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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 correspondences solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

J. HORTON KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE on Main Street, adjoining the Bank. Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

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.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office near Hall's Hotel,
fel-6. CHESTERTOWN.

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

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.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

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.

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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873. No. 35.

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.

Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY,
THE 12th DAY OF MARCH, 1873,
At the Voshell House in Chestertown, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the

REAL ESTATE of JAS. P. WICKES,
Late of Kent county, Md, deceased.

This Estate consists of

A VALUABLE FARM,
ON EASTERN NECK ISLAND,
CALLED
"WICKLIFFE"
And a VALUABLE WOOD LOT in Pine Neck.

The Farm contains about 365 Acres,

of which at least 300 acres are arable, and the residue in Marsh and Wood. The soil is susceptible of the highest state of improvement, and is well adapted to all cereals, fruits and vegetables, and is now in good heart.

In view of its natural fertility and productiveness, this estate will bear a favorable comparison with the best farms in the county. It is divided into a convenient number of fields, and is under good and substantial fencing.—It lies at the mouth of Chester River, and has all the advantages of our most favored water situations.

"Wickes' Beach," on this Estate, has been for many years and is now pre-eminently distinguished for its fine Swan, Goose and Duck Shooting, and within a few yards of its shore lie some of our choicest OYSTER BEDS and FISHING GROUNDS.

There is a fine Wharf and Landing on the Island within a short distance of this farm, which is not over thirty miles from the city of Baltimore in an air line.

The Improvements
ARE A
THREE STORY
FRAME DWELLING
WITH A KITCHEN ATTACHED,
and all the necessary Out-Buildings,
which are in a fair state of repair.

THE WOOD LOT
Contains 25 or 30 Acres,

and is said to be valuable because of the Chestnut growth upon it.

To him who looks to sport and pleasure, as well as to him who looks only to pecuniary profits, for his investments, this estate offers rare inducements to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-eighth of the whole purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee. The one-half part in one year and the residue in two equal instalments of two and three years from the day of sale. The purchase money to be secured by bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the trustee, bearing interest from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

N B—At the same time, as attorney for Mrs. C. A. Wickes, the undersigned will offer at public sale, for cash, her part of the

"SPENCER FARM,"

Containing about 107 Acres of Land,

without improvements, save fencing. This land adjoins "Wickliffe," and is very desirable on account of its natural fertility and water advantages

RICHARD HYNSON,
Attorney.
Chestertown, Feb. 15, 1873—tds.

Real Estate at Public Sale.

BY VIRTUE of authority conferred by a power contained in a Mortgage from Jas. Yates to William Vannort, dated Dec. 13th, 1871, duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber J. K. H., No. 10, folio 322, &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Maxwell's Hotel, in Millington, Kent county, Md., on

Saturday, the 8th of March, 1873,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said mortgagor, of, in and to all those

Tracts or Parcels of Land,

situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county aforesaid, on the road from Turner's Cross Roads to the Line-stone farm, about three miles from Millington; being part of the land which was conveyed to the said James Yates by a certain John Edward Clyde. The whole tract contains about

186 Acres of LAND

and is divided into TWO FARMS, each having all the necessary BUILDINGS, and under good fencing.

These tracts will first be offered separately and then as a whole.

Possession given on the ratification of the sale.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the mortgage are, cash on the day of sale, but these terms may be modified to suit purchasers at the option of the mortgagee.

WILLIAM VANNORT, Mortgagee.
C. T. WESTCOTT, Att'y.
Feb. 8, 1873—tds.

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 insetted at foot of advertisement

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

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

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right of labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to sooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To sooth and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight to heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love;
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well,
Thy silent influence none can tell,
If these are they why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

I am always sorry for a man who can do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave ten dollars to one who could speak and write five or six different languages, and translate beautifully.

I knew a lady once that had taught school for twenty years, till she was a poor, nervous, broken-down woman, and really didn't know how to make a dress for herself.

I know a man that wants to keep store, and he sits with his thumb in his mouth waiting for a store to come to him to be kept.

I heard of a minister who, when his people gave him a horse and buggy, had to wait for the deacon's wife to come over and show him how to harness—for he didn't know the bit from the crupper.

Every real man should know how to do one thing well; and he ought to know how to do several things tolerably well. Every wise farmer has a principal crop; but he always puts in a little something else, so that, if his main crop fails, he will have something to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't carry all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well, learn one sort of work to get a living by, and all sorts of work to get along with when your one sort gives out.

At West Point, where they take boys and teach them to be perfect soldiers, they have to learn, among other things, to cook and make bread, and make their own beds, and do their own sewing, and sweep and dust; because, you know, a sailor or a soldier never knows where his duty may call him, and the man who understands how to do the most things is the best sailor, the best soldier—that is to say, the most of a man I never saw a woman do a man's work handily, that I did not like her all the better for it. And I never saw a man do a woman's work neatly, but I thought the more of him—for you see that work is something that needs to be done; and he who knows how to do the most will have the best chance to make money, or, which is better still, make himself feel like a useful man.

So then, what do you say, boys? Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do at West Point—make your own beds every morning till you can do it better than your own mother can. And girls, do you learn to harness a horse till you can do it as quickly as your brother. And boys, learn how to make bread; and girls, learn how to sharpen a knife and whittle, and drive nails without splitting the board; and boys, learn how to hem towels and patch your own trowsers. Keep your eyes and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts of work. And, my words for it, you will grow hearty and plump, handsome and happy.

Russian Proverbs.

A good beginning is half the work.

Trust in God, but be sure and do not stumble yourself.

A debt is adorned by payment.

Roguery is the last of trades.

With God even across the sea: without Him not even across the threshold.

Never take a crooked path while you can find a straight one.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table.

Disease comes in by hundred weights, and goes out by ounces.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

An old friend is worth two new ones.

Be praised not for ancestors, but for your virtues.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

A mother's prayer will draw up from the depths of the sea.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Medical men advise that salt be taken with nuts, especially when eaten at night. "One time," says a writer, "whilst enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend asked for salt, stating that he knew of the case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become rather too fond of his cups. He muttered "Salt, salt," of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her. If they would allow him to make an examination, he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and immediately it dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appeared to have been from the same cause. I generally eat salt with mine and think it improves them."

A CHEMIST, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present at this remark, observed that truly chemistry was a valuable science, and (anxious that the discovery might be made profitable) inquired of the orator what number of snow-balls would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

HANOVER, *Kansas*, Feb. 10, '73.

Editors News—Gentlemen: Since my former communication this whole Commonwealth has been thrown into the most intense excitement over the Senatorial contest, which fully shows how rads do things in bleeding Kansas, or how the little game of dog eat dog is played out West.

In point of corruption and dirty political trickery we think the drama enacted at our State capitol on the 29th ult. was the most diabolical ever witnessed in this or any other State. Our Legislature is decidedly Radical, and of course the U. S. Senator for the ensuing six years had to be a firm believer in that political faith. The Democrats, being decidedly in the minority, were necessarily compelled to take a back seat and witness the little game played on that memorable day.—"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." When rads meet rads then comes the test for spoils Both factions seem to have held full hands, but it was evident that S. C. Pomeroy held the big four, and had he played with a little more courage and self-confidence he would have won and averted the terrible catastrophe that follows. But the temptation to steal a point from his opponent was too great, so the old sinner came down to the tune of $7,000 and was "busted."

John J. Ingalls, the man elected by the anti-Pomeroy element, is undoubtedly a shrewd politician, but has a good record, and it is generally believed that he will represent the interest of his constituents in the national Senate honorably and faithfully; but if he had any hand in the little conspiracy that elected him, then we are ready to condemn him equally with Pomeroy and A. M. York, the man who played the cold deck on old Pom (as he is familiarly called out here.) The leading Radicals here who opposed Pomeroy's re-election are loud in the praise of York. But candid and fair-minded men are compelled to censure him for a gross and willful conspiracy, and think he is equal to his victim in rascality and corruption.

It is now sincerely hoped that Caldwell will be dismissed from his seat in the Senate, and if such should be the case there will be no trouble to elect an honest man to succeed him. The people are now determined that Kansas shall be purged of this Pomeroy-Caldwell element, and that our noble young State shall be raised from the mire of political corruption which she has so long wallowed in. May God speed the day of our deliverance. RAMBLER.

RICHES IN RAGS.

A strange story of two female misers, in Camden, N. J., is told in a Philadelphia paper:

If there is such a thing as "gilded poverty," an exemplication of it was strikingly manifested in Camden during the past week. From infancy to the ripe old age of 80 years, two twin sisters, named Grace and Charity Kaighn, have resided in that city. They owned in their own right property said to be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars in very eligible locations, and were possessed of other property of value. Yet these two females (they never married) lived together in almost perfect seclusion, in the most eccentric manner. Their house on Kahn's avenue was always kept closed, and no one admitted except such as came to aid them in their business transactions, and they were few. Their apartments were kept almost as gloomy as prison dungeons, and day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, they groped about in the darkness of their own created prison, denying themselves even the comforts and necessaries of life. For many years this was their way of living, and those who knew them best believed that at any time they might be found dead in their house from self-denial and neglect. Some time last summer they purchased a fine new dwelling house on Market street, above Fourth, and moved into it early in the fall. What articles of furniture they had were set in the parlor, but were never put in their proper places. From that time up to Thursday week they lived in their old way, without comfort or anything that would contribute to comfort. From the Thursday alluded to, nothing had been seen of them, and no noise was made in the house to indicate that they were alive. This created a suspicion that something was wrong, and officer Hoffinger was instructed to force an entrance. This was accomplished, when he found, to his horror, the most sickening sight he ever met with. The room was bare of furniture, dark and dirty; no fire had been in the stove for three days, and there, on a settee, with nothing oves her but an old ragged and dirty quilt, lay Grace Kaighn, cold and stiff in death. Her sister, Charity, was found in a corner of a room, almost doubled up, and in a perishing condition. She was immediately taken care of, and, under the direction of Dr. Armstrong, coroner, she is doing well. She did not know that Grace was dead. On a table near by was a loaf of bread and some butter, which had not been touched. The coroner took charge of the body, and had it properly disposed of. He found some thirteen dollars on the person of deceased, and took possession of such papers and valuables as were found, until rightful parties to them appear. Among the papers are several tax bills for real estate, one of which calls for $600, which at the rate of taxation, $2.30 on the $100, would be for an assessed property of $36,000. This was for one square of ground, facing Broadway, between Line and Pine sts. They owned large amounts of real estate in other parts of Camden. Notwithstanding all this, they were in the most abject state of exposure and destitution.

AN Arab was asked by a traveler how he knew there was a God. Fixing his dark eye on the man, who seemed to be doubting the being of God, he met his question with another: "How do I know that it was a man or a camel that passed my tent last night? And are not the footprints of the Creator the footprints of God?"

"PAVEMENT STATUARY" is what they call the young men who range themselves about Church doors, in Mechanicstown, to gaze into the faces of the girls as they come out of Church.

A POUND of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and ounce of energy.

Popping in Pondicherry.

A Madras journal records that an English gentleman went down to Pondicherry the other day fascinated by a certain Pondicherry fair one! Alas! he only knew his own mother-tongue, and his adored damsel only knew French. But a friendly ayah who actually knew a smattering of French and English, appeared opportunely on the scene. So the gentleman sat on one chair, the lady on another, and the ayah squatted between them on the ground. The gentleman paid his compliments and sweetly looked unutterable things. The lady replied to the compliments, and looked ditto, and the ayah translated with an oily glee delicious to witness. "Tell the lady I love, I respect, I adore her!" said the amorous swain.—The question was translated, and a blush ensued; then came the reply, through the ayah. "Missay say she too much pleased—you very fine gentleman." The enraptured lover now poured forth his very soul, which took ten minutes to translate Like Bottom, but in a far more agreeable way, "he was translated." Then came again a reply—"Missy say she love you too much—oh, so very too much—you one very high-caste sahid—but Missy ask leave you got plenty rupee?" The latter replied in the affirmative, when the fair one's lips again poured forth a flood of French into English, saying: "Missy she very much love master, and will marry your honor: will master please to kiss Missy?" The rapturous first kiss then was interchanged; and, need we inform our readers, a grand marriage was the happy result! The Pondicherry world and his wife were present at the ceremony, and a hundred satin slippers were thrown after the lovely bride and handsome bridegroom as they drove off on their blissful honeymoon tour.

"ALL RIGHTEE."—The Vallejo Independent tells the following good story:

A very laughable incident occurred one evening recently, on the up train to Sacramento. There were two seats in the car turned so as to face each other. One was occupied by a lady, and the other by a Chinaman. Evidently the lady did not relish the presence of the Chinaman, and set her wits to work to oust him. She succeeded about as follows:

Motioning the Chinaman to rise, she explained to him that she wanted to take the cushions and their frames, and place them lengthwise across from seat to seat. John said "all righteo," and got out in the aisle while she placed the seats as above described, and then proceeded to lie down on the bed thus improvised, with her head resting on her valise.

She supposed that the Chinaman would at once take the hint that the lady wanted to take a little rest, in the space usually occupied by four persons. But John hadn't heard of the woman's rights movement, and at once proceeded to crawl in and stretch himself by her side, with his head on a bundle of his own. The Chinese are an imitative race, and like to do as others do, you know.

The lady, as soon as she discovered that she had a bedfellow, got up, a little wildly, and started for the next car, to the infinite amusement of the passengers who had been watching the little scene with interest. John took no notice of the fun he had created, but went to sleep with the whole bed to himself

THE origin of the Southwestern Virginia salt works is curious. The place was once a vast swamp, noisome, slimy and dangerous. Deer, hogs and cattle would often be found dead there. Vapor continually arose from the sodden ground. So lonely was it that it got the reputation of being haunted, and when Wm. Crabtree, a hunter, settled upon it he found no one to dispute his right. From his heirs a certain William King, suspecting its value as a salt field, from various indications, bought it for a rifle and a pony. He opened it and cleared it and dug his wells. It was a profitable business and rapidly increased. During the war these works were the principal dependence of the Confederacy for salt. Often a thousand covered wagons waited at one time to load. They conveyed the salt for hundreds of miles into the interior. After several attemps the Federal troops demolished the works, but never held them for any length of time. The company now have six furnaces, and make two thousand four hundred bushels of salt a day.

REPENTANCE.

BY C. E. C.

He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith or kin.
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand. Now that's not right,
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It didn't take a minute, quite,
And yet it seemed like days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know,
For I'm quite sure I saw her wink
When I requested him to go
I meant it, too—at least, I think—

But, after all, I'm not to blame,
He snatched the kiss. I do think men
Are quite without all sense of shame,
I wonder if he'll come again?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Lamartine gives this illustration: "In some spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hope. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it went the mother bird Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm.—How like the love of an old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world Swept away by passion that child might be, it mattered not; though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death."

THE body of a young lady has been placed in the receiving vault of the Indianapolis cemetery for daily inspection, as the doctors are by no means certain of her death. The indications of a trance are the freshness of the countenance and the pliability of the joints

IT is said that the mysterious name of the "monkey wrench" was taken from its inventor, Mr. Monkey, who still lives in New Jersey.

A CHAT WITH GIRLS.

BY A DOCTOR.

NO. 1.

The preacher will assure you that love to your God and to your fellow man is all there is of it. And yet he goes on preaching and exhorting all his life.

So I assure you that the laws of health are few and simple, and yet I have gone on preaching and exhorting for thirty years, and shall keep it up as long as I live.

Girls, the great obstacle in the way of your health and happiness is what we have been talking about all our lives—viz: slavery to custom of fashion. To illustrate it for the thousandth time, I will relate a fact.

Years ago I sailed from New York on board the staunch old Cunarder Africa, bound for Liverpool. Among our passengers were some newly-married couples.—One of them was from Philadelphia.—The bride was a delicate and beautiful girl

My state-room joined theirs. We were scarcely out of the harbor when the lady began to vomit. During the entire voyage her sufferings were dreadful. The ship's physician really became alarmed. A friend happened to call me Doctor in the presence of the young husband, when he eagerly inquired:

"Are you a physician?"

I said, "Yes."

"Do come and see my wife, for mercy's sake try and save her"

We did everything in our power, but the sensitive brain would not be appeased, and the retching and fainting continued until she was carried out of the ship at Liverpool, more dead than alive.

Two months after our landing I overhead this beautiful, brilliant young woman describing to a group of admiring friends, in a Parisian hotel, the splendors of a sea voyage.

"Oh, it is magnificent!—the sea in a storm—the wild mountain-waves crested everywhere with foam! Oh, the sea in a storm is perfectly glorious!"

The poor child had heard fashionable people make such exclamations, and she had seen them wear absurd dress; as she had heard them talk absurd nonsense; as she had seen them walk and wiggle and giggle in an unnatural and ridiculous manner. She, like too many girls, had aspirations for recognition among the fashionable. So, from her close little state room, lying flat on her back, retching and vomiting, fainting and dying, she saw the "magnificent, glorious, foam-chopped waves."

Ah, girls, if you only could raise above this weakness, if you only could think and feel, dress and walk, speak and act for yourselves, what an immense gain in all ways! How much you could help us all into a higher life!

NO. II.

Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame. Hold the bulb under your tongue. Wait four minutes. Now look at it. It is 90°. That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry. Give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65°. That tells you how warm your feet are—33° between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equable circulation means good health, and the loss of it means bad health? Let us see You have a headache. Your head is hot—It throbs. Your feet are icicles. Now put your feet into a pail of hot water.—In six minutes you say, "Oh, mother how good I feel! That rush in my head is all gone." You have headache about half the time? No. Well, then, pain in your side? No. Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head, or neck or chest or back? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all these bad feelings for the time being. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head, or neck or shoulders or back, and there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot-bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts That's exactly the philosophy of it Of course the foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.

Now let me whisper in your ear I will tell you a secret. If you will during the damp and cold season put on one or two pairs of thick flannel on your legs, and very thick wollen stockings, and wear strong broad-soled shoes, you will have all the time that good flow of blood which the hot foot-bath gave you. This will keep the blood from crowding into the head and upper parts of the body, and will prevent those uncomfortable feelings.

What I have been saying about the legs is true to some extent of the arms. The extremities, both upper and lower, will in our climate, during the damp and cold season, be sure to get cold, and thus the balance in the circulation is lost.—Then comes fullness in some organ within the body, or in the head or neck, with heat or pain or some uncomfortable feeling. This can all be prevented by keeping the blood flowing equally in all parts. In this climate we must depend upon clothing. Friction is good. Exercise is good. But the main dependance is clothing. So you must, for eight months in the year at least, dress your legs and feet and arms with very thick woollen garments.

Just think how women dress. About the trunk, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses; then comes a shawl and then thick-padded furs, while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon. They go to the family physician and say, "Oh, doctor, my head goes bumpity bump. Doctor, it seems as if all the blood in my body is in head and chest."

"Well, madam, how about your legs and feet?"

"Oh, doctor, they are like chunks of ice."

"Ah, madam, if you dress your legs and feet so that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting It must stay in the body somewhere; and if it can't go down into the legs and feet, it of course goes into your head and chest."

Girls, most of you wear too much clothing about your shoulders, chest, back and hips, but there is a sad lack of it about your legs, feet and arms.

COUSIN SALLY DILLARD.

A STORY THAT MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO DIE.

Cousin Sally Dillard is a story that must not be permitted to die, and as it has been some time since the public have been called upon to laugh over its exquisite ridiculousness, we will give it a start again:

Scene—A Court of Justice in South Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis ries and thus addressed the court: "May it please your worship and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direfully marked an assault A more wilfull, violent and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it seldom has been our duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and disposed. One said that he heard, but did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but he did not know who struck first, and another that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from a misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I do, that I had a witness who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood to the court and jury, I should not have tresspassed so long on your patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took the oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzakly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she comes over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up in the road, there having been a great deal of rain lately, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, then, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Moses he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by that rigmarole?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go, I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear about your Sally Dillard or your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir; go on.

Witness—Well, sir; Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to my house and asked me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops—There it is again. Witness, please stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, go on then and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that the witness be committed for a contempt. He seems to be trifling with the Court.

Court.—Witness, you are before the Court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell me what you know about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Court (after deliberating.)—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of an opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well Captain Rice, he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dillard came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in her hip, and the big swamp was up; howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go.

I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose was foreman of the crap, and the crap it was smartly into grass, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they go on together—Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they comes to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, walked the log, but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her petticoats and waded through.

Chops.—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness.—Well, that's all I know about the fight.

YOUTHFUL ELOQUENCE.—It is told of Canning that at the Clifford street Club, London, on one occasion when he was loudly denouncing Mirabeau just as a foaming pot of porter was brought in and placed before the president, he continued:

"To the steady eye of a sagacious criticism the eloquence of Mirabeau will appear to be as empty and vapid as his patriotism. It is like the beverage that stands, sir, so invitingly before you—foamy and frothy on the top, heavy and muddy within."

"LOVE," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." The same might be said of a canal boat.

THE AMES FAMILY.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, writing from North Eaton, the birthplace and home of Oakes Ames, says:

"The town lies midway between Boston and Fall River, on the line of the Old Colony and Newport railroad. In this place is the great shovel manufactory of O. Ames & Co. The number of hands employed in the various departments of this factory ranges from 300 to 400. In an ordinary season each day's work produces 3,600 shovels. Oakes and Oliver Ames are the senior partners of the firm, and their sons comprise the company. Oliver Ames, Sr., the father of Oakes and Oliver, began the business in a very humble way, first as a manufacturer of nails, and then of shovels, in a small one-story building, with no machinery. He was universally respected—a keen, energetic man of business, yet singularly straightforward and upright in his dealings. The Ames family have always been firm advocates of the temperance cause, and have waged relentless warfare against the liquor traffic in their midst. Three or four years ago Oakes Ames began building an elegant school-house, with the intention of presenting it to the district in which he resides, but before its completion the school district system was abolished, and, not caring to include the whole town in his liberality, he offered to sell the building at a slight advance upon cost. After much controversy upon the subject, the town finally bought the house, and some people have been so ungenerous as to assert that Mr. Ames knew that this measure was to be brought before the Legislature, and would probably be successful, and he took advantage of this knowledge to realize a few 'dividends' by speculating in school-houses. Of the two brothers Oliver Ames is regarded the general favorite Oakes is as rough and blunt as one of his own shovels."

CORRECT WAY TO SWEEP A CARPET.—There are three ways to sweep a carpet—one right and two wrong ways. One wrong way is to hold the broom nearly in front of the operator, with the handle inclined backward toward him, then press down as a forward thrust is given, and thus leave the heavier dirt half way cross the room, while the light particle are sent whirling about, covering, as it settles, every article of furniture

Another wrong way to sweep a carpet is to move the broom forward with a heavy, drawing stroke, by which the material to be removed is pressed into the carpet rather than worked gently along on the surface. If either of these wrong ways is adopted, the broom will wear out the carpet more than it is worn by the occupants of the dwelling. When a sweeper collects a dust pan full of the nap of the carpet every time it is swept, a new one will soon be required. The right way to sweep is to incline the handle a little forward, then give a light drawing stroke, allowing the broom to scarcely touch the carpet. Not one half the weight of the broom should be allowed to press on the carpet, as the dirt is moved forward. Let the dirt be moved and rolled along lightly.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

There are certain women in this country who are making a prodigious clatter in speeches, newspaper articles, and by other means, about what they call their "rights." A moment's thought, however, will go far to convince any candid person that the sewing machine has been a more effectual aid in giving to women generally their "rights" than all the clamor made by them from the days of Xanthippe, the scolding wife of Socrates, to the present time. The back-ache, the round shoulders, the diminished eyesight, the weakened nerves, which were inevitable attendants of sewing by the old process, have disappeared, and in this new domestic dispensation a woman can do the sewing of her family without injury to her bodily health, and have time left for other things. Send for a circular descriptive of the celebrated Howe Machine, or call on Mr. A. M. GUDGEN, Chestertown. No pains or expense are spared to give thorough satisfaction to every customer. This machine *is not sold at fifteen dollars advance* over New York prices, like some of its competitors, and the small monthly payment system puts it within the means of almost everybody.

CHARACTER.—When we see a young man fond of fine clothes and making a fop of himself, it is a sure sign that he thinks the world consists of outside show and ostentation, and he is certain to make an unstable man without true affection or friendship, fond of change and excitement, and soon wearying of those objects and