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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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JAS. H. PLUMMER WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1874. No. 34.

For New-Year Presents

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Remember that a well chosen Book is the best present one can make. You can find them in great variety, at

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SPICES! SPICES! SPICES!

Cloves, Cinamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Allspice and Ginger, of the purest and best quality the market can afford, and as cheap as they can be bought in the city,

At STAM & BRO.'S.

☞ English Bread Soda, Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, Twin Bro.'s Yeast Cakes, and Yeast Powder, at STAM & BRO.'S.

Call and get one of our FARMERS' ALMANACS for 1874. We give them away.

C. F. STAM & BRO.

December 13, 1873.

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.

Money Wanted.

ALL who are indebted to THOS. H. WHALAND for a less time than one year may claim a discount of ten per cent. on indebtedness, either on note or open account, if paid within thirty days. From one to ten years, six per cent; and from ten to thirty years a very liberal deduction will be made. Those who are determined never to pay will call and get a receipt in full, and save the trouble of transferring from ledger to ledger. After the first day of January my books will be I with a collector. T. H. WHALAND.

N. B.—Mr. CHARLES H. WICKES will attend to the settlement of accounts until further notice. T. H. W.

Nov. 15, 1873—tf.

FOR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE,

in Galena, occupied by Mr. Geo. W. Sutton. Also, a DWELLING HOUSE, in Galena, on the road to Sassafras. Also, a SHOP, adjoining the property of Mr. Jeremiah Peacock, suitable for a Tailor Shop or small Store.

For terms, &c., apply to FRANK M. GOODING,
Oct. 11, 1873—tf. Chesterville.

PEACH TREES For Sale, of all the LEADING VARIETIES at FIVE DOLLARS per hundred or FORTY DOLLARS per Thousand.

Apply to J. HODGSON,
nov15 tf. Masseys, Kent county, Md

BEING compelled to close the medical accounts of W. M. A. S. MAXWELL up to March 1st, 1873, (at which time the firm of W. M. A. S. Maxwell & Son began,) all indebted to me are requested to call and settle with money or note.

nov8-3m. W. M. A. S. MAXWELL.

AXES.—Several kinds of Axes of superior make, for sale low. J. E. WEEN,
Feb. 24. Kennedyville, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of several writs of execution, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of R. J. Flower, use of children, one at the suit of Daniel C. Hopper, one at the suit of Walter J. Griffith, executor of Wm. J. Griffith, one at the suit of J. A. Jamison, and one at the suit of Ann Trenchard; and also, bill of fees of Jesse K. Hines, one of R. Hynson, and one of George Vickers, against Thos. C. Lynch, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the aforesaid Thomas C. Lynch, of, in and to the following property, to wit:

9 Head of HORSES,

10 Head of Cattle, 23 Head of Sheep, Wagons and Harness, Carriage and Harness, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Shovels, Forks, and other farming utensils such as are used on a farm.

Also, THE FARM

on which he now resides, situate and being in the First Election District of Kent county, lying on the public road leading from Galena to Sassafras, adjoining the lands of Alex. Wilson, Esq., and others, containing

202½ Acres, more or less,

which was conveyed to the said Thomas C. Lynch by deed bearing date on or about the 17th day of March, 1851, and duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, which will more fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that on

MONDAY, the 5th of January, 1874,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, I will sell the above described property so seized and taken into execution to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the aforesaid writs, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

ARTHUR B. WHEATLEY,
Late Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Dec. 13, 1873—ts.

Constable's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias, issued by T. W. Russell, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, to me directed, at the suit of Selina C. Lassell, adm'r of W. S. Lassell, against Joshua Caulk, Isaac Cotton, Marshal Jones and Martha Caulk, colored, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Joshua Caulk, Isaac Cotton, Marshal Jones and Martha Caulk, of, in, and to the following property of Martha Caulk:

All that House and Lot of Land,

in Morgan's Creek Neck, adjoining the property of Jacob Barkman and others.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY, the 6th of January, 1874,

between the hours of 11, A. M., and 4, P. M., at the Market House, in Chestertown, I will sell the said property, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

S. L. RAWLEIGH, Const.

Dec. 13, 1873—ts.[4.75]

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of one writ of fieri facias, issued by T. W. Russell, Justice of the Peace, at the suit of Wm. V. Lucas against Edw. Riley, colored, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Edw. Riley, of, in and to all that

HOUSE and LOT OF LAND,

in the 3rd Election District of Kent Co., adjoining the property of Minta Phillips, col'd, and the late Jas. W. Skirven.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY, the 6th of January, 1874,

between the hours of 11, A. M., and 4, P. M., at the Market House, in Chestertown, I will sell said property to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

SAMUEL L. RAWLEIGH,
Dec. 13, 1873—ts[4.50] Constable.

Store Room for Rent,

UNDER MASONIC HALL.

IF not rented by January 1st, 1874, we will divide the room, making TWO NICE STORE ROOMS all complete, with the best Store Fixtures of any store in town. The Granary, or Hardware room, will be rented with one room, or separate, to accommodate the parties. Apply to

WM. A. VICKERS.

Come One, Come All!

☞ We are selling our Stock at Prices FAR LESS THAN COST, and will commence to sell at Auction, if fair, THIS SATURDAY EVENING, to close out immediately.

☞ Parties wanting to settle their old accounts will find me at the store every day when my health permits. If this notice is forgotten, you will find your account in the hands of an Attorney. Suing and warranting we have never done, and certainly don't want to commence. We need our money.

Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

Dec. 6, 1873—tf.

NOTICE.

THE members of Kent county Agricultural Society No. 1, are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting of the society will be held at the usual place of meeting on THURSDAY, January 8th, 1874, at 2½ o'clock, P. M. As an election of officers for the ensuing year occurs at this meeting, a full attendance is desired. Members in arrears in the payment of annual dues are informed that unless payment is made on or before the day of this meeting, their membership then expires.

By order of the Society,
dec20-tdm. S. VANNORT, Sec'y.

6 CTS. REWARD.—Hannah Spencer, colored, aged about 13 years, regularly indentured by the Orphans' Court of Kent Co., to the late John M. Hudson, having absconded from the services of his administrator, this is to caution all persons from harboring or trusting her on his account. The above reward will be paid for her apprehension and return to me. R. J. LUSBY, Adm'r.

Dec. 20, 1873—3t*

FOR SALE. The undersigned, intending to quit the business in this section of the county, will sell cheap for cash, the good will and FIXTURES of a SHOE SHOP at Massey's, Kent county. This is a good chance for an investment. Apply to

H. E. SENEY & BRO.
dec13-3t.* Massey's, Md.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS *AT THE LOWEST PRICES.* JUST OPENED by J. H. SIMPERS.

NOTICE.—We are glad to inform the public that the MILL will be in operation on Monday next, if no accident occurs.

dec13-3t. S. A. ANTHONY.

GOOD RUM at $1.50 per gallon. GOOD SWEET CIDER 50 cts. GOOD OLD RYE WHISKEY 2.50.

d20. B. STRAUSS.

I have a nice article of Liquor for Medicinal purposes. H. P. READING,
nov8. Kennedyville, Kent co., Md.

[The following beautiful lines, furnished us by an old subscriber to the News, are taken from the *Methodist Protestant*, dated January 2, 1869. The author is well and favorably known in Kent.]

THE OLD YEAR.

BY REV. DAVID WILSON.

Speak gently, tread softly along the stair,
Know ye not, pilgrim, a monarch lies there?
Not sceptred and crowned, and with power elate,
As he gathers about him his robes of state,
But pulseless and weak and his voice is low,
And his breath is cold as the drifting snow.
He's dying, lo! his children, not all
With whom he kept vigil and carnival,
All tearless and breathless they stand around;
How fearful the silence, the awe how profound.
To none of these shall his sceptre descend,
For a stranger shall rule in his stead, my friend.

'Tis the Old Year lies dying, the friend of all,
In his death what thousand hopes do fall;
And his children, the moments and weeks, must die
E'er the old King closes his tearless eye;
Some long since have perish'd, have faded and gone,
And now we can count them one by one;
They were lords and nobles, each held sway,
O'er hearts that have perished, hopes fled away,
And now with the death of the old King's power,
The months have vanished hour by hour.
Lo! here stands the youngest of all his sons!
Hark! the boom of the loud funeral guns!
The Old Year is dying, ah! well-a-day,
The listless and thoughtless will have their way.

And another shall reign on his throne, whom none.
Of all men living have seen, not one;
He comes from some distant Eastern land,
Where he lived in princely estate and grand.
Men will bow to his sceptre with glad surprise
And exalt in the light of his peerless eyes;
And crewhile the Old King is dead, men say,
Let us live in the reigning light of day.
A few will lament the Old King dead,
For with him their all of earth is fled;
And now they wait till the eye grows dim,
To be gathered with those who went up with him.

He is dead—let us gently cover the pall,
And prepare for the Old Year's funeral;
Drop a tear, if ye will, o'er his pulseless form,
Then leave him in silence to breast the storm;
For all round the palace the winds do sweep,
And a thousand tearful mourners weep.
It is strange men can never the good descry
Until goodness it-self lies down to die;
Thus the Old Year was blamed for his deeds betimes,
Perhaps faintly praised in the poets rhymes;
We praise not, we blame not, Old Time will tell
How wisely he ruled, how long and well.
The Old Year is dying, the Old Year is dead,
A year of my own brief life has fled.

Cramming Children.

Cramming has defeated more than one parent's ambition—spoiled more brains than it ever filled. Parents forget, or, perhaps, never realize, that each child has a separate and distinct individuality, to which it has the most perfect right.—The world, in its heedlessness and indifference, may and will interfere with this self-ownership; but the parent has no excuse for combative management.

Artists are born—musicians are born; so are writers, cooks, housekeepers, mechanics, etc. You may bend the twig of a willow-tree till doomsday, and you cannot put apples on the boughs. So you may try to make a civil engineer out of a young nan who cares for nothing under the sun but the harmony of sweet sounds—to whom a violin or a piano is "lover, friend and home." You may unfit him for both professions (that is nothing uncommon,) but make a surveyor he will not, though you wear yourself out in the endeavor.

There are a few, very few children, whose temperaments are so plastic, and whose natural gifts are so numerous and varied, that they take to almost everything with equal facility. These are the exceptions, and should on no account be set up as models for your children, who are called by nature for especial departments of work.

Another thing—if you particularly desire to make fools or rogues of your little ones, constantly repress them. For the production of such results there is nothing like it. Mothers are "nervous;" (oh! if something could be done to strengthen the nerves of American women,) and fathers are tired—neither wants to be "bothered." Consequently, the little questioners are snubbed, and hurried off to bed, or confined in the nursery, or worse than all, sent off to the street, to find the companionship they are denied at home.

Who is to blame if such children develop into busybodies, tattlers and rowdies, or grow up sullen, dissatisfied members of society?

There is no question before men of so much real importance as this one of rearing children. Its consequence cannot be over-estimated. Children have rights which parents and guardians are bound to respect; and the sooner these trainers and instructors of youth become familiarized with the idea, the better it will be for the coming man and woman.

WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL.—The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in bad public policy or hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.—The sword of the warrior was taken down for the purpose of being polished. It had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The sword was placed on the table, near the pen of the warrior's secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword, "I am a bad neighbor." "I fear thee not," replied the pen. "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the pen; "where are thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the lake of oblivion." BRO.

For the Kent News.

PANICS—No. 2.

Messrs. Editors:—A panic is the result of a money scarcity, and this scarcity may be attributed to various causes. That from which we are now suffering is ascribed to a loss of confidence among business men. Confidence may be impaired or totally destroyed in many ways; by over-trading, by a failure in crops or by a demand for precious metals in excess of the supply. It is hardly necessary to say that neither of these has produced the present stringency. The balance of trade was setting in our favor when the crash came; the crops of the whole country were never more abundant; and there was not only no diminution in the supply of the precious metals, but gold was returning from abroad, a thing which had not occurred in many years.

But an overgrown monopoly had stretched its credit beyond its means, and with the collapse of the Northern Pacific R. R. went disaster to all. Some tell us that Panics are the legitimate result of inflation; but in this case certainly there was no inflation of any thing except of corporation bonds. The true cause of the panic was, and is, a scarcity of money; the simple remedy is to make more, and enough more to meet the wants of the people.

Now the question arises, what *is* money? A writer* in the Christian Union, who "professes not to understand all intricate questions in the science of political economy—still less in that particular department of it which relates to money as the medium of exchanges" thinks that "any man can see that a dollar and a promise to pay a dollar are not the same thing." Very true, but who will prove the difference by rejecting the 'promise'? Where is the man who will refuse to accept a million of such promises? Echo answers "WHERE?"

Another writer, whose name I cannot recall, with more bluntness than suavity, calls every *greenback* "a lie." So I quietly submit is every gold or silver dollar and every fraction and multiple thereof equally a lie? The specie is money and only money; the greenback is money and only money.

Now for the answer to my question, what is money? In the terse and comprehensive language of Dr. Francis Wayland, "money is the instrument for facilitating exchanges." This I apprehend is its only use; and its value is not intrinsic but arbitrary. A bushel of corn has really more value to the hungry man than ten bushels of gold dollars. The Dollars are worth more only because they will procure him more corn, and more of other needful things. This procuring power of gold is derived altogether from a general acquiescence in the legislative enactments which conferred it. Iron, brass, shells, copper, have been equally fortunate in being made the standard of value, and the medium of exchanges. An Indian cowrie and a gold eagle differ in nothing save the relative value affixed by law and accepted by the people. Why, therefore, may not a paper dollar be clothed with the same function? The truth is, it *is* so invested, and the people *do* acquiesce, and greenbacks are accepted with as much avidity by everybody as though they were gold. They will and do procure any, and all the necessities and luxuries of life, and are, to all intents and purposes, *money*. The writer above quoted runs a parallel between a bankrupt firm, and the United States. But his analogy fails when it comes to the question of stability and resources. While, as he alleges, Jay Cooke & Co., may be honest, it is not merely a question of honesty but of ability; what are the assets of any individual compared with the resources of all the people of these United States? The promises of individuals to pay constitute a large part of the currency of this country, and promissory notes pass from hand to hand every day representing millions of dollars. Is the Government, representing the people, less worthy of confidence? Is a promissory note of the United States made in accordance to law, less worthy of acceptance than the negotiable note of G. Gasblower & Co., or any other (in)firm? Let self-respect, national pride, and every patriotic impulse answer.

The remedy for, as well as the preventive of panics is *more money*—that is, more greenbacks; and enough more to meet the exigences of the greatest nation of the earth. In my next I propose to show more fully the need of this remedy.

Yours, &c., HOWARD MEEKS.

*Leonard Bacon.

Bits of Wisdom.

FAITH in our own ability is half of every battle.

The worst men very often give the best advice.

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

Friendship is the wine of existence; love, the dram-drinking.—*Dickens.*

Moments of triumph are not always moments of happiness.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

There is something very sublime, tho' very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that "truth is his body, and light his shadow."—*Addison.*

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADIES.—The young ladies of Wheaton Seminary, New York, have resolved hereafter to "keep themselves informed on business matters, and abstain from unnecessary expenditures." It is to be hoped that this will be more than resolves of the kind usually amount to, for there is no doubt of the advantage to be derived to men and women if women were let into the business secrets of their fathers and husbands, and in some way held responsible for expenses. They understand this in Holland, Dutch wives often taking the most active share in their husbands' trade; and it is a common remark there that when women have the direction of the purse and trade their husbands seldom become bankrupt.

IF a "single woman" writes a column to a daily paper depreciating marriage, how much would she write if she were double?

Our devil says; "Any one solving this problem can have the *News* for one year by paying $2.00 in advance."

THERE are two sets of fools in this world—the rich, for starting so many absurd and ridiculous notions, and the poo for trying to follow them.

Household Funds.

THE WIFE AND THE MONEY—WHAT IS DUE TO THE FORMER.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* furnishes that periodical with the following very sensible production:

One of the very best wives and mothers I have ever known once said to me that whenever her daughters should be married, she should stipulate in their behalf with their husbands for a regular sum of money to be paid them, at certain intervals, for their personal expenditures.—Whether this sum was to be larger or smaller was a matter of secondary importance—that must depend on the income and style of living—but the essential thing was that it should come to the wife regularly, so that she should no more have to make a special request for it than her husband would have to ask her for his dinner. This lady's own husband was, as I happen to know, of a most generous disposition, was devotedly attached to her and denied her nothing.

She herself was a most accurate and careful manager. There was everything in the household to make the financial arrangements flow smoothly. Yet she said to me: "I suppose no man can possibly understand how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money. If I can prevent it, my daughter shall never have to ask it. If they do their duty as wives and mothers, they have a right to their share of the joint income, within reasonable limits; for certainly, no money could buy the services they render. Moreover, they have a right to share in determining what those reasonable limits are."

Now it is so happened that I had myself gone through an experience which enabled me perfectly to comprehend this feeling. In early life I was for a time in the employ of a kind friend who paid me a fair salary, but at definite periods; I was at liberty to ask him for money whenever I needed it. This seemed to me, in advance, a most agreeable arrangement; but I found it quite otherwise. It proved to be very disagreeable to ask for money; it made every dollar seem a special favor; it brought up all kinds of misgivings as to whether he could spare it without inconvenience; whether he really thought my services worth it, and so on. My employer was a thoroughly upright and noble man, and I was much attached to him. I do not know that he ever refused or demurred when I asked for money. The annoyance was simply in the process of asking, and this became so great that I often underwent serious inconvenience rather than ask. Finally, at the year's end, I surprised my friend very much by saying that I would accept, if necessary, a lower salary, on condition that it should be paid on regular days, and as a matter of business. The wish was at once granted, with the reduction; and my employer probably never knew what a relief it was to me.

Now if a young man is liable to feel this pride and reluctance towards a mere employer, it is easy to understand how many women may feel the same even in regard to a husband. And I fancy that those who feel it most are often the most conscientious and high minded women.—It is unreasonable to say of such persons, "Too sensitive!" "Too fastidious!"—For it is this very quality of finer sensitiveness which men affect to prize in women, and wish to protect at all hazards. The very fact that a husband is generous; the very fact that his income is limited; these may bring in conscience and gratitude to increase the restraining influence of pride, and make the wife less willing to ask money of such a husband than if he were a rich man or a mean one. The only dignified position in which a man can place his wife is to treat her at least as well as he could treat a housekeeper, and give her the comfort of a perfectly clear and definite arrangement as to money matters. She will not then be under the necessity of nerving herself to solicit from him as a favor what she really needs and has a right to spend. Nor will she be torturing herself, on the other side, with the secret fear lest she has asked too much and more than they can really spare. She will in short, be in the position of a woman and a wife, not of a child or a toy.

I have carefully avoided using the word "allowance" in what I have said, because that word seem to imply the untrue and mean assumption that the money is all the husband's to give or withhold as he will. Yet I have heard this sort of talk from men who were living on a wife's property, or a wife's earnings; from men such as keepers of boarding houses, who worked a little, while their wives worked hard; and from men, such as farmers, who worked hard and made their wives work harder. Even in cases where the wife has no direct part in the money-making, the indirect part she performs, if she takes faithful charge of her household, is so essential, so beyond all compensation in money, that it is an utter shame and impertinence in the husband when he speaks of "giving" money to his wife as if it were an act of favor.

It is no more an act of favor than when the business manager of a firm pays out money to the unseen partner who directs the indoor business or runs the machinery. Be the joint income more or less, the wife has a claim to her honorable share, and that as a matter of right, without the daily ignominy of sending in a petition for it.

PAT'S CHOICE.—Some years ago, in one of our Western courts, three men—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The Judge told them that they could each choose a tree on which they would like to be "strung up." The Scotchman promptly selected an ash tree and the Englishman an oak. "Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?" asked the Judge. "If it please your Honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush." "Oh," said the Judge, "but that's not big enough. "Begorry, thin," replied Pat, "I'll wait till it grows."

"Saws."

I saw Esau kissing Kate;
The fact is, we all three saw;
I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

A CLEAVELAND dry goods durmmer has during the last season, sold $50,000 worth of goods, traveled 11,000 miles and married four wives.

SOME THORTS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

If we alwus do the best we kan, the results will astonish us and our neighbors.

I wouldn't dri up the tears ov this world if i could; they are often the only things that poor human nature haz to bathe her trubbles in.

Fiddling on one stiring iz no great accomplishment, besides it unfits a man for enny thing else.

We kan't define happiness enny more than we kan buty.

The Gods luv to help them who help themselfs, and so do men.

It iz az diffikult to define suckcess az it iz to ackount for the meazles.

It iz dreadful eazy for a man to dispize ritches who haz got about two hundred and 50 thousand dollars well invested.

If fortune haz enny favorites it iz not the indiffrent, but it iz those whom she haz to pay to git rid ov their teazing.

Luv iz like the meazles; if we hav really got them, they are sure to sho.

To kno how to talk iz a great art, but to kno when iz a greater.

The only sure way to keep a sekret iz to forgit it.

When a man iz puffed up with a harmless kind ov pride that don't do anybody any hurt, it is a krewel piece of bizincss to take the konsait out ov him; it iz as krewel as to pull the feathers out of a pekok's tale.

The harte iz a mysterious thing; we kan allmost allways find out what is in a man's head, but the things that sleep in the heart are often unknown even to the posssessor.

Every one who trades with the devil expekts to git the best ov him, but i never hav seen it did yet.

One reazon why advise cost so little iz bekause every one has sum ov it to spare.

We are so avarishus that even when we trade with ourselfs we go for gitting the best end ov the bargin.

My philosophical kreed iz—"Give a bear the whole of the road if he will take it."

My sentimental kreed iz—"Strawberrys and kream if they are handy; if not, kream anyhow."

It may be diffikult to decide which men persew the most eagerly interest or fame.

The way to git ennything iz to ackt just as tho yu didn't kare whether yu got it or not. This is a first rate way to git a cold too.

Yu kan find men who will sumtimes repent of a sin, but seldom ov a blunder.

Thare is nothing so natral as to lie, and then dodge behind it.

Mankind kan be divided into two heaps, and not wrong them much—a heap ov geese and a heap of ganders.

I observe more phools among the old men than i do among the old wimmin.

I think I am honest when I say thare iz no man who luvs to be praised more than I do, or who hates to be flattered worse.

I had rather watch two raskals than one phool.

Just in proporshun as a man iz free from envy just in that rasho iz he a kredit to his divine origin.

We kan endure ennything better than to be laffed at.

Thare iz az much diffrence between friendship and luv az thare iz between the inside and the outside ov a banana.

A vain man lets us see all hiz weak points, and hides hiz strong ones.

A weak man may be a virtewous one, but he ain't certain ov it.

A half-edukated man is like a haff-broke pointer dog, yu kant tell, and he don't know himself what he is a-going to do next.

Praze is sown with one hand, censure with both.

After all sed and done, thare are but phew if enny, ov real merit who fail to be appreshiated in this world.

I hav known people who had so little karakter, that they waz just az apt to do a thing wrong az rite.

It allwus takes two to keep up a quarrel, and keeps them both bizzy.

Arrows ov wit should be shot from a bo ov good sense.

While volumes have bin writ praizing the buty of kontentment, and yet we are prone to beleave that that those who praze it the most hav the least ov it.

He who haz the most virtew haz the least suspishion.

When yu have a ded sure thing, then iz the time to go slo, and keep both eyes on the gun.

Yu kant do a man a grater injury than to wink at hiz faults.

Az mutch az i luv mersy, and stand in need of it miself, I think it would be better for mankind if thare waz no rule but stern justiss.

Every one ov us luvs to be captain, and none doubts his capacity.

Bad luk strengthens our bak bone, while good luk too often only weakens our stummuk.

It iz hily natral to be afrade.

Habits are just az necessary for a man az vittles are.

RHAPSODY UPON AN OX.—An ode written by the greatest American poet to the greatest American ox, and komposed while standin' within two feet o' him, and touchin' o' him now and then: "All hale, thou mity animul—all hale! Yu air four thousand pounds, and am purty well purpoorshuned, thou tremendus nuggit! In all probabilite yu don't no yure enny bigger than a small kaff, fur if yu did yu'd break down fences, and switch yure tale, and rush 'round and beller, and run over fokes—thou awful beest! O, what lots o' mince pize yu'd maik!—an' sassiugurs—an' yur tale, which kant way fur from 50 pounds, wud mak nigh untu a barril o' ox-tale supe—an' cuddent a heap o' stakes be cut oph yu?—which, with salt an' pepur, wuddent be bad tu taik—thou great and glorious insekt!"

A CLEARFIELD county, Pa., mother learned of her daughter's contemplated elopement, and on the night appointed for the flight she put some laudanum in the girl's tea. The latter fell asleep and did not wake until next morning, and in the meantime Romeo got tired waiting and went home disgusted.

"HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE" has just been issued. It will speedily be followed by "His Cheek Was What Made Him."

A professor in Montreal recently introduced two tame skunks, to illustrate a lecture on the diffusion of odors.

CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES.

Their Origin and How they Live---Rapid Increase---"Penning Day" on the Island.

Chincoteague ponies are well and favorably known to the horsemen of this peninsula, but it is notorious that comparatively few know the origin of the pony, or the place from where it comes. Chincoteague Island is in Accomac county, Virginia, on this Peninsula, and is formed by the Atlantic Ocean, Chincoteague Channel and Chincoteague Sound. It is here that the Chincoteague pony has thrived for two centuries, and at present a colony of five hundred wild horses can be found there.

These animals, it seems, have a pedigree which makes up in age what it may lack in other qualities; for tradition ascribes their origin to a pair of ponies imported from England by a Virginian of F. F. V. sort, some two hundred years ago, but which left a wreck in disgust and were washed ashore off Assateague Beach. From these two ponies have descended the wild horses now careering over the sand hills in that locality. Until within the present century these ponies were not considered worth claiming or catching, and they were allowed to graze and race at their own sweet will. But as the pasture grounds passed into the ownership of a class of herdsmen, it became the fashion to lasso the little wild horses, and brand them with marks of ownership.

At present the island is said to contain about five hundred of these diminutive horses, who travel in herds and bear the brands of various owners. Some thirty persons live on the Island, and claim to own all this wild stock in lots or in herds of from ten to one hundred head.

Each herd is governed by a male—a sort of equine autocrat—whose authority is supreme. In former times he fought his way up to the position of patriarch by thrashing all his rivals, sometimes driving them into the sea, where they were drowned. All usurpers were remorselessly expelled from the herd, and if they were not killed they became bold bandits, and hung about the marshes, capturing such unwary females as happened to stray too far from their protectors. With these they founded new herds, and became prosperous patriarchs themselves.

The great day on the island is "penning day," although of late it has lost some of its holiday attractions. Formerly the women, as well as the men, congregated at the Atlantic Hotel to assist in identifying the ponies, and the island beauties came because their fathers and mothers, and brothers and lovers were there. Tuesday, the 15th instant, was "penning day," but only a few of the old ladies were in attendance.

It may be necessary to explain what "penning" means. The owner of Chincoteague ponies mark with a brand generally on the left hip. So many of them look alike that it would be impossible to identify them without this mark. The colts must be branded before they leave their dams, and August is the proper month. In order to catch the colts and affix the brand, the whole herd must be "penned."

On Chincoteague Island the square in front of the Atlantic Hotel is used for a pen, but on Assateague a large pen has been built on the shore of stout pine logs. Men and boys mount tame ponies and start out to bring in the herds. They gallop to the pasture grounds, and, after much yelling, fast riding and some little swearing, they manage to drive one of the herds down to the shore. Nearly all the houses on Chincoteague are built along the sound, and the yards in front join each other, thus forming a continuous fence.

When the herds get started down the shore the riders press close after, yelling and whooping, and there is a lively chase until the avenue that leads to the pen is reached. Here a crowd of men are standing and they turn the head of the flying column into the square. Some of the ponies suspect taeachery and run into the water, but the riders dash after them and soon the whole herd is forced into the pen. The colts stick close to their dams, and in all the rearing and plunging about through the pen they never become separated. A stout man with a long pole in his hand, and a looped rope at the end of it, posts himself at the mouth of the pen, and as the ponies run past he drops the loop over the head of one of the colts. The little fellow plunges about and shakes his head most furiously, but all to no purpose; the men haul him out and throw him on his right side. All this time the branding iron has been heating at a fire near by, presided over by sturdy urchins who take delight in this part of the performance. The face of the iron some times bears the initial letters of the owners name, and sometimes it is a single monogram such as a circle or square, to which the owner lays claim.

When the colt has been thrown a boy brings an iron from the fire, and it is stamped upon the pony's hip. There is no cruelty in the operation, because the iron only burns through the hair and scarcely scars the skin. I saw a two-year-old colt branded while standing on his feet, and it did not seem to feel the burning.

By this time the colts in the herd have been branded, the drivers have driven another herd down to the shore. The first are allowed to run back to their pasture grounds, while the next in order is driven into the pen, and the colts are subjected to the marking process. Sometimes the colts escape till they are two and even three years old, and then they are much harder to handle.

SEVERAL conceited young men were assembled on a street corner, when a poor Dutchman approached. One of them said to his companions:

"Boys I'm going to have some fun; just watch me fool this Dutchy."

He went up to the German, to whom he said:

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?"

The person thus addressed quickly responded:

"Y-a-a-s, I youst want to buy a little puppy about your size. Are you for sale?"

A Bethel gentleman says that whiskey is good for a cold on the lungs, and it needn't be a very bad cold, either.

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 advertising rates.

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Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Sufferers from this horrible malady will find some of their own feelings described in the following article from the December number of the *Overland Monthly*:

Did you ever have the dyspepsia? Did you ever have—or ever imagine you had—a complication of all known and several unknown diseases? If yes, then you have had the dyspepsia, or its full equivalent. Chronic dyspepsia may be defined as an epitome of every complaint wherewith transgressing mortality is scourged. It is as nice a thing to have about you as a trunk full of tarantulas, with the trunk lid always up. An eminent English physician has said: "A man with a bad dyspepsia is a villian." He is, and worse. He is by turns a fiend, a moral monster, and a physical coward—and he cannot help it. He is his own and bottomless pit, and his own demon at the bottom of it, which torments him continually with pangs indescribable.

When a worm of the business dust of this world has writhed with the dyspepsia until it has assumed a virulent chronic form, who shall find colors and abilities varied enough to paint his condition?—His blood becomes first poverty-stricken, then impure, and, as "blood will tell," every part of his system is contaminated by the foul stream. The brain complains bitterly on its own account, and vehement complaints are being continually sent up to it from the famishing liver, bowels, spleen, heart and lungs. Like "sweet bells jingled out of tune," the entire organization breathes discords. Even the remote toes telegraph up to the brain:—"We are starving down here; send down some provender." The brain makes requisitions on the part of the stomach, which are futile. The stomach is powerless to provide, and the brain cannot transmit. At times all the starving organs conspire together, suspend work and undertake to compass by riot what they fail to get by appeal. Then life trembles in the balance. Then the consolation—O, the consolation!—that is visited on the dyspeptic. Friends—when he is lifeless from the lack of vitality—friends will exasperate him with the taunts of being lazy, shiftless, indolent, and without ambition. Nor can his friends be made to appreciate that it is as preposterous to expect one who is undergoing constant torture and consequent exhaustion to have "ambition" as it would be to expect a corpse to have an appetite. Remedy: everybody's advice—that is, ride everybody's hobby.—Cure: death. Drugs are but aggravations, and "bitters" are bitter indeed. We have heard of a chronic dyspeptic who took his cue from his chickens, and by swallowing daily a moderate handful of gravel stones of the size of a pea downward, finally succeeded in transforming "cue" into "cure." He claimed complete restoration. In the face of this evidence to the contrary, we re-assert that, for chronic dyspepsia in its worst form, there is but one certain cure—absolute rest. Preventive: take as good care of the coat of your stomach as you do of the coat on your back. Do you wish for faith in God, in human love, in earthly happiness, in the beneficence of Nature, and in immortality? Keep your digestion vigorous; on that hang all of these. Would you prefer an abiding faith in tortures unspeakable, in horrors inexpressible? Destroy your digestion. Would you live in body forever? Keep your digestion in full vigor; and although the end of the world may come, your end will not come—you will have to go after it. Old age is but the failure of nutrition. Nutrition is life; non-nutrition is death.

TAR WATER.

Bishop Berkeley published a work "On the Virtues of Tar Water," and later in life—just before his death—he published a sequel, entitled, "Further Thoughts On Tar Water." The common way of making it was to put a quart of tar into a gallon of water, stir it thoroughly, let it stand forty-eight hours, then pour off the water. A half-pint in the morning on rising and a half-pint on going to bed was the common dose. In those days it was almost as common to call for a glass of tar water in a coffee-house as a dish of tea or coffee.

It was not only regarded as a sovereign remedy for many grave diseases among men, but was used in treating the diseases of horses and cattle.

"I never knew," says Bishop Berkeley, "anything so good for the stomach as tar water; it cures indigestion and gives a good appetite. It is an excellent medicine in an asthma. It imparts a kindly warmth and quick circulation to the juices, without heating, and is, therefore, useful not only as a pectoral and balsamic,