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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 30. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870. No. 45.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND. 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.

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries half price.

Job Printing of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent county, examiners, to view and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening of

A PUBLIC ROAD

in the Third Election District of Kent county, commencing at or near the gate of J. W. Howard, running across the lands of Joseph Howard, Thomas S. Wilson and Norris Barnard, to a point where it shall intersect with the public road leading to Barnard's Wharf,—hereby give notice that they will meet at the gate of J. W. Howard, on

WEDNESDAY, the 13th of April, 1870

at ten o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

JOHN T DODD,
WM. W. STEPHENS,
SAMUEL BECK,
March 12, 1870—5t. Examiners.

PEACH TREES!

The subscriber has for sale 15,000 to 20,000 PEACH TREES of Natural Seed and Choice Varieties, equal if not superior to any in the county. Terms, twelve months credit Order solicited. H. CREW,
mh5-4t* Still Pond, Kent co., Md.

TO PEACH GROWERS.

The subscriber has for sale about

Thirty Thousand PEACH TREES,

of the best varieties. Trees warranted to be of the variety represented. Orders solicited.
ROBERT NICHOLSON,
Oct. 16—tf. near Hanesville.

FOR SALE,

60,000 PEACH TREES,

of prime quality, and very best orchard varieties. Also, 200,000 Osage Orange Quicks of superior growth. F. H. TAYLOR,
a8tf. Galena, Kent county, Md.

TREES, PLANTS, AND VINES.

MY friends and customers will please recollect that I am still in the market, with a large and extensive assortment of

NURSERY STOCK.

PEACH TREES, and SMALL FRUIT PLANTS specialities.

N. BARNARD, Still Pond, Md.
Jan. 15—3m.*

FRUIT GROWERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

I am still in the market with a LARGE and GENUINE ARTICLE OF

FRUIT TREES,

Such as PEACH, grown in New Jersey by Pullen and Bilyeau, and DWARF, grown in New York, and the different varieties of Small fruits, such as RASPBERRY, BLACKBERRY, STRAWBERRY, GRAPES, and in fact every variety grown in a first class Nursery.

My Peach will compare in quality and genuineness with any in the U. S. In regard to Mr. S. G. Bilyeu's Fruit, we will offer Col. K. Wilkins as a reference. Among our list of Peaches we have three prime varieties of late Peach, two of them white with a beautiful blush, ripening with Smock, being much larger, and in color there is no comparison. We have a fine stock of the Salway, which is ten days later than Smock or Heath, a very fine size round Peach, with beautiful blush and perfectly free to the seed—the buds Mr. Bilyeu went to Europe to procure. Two other varieties are Keyport White and Steven's Rareripe.

I think I can furnish anything in the Nursery line as cheap and as good, and on as good terms as any other man in the county. From an experience of ten years in Nursery stock, I flatter myself I can furnish any article that can be procured from any other source. Feeling very thankful for past patronage, I still ask for a continuance of the same.

Any information concerning any of the different varieties gladly given by letter.

Please address JOSEPH C. RASIN,
d4tA1. Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

Very Cheap Goods!

L. S. FOWLER

BEING desirous of reducing his stock of Goods still further, would especially invite the attention of all persons wishing to buy anything in his line

VERY CHEAP.

Needing money more than he does Goods he will SELL AT A SACRIFICE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY DAYS.

A good stock of HATS is offered for sale very cheap, as he intends to close them out at prices to suit customers.

HARDWARE for Builders and others, is offered very low. Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Screws, Shutter Fasteners, Nails, Finishing Nails, Malleable Nails, Hinge Nails, Gate Hooks, Files, Hatchets, Augers, &c., *will be sold very cheap.*

WORSTED HOODS, Breakfast SHAWLS, Sontags, Children's Caps, and Ladies' Merino Vests, will be sold at reduced prices, by

Jan. 22, 1870. L. S FOWLER.

Look Here!

STANLEY & SON,

Opposite the Kent National Bank,

Are receiving a large and well selected stock of

NEW FURNITURE,

which they will sell at the lowest rates for Cash. They have ONE PRICE ONLY for their goods, and sell to all alike. Give them a call before purchasing elsewhere.

UNDERTAKING.

We are still engaged in the undertaking business, and are prepared to execute all orders in that line at the shortest notice, and will guarantee satisfaction both in price and quality of work. STANLEY & SON,
d18-3m. Chestertown.

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, 1869—y.

COAL FOR SALE at Buck Neck Wharf, at reasonable prices, for cash.
sep11. JOHN BELL & BRO.

BLACK CHESAPEAKE INK

I have discovered a Chemical Combination by means of which I produce an Ink

VASTLY SUPERIOR IN EVERY RESPECT TO ANY OTHER WRITING FLUID EVER BEFORE INVENTED.

It is of a JET BLACK COLOR, and is perfectly indelible, does not change in the least even when subjected to acids which entirely erase and destroy all other inks; consequently it is the

ONLY RELIABLE INK KNOWN

for signing BANK NOTES, writing or recording DEEDS, &c., and will doubtless last as long as the paper or parchment on which it is written.

It flows easily from the pen; does not corrode or gum up; does not blot. It can be written with across the sheet over the wet writing without blurring the first writing.

It is an excellent substitute for India ink in making drawings or fine line ruling, and can be written on the thinnest paper without spreading.

It is sold for one half the price of the many worthless fluids bottled and sold as writing ink, and is a home manufacture.

This ink is now for sale by the bottle, dozen, or gross, and a liberal discount allowed to merchants.

R. CLAY CRAWFORD,

Corner High and Front Streets,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

BLACK CHESAPEAKE INK.

It Flows easily from the Pen,
It does not gum up,
It does not corrode the pen,
Acids do not erase it,
It is perfectly durable.
It is an excellent drawing Ink,
It can be written on the thinnest paper,
It does not contain acids,
It does not contain iron or gall.

It is the BEST INK ever made.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

R. CLAY CRAWFORD,

Corner High and Front Streets,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

I have associated with me in a LIMITED PARTNERSHIP,

Mr. Wm. A. Vickers,

OF CHESTERTOWN,

who will fill all orders for Ink, in the State of Maryland, at Wholesale or Retail.

R. CLAY CRAWFORD,
Manufacturing Chemist.
Feq. 19, 1870.

Steam Mill in Chestertown.

THE subscriber having leased and put in complete order the STEAM MILL in Chestertown, is prepared to exchange or grind for the usual toll, all Wheat or Corn which may be sent or consigned to him, and promises to perform his duties with faithfulness and dispatch

He will be at the Steamboat every day on her arrival and take charge of any grain sent to him, grind the same and have it put back on said boats, without charge for cartage.

He solicits a fair share of the public patronage and promises to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their custom.

jan29-3m. E. C. REICHE.

Dividend Notice.

ESTATE OF HENRY B. SLAUGHTER.

On application, ordered, that Joel C. Slaughter, administrator of Henry B Slaughter, late of Kent county, deceased, give notice by advertisement, that a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will made in this Court on TUESDAY, April 19th, 1870.

Test: E. CROUCH, Reg. Wills.

NOTICE.—All creditors of H. B. Slaughter, are hereby notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, the 19th day of April, or they will otherwise be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

m19-3t. JOEL C. SLAUGHTER, Adm'r.

General Jobbing and Carpentering

DONE BY

ARTHUR J. TOULSON.

SHOP over the Blacksmith Shop, near the Foundry. Particular attention paid to mending broken Tables and Furniture. Will also neatly varnish the same if desired. Venitian Blinds neatly repaired and hung. Desks, Wardrobes, Tables, Stands, Ironing Boards, Lap Boards, Clothes Racks, Gates, &c., made to order. Also, Saw Filing.

Patronage solicited. jan8-3m.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO.,
mh26-3m. Augusta, Maine.

TEAM WHIPS, Cart Whips and Carriage Whips, of various lengths and qualities, are offered a bargain by

Jan. 22, 1870. L. S. FOWLER.

TAKE NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE undersigned having the well-known GOOSE HILL MILL under rent, takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he will GRIND WHEAT and CHOP for ONE TENTH.

Having secured the services of a FIRST CLASS MILLER, he thinks that he can make as good flour as any mill in the State and a larger turnout.

FLOUR and MEAL always on hand at the Mill. JOHN D. FRANKLIN.
Goose Hill, March 19, 1870—3m*

Carriages! Carriages!

Come One and All, at

ROBERT E. HOLTZ'S

Hanesville Carriage Factory,

Where you can have built to order out of the best material, the Latest Styles of

BUGGIES, SULKEYS, JAGGERS, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS,

GERMANTOWNS, EXPRESS WAGONS, DEARBORNS, FARM WAGONS.

Painting, Trimming, Wheelwrighting, and REPAIRING, done with neatness and dispatch, and twenty per cent. lower than you can get elsewhere, and guaranteed at that.—Look what a saving that will be.

Feeling sure that I can give entire satisfaction I most respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. ROBERT E. HOLTZ,
Hanesville Carriage Factory,
feb19y. Hanesville, Kent Co.

Confectionery, Toys, &c.

JAMES H. SMITH,

HAS NOW IN STORE

A Large and General Assortment of Goods in in his line, embracing

CONFECTIONERY of ALL KINDS,

and of the best quality.

A Handsome Stock of TOYS,

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Beautiful CHINA & GLASSWARE

Such as Vases, Pitchers Toilet Sets, Perfume Bottels, large and small DOLLS, &c.

Also, Lamps and Chimneys, Hair Brushes, Combs, &c Tobacco and Segars. Oranges, Lemons and Apples, Canned Fruit, Pickles, Chow Chow, French Mustard, Jellies, Tammarinds, Pepper Sauce, &c. Call and see for yourselves. Dec. 11, 1869.

AGENT WANTED

EMPIRE MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.,

OF NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE:—22 SECOND STREET,

Opposite Post Office, Baltimore.

No restrictions upon residence, occupation, or travel.

All policies nonforfeitable and absolutely incontestable, after second premium.

Those contemplating Life Insurance will find themselves amply recompensed, in the end, by sending for free circular, &c. Persons of any honorable profession, or occupation having leisure hours, they wish to employ profitably, would do well to address,

A. PROSKUS, General Agent.
j15 4m. Baltimore, Md.

Professional Notice.

DR. J. H. PRICE

HAVING located at the Trappe, offers his professional services to the surrounding community. Refers to a practice of four years at Hooversville, Anne Arundel co., Md.

Jan. 8, 1870—6m.

Medical Notice.

HAVING bought the house and lot at Belair lately belonging to Samuel B. Wheat, the subscriber has *permanently* located for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.

Special attention given to diseases of Women.

ja8-3m. A. SAPPINGTON, M. D.

Dwelling House on High St., FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, or for rent for the present year, the DWELLING HOUSE on High Street, in Chestertown, occupied the past year by Mr. E. T. Willis. The house is very eligibly located near the river, and in a very desirable neighborhood. There is a fine Garden, and a Pump of good drinking water in the yard.

The terms will be made accommodating.

jan8-tf. J. W. HINES.

A CARD.

FINDING the general notices to settle thro' the County papers overlooked or disregarded, and a determination to give those indebted to me another opportunity to make amicable settlement, I shall send C. W. WHALAND (my son,) with full instructions to close my books. I expect to send with him a prompt and accurate accountant who will render him any assistance. My books must be closed to the 21st day of January last, when I associated with Dr. Perkins. My duty demands it.

d18-tf. T. H. WHALAND.

TAX-PAYERS

Will please bear in mind that I need money to meet the demands against me, which are due and payable on the first day of January. I will continue to be at the usual places, and at the Trappe on Monday afternoons and Belair on Thursday afternoons.

A. B. WHEATLEY,
Dec. 18—tf. Coll. 5th Dist.

ALDERNEY BULL

FOR SALE.

I have a very fine, full bred, Young ALDERNEY BULL, out of a Cow imported by Ross Winans, Esq., which I will sell at a low price.

EDWARD WILKINS,
jan29-7t* Riverside.

FOR SALE,

200,000 OSAGE ORANGE QUICKS, of one year's growth, of prime quality.

Also, 50,000 two years old, of very fine size. For particulars address

S. H. CRAWFORD,
jan29-4m. Middletown, Del.

FOR SALE, the HOUSE and LOT in Still Pond Cross Roads, known as the Roeder property. Title clear. Possession immediately.

Apply to WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
m19-3t 112 Light st. wharf, Baltimore.

For Rent for 1870,

TWO HOUSES IN CHESTERTOWN, one on Queen Street, the other on High Street, Enquire of WM. VANNORT.
Nov. 20, 1869—tf.

"How Will It Be."

When a few more years are over,
And they lay our weary heads
Low beneath the daisy blossoms
With the pale and peaceful dead.
When the lips, which oft have kissed us,
Strive "Thy will be done," to say,
And they hide us from the sunlight
And the song of birds away?

When our spirits, freed from prison
And these fettering bonds of clay,
Upward, toward the "many mansion"
Speed on tireless wing—away.
Will the loved ones gone before us,
Watch us on our upward flight?
Shall we see their beckoning fingers
From the battlements of light?

Will they meet us at the gateway
When we reach "the better land?"
When we tremble at their glory
Will they take us by the hand?
Will they say, "O, friend beloved,
Pilgrim from the land of time,
We have oft, among the angels,
Sought for lineaments like thine?"

Shall we not among the singers,
While the music floats around,
Recognize some friend departed
By an old familiar sound?
Will not families—united
In their changeless home elysian—
Know each other, when they're gazing
With an angel's perfect vision?

Will not children gladly gather
Round a father or a mother?
Or a sister haste to welcome
Some one who was once a brother?
Will they not in pleasant converse
Speak of earth—life's little story—
As they glide with feet that tire not,
Down the avenues of glory?

O, when they whose presence to us
Seemeth needful as the day,
Answer to the "Come up higher"
Of a voice they must obey—
When they to our bitter weeping
Answer not with sigh or moan,
But with pale hands meekly folded
In their dreamless rest sleep on;

It is sweet to think that ever
They will keep some mortal semblance;
And that e'en among the angels
We can trace some old resemblance,
That to earth names they can answer
While eternal cycles roll—
And the countless years of heaven
Make the lifetime of the soul.

American Extravagance.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, in an article in the New York *Post*, on the cost of living abroad, makes the following remarks:

It is remarkable how little respectability depends upon mere money getting and money spending in the more cultivated portions of Europe; and I have visited a great scholar at Berlin, in his frugal rooms on the third floor of the house, and found him courtly as well as refined, and not only in the best Berlin society, but a favored guest at the King's table. We Americans ought to have this spirit, and respect worth more than wealth; but I am sorry to say that nowhere in the world have I seen so much sycophancy to mere money as in this metropolis of ours.

We are a young nation, but are suffering from some of the worst vices that the Old World has outgrown. While France is making a new study of social economy, and the art of living is more and more based upon positive science, and to live beyond the income is thought folly as much as wrong, we are rushing on pell mell into extravagance, and bringing up our children like princes. Shortly after returning home, I chanced to walk up Fifth avenue on a pleasant day, and was startled by the splendor of the equipages, and especially the dress of the ladies on foot. What did it mean? for it looked like a great parade, such as would have brought Paris into the streets in admiration. But no. It was only the usual show. All that array of feathers and lace, velvet, satin and cashmere—all that marvellous work upon the hair, and perhaps upon the face—it was nothing unusual, but an every day affair. I confess to thinking that our American ladies are the handsomest on earth, and I have no quarrel with beauty, or with any other gift of God, but I am sure that they would be none the less *dear* to men if their habits were less *expensive*.

THE HUMAN HEART.—It is stated that Professor Haughton, of Dublin, has calculated that the ventricles alone of the human heart perform the total daily work of 124,208 foot-tons. For every ounce of weight of the heart, that organ, it is asserted, performs 50,576 foot pounds of work per minute, and on the supposing that it were to expend its entire force in lifting its own weight vertically, it is calculated that the heart would raise itself 19,754 feet in an hour, that is 329¾ feet in a minute. In comparing these figures with the more familiar standards, it may be interesting to remember that a "horse power," according to Watt's calculation, consists in the force that working eight hours a day raises 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute. From Professor Haughton's statement it will be seen that the heart exercises a force that would raise 193,212 pounds one foot high in a minute.

THE WICKED AND THE MEAN.—A Boston preacher says: "I have great hope of a wicked man; slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a pre-eminent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start, and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man."

A MISER who died in New York city in January, willed his property, $200,000, to the United States Government. Two infant nieces, his nearest relatives, are attempting to upset the will, and the case is now before one of the New York courts.

WHEN our clocks are a little fast we always set them right at once. People ought to do as much for their fast sons and daughters, but they generally let them run.

For the Kent News.

To Wed, or Not to Wed?

Messrs. Editors:—There is undoubtedly a stage somewhere in every man's youth for the idle heart-blaze of sentiment, which means nothing, yet must be got over; and in this unripe heart-age there needs must come those half-formed spring blossoms of life, which but precede the well formed, hardy flowers, more capable to brave the storms of after days. It is the period, which has been, and long will be the unsolved theme of the poet's pen, wherein the thrill of passion, joy or grief is but a name and has no depth of feeling. Life then appears a mere stage play, which fascinates awhile, yet lacks that deep and full conception of the soul that real life gives. And yet their careless happy season is part and parcel of our Bachelorhood, in which so much of hope and love and pain and disappointment rejects with disdain the cold sympathy of the world and finds utterance only to our inner soul; and during which the ever busy imagination keeps flitting before our mind's eye the thousand vain fancies of dream-life, which loiter 'bout our path a few short years and then steal off to whisper in the ears of other youth, the same old tales of bright expectancy, which are so seldom realized. Thus left alone, a trifle more advanced in ever changing life, we learn to overcome the heart-weaknesses that almost unconsciously had crept upon us. With reason's eye we now begin to review the Past, consider the Present and look earnestly toward the Future. Real life now opens with its complement of action, duty and care. But is this all the change? Perhaps there still remains a single gem of dream life's brilliant cluster which has outlived the metamorphoses of time, and treasured secretly within our inmost heart, scarce risks a glance from its lethargic bower, and yet 'tis felt; the once thought fairy face has suddenly become an angel face because the soul is there, telling in every feature its honesty, sincerity and worth. The eye, so full of deep and tender feeling, haunts us in our dreams and twinkles as the guiding star of our course. Next comes the thought to woo and win this ideal of our fondest dreams; but rest you here a moment.—Does not real life teach what Raphael said, that

Love hath his seat
In *reason* and is judicious

is true? Then if perchance a reader of these lines be troubled with such hymenial dreams, we know not how to serve him better with an introspective feast, than teach him young Hamlet's mock soliloquy, which reasons thus:

To wed, or not to wed? that is the question.
Whether 'tis cheaper for mankind to suffer
The thousand ills of single blessedness,
Or take to arms an eager, charming spouse,
For better, or for words, and thus to end them.
To court, to wed,—no more; and with a word,
A simple word, to cast off boarding houses,
Hash and cod forever. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To court, to wed;—
To wed? and foot the dry goods bills? Ay!
There's the rub!
For in that state of bliss, what bills may come
For switches, plumpers, Grecian bend & paint?
I guess I'll pause! That's the reason
We bachelors are so afraid to marry;
For who would bear the bills of washer women,
Or darn a gaping sock at heel or toe,
Or with a needle (difficult to thread)
Minus a thimble, sew a button on,
Or tie a necktie in a double knot,
When just by saying "*Yes*," when the parson asks us,
"*Will you have her?*" We need'nt do it?
Who'd grunt and groan aloud with raging tooth
Or any other ill, without a wife to throw his boots at.
From which (unless he's left a widower,
Or quickly gets divorced, or runs away)
No fellow e'er returns?
This holds us back,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to those we know not of.
Thus, having donned our wig and dyed our beard,
We're made the prey of shrewd and crafty widows,
The dupe of maidens of uncertain age,
The game of unsophisticated girls,
And dare not flee those ills by wedding.

New York. QUILL.

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.—Some young ladies and gentlemen who were taking advantage of the fine sleighing not long since, in attending a donation, surprise or wedding party, or something of the kind, were obliged to sit three on a bench. One of the seats contained two gentlemen and one lady. The gentlemen of course, would not allow the lady to take an exposed seat; she therefore, sat in the middle. As the night was extremely cold, gentleman number one quietly passed his hand, (a remarkably small hand by way,) into the lady's muff. As the muff was not very capacious, the lady quietly removed one of her hands form the same. In a few moments she felt a movement on the other side, and found gentleman number two attempting to pass his hand into the muff on the other side. She then quietly drew her hand from the muff and allowed him to do so. What took place in the muff afterward she is unable to say. But each of the gentlemen privately reported to a small circle of friends how warmly the lady had returned the pressure of his hand in the muff, while the lady as privately reported to her friends the magnificent sale she had made of both gentlemen.

HOW CAME IT THERE?—A young man of N. Y., attended a select gathering of a few female acquaintances at the residence of a young lady friend recently, and while there accidently discovered that he had lost one of his sleeve buttons.—But its whereabouts he could not discover. They hunted and hunted, but the missing sleeve button was nowhere to be found. The party separated about midnight and the young lady friend retired with a chum to her room and began the process of disrobing. As the dress was opened the sleeve button fell to the floor, its jingle being almost drowned in a suppressed shriek.

THE BABY'S SHIRT.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

We was all prepared to go to the wedding. I was, going, father was going, the gals was going, and we was going to take the baby. But come to dress the baby, I couldn't find its little shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawer a purpose. I knew just where I'd put it, but come to look for it, it was gone.

"For mercy's sake," says I, "gals, has any of you seen that baby's shirt?"

Of course none of 'em had seen it, and I looked again and again, but it wasn't nowhere to be found. "It's the strangest thing in all nature," says I; "here I had that shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now its gone, nobody knows where! Gals," says I, "do look, can't ye."

But fretting and fuming wouldn't find it, so I went to the bureau and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby; and at last we were ready for a start.

Father had harnessed up the double team, and the gals were all having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow, I couldn't get over that baby's shirt. 'Twan't so much the shirt, but to have anything sperrited away right from under my face and eyes, 'twas too provoking.

"What be you thinking about, mama?" says Sophrony. "What makes you so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death thinking about that baby's shirt," says I; "one of you must a took it, I'm sartain," I says.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, says she, "you needn't say that;" and as I laid it on to 'em a great many times, they was beginning to get vexed; and so we had it back and forth all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

Seeing company kind o' put it out of my mind; I was getting good natured again, though I couldn't help but say to myself every few minutes, "what could have become of that baby's shirt (?)" till they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was more'n half frighted to death, when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told 'em to jine hands. She fust gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way; but by this time they kidn't know what they was about, and Mary Ann jined her left hand with his left, then the left with her right, then both their left hands again, till I was all in a fidget, and thought they would never get fixed. Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey; and to make matters wuss, she began to cough—to turn it off, I s'pose—and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there. I was so nervous and in such a hurry to see it all over with, that I ketched up the tumbler and run with it to her; for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink. I do not know how it happened, but the tumbler slipped, and gracious me! if between us both we didn't spill the water all over her collar and sleeve. I was dreadfully frustrated, for it looked as though 'twas my fault, and the first thing I did was to out with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann. It was nicely done up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didn't know what had given them such a start till I looked and *I'd given Mary Ann that baby's shirt!*"

[Here Mrs. Jones, who was a big and fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth; and it was sometime before she could proceed with her narrative.]

"Why," continued she, while tears of laughter ran down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my pocket, instead of a handkerchief. That came of being absent minded and in a fidget."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married, after all?"

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, and it turned out the gayest wedding I ever tended."

FEED THE FRUIT TREES.—It must be apparent to every reflecting person that material round about a fruit tree, which renders important aid in the production of fine fruit of any kind, must necessarily be more or less exhausted after a vine, bush or tree has produced abundant crops for several successive seasons. After a few seasons, the material that the roots must be supplied with, in order to develop fruit, will be more or less exhausted. For this reason, fruit begins to fall; and the failure is often attributed to an east wind, or some mysterious atmospheric influence, when in reality the *sole* cause is *starvation*. The remedy is to feed the roots of all kinds of fruit trees with lime, wood ashes, gypsum, chip dirt, bones, fishes and anything that will renovate an impoverished soil.—*Hearth and Home.*

"WHAT a censorious liar," exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she read in a paper an account of a new counterfeit which was said to contain three women and a bust of Washington on each end. "What," said she, "General Washington on a bust! 'tis not so." And the old lady lifted her specs and declared that she had known the old gentleman for the last thirty years, and she never heard of his being on a bust—much less with three women.

AN editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bred, that he purposes to sell himself for a stove pipe, at three cents per foot.

Could Not be Cheated.

A dealer advertised eye-glasses by the aid of which a person could easily see the finest print. A well-dressed man called at the counter one day, to be fitted to a pair of spectacles. As he remarked that he had never worn any, some were handed to him which magnified very little. He looked hard through them upon the book set before him, but he declared he could make out nothing. Another pair of stronger power were saddled upon his nose, but as unsuccessfully as before.—Further trials were made until at length the almost discouraged dealer passed to him a pair which magnified more than all the rest in his stock. The customer quite as impatient as the merchant at being obliged to try so many, put on the last pair, and glowered through them at the printed page with all his might.

"Can you read that printing now?"—inquired the dealer, pretty certain that he had hit it right this time at any rate.

"Sure, not a bit," was the reply.

"Can you read at all?" asked the merchant, unable to conceal his vexation any longer.

"Rade at all, is it!" cried the customer; "there's not a single word among them that I can identify the features uv."

"I say, do you know how to read?"—exclaimed the dealer impatiently.

"Out wid ye!" shouted the Irishman, throwing down the spectacles in a huff. "If I could rade, what 'ud I be afther buying a pair of spectacles for? Yo chate the people wid the idea that your glasses 'ud help 'em to rade print easy; but it's a big lie, it is! Ah, ye blackguard, ye thought I'd buy 'em without tryin' 'em!"

A MODEL NEIGHBOR.—"MRS. H." exclaimed a little urchin, on running into a neighbor's house, "mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er your candlemolds?"

The molds were given him, and he ran home. In a few moments he returned with this query:

"Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin?"

The wicking was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said:

"Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller ye'd be so good as to lend her?"

Mrs. H. good-naturedly produced the desired article, as the boy started off for the door, she said:

"Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mould the candles for her?"

"Wal, yis," replied the boy. I reckon she'd like it fust rate, cos she said she did not understand it very well; but she don't like to be trublin' her neighbors or she would ask ye."

THE ARK.—The sermon on the 'Harp of a thou-sand strings,' reminds a Georgia correspondent of an incident that occurred in his neighborhood, where two Hard-Shell Baptist preachers on one occasion happened to be in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he chanced to say, 'When Abraham built the ark—'

The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "*Abraham warn't thar.*"

But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, I say, when Abraham built the ark—

'And I say,' cried out the other' "*Abraham warn't thar.*"

The Hard-Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham war *thar*, or *tharabouts.*"

AN imaginative writer says: "Woman is compounded of three articles—sugar, tincture of arnica, and soft soap.—Sugar, because of the sweetness which is apparent in most women—alas! that in some it should have acidulated into strong domestic vinegar; arnica, because in women is to be found that quality of healing and soothing after the bruises and wounds which afflict us men in the great battle of life; and soft soap for reasons too obvious to need specification."

GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—A girl of the period, belonging to a Paris theatre, gave a supper to a few gentlemen the other evening. Her mamma was present, half guest, half servant. One of the gentlemen was telling a story; he stopped on a sudden, and said, "I beg your pardon, the conclusion is scarcely fit for ladies' ears." "You hear, mamma," said the girl of the period; "leave the room a minute; you can come in again by and by."

A NEW ORLEANS wife, left at home one evening by her husband, who "had business down town," accepted a friend's escort to the theatre. The fates decreed that her husband should occupy the next seat, with another lady, the occasion of his urgent business. As soon as the wife made the discovery, she leaned and whispered viciously:—"Charles, who is that hussy you have with you?" "Sister of that fellow you have with you." There was no need of further explanation.

"MOTHER," where's the man going to sleep?" asked a girl of fifteen of her mother, who had just offered a traveller a night's rest in their out-of-the-way hut. "I'll have to put him in with you and Jack and Kate and Sue and Bet, I suppose," was the reply, "and if it is too crowded, one of you must turn in with me and dad and Dick and Tommy and the twins."

A YOUNG lady who lost her appetite while entertaining frivolous company and reading "yellow covered literature" in the parlor, found it again after diligent search, while helping her mother in the kitchen and garden, and making herself generally useful.

A CITIZEN of Michigan was recently so successful in obtaining subscriptions for the widow of a friend that he proposed to and married her and the money, within a week of her bereavement.

"YES," said Mr. Quill in a discourse upon the millenium, "we may all live to see the lion lie down with the lamb, but it's likely they will be inside of each other, and the lamb won't be on the outside, either."

A SCHOOL boy being asked by his teacher, "of what is the German Diet composed?" replied: "Sourkrout, schnapps, lager beer and nix cum scrouge."