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# The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.



**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. 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.

**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.

TINES & BURCHINAL,
AGENTS,
d3-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

**PETER WEIKEL,**
**Merchant Tailor,**
UNDER CARROLTON HOTEL,
*Light Street, BALTIMORE.*

It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine our goods.

Our Staple CLOTHS, DOESKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style.

OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash.
oc26. P. WEIKEL.

**CEMETERY NOTICE.**

*FIRST CLASS WORK!*
*MODERATE PRICES!*

Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
Italian Marble FLOWER VASES.
Italian Marble FONTS.
Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUMNS and MONUMENTS of pure White Statuary Marble, of new and beautiful designs.
White Marble CURBING and POSTS for enclosing Cemetery Lots, at
GADDESS BROS.'
corner Sharp and German Streets, and 110 South Charles St.,
oc26y. BALTIMORE, MD.

**BURNS & SLOAN**

132 Light St. Wharf.

**BALTIMORE,**

**BUILDING**

AND HARDWOOD

**LUMBER,**

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

*DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.*

**VICK'S**
**FLORAL GUIDE**
**For 1873.**

The GUIDE is now published Quarterly, 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

☞ The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Crome Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.

JAMES VICK,
Dec. 7, 1872. Rochester, N. Y.

**NOTICE**
*TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.*

WE have procured our supply of COAL for the Winter, and are prepared to fill all orders with dispatch—especially those accompanied with the cash.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. TWILLEY & CO., Chestertown
nov23.

**5 to $20** Per Day! Agents Wanted! all classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.



# Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873. No. 38.



**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.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

**S. Merritt & Co.,**

*HAVE JUST OPENED*

**At their Store in Chestertown,**

*The Most Desirable Stock of*

**Winter Clothing!**

**FOR MEN AND BOYS,**

*Ever offered to this Community.*

**Gents' Furnishing Goods!**

**HATS and CAPS.**

Our selections have been made with the greatest care from the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and embrace all the different styles, both as to Cut and Material.

Our assortment of

**Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

IS VERY COMPLETE,

And contains ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE WORN BY GENTLEMEN.

☞ OUR LINE OF

**HATS AND CAPS**

IS NOT EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET, EITHER AS TO VARIETY OF STYLES, COLORS, KINDS OR QUALITY.

**☞ We Buy and Sell for the Cash**

Which enables us to BUY LOW and SELL CHEAP, thereby making it a MUTUAL BENEFIT TO THE PURCHASER WITH OURSELVES.

**Come and See for Yourself.**

*PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO*
**CUSTOM WORK.**

**☞ Fits Guaranteed.**

*Remember the Place:*
**S. MERRITT & CO.**
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
October 5, 1872.

**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—tf.

**BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.**

TEN BUILDING LOTS at WORTON STATION, on the Kent County Railroad, will be sold at low prices and on accommodating terms. They are laid off with 100 feet front, and running back varying from 120 to 400 feet. This would make a good stand for a Store, or Shops of any kind. Mr. THOS. PARSONS, the Station agent, will show the lots to any persons who may desire to examine them.

For further information, terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at the office of the "Kent News." PLUMMER & USILTON.
Dec. 14, 1872—tf.

**AUCTIONEERING**

THE undersigned, having associated themselves together for the purpose of Calling Sales, will attend to all such business offered to us in our District. Hoping by strict attention to that branch of business to receive all orders for auctioneering sales of all kinds.

JACOB SUTTON,
JOSEPH H. HARRIS,
Jan. 4—tf. Kennedyville.

**LET HER FLUTTER!**

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, hereby notifies his friends that he has removed to Chestertown, and still offers his services to the citizens of this and adjacent counties, as AUCTIONEER. His charges hereafter will be from $5 to $10. Persons wishing his services will please have his name inserted at foot of advertisement.

jan4 3m. U. A. C. GARRETT.

**A CARD.**

MRS. S. M. BEASTEN respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has taken the store up town, lately occupied by Mrs Barrett, where she will be pleased to wait on them with a good supply of

**Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions,**

CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE hoping by strict attention and low prices to receive a share of patronage. mh9-tf.

**Pure Bourbon Whiskey,**

For Medicinal and other purposes,
In store and for sale by
JOHN BOLDLEY, Chestertown,
Agent for Distillers.
Jan. 11, 1873—3m.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours
je17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

WINDOW GLASS,
Cut to fit on Sash
Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO.


## WANTED.

[A lady, who is desperately in earnest, sends the following. Letters should be addressed to this office. One at a time.]

Wanted, a husband, and that before long,
By a lady who has only that want for a song;
Who has traveled alone for many a year,
And who longs for some darling to make her his dear.

Enough of this new year has vanished away,
To make me unwilling to spend one more day
Ere I send you this want, to be added to those
Which fill up the columns of our papers so close.

Yes, wanted—a man—not young nor yet old,
Who can to his own a true heart enfold;
Who can love like a giant, and never turn cold
To the woman whose life with his own is enrolled.

He must be gentle and firm, stout-hearted and strong,
Inclined to the right and not to the wrong;
Cheerful and trusting, faithful and wise,
With words full of kindness, and truth in his eyes;
Whose hand clasp brings rest to the weary and weak;
Oh, such is the man I am going to seek.
Not handsome like pictures, but noble and brave
In his face and his manner, and none of the knave;
Nor the fashion-plate fop, in his style or his air,
And no time to spend curling his whiskers or hair.

His hair may be brown, or as red as sunbeams,
With tangles and shadows flung in with its gleams,
His eyes may be blue, or, far better yet, gray,
With a sly look of tenderness stealing my way.
Now such is the man whom my heart worship seeks,
Nor blustering Bravoes, nor Jeremiah Meeks
Need claim my attention; I've no time nor no thought
To give to such people, nor by them to be sought.

And now for myself; I am plump, with brown hair,
I am something past thirty, and called rather fair,
With pretty good features, and teeth that are white,
And step like a girl's, so rapid and light.
I am cheerful and chatty, and like well to dress
But I like home much better, and a tender caress.

I like music and sewing, my pen and my books,
And I like cozy comfort peeping out from odd nooks;
A very good house-wife, and help-meet, and neat,
And never inclined to live on the street.
I have something towards keeping the wolf from the door,
But the man who gets me must have plenty more;
For a table well spread, and a bank-book bring rest
To the hearts and the heads of even the best;
His gold shall increase, and no wastefulness pain
In making him wish we were strangers again.
Whom he loves, I shall love, and into my heart
I shall take all of his, my own a dear part.
If he is only with me, fair summer shall dwell
In the home which the dear ones shall ever love well.

I have scanned all the "wants" for a very long time,
But none have appeared which would answer to mine;
The coming man tarries, and long grow the days
Which are spent in vain wishes, and saddening delays.
Yes! wanted, a mate, for my heart and my life;
Wanted, a husband, for a true loving wife.

## Preaching Not so Easy a Matter as Some People Think.

[Rev. Dr. McAnally, in the St. Louis Christian Advocate.]

A word or two in regard to the *Independent's* idea that almost any man may be a good preacher. Now this, mind you, was said in regard to preachers and preaching, as those words are commonly understood among us. And this idea is by no means uncommon. There are many who believe, or affect to believe, that preaching is an easy matter, very easily accomplished, requiring but a small amount of brains, or talent, or study, or industry. In a good deal of what is called preaching this may be true. But is that preaching in the proper sense of the word? Is it unfolding the deep things of God, and the bringing things, new and old, out of the treasury of His word? This is what is done by those who are really instructed in the Word of Life.

And does it require but little brains, but little learning, but little talent, industry or study to do this? *Suppose some of you who think so try!* Will you? Oh, no! it's a sacred subject, not to be trifled with." Yes, it is a sacred subject, not to be trifled with, and that is an important reason why it requires so much hard study, such painful labor and unceasing toil. The vapid, frothy, sensational, *ad captandum* declamations we sometimes—alas! too often—hear from the pulpit do not require a degree of talent, except, perhaps, in one particular, and that not very enviable, direction. They do not require a great amount of learning, research or study; but rightly to expound and rightly to present the Word of God is a different matter.

If some of those who think this an easy work will once try it they will likely find themselves in the predicament of a friend of ours in South Carolina, a member of the Preshyterian Church—a Church, by the way, that exercises a good degree of care as to whom she thrusts into the ministry. This friend was profoundly impressed, as he thought, with the duty of preaching the gospel. He must preach else he would be lost, and perhaps a great many others would be lost if he did not preach. Again and again he applied to and importuned the Church for her sanction and authority. But unfortunately, like the eleven stubborn jurors who held out against the one, the Church entertained an opinion of our friend's gifts, graces and qualifications for the ministry quite different from that entertained by himself.

However, to compromise the matter, the Church agreed he might try. Accordingly, an appointment was made, notice given, and all things arranged. The day at length came, the congregation came, the hour came, and the would-be preacher ascended the pulpit. He went through the preliminary services and announced the text. Half a dozen or more sentences were uttered, with but few signs of difficulty or embarrassment. Then he came to a dead halt. He looked at the congregation, and the congregation looked at him. Then he looked up at the ceiling, then looked down at the congregation again. Then he scratched his head, but seemed nothing relieved. Then, having nothing else to put out, he put out his tongue; still no relief. Finally, in most piteous accents, he bawled out:

"Brethren, if any of you think it an easy matter to preach, just come up here and try."

## WILLIAM HAVERLY.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P——, "I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography."

"Plenty of them," said the salesman.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

The little fellow drew back in dismay, and taking his little hand out of his pocket, he commenced to count some pennies and little silver pieces that he had held until they were all damp with sweat.—Several times he counted them over, and then he said:

"I didn't know they were so much."

He turned to go out and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have only got sixty-one cents," said he; "you could not let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his bright little eyes looked for the answer; and now he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile and left the store. I followed out and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked kindly.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want the geography so very much?"

"To study, sir; I can't go to school, but I study when I'm at home. All the boys have got one and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," said the boy softly; then he added after a while; "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I'll have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I'm glad they did'nt let me have any at the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark."

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly."

"Do you want any more books?" I asked him.

"More than I can ever expect to get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy one book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay it to you back."

He wanted my name and I gave it to him; then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him; and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of our voyage; then came a most terrific storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship.

The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class, but after pumping all night and still the water was gaining on them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man back to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men bow before the strong will of their captain and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above the water. When I see none of it, then shall I abandon the vessel, and not before; nor any one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Have a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during that day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will, mastered every mind on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will but be men."

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed on the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P——, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I had ever seen him till I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in search of a geography years ago in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir: William Haverly."

"I am he," said he; "God bless you."

"And God bless you, noble Captain Haverly!"

## Strange Capture of a Murderer.

The power of conscience and the unbearable weight of guilt could not be better shown than in the case of the man Caldwell, of Coldwater, Miss., who murdered his employer, Johnson, and robbed him of $1,100, and escaped, leaving no traces behind him. Last Saturday Dr. Ritchie, who lives at a small interior town thirteen miles from Coldwater, known as Thyataia, was on a spree, and the murder at Coldwater being fresh in his mind, he accused every one he met, in a jocular way, of being the man who had committed the murder. Finally he met a stranger, and being just tipsy enough not to care what he said, addressed the stranger in the same manner: "Yes—you—you are the man who murdered Johnson at Coldwater." A look of guilt overspread the man's face, and simultaneously he ran his hand in his bosom as if to draw a weapon. Dr. Ritchie collared him with his left hand, and with his right drew a dirk from his pocket, and told him if he attempted to draw a weapon he would pluuge that knife to his heart in a second. He then commanded the man to withdraw his hand, which was speedily obeyed, when, instead of a weapon, he drew out the sum of $1,100, which he dropped on the ground at his feet. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered around the doctor and his prisoner, and the evidence of the man's guilt was by this time so palpable that he was placed under arrest and securely tied. The next morning the suspected man was taken to the residence of Mrs. Johnson by his captors. She at once became frantic, and begged to be allowed to treat Caldwell in the same manner that he had treated her husband, and it was with difficulty that she could be restrained from doing the prisoner harm. On the way to Hernando, Caldwell confessed to both the murder and the robbery, but gave no other excuse for the crime than the desire for the $1,100 which had been paid to Mr. Johnson and deposited in the trunk.

## Baltimore Industries.

Baltimore has for several years made great advances in the development of her resources, and particularly in the extension of railroads, the establishment of sea steamer lines, and in the development of manufactures. Thirty-three thousand tons of pig iron, the annual product of eight furnaces in Maryland, are worked up in the Canton and the Locust Point establishments and in thirty-five workshops. There are thirty foundries engaged in manufacturing cast-iron, including two for stove work, two for store and house fronts, four for agricultural implements, one for railroad car wheels, and one for iron bridges. There are twenty-nine houses for the manufacture of clothing, producing ten million dollars annually, and employing twelve thousand sewing hands. There are twenty boot and shoe factories, producing eight thousand pairs daily, and $5,000,000 of goods annually. These establishments use machines altogether, and employ eight hundred men and seven hundred women. There are six manufactories of piano fortes, turning out fifty instruments every week and employing about five hundred workmen, and annually selling pianos valued at one million dollars. Baltimore is celebrated for its oyster and fruit canning business, and supplies a crop twenty times as great as that supplied by all other places combined. There are four hundred vessels employed in bringing oysters to Baltimore from the Chesapeake and adjacent waters, and they transport about six millions bushels of oysters per annum. The oyster and fruit packing trade furnishes employment to twelve thousand persons in Baltimore, and the sales of canned goods exceed eight million dollars annually.

## Good Resolutions for 1873.

That i wont smoke enny more cigars, only at somebody else's expense.

That i wont borry or lend—especially lend.

That i will live within mi inkum if i have tew git trusted tew do it.

That i wont advise enny body until i kno the kind of advise they are anxious tew follow.

That i wont wear enny more tite boots, if i have tew go barefoot tew dew it.

That i wont swop dogs with no man unless i can swop two for one.

That i wont swear enny unless i am under oath.

That poverty may be a blessing, but if it iz it iz a blessing in disguise.

That i will take my whiskey hereafter straight—straight to the gutter.

That the world owes me a living, providing i can earn it.

That no man shall beet me in politeness, so long as politeness kontinues to be az cheap az it now iz.

That if a man kalls me a phool, i wont ask him tew prove it.

That i will lead a moral life, even if i go lonesum and lose a good deal of fun by it.

That if a man tells me a mule wont kick, i will believe what he sez without trieing it.

That the best time to repent ov a blunder iz just before the blunder iz made.

That i will try to be honest, but it will be just my darned luck to miss it.

That i will love mi mother in law, if it takes all the money i earn tew dew it.

That i believe real good lies are getting skarser and skarser every day.

That when i hear a man bragging on his ancestors i wont envy him, but i will pity the ancestors.

Finally, i will sarch for things that are little, for things that are lonesum, avoiding all torchlite proceshuns, bands of brass music, wimmims' rights convenshuns and grass widders generally

THE imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say.

## LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

HANOVER, *Kansas*, Jan. 20, 1873.

*Editors News*—Gentlemen:—Thinking probably a communication from this remote part of the world would be of interest to your many readers, I concluded to avail myself of this exceedingly dull time to note such matters as are deemed worthy of space in your columns.

Ours is a frontier city of about two and a-half years growth, situated in the Little Blue Valley, on the old government trail to California, one hundred and twenty-seven miles west of St. Joseph's, Missouri, and one hundred and forty miles southeast of Fort Kerney, Nebraska, on the St. Joe and Denver City railroad. The division of this road is located here. Trains are run daily both ways from this point—east to St Joe and west to the Burlington and Missouri Junction in Nebraska.

Our country is mostly settled by men who have who have left their more eastern homes to avail themselves of the great homestead and preemption law, whereby they secure to themselves farms from 80 to 160 acres for merely improving them. But these men who leave the more crowded localities of the east to settle in this wilderness of prairie, are generally men of but little or no means, who bring with them nothing but stout hearts and determined wills, which is the most valuable capital that can be brought into a wild and uninhabited country like this. And this undaunted courage and indomitable will is fast telling in this (Washington) and adjacent counties. What was but a few years ago a wild and desolate prairie, inhabited by roving bands of Indians and roved over by the buffalo, antelope, elk and other game that furnished the Indians and our early settlers with meat, while the nights were made hideous by the howling of wolves and barking of the cyotes, is now fast becoming an agricultural district that will surpass the richest portions of Illinois. What a few years since was declared by the gold-seeking emigrants a wild and wasted desert, is fast becoming one of the best agricultural and grazing portions of our productive commonwealth. The soil is a rich black loam, varying from 18 inches to three feet in depth, with a red clay and limestone subsoil. Along the streams there is a sparse growth of timber, generally poor. This is one of our serious drawbacks; but time will overcome this difficulty, for as the country becomes settled, those disastrous prairie fires that are now committing such destruction all over the frontier, will be blocked out, and the growth of timber greatly strengthen Many of our settlers are already planting groves of timber on their claims, which in a few years will supply the immediate demand, and in the course of time all will be able to have their groves, when the scarcity of timber will be no longer felt.

This portion of the State abounds in magnesia limestone, one of the most valuable productions we have, as its equal cannot be found for all kinds of architectural purposes. When this stone is first taken from the quarry it is soft and can be dressed like a pine board, or cut into scrawls or brackets of any desired shape. You can put the finest edged plane on it and dress it smooth as glass, without the least injury to the tool, and after it is exposed to the air some five or six weeks it becomes almost as hard as flintrock; and the people are availing themselves of this great blessing by erecting some very fine buildings of this rock. I have seen buildings of this stone that in my opinion would compare favorably with your Port Deposit granite, at less than one-half the cost.

About forty miles southwest of here lies the Seapo Salt Marsh, which is claimed by men of experience to be one of the richest veins of brine in the United States. The writer of this visited the marsh some six months since and saw the work of sinking the wells in the vein. One well, belonging to Messrs. Hazen & Son, was sunk to the rock, and the brine from it would put the waters of the old Chesapeake to shame. But these gentlemen were not satisfied with the result, and were vigorously pushing the work through the rock, where they confidently expected to strike a vein that would yield 75-100 of pure salt. These gentlemen showed your correspondent a sample of salt manufactured from this well (which they termed surface water) that in my judgment equaled any salt I ever saw from the Kanawha or Ohio river works. If this enterprise should prove successful, Seapo and surrounding country will advance at a rate unprecedented in the annals of history.

The wealth of our coal mines is but little known, as this branch of our mining interest is decidedly in its infancy. In the county west of us they are using coal of their own production that rates very fair for the west, and old miners confidently assert that if shafts were sunk in the heart of these mines there would be found a quality of coal to equal that of the Fort Scott mines, which is considered the finest in the west.

The weather here this winter has been unusually cold. Old settlers say they have never seen such severe weather and such extensive snow storms as we have had during the present month, the snow falling to the depth of six or eight inches on level.

The climate here is very salubrious. During a residence in this city of some 18 months I have known of but two deaths—one of these was a stranger who came here in the last stage of consumption and, the other was accidental. In fact, to hear of a death in this locality is the rarest piece of news that we get, and if people in other places lived as they do here, 75 per cent. of the population would die in twelve months. Nearly one-fourth of our citizens are still living in digouts, while more than one-half of them havn't houses near so comfortable as the stables in general use in your county. I see I have encroached largely on your space, so for the present I will close, but at some future day will further discuss the merits of northwestern Kansas. RAMBLER.

A MAN at St. Louis has brought suit for $10,000 damages against the father of the lady he wanted to marry, for interfering and persuading his daughter not to have him.

A GUILELESS man saw a beautiful chromo advertised "for fifty cents," and sent on the money and received the jack of clubs.

THE girls look very game with the long feathers they now wear in their hats.

## THE IMPRISONED FAMILIES ON CARR'S ISLAND.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE RESCUE.

The correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* gives the following thrilling account of the rescue of the imprisoned families on Carr's Island, above Port Deposit on Wednesday of last week:

The cries for help from the imprisoned families, had enlisted profound sympathy on the main land, and Mr. J. J. Abrahams, of Baltimore, and Mr. J. McCaveny, of Port Deposit, had offered $100 for the rescue of the islanders, but there was no one to undertake the task.

In Havre de Grace yesterday, however, a rescue party, composed mainly of duckers and fishermen, was formed, who went to Lapidum, and from that point accomplished the difficult and honorable feat. The expedition was organized and headed by John Leitheiser, who on Tuesday evening last called for volunteers among his comrades. In a few moments at least a dozen brave and hardy men enrolled themselves, and all the necessary preparations for the next day, when it was resolved to attempt the rescue, were made.

The party met at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, when a two-horse wagon was loaded with the life-saving appurtenances. These consisted of two good-sized lifeboats, covered with tin. Upon the bottom of each boat were three wooden runners, covered with iron plates in sled style, designed as a means of passing the boats over the ice during the winter season. A number of boat books and a coil of rope 500 feet in length were also provided, and with these the party set out. Owing to the funeral of Mrs. Duke, mentioned above, no second wagon could be procured to convey the men; but nothing daunted they decided to start on foot and walk the distance necessary, which they did, going around and over the hills—the river road being blocked up—a distance of seven miles to the village of Lapidum.

OUT ON THE ICE GORGE.

The party proceeded thence about a mile higher up, to Bell's Ferry, at the cite of the old Susquehanna turnpike bridge, which was washed away in the great flood of 1867, being met on the way by persons, men and women, who begged them not to attempt so foolhardy an undertaking, and declaring that the ice gorge had moved only twenty minutes previous. The "duckers," however, had started to go to the island, and one of the number, a gray-haired old fellow of sixty years, replied, "Never mind us, we're all right; we'll cross that 'ere ice or go under it," and cross it they did, as the sequel shows. The boats were gotten out, and placed on the ice gorge, which was nineteen feet above ordinary water level, and the following party were assigned to manage them: John Leitheiser, John Mahan, Grafton Day, William Dobson, John Kurtz, John Cameron, John Teppish, Albert Raisin and Chas. W. Hubbard.

The whole party stripped off their coats, attached the rope to the first boat, and thence to the second, leaving John and Robert Mitchell and John T. Ives to handle the ropes on shore. The start was then made, at about 9 A. M., and a crowd of perhaps fifty persons, who had assembled on shore, watched with breathless anxiety the slow and labored progress of the party. At a distance of one hundred yards from shore John Cameron went through the ice, but clung to the boat's side, and was soon up again. A few feet further and the forward boat lurched and seemed to sink, when John Mahan, another of the party, was himself "gorged" in the ice, but was quickly pulled out, dripping with the ice cold waters.

OUT OF SIGHT.

When about three hundred yards from shore a crevice in the gorge was encountered, so deep that when the boats descended it they were entirely out of sight of those on shore, and the men say that nothing could be seen but "ice and sky." Those on shore were disposed to pull in the rope, but in a few moments the boats reappeared, and were again mounted on the high gorge.

Thus up and down, over the hummocks they worked on, and in one hour reached "Wood's Island," which was almost entirely submerged, having played out 450 feet of the rope. The rope was then tied fast to a tree on Wood's Island for the return. A shout from shore was cheerily answered by the brave duckers. Crossing the water space of this island 100 yards, they again mounted the gorge, and shouted for an answer from the family on Carr's Island, about 200 yards away. Receiving no answer, some of the party concluded the unfortunates had perished, but they pushed on and reached the island, over which the water was flooded five to eight feet deep.

THE FLOODED FARMHOUSE.

The Roberts brothers, residents of Carr's Island, who were in a boat paddling from the farmhouse to the stable, saw the rescue party, and gave them a hearty welcome. The farmhouse, which is a plain two-story dwelling, situated on rising ground, had been submerged about two feet, but by the fall in the river, there was but little water in the dwelling at the time of the arrival of the expedition.

The party was met at the doorway by the women and children, who shed tears of joy over the gallant men who had come to their rescue, one of the ladies, Mrs. Charles Roberts, exclaiming "Thank God, our prayers are answered; we prayed all night, with the waters all round us for help and you've come, you've come."—It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be quieted, but her companion, the cooler of the two ladies, came to the rescue and at once preparations were made to leave the house.

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HORROR.

From the elder of the Roberts brothers is received a brief story of their experiences. The last visit made to the main land was on Wednesday of last week, when a stock of groceries and provisions was laid in, and from that time until yesterday the whole family had been, as it were, imprisoned within the dwelling.—The island flooded badly on Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday the water rose to the first floor of the house. On Monday the water was two feet deep in the house, and the family were driven to the second story, where a fire was started and they managed to cook food sufficient for their wants.

On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the hours, both day and night, seemed weeks of suspense. The men communicated with the barn, to feed their stock, in boats, and whenever an opportunity offered they shouted for help from those on shore; but as time wore on, and the water grew higher, hope seemed to die out and death appeared a certainty. Within the house were two ladies and four children, crushed with despair, who spent the greater part of the time in prayers for help. A watch was kept up at night, and with every rush of ice about the house, among the trees without, a new alarm was given.

THE RETURN TO SHORE.

About 11 o'clock all was made ready for the return. Mrs. Alfred Roberts and two small girls, six and eight years old, were placed in one boat, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Chas. Roberts, with a babe in arms, and a small boy in the other, the Roberts brothers and a farm hand, who was also an occupant of the house, were added to the boat's crews. Before leaving an ample supply of food was furnished to the stock at the barn, which was nearly submerged, and all being in readiness, the boats pushed off.

The lady with the babe seemed to lose courage as they neared the ice gorge, and hugging her infant to her breast, buried her head in affright, but her companion again cheerily reasured her, exhibiting great coolness. They reached Wood's Island, came in sight of the crowd on the shore, and were again cheered lustily.—The rope which had been made fast to a tree on going out was attached to the boats, and willing hands on shore pulled the boats as they were signaled by Leightheiser, the captain, to draw them over some high hummock, now gently and gradually, to avoid an upset of the precious human freight.

The boats' crews were outside the boats, grasping the gunwales, slipping and sliding about on the treacherous ice cakes, but keeping the boats righted. Occasionally one or more of the men would sink through into the water, but his comrades quickly lifted him out, and on they went. As they drew near the land the assembled crowd on shore increased to over 200 people, men, women and children, and all seemed awed with a sort of breathless excitement; a painful suspense, with a fear of a mishap at the last moment, marked each countenance, until at last the first boat struck earth. The women and children were caught up by the ladies on shore. The second boat followed, and the occupants were as heartily welcomed. The hardy boatmen, reeking with perspiration even in the cold air, were helped ashore, and then went up cheer after cheer from the crowd, men and women uniting in their enthusiastic applause of the brave boatmen who had so gallantly risked their lives.

The ladies and children were hurried away to comfort and warmth in neighboring houses, men were grasped warmly by the hands and hurried away by friends, and in a few moments the boatmen were being entertained by Dr. W. W. Virdin, residing near Lapidum, who presented them with a purse of $50 The honest fellows refused the money, saying, "Give it to the women and children," eliciting another shout from the crowd assembled.

The boats were soon after loaded on the wagon, kindly furnished by Mr. William Young, of Havre de Grace, and about 2 P. M. the party returned to their homes, having done perhaps the noblest day's work of their lives. The news of the rescue had preceded them, and on their arrival at home they received a perfect ovation at the hands of the people, who, it is stated, purpose presenting a handsome purse to all engaged for their heroic labors. They each deserve a gold medal.


## CHEAP THINGS.

One of the worst mistakes which can be made is to purchase an article because it is cheap. Very many persons are in need of a *first-class Sewing Machine*, yet do not feel quite ready to pay the full price at once, and are sometimes led into purchasing an inferior machine, at less cost, because a machine of some kind is *really needed* in every family. And then, again, some say, "I will get me a cheap machine now; it will perhaps do my work at present, and I will learn to run a machine, and sometime I will get a better." To all, both high and low, we would say:—when you select a sewing machine you should be as particular as you need to be in selecting a family horse. See that it has a *reputation* unexceptional; see that it is made for *endurance*; see that it is *sound*; see that it is always ready to *go*; see that it has no bad *tricks*; see that it can do *all* kinds of work; see that it is in good health, so that it will not need constant *doctoring*; see that you get one you can depend upon, to do all the work, and do it just when you need it done; and above all don't buy a balky horse, nor a *balky* machine. A poor sewing machine is worse than none and a constant source of trouble. Many of what are called *selling* points in a machine are simply frivolous, and intended to tickle the fancy of those who are *sold*. It is no great recommendation in a horse for family use, that it can walk on three legs; and so useless tricks in a Sewing Machine should be avoided. Substantial excellencies only can stand the test of time and use. The *Howe Machine* has stood the test, and today over four hundred thousand are in use throughout the civilized world. Mr. A. M. GUDGEN, Chestertown, offers this machine on such easy terms that persons of moderate income can obtain one by paying small monthly installments, and thus in time become possessed of a machine that is not *cheap* in any sense of the word, but one that will earn its cost many times over.


THE *Swiss Times* says that a comical story is told of a couple of lovers who, a few days ago, attempted to commit suicide in the Lake of Zurich, near Ruschikon, because the young lady's parents refused their consent to their marriage. In order not to be separated in death, the young lady tied one of her