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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872. No. 17.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

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

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

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,

For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

THE 'WEED'
"F. F."—Family Favorite,
Sewing Machine!
LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE

The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.

"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Galignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]

ALSO, THE

"M. F."—Manufacturer's Favorite,

Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.

SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL

These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one.

Send for Circulars and Samples.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
AGENTS,
d3 tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.

JOHN T. DODD & SON,

Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, up town, and have just received a full supply of

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.

Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.

apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

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.*

MILL NOTICE.

PARSONS' MILL,
At the HEAD OF CHURN CREEK,

having recently been put in complete order, is now prepared to grind all kinds of grain in the best manner. By giving my personal attention to the business, farmers may rely upon having full justice done them in every particular. Grain chopped for one-tenth.

ap27-6m. N. K. MURREN.

CHOICE STRAWBERRY PLANTS
FOR SALE.

☞ PRICE $3 per Thousand.
J. R. BECK,
10-3t* Lynch's Station, Kent Co., Md.

1872. ANNUAL 1872.
AGRICULTURAL
FAIR and EXHIBITION!

THE ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION OF THE

Kent Co. Agricultural Society, No. 1,

Will be held at HAWKINS' PARK,

NEAR HANESVILLE, MD.,
ON
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
The 1st and 2nd of October.

The public generally are invited to attend and compete for PRIZES, DIPLOMAS, MEDALS and CERTIFICATES OF MERIT, in

Stock,
Implements,
Produce,
&c., &c.

☞ LISTS OPEN TO ALL.

Over One Thousand Dollars

WILL BE DISTRIBUTED FOR PRIZES ALONE, together with medals, awards, certificates, &c.

All classes of Horses, Cattle, and Stock of different grades and character, shall be allowed to compete with those of their own class, and includes about TWENTY-FIVE PREMIUMS IN EACH BREED.

To include the schedule of Premiums would occupy several columns, and only state that the list is arranged as at most fairs, and is VERY COMPLETE in all departments of agriculture and kindred industries, from the noble thorough-bred to the modest boquet of flowers that ornaments the home of the humblest.

The committee have selected a site which is most eligible, being but a few minutes walk from Buck Neck Wharf, directly on the stage route from Chestertown to the above landing, and about two miles from Worton Station on the Kent Co. Railroad.

Accommodations for stock and the varied articles for exhibition will be provided by the committee. Feed for stock for sale on the grounds at moderate rates.

For all entries for Premiums above $5.00 a fee of $2.00 will be charged; for those under that amount $1.00. No entrance fee charged where premium is to be $1.00 or under.

Parties wishing to exhibit will please communicate the same to the Secretary on or before September 1st, 1872.

The executive committee pledge themselves to make this affair interesting to all, and amply repay those who assist in contributing to its success, by their attendance or the display of anything they may have to exhibit.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

CAPT. JOHN T. SKIRVEN, CHAIRMAN.
WM. W. STEPHENS, ROB'T NICHOLSON,
WM. H. STEWART, JOHN W. COREY,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D., LEWIN USILTON.
SAM'L VANNORT,

☞ All communications in regard to the Fair, enclosing stamp, must be addressed to the Secretary of the Board.

E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
jy20-tf. Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

THE HAWKINS' PARK
Trotting Association
WILL HOLD A
HORSE FAIR

At their Park adjoining the Show ground on

Tuesday & Wednesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

The following Premiums will be offered:

FIRST DAY.
FOR THREE YEAR OLD COLTS,
To go as they please—best two in three $50.

For 1st Prize	30.
" 2nd "	15.
" 3rd "	5.

FOUR YEAR OLD.
Best two in three in Harness $50.

First Prize	$30
Second "	15
Third "	5

FOR HORSES THAT NEVER TROTTED FOR MONEY $100.

First Prize	$60
Second "	30
Third "	10

SECOND DAY.
FOR STALLIONS—Best three in five—$50.

First Prize	30
Second "	15
Third "	5

CITIZENS' PURSE, FOR ALL HORSES, BEST THREE IN FIVE, $200.

First Prize	$120
Second "	60
Third "	20

ROAN CHIEF PRIZE.

A SILVER CUP of the value of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be awarded by Col. Edward Wilkins to the best three years old Colt sired by Roan Chief.

All of the above horses must be owned on the Eastern Shore of Maryland on the first of September.

Entrance fee of ten per cent. will be charged and must accompany nominations.

Entrees to close on —— at 9, A. M. at the grounds.

Heats to be trotted alternately; three or more to enter; two to start. Any horse distancing the field will only be entitled to the first premium. The above trials of speed to be governed by the rules of the National Association.

For particulars address, (enclosing stamp,)
WM. W. STEPHENS,
Hanesville, Kent County, Md.
July 20, 1872—tf.

COAL NOTICE.

WE expect to commence laying in our fall and winter supply of COAL next week, and will fill all orders, from this date until further notice, at prices ranging from $6.00 to $6.75 per Ton of 2240 lbs., delivered at the boat.

☞ Desiring to do business upon a Cash basis, no orders will be filled until arrangements are made for the payment of the same.

jy26-tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

PURE FRENCH BRANDY
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE,
—James Hennessey—
Bought in the Original Package.

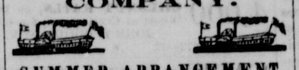
BURKE'S IRISH STOUT
and
BASS & CO.'S ENGLISH PALE ALE,
useful Tonics for persons laboring under debility.

These goods are all of direct importation, and purchased from first hands, enabling us to vouch for their purity. For sale by
July 27. THOMAS S. WICKES

HECKENDORN PLOW CASTINGS
COMPLETE,
On hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, July 27, 1872.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oil, Turpentine Glass, Putty, &c.
Feb. 24. JOS. E. WEER.

CHESTER RIVER STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, August 7, 1872,

The Steamer GEO. LAW,

Will leave Baltimore DAILY, at 7, A. M., for KENT ISLAND, QUAKER NECK, BOOKER'S, ROLPH'S & CHESTERTOWN.

Returning, leave Chestertown daily at 4½ P. M.
" " Rolph's " " 5 "
" " Booker's " " 5½ "
" " Quaker Neck " " 5¾ "

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Steamer GEO. LAW will go to CRUMPTON, leaving Crumpton at 1 o'cl'k, P. M. same day.

The Steamer CHESTER

Will leave Baltimore DAILY at 7, A. M., for QUEENSTOWN and GREY'S INN CREEK.

Returning, leave Grey's Inn daily at 10½ A. M.
" " Eastern Neck " " 11 "
" " Queenstown " " 12 M.
" " Kent Island " " 12½ P. M.

☞ No Fruit or Freight received unless *properly marked.* Marking with chalk or Lead Pencil not considered marking.

☞ Passengers will be particular in taking the RIGHT BOAT in Baltimore.

B. S. FORD, President
Chester River Steamboat Company.
Aug. 10, 1872—tf.

PEACH GROWERS
ACCOMMODATION LINE!

On and after August 1st, the swift and Staunch

Steam Tug Constitution, with Barges,
WILL RUN DAILY,

(Sundays Excepted,) during PEACH SEASON to and from Light Street Wharf, foot of Barre street, Baltimore, and landings on Chester River, and at any point on the river when signalled for.

Leaving ROUND TOP - at 4½ o'clock, P.M.
" CHESTERTOWN " " 5 " "
" ROLPH'S WHARF " " 5½ " "
" BOOKER'S - - " 6½ " "
" QUAKER NECK - " " " "

and reaching Baltimore at 1 o'clock, A. M., in time for early morning market.

Peaches Freighted to Baltimore
For EIGHT CENTS per Box.

Peaches to be sent to New York or Philadelphia, will be taken from any Wharf on Chester River, and delivered on board of Cars at Chestertown, for 5 cents per box. Other freights carried at proportionate rates.

JOHN HARRIS.
Round Top, Aug. 10, 1872—tf.
[Cent. *Observer* copy.]

NEW STAGE LINE to BUCK NECK

On and after MONDAY, Aug. 5th, the subscriber will run a STAGE from

Chestertown to Buck Neck,

connecting with the Steamers "Trumpeter" and "C. P. Smith" to and from Baltimore.

The Stage will leave Chestertown EVERY MORNING (except Sunday) at 9¾, A. M. Passengers will be called for at their residences on making known their desire that the same should be done. The Stage has been repaired and put in complete order, and will be found a very pleasant vehicle. It will be called the "EXPRESS." JOHN W. RASIN.
Aug. 3, 1872—3m.

The Steamer C. P. Smith,
CAPT. J. H. BROWN.

On and after May 1, 1872,
Will leave BALTIMORE,
From Pier No. 7, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., for ELKTON, stopping at

Buck Neck, Barnard's & Betterton

REYBOLD'S, and the LANDINGS ON ELK RIVER. Returning the opposite days, leaving Elk Landing at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Stage will connect with this Boat to and from Chestertown.

FARE—from Chestertown - - $1.25
" " Buck Neck - - 1.00

Freight at reasonable rates.
EDWARD BROWN, Prop'r.
April 27, 1872—tf.

For Sassafras River.

THE STEAMER TRUMPETER

HAVING undergone thorough repair, and being now in complete order, will resume her trips on SATURDAY, the 9th of March, 1872, leaving Pier No. 6, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Thankful for past favors, we will earnestly strive to merit a continuance of the same.

WM. CUNDIFF, Capt.
March 9, 1872—8

DAVY & HUNT,
GREAT WESTERN

Carriage and Harness
BAZAAR,

1311, 1313, 1315 and 1317 MARKET Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Falling and Shifting-top Buggies, $80 to $200.
Germantown (Shifting Seats) from $70 to $150.
Rockaways (Leather trimmed) $80 to $135.
Dearborns, No Top Buggies, Jagger and Business Wagons from 50 to $125.
Single Harness from 15 to $75 per set.
Double Harness from 25 to $95 per set.
Blankets, Whips, Halters, Sheets, Afghans and everything appertaining to the business at equally low prices.

Our motto is "Cheaper than the Cheapest." Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Aug. 10, 1872—6m.

NEW MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP
IN CHESTERTOWN.

ABE SCHWARTZ,
FROM PHILADELPHIA,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, a

First Class Tailor Shop

where he keeps on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.

SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.
Chestertown, Aug. 24—3m.

FRESH LAGER,
COLD AND PRIME.
Also, LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS,
Always on hand and for sale by
H. FERRY, Up Town.
aug17-tj.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born
Or if my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care,
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of a fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land or in the sea
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

I WOULDN'T, WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would bend
As graceful as Grecianers do;
Who struts down the street to exhibit her feet,
While the boys stand with eyes all askew—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would try
To cut herself almost in two,
With the hope that she'll o'erhear somebody say
"That's a nice little waist, I tell you;"
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

And the girls who ought to wear shoes number four,
Yet torture themselves with a two;
And then with the Boston limp, onward they go
With the grace of a kangaroo—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would cut
Such extras as most of them do;
Who tries to convince all the gents that their hump
Is the natural flesh as it grew—
I wouldn't give much for such—
Would you?

The Treasury Cash Room.

No traveler should pass through Washington without a visit to the cash room of the Treasury. It is the most beautiful room in the country, one of the most beautiful in the world. Though smaller, its proportions are those of the celebrated banqueting room of Whitehall palace, being seventy feet long, thirty wide, and thirty-two high, thus running up two of the stories of the other rooms of the building.

It is generally called the marble room; for the floors and walls, the counters, and even the clock are constructed of this material. The leading marbles of the world are here represented. The bases of the lower floor are of black marble from Vermont, the styles of dove marble from the same State, and the dies from Tennessee; while the mouldings are of Bardiglio marble from Italy, and the pannels of Sienna. Above the stylobate, the pilasters, panels are San Ancolin marble from the Pyranees. Most beautiful panels they are, too, the marble consisting of petrified wood converted by time, pressure and intense heat, into *bracchia.* Forests that waved on the Pyranees thousands of years ago, now reflect the beauty of age in the capitol of an American republic. So rare and costly is this San Ancolin marble that it is not the depth of other marbles, but is a thin veneer, with a backing of white-veined marble; but, veneer as it is, its cost is sixteen dollars a superficial foot. The effect of the eight different marbles from the two continents is a harmony of subdued colors, most grateful to the eye and taste, and evidencing the appreciative judgment of the surpervising architect, Mr. A. B. Mullet.

The marbles of the first story were mainly cut in Italy by the celebrated house of T. Gaillardi; those of the second story at the marble works of Henry Parry, in New York. And the most cultivated eye is unable to distinguish between the European and American workmanship, tho' the latter house is of but yesterday, and the former dates back into other centuries.

Half-way up the walls of the room, and at the usual height of the other rooms of the Treasury, runs a balcony round the whole space; its floor is of marble, its railing of bronze. This bronze-work is ingeniously designed to represent those American products from which our national wealth is mainly derived. The ripened corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat, rye, etc., here wave in pure bronze, and are separated from each other by full bunches of grapes; while at the corners of the balcony are overflowing baskets of peaches, apples, pears and other American fruits. The artistic design of this railing is beautiful and well worthy of close examination.

From the ceiling depend three large chandeliers of bronze, the centre one with forty-two lights, the two side chandeliers with thirty-two lights each. The cost of the centre one alone was fifteen hundred dollars. No other material is used in the room but marble and bronze, except that the ceiling is paneled in stucco, and heavily gilded. It is a room whose architectural finish is sufficiently rich for its use, as the antechamber of the Treasury of the United States, where the vaults never contain less than one hundred millions of dollars, and they have held four hundred millions. The expense of the construction of the room was not far from one hundred thousand dollars.

GOOD NATURE.—Some men are good-natured in spots; some are good-natured when they have their own way, or have fallen upon some good luck; some are good-natured when at ease, but cross when burdened; some are good-natured when in company and cross at home—all smiles and geniality in the store and among customers but lowering and moping at home. Now and then we find a real son of light—a hero of the luminous heart! One who beams forth always like summer upon all, everywhere; whom all men bless when he comes, and all miss when he goes! Such men ought to wear crowns. They do. Grateful thoughts, love and joy form the crown. They wear it unconsciously, but a hundred hearts place it upon their heads, and they go crowned with light all their days!

THERE are seven millions of dwellings in the United States. Admitting that, on an average, they cost $1,000 each, which is a very low estimate, we have $7,000,000,000 invested in the dwellings of the people.

GOING HOME.

A STORY FOR WIVES TO READ.

"Hal, isn't this cold?" said an individual to a friend, as the crowd was hurrying up the great thoroughfare.

"Cold is it?" asked Hal, turning his merry, smiling face toward his shivering friend. "Well, I guess it is a bit chilly; but I never think of it when I am going home."

The other shrugged his shoulders, and laughed a little, and with a good night they parted.

I hurried up, and for a long time kept close beside this happy, homeward bound traveler, that I might get a good, long look at him.

And I had to hurry with a vengeance, for he might have had on the famous seven-league boots and not gone a bit faster. There was a merry music in the click of his boot-heels, and such a genial atmosphere about him, that I was sorry when he distanced me in two blocks, after all my most strenuous efforts to keep up.

When his tall figure disappeared, I loitered along with the sound of his voice ringing in my ears, and the recollection of his words stirring up my liveliest imaginations.

Going home! What a warm, cheerful going home it must be!

There was a wife there, I knew, for there was not a "bachelorish" thing about him. Then there was an indescribable something in his eye, and he paused once to look at some spangled fans and lace handkerchiefs in a store window.

I am positive that he was thinking how "she" would like them.

Ah, happy, blessed, true-hearted wife, that sent out into the busy, working world such a cheerful laborer.

There must be a cosy, comfortable home for him, with cosy fires, with a tempting dinner, with easy chair, dressing-gown and slippers.

There must be a perfect peace and harmony in all things; best of all there must be warm, clinging arms, loving kisses, a smiling face and tender words.

There must be all these things, or this "going home" would not make him forget the frosty air, the sharp rough blasts that came sweeping around the corners that cold winter's night.

What a pity it is that there are not more such warm resting places in the world!

I wonder if it would not make it a happier, better place, and give us less snarlers and grumblers?

I really believe it would make a grand revolution, if every man who hurries up our great city streets at nightfall could carry, as Hal did, in his heart, the knowledge that at the other end there was a warm, peaceful home, and a loving welcome awaiting him.

It is worth the trial any way, and if the result is not a favorable one, the fault will not be ours.

Going home! After a long day's work among dusty law-books and ledgers, among interminable lengths of barrels and boxes, or endless piles of dry goods—after tedious labor all the long hours, with nothing but dust and dullness, business and bustle, just think how much depends upon the going home!

Wives, did you ever think of it?

THE WAY THE INDIANS POISON THEIR ARROWS.—Mr. Lo, the Indian, is a remarkable ingenious fellow in the preparation of materials of war. Here is how he manages to obtain poisoned arrows:—

"With a piece of liver, fastened to a long stick, they (the savages) proceed to the haunts of the rattlesnake, and, as soon as one of these reptiles is found, the Indian thrusts his meat towards him, at the same time exciting and irritating the creature with another stick, carried for the purpose. The angry reptile now strikes furiously and repeatedly at the piece of liver, and soon the meat is charged with the poison. While the Indian is thus engaged it is necessary for him to be exceedingly cautious that the assailant does not become the assailed. If the mate of the angry snake should reach the Indian unperceived, he will carry home a charge of poison in a way not desired. After the liver is thus charged it is placed aside, and in a few days becomes a mass of black and putrid flesh. Into this the Indian thrusts the arrows that he reserves for the purpose, the implements being specially designed for human foes. The poisoned arrows are not baited at the point, but at the end of the shaft, where it enters the barb, the latter being always loosely adjusted to the arrow. When the arrow is pulled out of the wound the barb remains, and soon infests the blood of the victim beyond all chance of recovery.

CHOOSE WISELY.—Not many days since we heard a lady say to another, "Your countenance, to me, is like the shining of the sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look."

A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some who spend their lives as if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is dark, gloomy and forbidden. They mourn from day to day they have so little, and are in constant fear lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good of the present, for fear of the evil to come. This is not piety.—True religion makes the heart glad, and when its noble principles are felt and exercised, men will be happy in spirits of themselves.

The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, gathering honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and find fault with, if we have the disposition. We travel often in a hard and uneven road, but, with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort, and come to the end of the journey in peace.

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens with cheerfullness; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unfaltering.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the sumit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedding is a long failure in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair, and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flowers of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also in the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.—Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match.

They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these oppositions come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry opposite; they marry their similars and from circulation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out, by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks if the diversity be not too great, and there be real pity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season it. But a real happy marriage love and judgment between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, and if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—[Theodore Parker.

STOP THE INTEREST.—Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by Peter and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and said:

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?"

"I think it a fine specimen of old Port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass he hastily presented it again with the remark:

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

WHAT A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN SAW WITH HIS TELESCOPE.—A country gentleman who has a fancy for the scientific has an observatory on the top of his mansion, in which he has placed a telescope of power sufficient to command a very extensive view. Some time since he thoughtlessly directed the tube towards the house of a delightful young widow, living some miles away in the valley below, and was pleased to see her sitting on her doorstep unemployed. Taking out his watch, he was about to make a mental memorandum of what he saw, and tell her of it when they next met, but the pleasant picture was so changed in a moment that he concluded to say nothing about it for the present. Another friend, of the sterner sex, just then drove up, jumped from the carriage, threw his arms where they were most wanted, and kissed the widow. The engagement was not long after announced, but great caution is commendable in telescopic neighborhoods.

A GREAT SCANDAL has occurred at a ladies' swimming establishment near London. It was fully attended, when one of the "ladies" slipped backward and fell from a considerable height into the water, uttering at the instant of her descent an irrepressible and magnificent male oath. This fact led to the discovery that the lady was none other than a young man of a distinguished family. He was taken before the commissary of police, and escaped with the meagre punishment of a severe admonition. He says he doesn't need the admonition, and he reserves his discoveries for quiet remembrance on dull days, when he wants something lively to think of.

WOMEN would do well to remember—nor can the truth be impressed upon them at too early an age—that all the brilliant accomplishments, all the solid information, all the learning in the world, are worth nothing, in comparison to a patient, cheerful temper, and an affection for, and perseverance in, the moral and domestic duties of life. Home ought to be the temple of a virtuous female; she may leave it occasionally, and be happy amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of the world; but let her, like the bee, gather honey from them all, and let that honey be reserved for her own dwelling, let it be a palace or a cottage.

A NOVEL DUEL.

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers of the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes, Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out with blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well. You shall fight. But it must be in this way: Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing Malmaison, where the enemy is. You will march upon the garrison with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts, you will then fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You will continue to advance and fire. When one falls, the other may turn upon his heels, and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies."

"In this way," continued the commandant, "the blood which you both demand will be spilled with profit and glory, and he who comes back will do so without regret, without the remorse of having killed or wounded with his own hand a Frenchman, at a time when France needs all her defenders and all her children. If you both fall, who shall say that you are cowards? I may also add that I thus give you an excellent opportunity for putting a couple of Germans out of the way, a service that will procure for you a good recommendation for reward and promotion."

The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison, one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him off on his shoulders, amid a perfect hailstorm of balls—both, henceforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

Shall We Meet Again!

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

"The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to lay down in the damp grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of Immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clementha asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clementha.'"

JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE.—Is suicide ever justifiable? A Pittsburg paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was in the victim's left boot:—"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—*i. e.*, my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

THE Paducah News tells this story: A professional gentleman, well known in this city, had not seen his son for a long time, owing to the fact that the latter retired to bed ere the former returned home and in the morning the father always left before the son got out of bed. One morning the lady of the house managed to get the father and son together at the breakfast table, and by way of a joke remarked, "Son let me introduce you to your father." "How do you do, father," said the hopeful, "I don't remember ever having met you before, but I have heard ma speak of you."

THE man with a lung tester who accompanies a circus and makes an honest penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terre Haute, Ind., the other day. A healthy farmer's boy, with a chest on him like an emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter section of his lips over the nozzle and breathed. An explosion followed, and the "professor" was heard to say, as he gathered up the fragments of tinkling brass and springs, "he had been eating onions; that's what made his breath so strong."

SHERIDAN, one day, when coming back from shooting with an empty bag, did not like to go home completely empty, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a man or farmer leaning on a rail watching them said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?" "Well," he said, "I will take a half sovereign." "Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the midst of the flock, killing a dozen. "I'm afraid you have made a bad bargain," said Sheridan. "Well I don't know," said the man, "they were not mine."

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.

Farmers' Department.

"He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

[From the Practical Farmer.]

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

WHANN'S RAW-BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

There are many sections where barnyard manure cannot be obtained or purchased at all, and many more where *enough* of it is not to be had to supply the wants of the land. There can be no simpler proposition, than that the elements removed from the soil in cropping and which form the substance of crops, must be restored in some way before more crops can be raised. For this reason we believe artificial fertilizers will long be wanted, and the demand for them must increase. Farmers only wish to be sure of a *reliable article*, and they will buy. The demand has been checked only because spurious fertilizers, of little or no value, have been thrown on the market at extravagant profits to the manufacturer.

We have no interest in any manufactory of fertilizers, and have never been in one till just previous to writing this article, and only visited Whann's factory at Wilmington because many of our friends had used their super-phosphate and bone with the greatest success, and because we wished to lay before our readers whatever we might see there (if allowed to go in,) of interest to them and the public.

On introducing ourselves we were shown all over the establishment, and into every part of it without hesitation or reserve, and are willing to dot down what we saw. These works of Walton, Whann & Co., where Whann's raw-bone superphosphate, ground bones and bone meal are manufactured, are situated on the Christiana river, about 3 miles above its junction with the Delaware, and ¾ of a mile from the built up portions of the city of Wilmington. The area of ground covered by the factory and its appurtenances is about 12 acres. The buildings erected are of the strongest and most substantial character, and on firm foundations. On entering the works we were struck at once with the immense stock of bones on hand.—From the innumerable slaughter-houses of our large cities, from Maine to Texas, and from our eastern cities to the newer towns of the West, large quantities of bones are shipped to this place to be converted into the soluble phosphate.

To grind the bones and to prepare the other raw materials entering into its composition, a large amount of machinery is required. Four run of the best French burr, and an equal number of iron mills are constantly employed. Mechanical appliances supercede as far as possible manual labor. Three steam-engines furnish the motive power for these works—one of eighty-horse power, and the other two of ten-horse power each.

Passing through the various buildings their massiveness and strength attract attention. Every portion seems as if intended to last for a long period, differing much in this respect from structures ordinarily made for such business. This fact would seem one argument in favor of the value of the articles made; for if the business was only experimental in its nature, ordinary sheds would suffice.

Fertilizers made here have already attained a high reputation, and it would seem from the substantial buildings and most complete and solid machinery, as if the determination of the firm was to *maintain* it. They have evidently entered for a long race