at a fair profit. COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.

Now, allow me to tell you
Where I can be found,
It will be by travelling
Pretty well down town.
If this is not sufficient
I will tell you more,
I am now selling goods below
T. B Hynson's brick store.
Now for the rest I leave it with all
Whether you will or will not
Give me a call.
Now, my respects
I send unto all,
Hoping at the same time
They will give me a call.

June 20, 1868. JAS. W. PATTEN.

WOOD! WOOD!

WOOD OF ALL KINDS SAWED, SPLIT AND DELIVERED.

The subscriber having supplied himself with a Horse-Power Machine for sawing Wood, is prepared to supply families with Wood of all kinds sawed in any lengths; and to split and deliver the same, cheaper than can be done by hand. Wood hauled to the yard will be sawed to order upon moderate terms.

je13-3t. GEO NICHOLSON.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

WE invite the attention of our customers and the public generally to our LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER, embracing in part

White Pine Select Culling Boards,
" " Pick " "
" " Shippen " "
" " Common " "
Hemlock Boards and Fencing,
Joist, Scantling, Siding,
Flooring, Shingles, Laths, &c.

je13. T. W. ELIASON & SON.

LOST, on the night of the 6th inst, a SLEEVE-BUTTON with lava head. A suitable reward will be paid for it if left at the Kent News Office je13-3t.

A CARD.

OWING to pressing engagements in my Carpentering business, and therefore not able to give scarcely any attention to the Stove and Tin business, I have concluded for the present to give up the Stove and Tin business, and now offer on good terms the whole

STOCK, TOOLS AND FIXTURES FOR SALE.

The business is a good one, and to any one who can give it their personal attention will be well remunerated. If I do not succeed in selling out I shall again commence operations on a larger scale on the first day of October.

I return my sincere thanks to my friends who have so liberally patronized me, and regret that they have not been more faithfully served. I have some elegant Cooking Stoves, besides a good stock of Tin-ware, which I shall endeavor to close out low.

je27-3t. A. A. BISCOE.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received until the fourteenth day of July next,

For Building a Highway Bridge across Sassafras River,

from a large tree on Mr. E. Lockwood's Wharf in Cecil County, to the lower side of Capt. A. Woodall's old Wharf in Kent county, Md.

The proposals to be for a Pile Bridge, similar to that across the Bohemia River, in Cecil Co. Also, separate proposals for any alteration or improvement the contractor may suggest, and for a Trestle Bridge.

The bridge will be about 680 feet in length, including a pivot draw 90 feet in length.

The contractor to furnish all materials, and payments will be made as the work progresses. The work to be completed by the first of December next.

The plan, specifications and Bill of materials of the Bohemia Bridge can be seen at the office of Capt. A. Woodall.

Send proposals to
G. W. SPENCER, President,
je27-3t. Galena, Kent Co., Md.

SCHOOL HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

BY order of the Board of School Commissioners for Kent county, the subscriber will offer at public sale at the Hotel at Kennedyville, on

Wednesday, the 15th day of July, 1868,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., the

Brick School House

AND LOT OF LAND ATTACHED,

situated on the road leading from Harmony to Still Pond, and on the line between the lands of W. Welch and F. Dunlap.

TERMS:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale; one-third in six and one-third in nine months from said day—the purchaser giving his bond with approved security for the deferred payments.

W F. MASSEY,
Sec'y and Treas'r School Board.
June 27, 1868—tds.

LUMBER.

THE undersigned has now for sale in his Lumber Yard at Turner's Creek, a full assortment of Lumber, embracing—

White Pine and Hemlock Bill Stuff, nearly all lengths and sizes.
White Pine Boards from 1 to 2 inches,
" " Select Boards,
" " Flooring,
" " and Hemlock Fence Boards,
" " and Cypress Shingles, No. 1 & 2,
Yellow " Flooring,
White " Pickets, pointed and plain,
" " and Hemlock Pale Railing.
Laths, Siding worked and plain.

Orders left with Mr. A. BELL at Buck Neck, will be promptly filled, and the lumber delivered at that place.

I will also furnish FERTILIZERS of all kinds, either at Turner's Creek or Buck Neck Wharf. Carpenters and Builders will do well to examine my stock before making their purchases elsewhere.

je27. GEORGE W. JONES.

ICE CREAM, ICE CREAM!

W. HUDGINS would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has fitted up his Saloon, and is now ready to supply the public with ICE CREAM, CAKES and SODA WATER.

Thankful for past patronage I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

NOTICE, NOTICE!

PARTIES, PIC-NICS,
EXCURSIONS and FESTIVALS

supplied on the most reasonable terms.

All in want of BREAD, RUSK, PIES and CAKES, wholesale and retail, fresh every day, should apply to

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
je20-3m, Opposite Post Office.

WOOD AND COAL.

THE subscriber has in his yard, and is prepared to supply OAK, HICKORY and PINE WOOD at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish COAL of all sizes and quality. Persons wishing to engage their Coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market. WM. H. HAMILTON.
June 20. 1868—tf.

FOR SALE, the Hull and Spars of a BATTEAU just completed, and not yet launched; finished with deck cabin and private centre board. Dimensions: length 40 ft., breadth beam 11 feet, depth hold 33 inches. If immediate application is made the above will be sold at less than the cost of building. Enquire of
C. A. LEARY & SON,
je20-2t. Near Rock Hall, Kent County.

FLY NETS! FLY NETS! FLY NETS!

A large assortment, of various colors and prices, just received and for sale at the "People's Harness Store" of
je20 JOHN F. HOWARD.

40,000 Cabbage Plants Large Flat Dutch, for sale by C. C. HYNSON, at the residence of his father T. W. Hynson. Price 20 cents per hundred.
June 20, 1868—3t.

For Sale Low, a good REAPER, with self rake, in good order. Any person desirous of purchasing one can call at my residence near the village of Still Pond, and examine it. LOUIS HEPBRON.
June 20, 1868—3t.

NOTICE.—Found at Fairlee Creek, on the 5th instant, a SEINE, 2 Guns and 2 Oars. Supposed to have been stolen. They are now in possession of the undersigned at Bell Air, where the owner or owners can procure them on paying charges.
je20-3t* JAMES KENDALL.

At Private Sale. A FARM containing 205 ACRES, Situated on Swan Creek, adjoining the farm of Mr. Walter Miller. Persons wishing to purchase will call and examine the premises.

Terms made very easy.
je20-6t* THOMAS COLEMAN.

The Maiden's Choice.

I never can wed him, though rich he may be,
For another is dearer, far dearer to me;
Though he owneth no lands, no houses or gold,
He has a kind heart, and a proud manly soul.
'Tis in vain that ye strive, from him I'll not part,
I bestow not my hand till it goes with my heart;
A cottage is dearer with him that I prize
Than the gold that may dazzle your cold greedy eyes.

Should I marry for riches, I'd ne'er happy be,
A true heart is dearer, far dearer to me;
For happiness lives not mid splendor & wealth,
But in true love, contentment, in labor, and health.
In the halls of the great there dwells envy and pride,
False, false friends will praise you, and proud hearts will chide;
And though handsome, and noble and wealthy he be,
He is heartless and cold, and can never wed me.

But give me the cottage, the vines, and the bowers,
The sweet little garden, the birds & the flowers,
And the one whom I love and in whom I confide,
To be my protector, my guardian and guide.
I will work in the garden, and hear the bird's song,
While he tills the land with his arm proud and strong,
And as life glides along none more happy can be
Than the one that I love, in the cottage with me.

Men, Women and Manners.

Fanny Fern, in the *Ledger*, has some common sense talk regarding the intercourse of intimate friends, which she thinks is much more reasonably conducted among men than by women. Thus, in order to avoid offending a female friend who may chance to call while a lady is occupied, the latter may not send down word that she is engaged, but must resort to a "white lie," and say that she is out.—Fanny once frankly excused herself to a female visitor because she had an article to write. The visitor, as soon as Fanny had gone, turned to another with the mild remark: "I suppose she said that to get rid of us—don't you?" Fanny says the intercourse of men with each other has always aroused her admiration. If one wants to read or write in another's company, he does so, and no offence is taken.

If one has to leave, he often says no more than "I'm off," or "Good by, old fellow." Sometimes it is only the touch of the hat, or a hand laid on the other's shoulder in passing, and no black eyes, no locks of hair fly nor do any hard words or looks result in the future.

Further fancies follow regarding the possible conduct of females in imaginary emergencies. We quote:

If ladies smoked, which the gods forbid! do you suppose one lady would allow another to step her in the street and light a cigar from her lips, when she never was introduced? When she didn't even know who her dressmaker was, or where she bought her bonnets? Good heavens.

Did you ever notice, if anything unexpected occurs in the mutual path of men passing through the same street, how naturally and frankly they accost each other, though perfect strangers, and converse about it, and go their several ways, to their tombetones, after it? Not so, sweet woman! Catch her speaking to "that nasty thing!" How does she know who or what she is?

Children are so delicious about these matters. I saw two little girls, the other day, trying to crack a nut on the sidewalk by pressing in turn their tiny little shoe upon it. Despairing of success, they said to a gentleman passing, "Man, man, crack this nut for us, will you?" His handsome face was luminous with fun as he pressed his polished boot down upon it, to the delight of the youngsters and myself. Now, these little girls wouldn't have thought of asking a lady to do that; or if they had, do you think she would have stopped to do it?

DON'T BE A LOBSTER.—Your lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is, and dies, altho' the slightest exercise would enable him to reach the waves, which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide in human affairs that casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there, like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its big shoulders and carry them to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized. Nor is it right they should be. The social element ought not to be expected to help him who makes no effort to help himself.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point in the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head, is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

THE local editor of a Western exchange informs his readers that he has no sweetheart now—he's married. A friend of ours says he knows another editor who has no sweetheart now—she's married.

A LOVE LETTER.

For the benefit of young men who are in love, and whose cases are undecided in the chancery of Cupid, we recommend the following letter. It breathes of devotion that is too hard to be resisted. There is a note of irrepressible joy in it like the strains of the Peri when the crystal bars of Eden moved to admit her into Paradise. At the same time there is in it a wail of melancholy like the howl of a lonesome hound mourning for his lost beef bone.—We hope the heart of the maiden to whom it was addressed may dissolve like butter in a hot skillet, before the warm fire of its affections:

"MY DEAR JERUSHA: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow-linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of extatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues on a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and born on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumlebee in a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in country towns, and lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my boot straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thought. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth and goeth for his morning refreshments; when drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at a milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum-elastic my heart seems to stretch clean across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pin skewered through your waterfall filled me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me full on my manly breast, it permeated my entire anatomy, like as a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paws and myriads of unfledged kieses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like young blue birds out of the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pore out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. Away from you, I am melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June-bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is pored by skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of old butter, Swietzer cheese, or the kick of a mule; it is purer than the breath of a crow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As the song-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the tray, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than speckled pullet; sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorgum molasses; brighter than the top-knot plumage on the head of a muscovey duck. You are candy kisses, pound cake, and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me win your affections, I shall be as happy as a wood-pecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear, and toss a clod upon the last resting place of

JULIUS EPAMINONDAS MUGGINS.

NEVER faint, halt, or despair because you cannot realize your ideal, and the thing you would. Only do the best you can, and no authoritative judgment shall condemn you. Circumstances may raise an insuperable bar, for the time being at least. How many persons make wreck of talent in sighing for opportunities to do other and more than their circumstances warrant! They disdain the low rounds of the ladder which most surely lead to the high. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we cannot have large ones. By cultivating the little, we make it easier to compass the greatest.

Young Ladies, Don't Try It.

And when angry—for e'en in the tranquillest climes
The breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seem to awaken
New beauty, like flowers, that are sweetest when shaken. [MOORE.

That sounds very well in poetry, but, young ladies, don't try it in practical life. The breeze might waste the fragrance of the flower, or he who inhales the perfume and beholds the beauty of the blossoms may be chilled, though warmed with love's radiance. Therefore, never court that sort of breeze.

If you imagine, however, that the passionate light of the eye and the angry glow of the cheek heighten the charm of your beauty, make yourself sure about it before you try the effect of those charms on your lover. The first time you get angry at your little sister for tossing about your work-basket; or at your mother, for objecting to your very low body; or at your half-grown brother, for treading on the trail of your dress; or at your father, for refusing you a new mantle; or at your friend Belle, for outshining you at the ball—just run to your mirror, and see for yourself whether anger becomes you.

If you are pretty, it will scarcely make you prettier. If you are plain, it will assuredly make you hideous. But, even should you be the exception that proves the rule, beware! still beware!

"Anger resteth in the bosom of"—dutiful daughters?—no! Of amiable sweethearts?—no! Of loving wives?—no, no! "Anger," saith one of old, "resteth in the bosom of *fools*."

True, the children of this generation pay little heed to the wise sayings of old. But those sayings are the embodiment of eternal truths, and cannot be disembodied. They may be unseen, unfelt, and unconfessed, but truth will make itself apparent to the perceptions, if not to the reason.

Your lover—for convenience sake we call him Dick—may be utterly ignorant of these embodiments. He may never even have heard that "anger resteth in the bosom of fools." But Dick knows that, when angry, you are a fool, as well as Solomon knew it of any one of his many wives.

Don't give Dick a chance to think so. Remember what Moore says:

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or roughly taken—
O! love, that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!"

Instinct without Brains.

Long ago, it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears much upon the domain of reason; so we are accustomed to say that they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of the phenomena in the highest order of organic life which have their origin in the brain. If that organ is severely injured, so that its normal functions are no longer performed, consciousness and orderly manifestations of its influence are interrupted or suspended. But the insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction, without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits, independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself. When, by accident, a thread of a spider's web is broken, the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and, by taking different positions, surveys the damage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord. Again, when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, show beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain.

THE Rev. Sidney Smith says: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long, and, when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with a warmth and energy—let there be a soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sighs immediately after it, the effect is greater. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.—A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. Once his favorite expression was employed in a rather singular manner.—At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship, "*I really beg his pardon*—bring him in."

"SIR," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old man, "please give me a quarter, I am hungry and unable to procure food."

The quarter was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed; you have saved me from doing what I feared I would have to come to."

"What is that," said the benefactor.

"Work," was the mournful answer.

"A KISS," says a French lady, "costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence."

A Wonderful Dome.

The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunkers Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church spire of New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than four thousand tons, or about the weight of seventy thousand full grown people, or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds.—The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 775,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1,100,000. The new wings cost about $6,500,000. The architect has a plan for re-building the old central part of the capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about $3,200,000.—*Wash. Cor. Cin. Com.*

Stay on the Farm.

The cities and villages are already overcrowded, and every kind of business languishes more than the cultivation of the earth. In the cities the labor market is over stocked, and one can get any desired number of hands for any conceivable *job*. Clerks from the country have usually to serve two or three years before they can get living wages. The city throngs with unemployed men and women, waiting for something to turn up. Those who find employment have no security for permanence. Mechanics lose their places and have to lie idle for weeks and months together. All the products of skill and labor are relatively cheaper than provisions and breadstuffs. The great material want of the nation is cheaper meats, grain and vegetables. We have merchants, mechanics, and middlemen enough, but far too few farmers. The best cultivated State abounds in uncultivated lands. Even in the vicinity of our large towns and cities, cheap lands abound, and splendid chances for enterprising young men to win names and fortune. Once settled upon his own acres, the farmer has constant, profitable occupation before him.—Nowhere is unskilled labor so sure of sustenance, nowhere will intelligent industry so surely win a happy home and competence. In the country one never need to lack labor, and labor brings there the necessaries and comforts of life.—*American Agriculturist.*

TWO FRIENDS, who had not seen each other for a long while, met one morning quite by chance.

"How do you do," says one.

"Why not very well," replied the other; "have been married since I saw you."

"Well done, that, is good, however."

"Not so very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."

"That was bad."

"Not so very bad neither, she brought me two thousand pounds."

"That was consolation enough."

"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."

"That was very unfortunate!"

"Not so very unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."

"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."

"Not quite, for my house was one night burned, and every note was burned."

"What a most woful misfortune!"

"Not so woful as you may imagine, for my wife and house were burnt together."

AN EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.—In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged in it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their masters, till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled around the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How, now," quothed the dominie to the first lad: "How dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth," another colic, the third a cough—in short they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin put down his pipe, after a farewell-whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in whining, hypocritical tone. "Sir, I smoke for corns."

A TALL ARTIST.—An artist has painted a dog so natural, that the animal had the hydrophobia during the hot weather.—He's the same man that painted a copy of a beer bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it. And after he was married, he painted a picture of his first baby so lifelike that it cried, and his wife spanked it before she discovered her mistake.

COULDN'T.—A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said:—"Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

"My brother," said a good old backwoods preacher, "I am gwine to preach you a plain sarment, that even wimmen can understand. You can find my text in the five verses of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1st John, chap. II.

AUNT SUSAN, about seventy years of age, is unanimous on man. She says: "Suppose all the men were in one country and all the women in another, with a big river between them! Good gracious! what lots of poor women would be drowned."