msa_sc2901_scm1622-0620 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

C. T WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

PAINTING!

C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville.
aug26-tf. C. W. WARREN.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

J. H. SMITH

Has now in store a large assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing a general variety of
TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

BURNS & SLOAN,

132 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF
Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.
LEE STREET near Light st. Whf.,
o22y. *BALTIMORE.*

Cucumber Wood Pumps!
EDWARD CARTY, Agent,

WOULD announce that, in addition to his usual line of business, he has on hand and is prepared to put in, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, the celebrated Cucumber Wood Pumps, manufactured by Wilson Walton, Wilmington, Del.
All orders will receive prompt attention.
e30. EDW. CARTY, Chestertown.

Crumpton Saw Mill.
WM. BOWKER,

IS prepared to do SAWING OF ALL KINDS at short notice and the lowest rates
The Mill is near the Wharf of the Chester River Steamboat Co., Crumpton, Md.
Sept. 9, 1871—m*

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
APOTHECARIES,
Cor. High and Cart Sts., Chestertown Md
Have just received a large lot of
WINDOW GLASS,
of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap.
Sept. 30, 1871.

GOOD HARNESS
MADE AND SOLD AT
J. F. HOWARD'S HARNESS STORE
FOR $20.
Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1871.

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
Jan7-tf. VICKERS' DRUG STORE.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S. MERRITT & CO.

WHITE LEAD, Oils, Glass, Paints and Putty. JOS. E. WEER.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872. No. 34.

Rates of Advertising:

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. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Winter Goods
OPENED THIS WEEK.

MAKING OUR STOCK NOW ON HAND
VERY FULL and COMPLETE

Among the VERY BEST as regards extent and variety to be found in this or any other country market. We have been buying during the entire season at the

CLOSEST CASH FIGURES,

and can and will furnish Goods to prompt and reliable buyers at as short profits as any other concern in this Town.

OUR GOODS are now as usual of

First Class Character,

and not offered at clap-trap rates, but at moderate and legitimate advances, which will leave very little room for complaint.

RICH STYLES OF LADIES' SHAWLS,
IN HIGH COLORS, PLAID and STRIPED.

New Winter Prints,
OF BEST MAKES.

Our Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES is now very large,

And we have now in store ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
AND
GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR,
which we have ever before offered.

THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, November 25, 1871.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!
COMEGYS & BRO.,

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

New Goods! New Prices!

JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,

HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,

Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.
Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town.

Notions of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

CROCKERY.

Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

Tobacco and Cigars

of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

Pure Cider VINEGAR.

Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring.
Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps,
Philadelphia Concentrated Lye,
"Fisher's" Washing Chrystal,
Soaps of all kinds.
Rumford's Yeast Powders,
Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese,
Spelling Books, Copy Books,
Letter writers, Slates, Ink,
Ready reckoners, paper, etc.
Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

SAPPINGTON'S,

and you will save time, trouble and money.
I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.
☞ Store on Cross St., opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles
&c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT
W. G. RUSSELL'S.
FROM NEW YORK,
A large and well selected stock of
Watches, Clocks and Spectacles,
which will be sold *fifty per cent. cheaper* than can be bought on the Shore.
He is also prepared to do any and all kinds of Repairs on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry at short notice, and much cheaper than can be done in the State. *All work guaranteed for one year.* Satisfaction given or money refunded
☞ Ask for W. G. RUSSELL, adjoining T. W. Kliason, Jr. sep30-3m.

OVER-COATS.

We have just received a large and handsome assortment of Over-Coats. Call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE are just opening our third supply of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Under Shirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.
Nov. 18, 1871—tf

100 LBS. OF PURE NEW LEAF SAGE For sale by
Nov 11-3t. WM. F. BAKER.

A FINE assortment of SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES, FLOUR, Bacon, Salt and Fish. JOS E. WEER,
Nov. 18, 1871-tf Kennedyville.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours
j-17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle words,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes;
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
O'ersoiled robes that were once pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole.
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The child-like faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet,
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin;
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past in clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

The Wives' Mistake.

There is explosive material in every husband's disposition, and the wife knows well where it is, yet often persists in dropping a spark just in that very spot, and yet affirms that she is not to blame.

That very ammunition might have been a defense against foreign enemies, and the safeguard of the home which it has destroyed, had it been wisely guided.

The wife who does not give her husband a kindly welcome home after his daily toil does not deserve any of the blessings which that toil brings her.

But they will say, "The children and the servants worry our lives out, and our husbands don't know anything about what *we* have to go through. *Their* work is easy compared with *that*," &c., &c. But stop, my dear friends—the troubles of household affairs are of a temporary nature. Wives, if you wish your husbands' intellects to be clear and sound in business, keep them free from worry at home. You have alleviations; the children are out of doors a great part of the time, and often sleep during the day; you are quite at liberty to inflict punishment upon the refractory little ones, and to give your domestics a scolding if they really deserve it, or to dismiss them if they do not mend; but for mercy's sake don't vent your reasonable or unreasonable irritation upon him who has to bear the burden and heat of the day. If you do, you are flinging away the chief corner-stone of your home and will find, too late, that you have been a female Samson, and have pulled it down upon you.

A Good Reputation to Have.

The little story I am going to tell you happened just before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night, she said, "Did you pay that bill?"

"Yes," he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were as sure of a good reputation.—*Christian Weekly.*

WHY SOME ARE POOR.—Cream is allowed to mould and spoil. Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. The scrubbing-brush is left in the water. White-handled knives are thrown into hot water. Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled. Dish-cloths are hung where mice can destroy them. Tubs are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. The pie-crust is left to sour instead of making a few tarts for tea. Dried fruit is not taken care of in season, and becomes wormy. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast.—The cork is left out of the sugar jar, and the flies take possession. Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Pork spoils for the want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.—Young friends, education is to you what polish and refinement is to the rude diamond. In its rude state, the diamond resembles a stone or piece of charcoal, but when cut and manufactured, it comes out a bright and beautiful diamond, and is sold at a great price. So it is with you. Education calls forth the hidden treasures and latent brilliances of your minds, which previously lie dormant and inactive, or in other words asleep. It cultivates and develops your understandings, and fits and prepares you for the duties and responsibilities of coming years, which, we trust, will be years of usefulness—useful to yourselves, to your associates, and society at large.

THE BITER BIT.—A good instance of "sharp practice" is that of a man in Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on the plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

One of our religious papers, in a recent article addressed to the young ladies, gave them some excellent advice as well as hard hits, saying:

"Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body. Now see a lady pass in full dress! Isn't she a pretty looking object? A wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark, piled on top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' feathers, etc. The shop windows tell us all day long of the paddings, whalebones and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig. In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double twisted, touch me not artificiality, as you see in that rigging curiosity? With a wasp-waist, squeezing lungs, liver, stomach and other vital organs, into one-half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, we wonder how any man of judgment, who knows that life is made up of use, of sense, of service, of work, can take such a partner. He must be desperate, indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament."

The writer further tells the girls that the bad dress, added to the lack of exercise that is so general, lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate, they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in women, as in men, makes the mind as well as the body feeble and effeminate, leaving them no power, no magnetism. He tells those who giggle so freely, and use large adjectives, such as "splendid," &c., that it deceives no one unless as silly as they are, only showing others that they are superficial, affected, silly, and have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man.—He tells them that they have become so childish and weak minded, that they refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, they affect Mollie, Maggie and Lizzie. When brothers were babies they were called Bobby, Johnny, and Dicky; but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash, if you please. But he knows a woman of thirty-five years, and she is as big as both his grand-mothers put together, who insists on being called Kitty, and her real name is Catharine; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of state, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Don't now! you are real mean!" He wants to know how a man can propose a life partnership to so silly a goose. Girls must remember that there are in the matrimonial market only a small number who are independantly rich, and in America, such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. But such will not, they dare not, ask girls to join them, while they see them so idle, silly, and so gorgeously attired. Let them see that girls are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that their life is earnest and real; that they would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry—then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now, the exception.

Paralysis a Cause of Theft.

Some celebrated European physicians, applying the doctrine of the conservation and corelation of forces to moral mania, have recently contributed some important articles to medical science, showing that certain physical diseases are the actual causes of klepto-mania.

Prichard cites the case of the wife of a man of fortune, who was in the habit of stealing on all occasions whenever she visited shops. In this case, paralysis (partial) and softening of the brain existed. The husband was so overwhelmed with grief and shame that he left the city and banished himself to the country, where there were no shops, but the mania remained.

It is a curious fact that in one stage of paralysis a delusion always exists in the mind of the sufferer that what he steals is his property, or has been stolen from him and that he merely reclaims his own.—Sometimes he imagines that God orders him to steal.

Paralysis is sure to cause stealing in some shape or other; and stealing, indeed, may be sometimes regarded as a symptom of the disease.

This is an important subject, and one of unusual interest, worthy of the careful investigation of the medical scientist.

TEA DRINKERS.—A scientific Frenchman has made the discovery that the ordinary tea-drinker takes into his stomach during the year leather enough to make a pair of boots. The reason of this may readily be made clear. A decoction of tea contains tannin, as tannic acid, in solution; milk contains albumen; and as these two substances are the chief ingredients of leather, and as they actually unite and form leather when brought into contact with each other, the drinker of tea makes a sort of shoemaker's shop of himself.—This fact may account for the leathery appearance of so many old ladies and bachelors in our midst.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.—It is wonderful to what extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor.—Honest, hearty, contented labor, is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster that many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and like them make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

MOCK TURTLE—Kissing before company, and fighting afterwards.

How People Are Paid in Germany.

There is no civilized country where work is so poorly paid as in Germany, or where the earnings are in such disproportion to the expenses of living. The average earning of a workman is four thalers per week, (a thaler is 62¾ cents of American gold,) while it requires for a family of six members at least eight thalers. The result, says a Berlin correspondent, is a series of efforts at cheap living, cheap enjoyment and general self-denial. It is only a master workman that commands one thaler per day. I know of one who, to secure this sum, which is absolutely required for his family, rises at three in the morning and manages a steam engine till nine o'clock at night. Occasionally he must work through the whole night and all Sunday without any additional wages. A common day laborer, who has mastered no trade, is glad to get employment at twenty cents per day. Waiters in hotels and restaurants do not average this—male "help" gets about $4 a month. A servant girl earns $15 a year. Higher work gets gradually better paid, yet only in comparison.

A teacher in the common schools gets $150 to $300 a year. In gymnasiums, or what corresponds to our colleges, the professors, who are required to be graduates of one of the great universities, get on an average $600. A professor in a university gets rarely more than $800, besides the fees of his hearers. Of course, the great leading lights in science, and the *professores ordinaire* generally, who belong to a special class of which I shall speak presently, get better paid. Tutors in the wealthy families, a position which the great Kant and nearly every German literateur has filled, rarely got more than $400 a year. One, who is a graduate of a university, who speaks, besides his own language, French, English and Italian, and can read not only Greek and Latin, but also Hebrew and Russian, and who is, besides, a professional historian, and has made original investigations, in the literature and times of Hesiod, on which subject he is no mean authority, receives $200 a year in addition to his board.

The Government Counsellors, as they are called—lawyers, physicians, school directors, etc.—who have the management of the matters pertaining to their several departments in the different districts and wards, and are endowed for life by the Government, get an annuity of $1,500. This, however, is the commencement of the aristocracy, or of a class which, from hereditary possessions or large perquisites, are enabled to live in a style quite distinct from the "people."—From these upward there is a rapid increase in the salaries, or endowments rather. This class, including the army and police officers and the nobility, have all the wealth, while the laboring classes have none.

HOMEKEEPERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

It is a well known fact that many persons have very fine and orderly houses, but have after all no home, for

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart had builded."

A homekeeper is one who makes all the ways and conveniences of the house conduce to the comfort of the inmates. She will allow the members of her houshold to build each a shrine, and will treat it as sacred, because it is a shrine to the one who has builded it. The daughter is not called an idle thing because she wishes to know her tune and gaze wistfully toward the horizon; nor is the son harshly reproved if he shall slam around and wish he was——, anywhere but idling at home. Gradually the housekeeper will quietly aid the first to search for beauty this side the horizon, and that boy will find a vent for his activity without seeing that he was gently led to it by an overseeing love.—A house that is blessed with a housekeeper has an influence that even strangers feel. They receive that rest which comes from the "fitting of self to its sphere."—The order of the house may be mechanical like that of a loom or a harp; but like these mechanical things it conduces to results, and justifies itself by tissues of more than silken fineness, and music sweeter than that of the spheres. If there is a housekeeper the housework is not in utter confusion, if perchance one rises an hour too late. Servants are not expected to perform miracles, and keep coffee and toast hot and fresh for an hour. A breakfast, such as late risers should expect, is eaten in peace, not in a flurry of excuses for not having a meal that it was impossible to furnish without inconvenience and discord in the kitchen for the whole day. It is foolish to attempt to keep a restaurant with only the arrangements suited to a small family. The peace of many a family is destroyed by some of its members expecting impossibilities. The late riser's breakfast need not have an added tirade against servants. Realizing that the guest regrets his tardiness, she lets the cold breakfast suffice, but does what she can by word, look and act to make the best of what cannot be helped, and really calls out the gratitude of the late riser, that ever after that breakfast is a bright and pleasant memory; for he feared he was a nuisance, yet without direct word he felt that his act did not discommode the arrangements of the house.—Housekeeping can be well done by any energetic woman. It requires that the woman's heart and wisdom be greater than her house, so that in it life can be lived with love and truthfulness.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—An old man of seventy, living near Newport, Indiana, quarreled with his wife, and taking down his shot gun, announced that he would commit suicide forthwith. He went into the yard, lay down on the ground where he could be seen from a front window, fired the gun off in the air, and remained motionless for an hour, during which time he slyly watched the door and window for the appearance of his grief-stricken wife. "But he was sadly mistaken," says the old gentleman's home paper. "They did not come out to see whether he had blown the top of his head off or not. This was more than the old man could stand; he rose up, went into the house, and made things hot for the old woman and the children for a while. He'd show them whether they wouldn't come out when he had killed himself."

THE man who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

BY CANDLE LIGHT.

During the season at Saragota the gas gave out, and society had to depend upon tallow dips. Listen to the scene as described by a correspondent:

It was ten o'clock. The stage drove up from the depot. Almost every lady expected her husband on the train. Many young ladies expected their sweethearts. Neither the stage, the driver, nor the horses were visible. From force of habit the passengers felt their way to the reception room. I got mixed up in the crowd. Twenty-five married ladies, seven old maids, and four young ladies commenced greeting the passengers in the darkness. "My dear William! why did you stay so long?" exclaimed a sweet young wife, and then she threw her arms around my neck—our lips met. I wasn't going to be a darned fool.

Far different.

Now, a dear, sweet, liquid-eyed brunette threw her arms wildly around me. "O Eugene, why did you not write oftener?" she sobbed, and then she sank sweetly on my bosom. I said, "weep not, Julia," and then kissed her twenty-two times. It was delicious. It made me think of my first wife and my college days at Yale.

A sweet golden-haired blonde now took my hand. She pressed it gently, saying: "Dear Albert, I know it is you, and I'm so glad to see you! You won't dance with Lizz Smith, now, will you? Now, do you promise me!" I said I wouldn't. Then she held her cheek close to mine. It was hot with love's young hope and pure, sweet affection. We were very happy. None but a wicked man would have brought sadness to this sweet, young affection, and beautiful with splendid girlishness.

"Do you still love, Albert?" she whispered.

"Undoubtedly," I remarked.

"How much, darling?"

"A heap."

"O, I am too happy," she murmured, as she twisted her fingers in my auburn hair and held me in a sweet embrace.

This sort of thing went on for seventeen minutes, when C. Leland appeared in the distance with a tallow candle, and I quietly withdrew and mingled unobserved in the crowd. As the candle appeared, twenty-seven young gentlemen were seen shaking hands with as many young ladies in the different corners. I have seldom seen such an affecting scene. It was a great display of affection. One married gentleman was holding the hands of two ladies. The hair of the ladies was generaly crimpless, while the hair of the young gentlemen did not display a parting place, I reflected, "how kin such things be, and overcome us like a summer shower?" I consulted with J. Billings. He says they kan't. So I resolved to leave the place.

Bagging Ten Thousand.

Weed had about as much system in keeping in his accounts (and his money) as Micawber. He was a little great man though, and had that grain of good sense which suggested to him the propriety of placing any specific sum of money which he didn't want to spend at random, in the hands of some financier friend. In 1856 "T. W." came to New York and received $25,000 from his Republican friends—$10,000 for the purpose of defeating Filmore for President, $10,000 for the use of the Republicans in Albany, and $5,000 for the *Evening Journal*. For safe keeping he gave the Albany Central Committee $1,000, placed to the *Journal's* credit, and requested his partner (Mr. Sinclair, I believe,) to place the secret $10,000 (to be used against his old friend Filmore) to his (Sinclair's) credit in bank, which could be drawn as required. He did so. One fine morning Sinclair dropped dead from heart disease. The $10,000 stood to his personal credit without a word of explanation. In vain Thurlow Weed sought the ear of the bank officers. They could do nothing. The executors of the estate found the $10,000 to Mr. Sinclair's credit. They could not, without proof, hand it over to Mr. Weed or his political friends. Thus it was swept into the dead man's estate and into the hands of his fascinating widow. Not a dollar was used to defeat the placid Millard Filmore. A year thereafter, the honorable ex-President from Buffalo and the charming widow of Mr. Weed's partner were attracted by that mysterious influence presided over by Venus. A few months later they were united by the hymeneal knot, and poor Weed saw his darling $10,000, raised to defeat Mr. Filmore in 1858, diverted from its original purpose into the unsuccessful candidate's "marriage portion!" It is stated that Thurlow Weed tells this good joke on himself with a relish, and joins heartily in the guffaw it never fails to inspire.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

CONTENTMENT.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot; upon which the patient set out upon his journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was pleased with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory whether he was contented with his lot was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to your request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay! refuse me not!" interrupted the man of wealth. "Any sum thou mayest name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler; "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The truth is—I have no shirt!"

A SHARK caught off Charleston had a pair of boots, a scalp, two cannon-balls, and a package of sunday-school tickets in his stomach.

By bestowing blessings on others we entail them on ourselves.

IT SNOWS.

It snows, and from the clouded sky,
The countless snowflakes roam;
Yet linger in their purity,
Ere to the world they come.

Like spirits wandering at will,
With crystal steps they flee,
And softly on my window sill
They light and speak to me.

Since summer's radiant bloom has fled,
They guile my winter hours,
And have a voice to me instead
Of passion-speaking flowers

I fondly gaze, far they impart
With voices all their own,
And oft read language to my heart,
And not to mine alone.

For well I know when snowy skies
Spread o'er their silver pall,
That sweeter smiles and brighter eyes
Are turned upon its fall.

Beloved, 't was a gentle thought,
And not unworthy thee,
That crystal flakes in heaven wrought,
Love's messengers should be.

Bright emblems of a heart as pure,
As free and light as they,
Smiles true to me while they endure,
Still tears when they decay.

HUMAN HAIR.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

In sacred writ it is affirmed that the hair is the glory of the woman. In all countries it has ever been regarded as the richest of all her ornaments. "The Hebrew women rejoiced in long tresses, and adorned them with gold, silver and precious stones. Among many of the ancient peoples a fine head of hair was held as sacred, and on important occasions was dedicated to the gods.

The Jews held the *beard* as sacred, and never alluded to it lightly. The Turks have ever held the beard in similar favor. Few subjects are more fascinating than the history of the fashions and sentiments connected with the hair of the head and the face, but my purpose, in this connection, is to speak of the *health* of the hair.

BALDNESS.

Baldness is produced by wearing close hats and caps. Women are never bald, and even men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head. Men should wear hats perfectly ventilated.—My own black silk hat has four hundred holes in the top as large as a small-sized quill, which makes it more hole than hat. Men should wash the top of the head with cold water every morning and follow it with hard rubbing. This will prevent baldness, and is the best means of curing it when it is susceptible of cure.

DANDRUFF.

There are many causes of dandruff, but the one with which, practically, we have most to do, is the mismanagement of the comb and brush. Let me illustrate. If you scratch the back of your hand with a sharp comb or stiff brush, and repeat the operation daily for a week, an immense number of small brawny particles or scales will begin to fall off. That's precisely the cause of a large majority of the cases of dandruff. The use of a coarse, blunt comb and a soft brush, with a frequent washing with cold water, will soon cure the ordinary dandruff.

DRYNESS OF THE HAIR.

This is generally produced by bad general health of the body, and is cured by improving the health, and washing the top of the head with water and rubbing it hard and frequently with the balls of the fingers, to bring out the natural oil of the hair, and produce a general activity of the glands connected with the hair. Avoid all artificial oils, which may make your hair look like a witch for awhile, (if you have been accustomed to the use of such oils) but such abstinence is indispensable to the real cure of dryness of the scalp and hair.

GRAY HAIR.

Hard mental labor, great anxiety, sickness, and other similar exhaustive influences produce premature gray hair.

The general law in regard to the hair is this: It must have plenty of air, water, and non-interference.

My First Experience.

The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefit of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door with a smile, which is encouraging to a man after a hard day's labor. I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. R. had sent her little girl after their newspaper which she had borrowed. We sat down to tea.—I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

My answer was:

"I would like to do so, but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all that I can do to meet it."

Said she:

"If you will take the paper I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper, and it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I realized three hundred dollars, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper, I would not have known anything about the contract and could not have met the payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

AN Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran out to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his night suit, his teeth chattering, and his whole body paralized with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Gracious, Pat," said she, "what wud ye be after doing?" "Hush," said he, "don't ye see? I'm tryin' to faze the baste."

A BALL DRESS.—A New York lady who ordered a dress for the Duke's ball, says: My dress has come home—I am stunned. Here are the figures of cost:

Thirty yards of silk $10 per yard	$300.00
One piece French crape	25.00
Ten yards Brussels point	100.00
Linings	10.00
Making	50.00
Materials	35.50
Silk Buttons	12.00
Passementerie, etc	15.00
Total	$547.00

HOW A POISONED MAN FEELS.

The Harrisburg State *Journal* says:

The recent case of poisoning in the lower section of the city has created considerable interest in this community, especially among men versed in medical science and the theory of medicine. That the complete restoration of the patient, after having taken one grain of strychnine, one of the most subtle and powerful vegetable poisons known—was owing to the skill, prompt action, and very valuable remedy employed by the attending physician, no candid or unbiased mind will deny. Annexed is the patient's own statement, which will be read with interest:

"Harrisburg, Nov. 22, 1871.—The cause which led me to commit the rash act of which I am about to give an account, can be of no particular interest; and omitting allusions to motives, and making no attempt at excuse, I will simply state the circumstances of this case, which, I think, may be of interest to those engaged in the advancement of medical science. I am induced to do this at the request of my friend and physician, Dr. E. H. Coover, with the assurance that the case is a remarkable one, likely to attract the attention of the medical profession everywhere.

"On the morning of November 20, 1871, about eleven o'clock, I swallowed nearly or quite one grain of strychnine, which had been in my possession since the 16th inst. I was sitting on the side of the bed, in the second story back room in which apartment I have slept since I have occupied the house. I took the powder dry, from the paper, and held it in my mouth until it had been moistened with spittle, when I swallowed it, walked to the table and drank a glass of water; went into the room over the kitchen and hid the paper in which the poison had been, and then went down stairs and took a seat in a rocking chair, in front of the stove. In the course of five minutes I began to feel slight cramps in the calves of my legs. My wife was sitting by the table sewing, and I asked her for a couple of crackers; which she gave me. The cramps had by this time increased in intensity, and extended to the feet and thighs, causing the most intense pain. I asked if there was an egg about the house, and being answered in the affirmative, told my wife to break it and give it to me raw. She then suspected that I had taken something, and began questioning me closely about it.

"I expected soon to be in eternity, and thought that no human power could avail me to save my life, so I told her what I had done. She immediately raised an alarm, and Mr. John Hoyer came in, followed by several of the neighbors. The egg was given me, besides a large quantity of warm salt water and strong tea, and a messenger was sent for Dr. Coover.

"About the time I called for the egg, I attempted to raise from the chair, but fell to the floor with convulsions in the lower extremities, which became violent on each attempt to move; and the feet were drawn in towards each other, becoming stiff and immovable, save as the occasional convulsions shook them. Unsuccessful attempts were made to bathe them in hot water, each effort to raise me bringing on a violent paroxyism, in the last one of which I thought my jaws had become unhinged. I was now perfectly paralyzed from my hips down, and suffering the most excruciating pains, which began to extend upward, the muscles of the shoulders and neck soon being considerably convulsed; the forearms still being free from pain.

"I now bade my wife good-bye and prepared for the final struggle, which I knew must be near at hand, as I now became rigid from the neck down, save the forearm. The convulsion of the muscles were now becoming fearful, and the torture awful to endure, And now came on a tremendous convulsion. My hands were drawn to my sides, with the fingers drawn apart and slightly bowed, and the jaws became rigid. I felt myself raised as if by some mighty power, and fixed immovably, with only my feet and head touching anything. I heard some one say: "It is all over with him!" and felt something like a black pall settling down upon my brain, when I became unconscious of everything except my own agony, which was now beyond all description. I could feel my heart fluttering like a wounded bird, and my brain beating and throbbing with an irregular motion as though at every beat it would burst from its confinement. Every joint was locked, and every drop of blood seemed stagnated. I remember thinking it could not be long thus, when I must have lost consciousness.

"I remember nothing more until I felt a sensation of relief, as though the garments of death, which had been drawn over me, were now being drawn back.—These terrible cramps seemed to be descending toward my lower limbs. A sweet feeling of relief stole over me and I was again conscious. Turning my head—of which I now had the command—I saw Dr. Coover kneeling at my side, pouring medicine into my m