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The Kent News:

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JAS. M. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.

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.

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

J. F. WILSON & Co.,
GEORGETOWN,

Have enlarged their Store House, giving them better facilities for showing their full stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
PAINTS, Oils and Varnishes.

☞ We take pleasure in showing our goods, and offer them at prices that will secure us quick sales. my10-y.

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF

BUILDING LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

June 28, 1873.

STIEFF'S PIANOS

Upwards of Fifty First Premiums
—AND—
GOLD and SILVER MEDALS
WERE AWARDED TO
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
For the BEST PIANO,

In Competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.

OFFICE AND SALESROOMS:
No. 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Md.

The superiority of the UNRIVALLED STIEFF PIANO FORTE, is conceded by all who have compared it with others.

☞ In their New Grand Square Scale, 7½ Octaves, the manufacturers has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible.

Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.

We are agents for the celebrated BURDETT
CABINETT,
PARLOR and CHURCH ORGANS
all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.

☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war. ap19y.

DRESS MAKING.

MRS. R. B. RUSSELL is prepared to do Dress Making, and make Children's Clothing in the latest styles. Cutting and Basting and Machine Stitching done to order. Terms moderate. Residence—Main St., opposite Vickell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

IF YOU WANT A **Nice Suit** MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on
S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3, 1873. Chestertown

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873. No. 8.

SUMMER ANNOUNCEMENT
For 1873.

Handsome Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
—AT—
The Popular Clothing Store
ON BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFELLY.

S. Merritt & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED
A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK
OF
GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS'
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS and CAPS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.

☞ **Fits Guaranteed.**

If you want Good Goods, Well Made Up, and Cut in Style, COME AND SEE US.

S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
June 28, 1873.

KENT COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION
No. 1,
WILL HOLD ITS
THIRD ANNUAL FAIR
AT
Worton Station,
Commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 30th
And Continuing Three Days.

☞ AMPLE PROVISION is being made to secure every possible benefit to exhibitors and visitors.

BIDS received for the following privileges:
Refreshment and Dining Saloon, Soda Fountain, Horse Pound, and Barber Shop.

☞ For Premium List and other information, address (enclosing stamp) the Secretary,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.
April 5, 1873—tf.

REOPENING.
TO THE PUBLIC.

F. M. GOODING, Chesterville,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has reopened the old established store (lately occupied by A. L. Gooding, dec'd,) situated at Chesterville, Kent county, Md., and having refitted it generally, and laid in a large and well selected assortment of Goods, is fully prepared to meet all demands for

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps, Notions,

Hardware, Glassware and Queensware, and in fact every thing kept in a first class store. Also, a full supply of

Pure and Fresh Drugs & Medicines

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.

A full line of PERFUMES, FANCY GOODS, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.
June 7.—tf. F. M. GOODING.

TO FARMERS.

The Place to get your Work Done
At MODERATE RATES.

HAVING enlarged my new Shop, above the Jail, and employed the very best workmen, and having laid in a large stock of the best material, bought for cash, I think I can now do work at prices which the Farmer can afford to pay. All kind of

Cart, Wagon and Carriage Work
done with neatness and dispatch.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS
of all kinds, such as
PLOWS, HARROWS, Cultivators, &c.
kept constantly on hand, or made to order.

CULTIVATOR TEETH of the most approved style, and made of the best steel plate.

Give me a call and see for yourself.

All new work guaranteed for twelve months.

D. A. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Mar. 29—3m.

IF YOU WANT A FASHIONABLE NECK-TIE, SCARF OR COLLAR,
Call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3. Chestertown.

CHARITY.

Think gently of the erring!
We know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour
We may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring!
O, do not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod!

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without your censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-cursed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one;
As God has dealt with thee.

Pearls of Life.

One afternoon, many years ago, a pleasant-faced man came into our schoolroom. We can remember but little of his appearance, except the sweet smile that played about his lips, and that seemed to spread all over his face as he spoke. Our teacher requested him to talk to us a little while. He complied, and his words have been as treasured jewels ever since. We think that the bright smile and the calm, winning voice had much to do with our remembering him so distinctly. This was his speech:

"Would it not please you, dear little ones, to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold and diamonds, as you pass along the street? It would make you happy, I know, to do so. And you may do it; but you ask me how? I will tell you.—By dropping sweet words, kind actions, and pleasant smiles, as you pass along.—These are true pearls and precious stones. Speak to that poor orphan child; see! the diamonds drop from her cheek.—Take the hand of that friendless boy; bright pearls flash from his eyes; smile on the sad and careworn, a joy suffuses the cheek more brilliant then the most precious gems. Try it, dear children, and you will feel happier when resting on your pillow at the close of day, than if you had picked up a score of glistening jewels. The brightness of the one will fade, while the brilliancy of the other will grow brighter and brighter with the years of our lives.

How to Choose a Husband.

Some one has written an essay, giving instruction how to choose a husband.—The writer treats the subject just as if he thought choosing a husband was just as cold-blooded a matter as buying a horse. And it may be so with some people, undoubtedly there are mothers who calculate on the marriage of their daughters merely with an eye to external advantages—to wealth, and what is called station in life—as little sentiment as they would experience in buying a clock. And there are daughters who entertain similar views.

But there are exceptional cases. The great majority of marriages are determined almost solely by love. And frequently the parties would find it as difficult as anybody else to account for their love for each other.

And when this love, this sentiment of extreme and exclusive devotion to another, is once experienced, it is very apt to obtain its object. Opposition, from any source, is generally found, in the end, to be in vain, and worse than useless. A few speculative marriages—marriages of conveniences and of calculation—take place. But, in the main, love and love only, is the great match-maker. So it has always been: so it will ever be.

A Touching Incident.

We find the following in the Hagerstown *Free Press*. Who can suppress a tear upon reading it:

In the spring of 1869, a little girl died of consumption in Frederick city, aged eight years and three months. A few days before she died she called her father to her bedside and said, "Papa, when I die, dont bury me deep—not more than so deep," holding up her slender and emaciated arm measuring from her shoulder out. "Oh! it is so hard to be put down so deep in the cold, damp ground; and please don't place any marble slab on my grave, it will be so dark under it, and it will press so heavy on my little breast. Sod my grave nicely, and plant a tree at its head so the wild birds can gather in its branches and sing for me." After a pause, she continued, "But it seems to me I would rather have our birds sing for me than the wild birds. Couldn't you let brother Willie and sister Emma bring our cage of little birds out to the cemetery every Sunday morning and leave them sing for me all day? Then when you are all at church in town it won't seem so lonesome out there by myself."

A few days after this Anna died, and her affectionate parent did everything as she requested. She was buried shallow, the grave nicely sodded and a tree planted at its head. And stilll yet, every Sabbath morning, Willie and Emma can be seen going out to the cemetery with their cage of little birds to Anna's grave.

HINTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—The three requisites for babies are plenty of sleep, plenty of food, plenty of flannel. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children. If an infant is accustomed from its birth to sleep from six o'clock at night until daylight, the habit of early sleep will be formed, and the mother may have all her evenings to herself. If the baby sleeps all night, a long morning nap will naturally come about dinner time, after which the child, except when very young, should be kept awake until six o'clock. Perseverance in this routine will soon result in securing quiet evenings for both the child and parent. Some mothers have a long season every morning and every night in getting the baby asleep. They rock them and sing them till Morpheus enfolds them. With most children this is entirely unnecessary. An infant can be accustomed, by a few days training, to go to sleep itself for a morning nap as well as the longer rest at night.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Aimee's Choice.

"Do you wish to speak to me, Mrs. Harvey?" said Mr. Wentworth to his housekeeper, as he glanced up from the morning paper and saw her slowly and deliberately arranging the sideboard, and wiping a few imperceptible specks of dust from the glasses.

"Ahem! ahem! Yes, Mr. Wentworth, if you please."

"Well, Mrs. Harvey." He laid down the paper, knowing the good woman to be usually rather prolix in her speeches, but this morning she came suddenly to the point.

"If you can spare me, sir, I should wish to leave your service."

"To leave! And Aimee—Miss Rochelle—so lately returned."

"Why, you see, sir, when Miss Aimee was at school, and only here during the vacation, it was another matter; but now she has come to reside with you, and is quite a grown-up young lady."

"What can have occurred, Mrs. Harvey? I had hoped you looked upon my house as your home."

"Thank you, sir," and Mrs. Harvey smiled at the compliment; "and I shall be sorry to inconvenience you; but, of course, Miss Aimee will in future keep the keys and give the orders, and I never was used to have a lady over me, be she ever so nice; so, if you please, Mr. Wentworth, I prefer to leave."

"Certainly, by all means, Mrs. Harvey." And it was settled that the housekeeper should resign her trust upon that day week.

The pleasant morning room opened by a glass door on to the lawn, and trained around and overshadowing the panes, mingled a clustering rose and fragrant honeysuckle; but brighter and sweet even than they was the fair, young face which peeped within. Then Aimee Rochelle entered, her hands filled with the flowers she had gathered.

"Oh, dear guardy!" she cried, "I feared you would coax her to remain!"

"What! coax a woman, Aimee! That is a species of argument I would not resort to with you; though I fear the pleasure of your coming home will be lessened until we can replace her, for Bridget is young and inexperienced."

"Do not trouble yourself about Mrs. Harvey; Bridget and I shall get on famously."

"If Mr. Wentworth did not approve of the coaxing system, his ward was of another opinion, for she went into the kitched and begged Mrs. Harvey to let her make that day's dessert, and also, under superintendence, some excellent cake, for which the housekeeper was justly celebrated, and she charged Bridget to allow nothing in the culinary preparation to escape her notice.

And so the week passed on, until, one morning, Mrs. Harvey's trunks were all in the hall, ready corded, and she—her hand full of fresh, crisp notes, was courtesying and smiling her way out of Mr. Wentworth's study.

"Ah, then," exclaimed the honest, outspoken Irish girl, "and may her shadow never darken our doors again! I am glad she is gone, Miss Aimee; it is yourself I would rather have any day for the mistress."

"You won't find me a hard one, Bridget. But will you do me one favor?—Please to call me very early every morning, and we will have a nice breakfast ready for my guardian. I do not wish him to discover the difference in our housekeeping."

"Indeed, miss, and I will. But, sure, the master does not know how little Mrs. Harvey did after I had been here one month. Oh—saving your presence—she was a desaitful old Jezebel!"

Aimee rose early, and breakfast was ready at the usual hour, and with pleasure she observed her guardian glance over the table as she listened to his praises of their achievements. "What excellent coffee! And really, Aimee, these biscuits are superior to Mrs. Harvey's." Then, seeing him take up his paper, she tripped into the garden for her morning flowers.

"Dear, happy child!" cried Herbert Wentworth, as, with a sigh, he watched her flitting, like a butterfly, from tree to tree.

It only seemed the other day since he had led her away a little weeping girl from the bedside of her dying father, who, confiding the young orphan to his friend's care, in trust and hope, turned his face to the wall and then resignedly fell asleep.

Herbert Wentworth was at that time a man of twenty-eight. Now ten years had passed, and more than one silver thread mingled in his dark hair, and the child had become a lovely girl of eighteen.

"How shall I bear to part with her?" thought Herbert. "How endure this darkened home when the sunshine of her presence no longer gladdens it?"

Aimee returned with her flowers, but she had suddenly checked the cherry little song she was singing, upon observing the sad, grave smile with which her guardian greeted her.

"What is the matter, guardy? Do you miss anything this morning?" she asked, glancing around the room, her thoughts reverting to her new duties.

"Yes, Aimee—my morning kiss. I think you have forgotten that lately."—She took her flowers and laid them gently on his lips.

"This is better than a mortal's kiss, for the moon looked down upon them all night while the fairies danced around, and then hid under their soft leaves, leaving sweet, dewey kisses there for you." Herbert Wentworth opened his arms to clasp her, but Aimee had fled away.

Three happy but uneventful months glided by. The beautiful Aimee Rochelle had rejected lovers innumerable. At length one, more persevering than his rivals, importuned Mr. Wentworth for the hand of his lovely ward.

The day he so dreaded had arrived; his cherished bud had expanded into a flower, and other eyes beheld its beauties, and other hands would fain gather it to transplant it in their own homes.

"This letter concerns you, my child," said Herbert to his ward. "It is from young Frank, as he is called. He asks my consent to address you, and my influence in his favor. He is wealthy; but you, Aimee, will not be portionless. The money your father left has been well invested, and when I render up my trust—"

"Mr. Wentworth," she exclaimed, "never let the subject of money be named between you and me."

"What answer, then, shall I give?" said her guardian.

"Tell Frank Slater I decline his offer."

"Pause well, my dear; it is a most eligible one. He is of good family, bears an irreproachable name—"

"Do *you* wish me to marry this young man?"

She looked up at him, and as she waited his reply, the color of her cheek faded to an ashen whiteness.

"Yes, for I think it most suitable, and doubt not you will be happy."

"Happy! Do not mock me with that word." Aimee clasped her raised hands as she spoke; then, casting upon him one reproachful glance, she hurriedly left the room.

Herbert Wentworth started. In those harsh, impetuous tones, he hardly recognized the sweet voice of Aimee, nor in her wild, despairing attitude, her childlike gentleness.

"What can it mean?" he cried; and, after some moments of wondering thought, he slowly and reflectively followed his ward to her own sitting room.

She was not there; but on the table was her open desk, and spread over it were letters, as if hastily torn from their enclosures—his own letters, which she had treasured. He looked again. There was a small likeness of himself. Aimee must have painted that from memory.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "hast Thou, then, such deep happiness in store for me?" A white figure was slowly pacing the garden "in the dark walk," as Aimee named it, and which she said she hated for its gloom. And now, with drooping head and arms hanging listlessly down, the poor girl sought its shade.

"Aimee, my child!"

"Did you call me, sir?" He raised the little, cold, trembling hands, and held them in his own.

"Is your old love and friendship broken, that you speak to me with such formality?"

"If—if—I marry Frank—it will be proper," she sobbed.

"You shall not marry him! I cannot part from you, my darling—my happiness—the angel of my house!"

"Then you do not wish me to leave you?"

"Do I wish it? Would I banish the blessed sunshine from my path?" The blush returned to the fair cheeks, which she laid down upon Herbert's arm.

"Aimee," he continued, "I love you too fondly for my own peace, and for that cause I urge this marriage." She looked proudly and bravely.

"And I, Herbert Wentworth, cared for none but you in the wide world. And ah! when I rushed away to destroy your dear letters—and—well, never mind what else—it almost broke my heart."

"But, Aimee, think well before you decide—before you accept an old fellow whose hair and beard are already turning gray."

"You are not old; you never will be old in my eyes, and you are far handsomer than Frank Slater—and—I love you, dear Herbert." She could say no more, for his kisses closed her lips. And now, when they speak of the old days of their brief courtship, Herbert will sometimes add:

"Remember, little wife, I did not coax you." But Aimee only laughs as she replies:

"Ah! yes, it was too bad. I was compelled to do the coaxing."

But Aimee Wentworth never regretted her choice, and a happier couple does not exist in all this fair, broad land.

Anxiety About Children.

Parents, whose prudent care for their children we would not diminish, may intermit much of the solicitude with which they are apt necessarily to worry themselves. This gratuitous anxiety often, moreover, defeats its own object. It renders the child, by constantly reminding it of the risks to safety, unnaturally timid, and prevents that calmness of mind and development of animal courage essential for the prudent avoidance of, or bold resistance of danger. The overwatched children are notoriously those who are the most constantly exposing their health and lives to hazard. They are so accustomed to move at the will of another that their own volition loses its power to a great extent, and becomes hesitating and uncertain. Their muscles, accordingly, act with little precision, and renders the step faltering and the hold insecure. The child who is left free to run, climb and jump, though he may apparently expose himself to a thousand risks, generally escapes danger by his habitual readiness of expedient and practical precision of movement. The freer children have, moreover, the right of protecting themselves by various means of security, denied to those kept under too close a supervision. Swimming, riding, running, useing fire-arms—not to speak of wrestling and fighting—all of which may in their turn become important means of safety, are the ordinary acquisitions of the emancipated boy, but seldom of him who is subjected to an unceasing parental control. It is obvious, too, that the greater freedom of the one is more favorable to health than the constraint of the other. It is equally advantageous to the moral as to the physical health and development that the parent should not allow his anxiety about his children to become too apparent, or to interfere too much with their freedom of conduct. The self-reliance and independence of character which are essential elements of all human excellence are to be acquired only by learning early to act from voluntary motives. If the parent fixes himself as a finger-post at every turn, the child will hardly ever find the road of his own accord, and must necessarily lose his way when deprived of his habitual guide.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE most satisfactory bet for all parties concerned, was that made on the election in Bridgeport. If Grant was elected, the young man won the young lady, and if Greeley was elected, the lady was to have the young man. The result shows that the young man won the bet, and it is stated on the authority of the young lady herself, that she is perfectly willing that he should have the prize.

SOME people say that dark-haired girls marry first. We differ; it's the light-headed ones.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

Teacher—Parse man.

Pupil—Man is a common noun of the feminine gender.

T.—What is that, sir?

P.—Man is a common noun of the feminine gender—common 'cause he can be bought cheap, and feminine gender 'cause he's always got woman on the brain, 8th person, 'cause his wife and six children come first—is in the objective case, and governed by a woman.

T.—Next, parse woman.

P.—Woman is a female noun of the masculine gender.

T.—Mercy on us! What did you say, sir?

P.—She's a female noun of the masculine gender—'cause she wears the breecherloons and is determined to vote; she's a compound of cotton, whalebone, starch, smiles, sunshine, and thunder clouds—is in the first person, 'cause she's always the person speaking; plural number, 'cause she makes more noise than half-a-dozen parrots—is in the objective case and governed by fashions.

T.—Sit down and rinse your mouth with prophylactic fluid. Next, parse boy.

P.—Boy is an uncommon noun of the goslin gender and female persuasion.

T.—Thunder and bootjacks! What's that, sir?

P.—Boy is an uncommon noun of the goslin gender and female persuasion—uncommon 'cause he's hard to find now-a-days; 'cause he soon enters the threshold of goosehood; female persuasion 'cause he's always got the heart-sick about some female; first person, big Ike; singular number, 'cause there's nobody but himself; in the objective case and governed by an embryo moustache, pale brandy, Schiedam Schnapps and the length of his daddy's purse.

T.—Go home, sir, and bathe your feet in mustard. Next, parse girl.

P.—Girl is an angelic noun of the Grecian bend gender, and masculine tendencies.

T.—Save us from sudden death! I fear these boys will never be raised. How is that, sir?

P.—Girl is an angelic noun 'cause she paints her cheeks and eats inguns; she's compounded of cosmetics, flowers, fuss and feathers; is of masculine tendencies, 'cause she wears shirt bosoms, paper collars, and always has her head full of boys; singular number, 'cause the boys are afraid of them, and matrimony is played out; third person, 'cause she's much spoken of; in the objective case and governed by a gipsy bonnet.

T.—Next, parse fashion.

P.—Fashion is a tyrannical noun of the common gender.

T.—Catfish and blunderbusses! And what's that, sir?

P.—Fashion is a tyrannical noun, because it must be obeyed, and laughs at a poor man's purse; common gender, 'cause all people must bow to it; it is compounded of flounces, flimsies, ruffles, scrubbles, bubbles, troubles, ruffs, cuffs, snuff, sniggles, curls, furls, hairs, snares, Grecian bend, fuss and feathers. It was once in the objective case, and governed by Eugenie, but is now in the nominative case, independent.

T.—Go home, sir, and go to bed.—Next, parse baby.

P.—Baby is a musical noun of the neuter gender.

T.—Moses and the prophets, save us from destruction! What do you say, you little imp?

P.—Baby is a musical noun, 'cause it sings a soft tune between midnight and day, specially of a cold night—it is neuter gender, 'cause it's neither male nor female till it is big enough to wear breeches. It weighs according to size, and measures according to proportions; compounded of milk and lungs, and specially of lungs, grows at a rapid rate. It is of the spoilt gender, 'cause it is allowed to put its foot in the gravy whenever it pleases; is in the objective case and governed by candy and sugar plums.

T.—Go home, sir, and tell your mother to rock you to sleep. Next, parse matrimony.

P.—Matrimony is an ancient noun, of defunct gender.

T.—Hear him! You little vagabond, what do you say?

P.—Matrimony is of the defunct gender, 'cause it's played out. Girls are as plentiful as blackberries, but they've got nothing. Matrimony is compounded of the words mate and money, but when there's a match now-a-days, it is nothing without the money. Third person, 'cause its spoke of much by the girls. In the objective case and governed by the spondulix of the girl's daddy.

Items for Housekeepers.

Do everything at the proper time.—Keep everything in its place. Always mend your clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach; one spoonful is sufficient for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for the garden and plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old rusty crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed.

If flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent them from creaking.

Scotch snuff, if put in the holes where crickets run out, will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water, will stop the cracks of the stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed-hangings and window-drapery.

A PARTINGTONIAN juryman in Vermont recently informed his fellow jurors, with great gravity, that "no external magnetism being visual he would vote in the defensive." No attempt was made to change his decision.

AT Charlton, Iowa, a boy only seven years old climbed a greased pole, and won a twenty dollar watch. The clothes he did it in cost twenty-five dollars.

A MINNEAPOLIS paper thinks the only objection to Nebraska is that there are fully six weeks in midsummer when the sleighing is poor.

Human Life.

After awhile—a busy brain
Will rest from all its care and pain.

After awhile—Earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After awhile—a vanished face,
And empty seat—a vacant place.

After awhile—a man forgot:—
A crumbled headstone—unknown spot.

TRUE GEMS.

JUDGE charitably; it is better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man of an offence.

THOU that hast sinned to-day, defer not thy repentence till to-morrow; he that hath promised pardon to thy repentence, hath not promised life till thou repent.

THE love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God cannot; renounce that and receive this; it is fit that the nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

IF you tell your troubles to God, you will put them into their grave; they will never rise again when you have committed them to Him. If you roll your burden anywhere else, it will roll back again like the stone of Sisyphus.—*Spurgeon.*

IT is not required that a man shall always be perfect, in order to be a true Christian. But it is required that he should be a sincere seeker after perfection. It is required that he should be moving forward, and advancing up the straight and narrow way of life.

NO WORDS nor feelings, however good or glowing, can be substituted for glorifying actions. All who are redeemed, or hope to be redeemed, by the precious blood of Christ, must glorify God with their bodies, as well as with their spirits; by their practice, as well as by their faith.

The Marriage Puzzle.

How shall the right man and woman find each other? One judge in a certain State granted sixty divorces in a month. A divorce may be as sacred as a wedding. A man appears to a woman like a god—and turns out to be a devil. Blame her not, she must cut her fetters, and so files her bill of divorce. The woman appears to a man like the light of the world, and becomes to him a life-long despair; he might as well had married a boa-constrictor! Such cases, to be sure, are rare exceptions. Young people make the mistake of supposing that love at first sight should be immediately followed by the parson. Why, if I had married my first love I should have been dreadfully taken in! I was called on once to marry a blue-eyed girl to a man with a mouth like a tiger. I did not like the job, but could not help it, but when I asked the mother months afterward, how her daughter was getting along, I learned that he already had a wife in Michigan, and her daughter's heart was broken.

When in England, an old peasant told me he would like to have gone to America, but he had made two dreadful blunders in his life. He was handsome when a youth, and when he was twenty he married an old woman of sixty because she had "the brass" and a farm. He thought she wouldn't live long, but she lived on to be ninety! Then when he was sixty he married a young woman of twenty, and now the farm and "the brass" were gone, and he had a family of young children to provide for. It was a bad job, and so selfishness, as well as haste, lead to misery in matrimony.

—*Lynchburg Republican.*

FOR THE CHOLERA.

More than forty years ago, when it was found that prevention for the Asiatic cholera was easier than cure, the learned doctors of both hemispheres drew up a prescription, which was published (for working people) in the New York *Sun*, and took the name of the "Sun cholera mixture." Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is to be commended for several reasons. It is not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alchoholic beverage; its ingredients are well known among all the common people, and it will have no prejudice to combat; each of the materials is in equal proportions to the others, and it may, therefore, be compounded without professional skill; and, as the dose is so very small, it may be carried in a tiny phial in the waistcoat pocket, and be always at hand. It is

Tinct. opii,
Capsici,
Rhei co.,
Menth pip,
Campho.

Mix the above in equal parts; dose ten to thirty drops. In plain terms, take equal parts tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, and mix them for use. In case of diarrhœa take a dose of ten to twenty drops in three or four teaspoonfuls of water. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. We commend it to our western friends, and hope that the recipe will be widely published. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaint.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

A CURIOUS INCIDENT is related in a French paper as having occurred in a little village not far from Paris. Some bees were swarming on an oak tree, and a wood-cutter named Guiot climed the tree and cut off the extremity of the branch upon which the swarm hung. Instead of falling to the ground, however, the swarm dispersed and settled on the head of Guiot, who was still sitting on the branch, forty feet from the ground. The bystanders believed that, tortured by the stings, he would fall to the ground. But, with great presence of mind, Guiot remained perfectly still till the swarm had formed two long wreaths hanging from his temples; then, half blinded by the insects, which also covered his face and body, he contrived to decend from his elevated position, taking the greatest care not to irritate this living mantle. When he reached the ground a hive was placed on his shoulders, but three hours elapsed before the bees would take possession of their new home. When this happy change was effected the poor wood-cutter's wild delight testified to the intensity of the anxiety and discomfort he had endured.

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 deductio 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.

SOILED FACES.

It is a startling and somewhat amusing fact, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that the majority of people's faces are seldom clean. Generally the habit of washing the face in the morning prevails, but with many persons it is the only time in twenty-four hours that this ablution takes place. With some women there exists a prejudice against washing their faces at all, they believe that bathing and rubbing produces eruptions—that the skin of the face is handsomer the less it is washed. Men return from business, and, before entering the drawing room, retire to their dressing apartments to "wash their hands and brush their hair," unconscious that their faces are not clean. Ladies come home from a shopping excursion or a drive in the park, and arrange their toilets without touching their faces, excepting to dust them with powder, as the last act of embellishment. We invariably send the children to nurse to have their faces washed before dinner, or a dozen times daily; but because we are men and women, and have not streaks of black across cheek or nose, we do not question the cleanliness of our faces.

It is taken for granted that the faces of adult creation are clean, unless it be those of machinists, chimney sweeps or coal heavers. We are certainly impressed with the muddy complexion of Mrs. Slovenly, and remark how "sallow" Mrs. Slipshod has become, but it does not occur to us that their faces are always soiled. We meet Miss Blank on the promenade, who has risen late and washed her face hurriedly, leaving the sleepy bugs in the corners of her eyes; we exclaim: "Had Miss Blank a clear skin, how pretty she would be!" We should not believe that it was rarely that Miss Blank's face was washed; that it was usually covered with a mixture of "Oriental Cream" and dust, which, being slept in at night, and but half removed in the morning, soon changes the natural purity of the skin. There is no portion of the body that requires so much care, as to cleanliness, as the face. It is the receptacle for the dust from the room day and night.—It receives the sifting blown from the ash barrels and coal carts, and all other kinds of impurities in the streets.

If the persons who are otherwise fastidiously nice, would be as proportionately particular to keep their faces clean, we should see more of the fair glowing complexions, and less of the yellow faded skins, with sallow lines about the neck. There is nothing that so beautifies the face as its freshness and cleanliness from the frequent use of water, with gentle friction. There is more truth than poetry in the stale observation of persons looking two or three shades whiter after their ablutions. The face is fairer after washing, because it is cleaner, and when it is not often bathed it is badly soiled. That the face be thoroughly washed at night, with a little fine soap to remove any greasy substances that may have settled in the eyebrows or crevices of the features, is essential for its perfect cleanliness. The eyes require particular washing, to preserve their beauty and strength of sight. How few persons consider this, when they wipe them over once a day with a wash-rag or sponge? "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Moses' face "shone" when he descended from the mount where he had been talking with God. If ours do not shine with a holy light, they may with a glowing freshness from the frequent use of cold water.

A RUSSIAN BARGAIN.

When two Russian merchants are about to conduct a purchase or sale, they begin by swallowing half a dozen cups of tea, smoking a score or so of cigarettes, talking about the weather, the crops, their families, their neighbors, and in this way they edge up to the subject which is uppermost in their minds. If you want to buy a dog, you must begin by pretending that you want to sell a cat with a litter of kittens; the other party does not want any feline property, nor does he know anybody that would accept it. At this stage of the conversation you may venture to hint your desires in the dog line, and after more tea, or something stranger, and more cigarettes, you can conclude the negotiations.

At Irkutsk I wanted to buy a sleigh for a journey westward, and hearing of a man who had one for sale I went to see it. A Russian acquaintance went with me, and after an introduction to the merchant we sat down in his parlor to drink a glass of *nalifka*, a sort of home made cordial analogous to currant wine, though somewhat stronger. We drank nalifka at least half an hour before we touched upon the topic of business, and it was introduced very gingerly by my companion, who ventured to remark the deep sorrow that had fallen upon him in consequence of my prospective departure from Irkutsk. Then we took another drink, and it was hinted that I could not leave without a vehicle of some kind. This axiomatic proposition required moistening like its predecessor, and so, step by step, we went on for a quarter of an hour, drinks alternating with hints, and hints with drinks, until we took another drink and went into the yard to look at the sleigh. We had a fresh drink of nalifka when we returned from the yard, and another and another as the talk went on, until by the time the business was ended, and I had paid over the money, my unaccustomed head was whirling like a rifle-ball, and I would have found it difficult to see any difference between a sleigh and a side-wheel steamboat. My companion assured me that if we had gone at it in the blunt American way, we would have spoiled the whole affair, and I should have been compelled to look elsewhere for a vehicle.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AT a Parisian theatre noted for the parsimoney of its management, a curious incident recently took place. One of the scenes of an old drama represented a garret, with an indigent family dying for want of food. The stage decorations were in violent contrast with the dialogue, as the "flat" at back represented a richly decorated saloon with mantle-piece, and upon it conspicuously painted was a gorgeous clock. After a long tirade, with the unhappy father looking about to find some object upon which to raise money to nourish his children crying for bread, an irritated spectator rose up in the pit and loudly exclaimed, "Why don't you pawn the clock?"