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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874. No. 51.

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.

JOB-PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,

Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

D. J. BLACKISTON,

Attorney at Law

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. ally.

MARION deK. SMITH,

Attorney at Law

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. a11-6.

G. W. CRUIKSHANK,

Attorney at Law

ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,

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.

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.

MEDICAL CARDS.

MEDICAL NOTICE

DR. B. S. ROSEBERRY,

GALENA,

Office at the residence of Wm. Rogers, Esq., may be found at all hours when not professionally engaged. ap11-3t.

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,

A Graduate of the University of Maryland,

Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. ap11-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the fifth day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,

DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,

Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

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.

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

To Cash Buyers!!

OWING to the demands upon me for money I shall commence THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, and continue until the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, to **sell off my Stock of Goods at Ten per cent. below usual price!**

☞ Buyers are requested to call and examine my goods and prices, and convince themselves that I am selling far below the usual market prices.

S. FRANK. SMITH.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts as I am in need of money.

S. FRANK. SMITH.
April 18, 1874—7t.

The Chemical Agricultural Powders

FOR THE

Analysis of Soils.

PROF. HERBERT, Of Washington College, having secured a patent from the U. S. Patent Office, for his "new and improved method of analyzing soils," is now ready to receive ORDERS for the same from farmers who may wish to find out what mineral plant food their land contains.

The present cost to the farmer will be $10; for which he will receive the Ten Packages of Chemical Powders; a Chart or Plat, showing the manner in which the "experimental plats" of land are to be laid off; and *printed* directions for the use of the chemical powders. So that any intelligent farmer, and even a boy of 12 to 15 years of age, can find out *every* mineral element of plant food that the land may contain, and also everything that is needed to make the soil *grow a perfect plant.*

Address, A. HERBERT, at Washington College; or Messrs. Stam, Apothecaries, &c.; T. W. Eliason, Jr., Hines & Burchinal, or T. B. Hynson, Merchants in Chestertown, Kent Co.

N. B.—The usual cost for obtaining the same information (more imperfectly,) from the services and laboratory of an Analytical Chemist, is $60 to $100.

Chestertown, Md., Mar. 28, '74—tf.

MASSEY & HUDSON'S

AND

LANDRETHS' WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS

All the new varieties of Vegetable Seeds, and the old STANDARD FAVORITES.

Trophy Tomato Seed—from fruit grown by Messrs. Massey & Hudson, such as was exhibited by them at the Agricultural Fair last Fall, and averaging over a half pound each.

Canada Victor—by same growers; the earliest and smoothest Tomato grown.

Also, the **Arlington** and **Early Richmond,** new Tomatoes of last year.

Conover's Colossal Asparagus—from Massey & Hudson's Extra Stock; by the ounce, pound, or ten pounds.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Landreth's Seeds,

Put up in their usual neat style.

Landreths' Seed are too well known to need any recommendation but a trial, and we flatter ourselves that with them and the seeds grown by MASSEY & HUDSON, which for the past few years have given so much satisfaction to the people of Kent county and elsewhere, we are able to supply as good seeds as can be had anywhere.

WE ALSO OFFER

Osange Orange Seed,

EARLY ROSE,
PEERLESS, and
WHITE PEACH BLOW POTATOES.

PEAS! PEAS!

Landreths' Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, McLane's Little Gem, Tom Thumb, Daniel O'Rourke, and all the Standard varieties.

Also, a great variety of String, Stringless and Lima Beans.

Market Gardeners, desiring Seed in large quantities, will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

C. F. STAM & BRO.

CHESTERTOWN.
Feb. 28, 1874.

AGRICULTURAL

AND HORTICULTURAL

Implements, Seeds, &c.

HINES & BURCHINAL

Have just received a large lot of

GARDEN SEED

Of Very First Quality, from

PETER HENDERSON & CO., N. Y.

We are selling Prime Early Rose Potatoes from Elmira, N. Y., *free from all rot and disease.*

We keep on hand all kinds of

Garden Implements,

such as Hoes, Spades, Forks and Rakes. Also,

PLOWS of Every Variety,

such as No. 4 Wiley, Heckendorn, Acme, and the Farmer's Friend.

☞ Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Below the Bank, Chestertown
March 7, 1874—2m.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County:

IN EQUITY.

JANUARY TERM, 1874.

BY directions of an order of the said Court, passed on the 20th day of March, 1874, I hereby give notice to the creditors of Anna M. Hynson, late of Kent county, deceased, to file vouchers of their claims against the Real Estate of said deceased with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county on or before the 20th day of August next.

R. HYNSON, Trustee.

April 18, 1874—4t.

HANSON LETTUCE—the largest, most tender, crisp, and delicate flavored Head Lettuce, for sale by

feb28. C. F. STAM & BRO.

VERY VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

AT

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, as ATTORNEY FOR BENJAMIN R. MEGINNISS, will, on

WEDNESDAY,

THE SIXTH DAY OF MAY NEXT,

At half-past Ten o'clock, A. M.,

offer at Public Sale at the Hotel of John M. Ford, at Massey's Station, Kent county, Maryland, the

REAL ESTATE

of the said Benjamin R. Meginniss, situated in the First Election District of Kent county, afore-said, on the public road leading from Massey's to Sassafras, and adjoining the property of David C Blackiston, Turbit C Meginniss, and others.

THE FARM

ABOVE MENTIONED, CONTAINS

One Hundred and Ninety-four Acres OF LAND,

more or less. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE & HIGHLY IMPROVED FARMS IN KENT COUNTY. The whole of it is under excellent cultivation, highly improved, well watered, and with good post-and-rail and hedge fencing. Has

Two Thousand Healthy Peach Trees

of choice varieties, and a FINE APPLE ORCHARD, all in full bearing. The soil is admiratly adapted to the growth of Fruit, Grass and Grain.

It is located about two miles from Masseys, a post village and Station on the Kent county Railroad, from which place there are two trains daily to and from Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and is only a short distance from George Town, a steamboat landing on Sassafras river. It is convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

This is really a most desirable estate, lying in the midst of our very best lands, and one of the most beautiful, thrifty and social neighborhoods in the county. It should be seen to be appreciated.

The Improvements

Are a first-rate Two-Story FRAME DWELLING, BARN, STABLES, Carriage House, &c.; in short everything that is needful for a first class farm.

There will also be offered at the same time

A WOOD LOT

near the said farm. It contains

FIFTY-ONE ACRES OF LAND.

The Wood on the tract is very fine, and the soil is good.

Mr. BENJAMIN R. MEGINNISS, who resides on the farm, will take pleasure in showing the premises to any who may call.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale for the farm are: $5,000 cash on the day of sale, and the balance in equal annual instalments of one, two and three years from the day of sale, but the credit payments may be modified to suit the purchaser. The credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from the day of sale. The terms for the Wood Lot made known on the day of sale.

Possession to suit the purchaser.

☞ For further information apply to

D. J BLACKISTON, *Attorney.*

CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.
March 28, 1874—ts.

PRIVATE SALE.

I HEREBY OFFER FOR SALE

Radcliffe Hall,

the Farm upon which I now resine, commonly known as the **"Hanson Farm,"** part of which is now rented and occupied by Mr. John Greenwood, of Wm.

It is beautifully situated on Chester River, about one mile from Chestertown, and

Contains 471 ACRES, more or less.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a

Mansion House,

AND TENANT HOUSE,

in good repair, with the necessary Out-Buildings and offices. The Tenant House is large and commodious, and was built in the year 1871. The Farm is so well known that a full description is not needed.

An early purchaser will have the option of putting in, and making, the corn crop for the present year.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.

Radcliffe Hall, Feb. 28, 1874—tf.

LOOK AT THIS!

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY

"AS the recent embarrassments of the Howe Machine Company, from outside causes, have been widely known, it is proper that a somewhat detailed account of its present condition should be equally wide-spread, and it gives us much pleasure to premise that the real facts show that the Company is in a most expectedly sound and prosperous condition. The mortgage to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been released, and there are now no other encumbrances whatever on the property of this immense manufacturing concern. It has been the practice of this company to pay all its employees on the 15th of every month. That is, on the 15th of February they pay all wages due for the month of January, and on the 15th of March they pay for the month of February, and so on through the year; but it is well known that during the panic, the company failed to make payment with regularity or to the full amount due.

"We are now informed that in the month of February all wages, about $70,000, due to the first of January, were paid in full, and in a month or two the company expects to resume its former practice of paying promptly and in full on the regular pay-days. The company has now six hundred and twenty-five employees, working eight hours per day, and making about two hundred and fifty machines daily. On the first of April they intend to resume the ten hour system and put on more workmen.

"During these hard times the company has made a very careful estimate of its property and liabilities, and they find that their total assets at a fair estimate, exceed their total liabilities by the immense sum of nine million, eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars, exclusive of the Glasglow factory, which has not been affected in the least by the temporary embarrassments of the company in this country. This showing is certainly very gratifying, and we trust that in future the company will enjoy its old time prosperity."—*Bridgeport Daily Standard.*

Appendix.—I am still here, ready to wait on any one wishing a good Sewing Machine. The world-renowned ELIAS HOWE, JR., IMPROVED, is the best, I think;—*not* the A. B. Howe, which never was the original, genuine Howe Machine. Beware of it.

A. M. GUDGEN, Agent,

ap18-3t. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

PROFITS being small, terms are cash, at SUTTON'S, Galena.

WAITING.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson;
Conned perchance through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition;
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er could ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus, a soul untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks but a brighter morrow—
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than drift-wood
Floating on a waveless tide.

The Religion We Want.

We want religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counter, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, sand from the sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from milk cans.

The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one half pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of poor leather so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Baltimore milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing-silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-wool delaines, nor all-linen handkerchiefs be almalgamated clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracts to build of seven-dollar material; nor smuggle soft pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered—nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.

—*Boston Christian.*

Taking Off the Shoes.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and spoil the sijjady on which they kneel to pray—They have no mat or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to Syrian schoolhouses and see piles of boots and shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go, on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya Imme! Ya Imme!" "Oh, my mother!" and cries out just like children in other counties.

But the funniest part of it is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When the school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and barbooshes thrown off and a great screaming follows, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa," or a stick and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school-boy fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake, or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibraham's father and grandfather until he gets back his lost property.—*The Women of the Arabs.*

Remarkable Memory.

There is a negro girl in Brucetown, Ky., about nine years of age, whose memory is marvelous. Her wonderful powers were first brought to the notice of a white man, who keeps a grocery in that part of the city, about two weeks ago. He had been reading aloud in her presence the day before, and accidentally heard her repeat, word for word, what he had read from the paper, though twenty-four hours had intervened. After this he tested her memory frequently, and has found her capable of repeating thirty or forty lines from a book after hearing it read once over. Her intellect in other respects does not seem at all above, if equal to, the average. Such instances of memory are not very unusual. Mary Summerville tells of an idiot in Edinburg who never failed to repeat the sermon, word for word, after attending the kirk each Sunday, saying, "Here the minister coughed;" "Here he stopped to blow his nose." She also tells of another whom she met in the Highlands, who knew the Bible so perfectly that if he was asked where such a verse was to found he could tell without hesitation, and repeat the chapter.

A promise is a debt.

Scared Out of a Wife.

The narrative that I am about to write, was told me one bleak, cold night, in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in midwinter, when the wind swept over the land, making everything tingle with its frosty breath, that I was seated before a blazing fire, surrounded by a jolly half dozen boys and an old bachelor, A Peters Green—about forty and eight years old.

It was just the night without to make those within enjoy a good story, so each of us had to tell his favorite story, save Mr. Green, and as he was a jolly story-teller, we were surprised to hear him say, "I have no story that would interest you," so we had to find other entertainment for a while, when one of the boys told me to ask him how it happened that he never got married "Well, gentleman," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how that happened, but as it is about myself I don't care much. You see when I was young we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief enjoyment. But this don't have anything to do with my not getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers, or like "Mary and her little lamb." Where one went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old gentleman took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would take the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John on our way to singing school one night, that I was going to take Sadie home, and that I was going into the house, too.

He said the old man would run me if I did.

I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would.

He said he "would risk it if I would."

So home we went with the girls. When we got to the end of the lane, I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, but said they—the old folks—would be in bed, so they didn't care if we did.

They were a little more surprised yet, when I told them we thought of going in a little while, but as all was quiet when we got to the house, we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we had our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came.

It was now past the turn of night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we had better be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but just as we did so the sky lit up by lightening, and one tremendous thunder peal rolled along the mountain sides. Its echo had not died out in the far-off vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fullness of the clouds. We waited for it to stop until we were all sleepy, when the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs, which led out of the kitchen, as they didn't get up early and we could be home before the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet goodnight—and hugging them a little—and wishing them pleasant dreams and promising them to come on next Saturday night—we started for bed.

We didn't have far to go, as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John was soon in bed, but as I was always a little slow, and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room.

At last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread over with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots. So down I sat, when, stars of the east, I went plump into a big egg custard pie!

I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had slashed that custard all to thunder, and the plate right in two.

Yet we had to be awful quiet, so that the old man would not hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I put the light out and picked up my boots, thinking to put them in a more convenient place, when down went one of my legs through a pipe-hole, which had been covered by paper, up to my hip.

Now one part of me was up stairs, while the longest part was in the kitchen.

As my leg was very long it reached a shelf which was occupied by dishes, pans, coffee-pots, etc., and turning it over with a tremendous crash.

The girls had not yet retired, and we could hear them laugh fit to split their sides.

I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat, for I expected the old man every moment.

I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old lady looked into the kitchen from the room door, and asked "what all that noise was about?"

The girls put her off as best they could, and I went to bed, while John was strangling himself under the cover to keep from laughing aloud.

We soon went off into the land of dreams with the hope of waking early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take me too long. One moment I would fancy myself by the side of Sadie, sipping nectar from her heaven bedewed lips, and the next I would be flying from the old man, while he would be flourishing his cane above my head.

This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

On waking up and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, while the sun was beaming in at the door.

What to do we could not tell, for we heard the old man having family prayer in the kitchen.

John looked out the window and said we could get down over the porch roof.

"Get up and dress as soon as possible," he said.

So in my hurry my foot got fastened in the bed-clothes, and out I tumbled, head-foremost, turned over, and down the steps until I struck the door, which was fastened by a wooden button, and it giving away, out I rolled in front of the old man.

He threw up his hands and cried "Lord save us!" for he thought I was the devil.

The old lady screamed until you could hear her a mile.

I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather, and I didn't have anything on but a shirt.

When I heard the girls snickering it made me mad, and I jumped up and rushed out of the door, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the old iron door latch.

Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the yard the dog set up a howl and went for me.

When I got into the barn-yard I had to run through a flock of sheep, and among them was an old ram, who backed off a little and started for me With one bound I escaped his blow, sprang into the barn, and began to climb up the logs into the mow, when an old mother hen pounced upon my legs, picking them until they bled.

I threw myself upon the hay, and after John had slid down the porch into a hogshead of rain water, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat, and one of the legs of my pants.

He found me completely prostrated. Part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, my vest, stockings, necktie and one boot left behind.

I vowed then and there that I would never go to see another girl, and I'll die before I will.

A Boy in a Bad Fix.

It has never been settled to the satisfaction of the public who the man in the Iron mask was, but generations to come will know all about Dick Palmer, of Detroit, who got inside of something worse than a mask on Saturday. His mother sent him after a brass kettle which one of her neighbors had borrowed, and on his way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow, and it shut down over Dick's face as closely as a clam in his shell, one of the "ears" digging into the boy's head behind, and the other pressing on his nose The victim shouted and jumped and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out from the corner grocery, Dick's mother was sent for, and the boy danced up and down and cried, "Oh, golly!" without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off, while everybody rapped on it to see how solidly it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared "murder" until they stopped Some said grease his head, and some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sat down on the curb stone and sobbed out: "O! Richard, why did you do this?"

The crowd took it cooly; it wasn't their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't seen every day. Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollow voice kept repeating "I'll never do it again." Finally they laid Richard on the walk, and while one man sat on his legs and another on his stomach, a third compressed the kettle between his hands, and the boy crawled out, his nose all scratched and twisted out of shape, a hole in his head, and a bump on his forehead. His mother wildly embraced him, all the boys cried "hip la!" and little Bishard was led home to loaf around on the lounge and have toast and fried eggs for a week.

The Seven Year Locusts.

If the "seven year locusts" are "on time," they will put in their appearance this summer in this section of the country. They appeared in 1860, and again in 1867, in the month of June, and will probably do so again this year. They first appear in the form of a sluggish and unsightly brown beetle, and emerge from the ground through small round holes, the ground in some places being so thickly perforated as to resemble a honeycomb. When they have emerged from these holes they crawl up and attach themselves to weeds or trunks of trees, and thus remain basking in the sun until the perfect locust is matured. In the course of a few days the locust bursts its crude, brown, beetle-like shell and flies off, like another perfect and entirely different insect, leaving the husk still adhering to the tree or weed upon which it was fastened, with a clean-cut slit, as though done with a sharp knife, in the body from which the locust made its escape. The liberated locusts at first spend a few days in merrily singing songs, rejoicing over their advent to a new existence, the noise made by them in some localities being almost deafening, although not particularly unpleasant.

A BAD BARGAIN.—An extremely sharp man walked into the office of Dr. Jackson, the chemist.

"Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I lock the door?"

And he did so; then, having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow handkerchief, on the table, and opened it.

"There, doctor, look at that!"

"Well," said the doctor, "I see it"

"What do you call that, doctor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!" exclaimed the man, "isn't that stuff gold?"

"No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites."

And putting some on the fire in a shovel, it soon evaporated up the chimney.

"Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone look, "there's a woman up in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and *married her!*"

"AH!" said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of the fanatics who believe in the Bible"

Said the old man. "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe the Bible?"

"No; I can have no proof of its truths"

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for although I have not seen it, others have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The last question put an end to the discussion.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

A TOUCHING CASE.

A Singular Death of a Husband and Wife.

A few weeks ago, the *Journal* had announced the death at the Hotel Bates, of T. L. Salisbury and Eliza E. Salisbury, his wife, the former having died on Monday, February 16th, and the latter on Saturday evening, the 21st. Some of the circumstances attending these two most amiable and excellent persons were not only very touching, but rather extraordinary. They formerly resided in St. Louis, and while there were called upon to mourn the loss of two fine children, their sole family, who were lost together while skating near St. Louis. They were a young lady, aged eighteen, and a lad of fifteen. They were drowned on the 21st of January, 1864, precisely ten years before the day of Mrs. Salisbury's death.

This double affliction almost broke their hearts, and henceforth they lived for each other alone, concealing their great grief as those only can understand who have been similarly bereaved. Naturally congenial and devoted to each other, their lives grew more closely together by reason of the hard providence which at one dispensation had removed both their darlings from their sight without a word of warning. Two weeks ago when Mr. Salisbury was taken ill, his wife watched at his ded-side with sleepless affection. Day and night she administered to his wants, till it was feared that her own frame, never very strong, would wholly give way. About twenty-four hours before his death, finding him able to converse she asked him if she knew her. He said yes, and smiling called her by name. To her inquiry, if he was willing to die, he said yes. She said, "Thomas, you want to go and see the children do you not?" He answered yes Then she said, "Thomas, I will follow you soon; do you wait for me; I will come very soon." From that moment she evinced no more anxiety about her husband. She seemed to regard his death as certain, and her own as soon to follow. Yielding to the advice of friends she retired and slept till just before her husband's death, when she arose and bade him good-bye. Immediately after his death she took to her bed and began to sink rapidly. No physical derangement was apparent, but it was a clear case of broken heart or insupportable sorrow.—The doctor did what he could, but it was a case that wholly baffled his art. Her malady was a kind that no human remedy could reach. The gentle lady was entirely resigned to her situation, and seemed to contemplate her death with entire composure. During the week she steadily sank until it was apparent that her end was nigh. On Saturday evening, a short time before her death, her friends were startled to see her face illuminated by a bright smile. It beamed with a light that never shone on sea or land and told of unspeakable joy. Her eyes gazed into distance, and her hands moved as if to welcome some one. A solemn stillness fell upon the bystanders and the thought struck all that she was greeting her children. From that moment she never spoke or moved but sank away and passed from mortal life with the same eloquent smile upon her face. She kept her engagement with her husband and followed him soon after to complete the family circle in the land of the hereafter.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of the holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and touching in the evening of age.

If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind

The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for keeping of soul and body together.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered by tears.

Passions get less and less powerful after every defeat. Husband energy for real demands which the dangers of life make upon it.

Permanent rest is not expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near Heaven.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

It is not till the storm comes that we find out the real building and the timber of a vessel.

It is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life—it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST ADVENTURE.—I got into the cars, took a seat in juxta-position to a female. The female's face was a perfect insurance company for her. It insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She looked as if she had got through one famine and got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had a little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a band-box and cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I could not guess whether she was on a mission of charity or going west to start a sawmill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said: "The exigencies of the times require circumspection in a person who is travelling." Says she—What? Says I, "the orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above." She switched around uneasily like, then raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any of your sass—*git!*" And I got out.

YOUNG ladies are enjoined to beware of the man who parts his hair in the middle, for his brain is generally similarly parted.

THE LOSS OF OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.—From the commencement of steam transatlantic navigation in 1840 to the end of 1873, it is stated, 51 steamers have been lost—the President being the first and the L'Amerique the last. The Cunard Company has only lost two of all its fleet—the Africa and the Tripoli—during this period of 33 years. The Allan line, at present composed of 17 steamers, has lost 7 since 1852, and the Collins line, which existed only from 1852 to 1859, lost two of the four vessels of which it consisted. The German companies of Hamburg and Bremen, established in 1855, have lost 4 of their steamers—the National line 1, the Anchor line 1, the Guion line, between 1868 and 1872, 2, and the White Star 1. The French companies of the Messageries Maritimes, with their 60 steamers trading to all parts of the world, in 21 years of existence have lost 14. The transatlantic branch, before the shipwreck of the Ville du Havre, had lost only one, the Darien, which went ashore on the coast of Cuba. The Royal Mail, with which this line is in opposition in the West Indies and Brazilian trade, has lost 15 of its steamers in the 32 years of its existence. About 12 steamers belonging to various small companies were also lost in the Atlantic. It is estimated that 16,000 voyages, going and returning, across the Atlantic ocean, have been made by all the different steamship lines.

MUSCULAR FORCE IN THE COUNTRY.—According to the Department of Agriculture the amount of muscular force now available for agricultural labor is relatively if not actually diminishing, and bears a smaller ratio to the work expected of it than formerly We are told that every year it becomes a more costly element of production. There is a good deal of muscular force lying inert at the street corners and other localities of our large cities, a very considerable part of which is absorbed from the rural districts, where it is more needed. If the farmers, however, are losing ground in one direction the results of the co-operative feature among them in the West for the purchase of agricultural implements show that in purchasing they have thus far made a great saving.

THE METHODIST ITINERACY.—Bishop Ames, of the M. E. Church, delivered an address to the preachers of Baltimore of the M. E. Church at their regular meeting at the Methodist book depot, Fayette street, Monday, on the question, "Ought the appointing power in the M. E. Church be modified?" which has been under discussion for some weeks past. The bishop expressed his preference for the present plan of itineracy appointments, and that there ought not to be a change until a wiser plan could be suggested. He thought that to make the presiding elders elective would open the door for a vast amount of electioneering and log rolling among the clergy, which would be demoralizing to them and to the laity.—*Balt. Sun.*

NEW ORLEANS.—One of the oldest merchants in New Orleans says the population of that city has fallen off in two years thirty thousand, and there are no less than six thousand houses and stores at present unoccupied. Fifteen years ago New Orleans was at the acme of its wealth, prosperity and commercial importance, second only to New York and Boston. Its river and ocean tonnage in port, loading and discharging, was seldom less than one hundred and fifty thousand tons, and in the busiest season of the year double that amount. New Orleans has been ruined by carpet-baggers, despots and corrupt politicians.

THERE ARE PEOPLE (do not imitate them!) who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, or break in the consistency of a metaphor, or flaw in the evolutions of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

IT is said that there is a dog in Iowa which its owner, a farmer named Tremaine, values at $32,000,000. We have a dog ourselves which we value somewhere in the neighborhood of that sum, but to a warm personal friend who wanted him badly, and seemed to think he could not get along without him, it is not wholly impossible that, in a moment of convivial joy, when the heart beats high and warm with dance and song and banquet wine, we might be induced to sell him for fifty cents.—*Courier-Journal.*

A CURIOSITY.—A pair of Shoveller Ducks, male and female, were brought to Easton market on Tuesday, having been killed in the neighborhood. They have a depressed dilated bill, rounded at the end, and the drake has beautiful plumage, the color being gorgeous. They are seldom seen farther north than Louisiana, but occasionally they stray, as in this case, well up on the Atlantic coast. None of our gunners remember to have seen the species here before.—*Easton Journal.*

A LITTLE girl, playing in a field near Westminster, Mass., was attacked by a savage bull. Her brother, aged 15, climbed over the fence, and bravely fought the bull with a stick. "Run, sissy!" shouted the boy, and she saved herself by obeying. The boy, however, was gored so terribly that very likely he will die of the hurt.

LOVE has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek; it is pleased with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.

"A PREVENTIVE of sneezing," says Brown-Sequard, "is to press the upper lip." That accounts for the small percentage of sneezing on Sunday nights.

OF all actions of life, our marriage least