The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ 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.

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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.

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. ag12-y.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON
Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m.

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 firstday 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.

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 { 164 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.

Harvest Goods!

BEFORE BUYING YOUR HARVEST GOODS call and get *our* Prices.
Harvest Whiskeys
LOWEST IN KENT COUNTY.
☞ Don't fail to go to SAPPINGTON'S. It will pay you. J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Chestertown, June 13, 1874.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
TO
CASH BUYERS
In DRY GOODS, Shoes, Notions, &c.
June 13. By J. H. SIMPERS.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
jan31. JOHN F. DODD & SON.

NOTICE.

Vacancy in Washington College.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Orphans' Court of Kent county, will on

TUESDAY,
The Twenty-Fifth day of August, 1874,

proceed to elect one indigent scholar from Kent county for free tuition in Washington College, to fill the vacancy now existing.

Parents and others disposed to avail themselves of this notice are requested to make written applications stating the name and age of the youth applying, as none can be admitted under the age of twelve years.

Written testimonials of moral character and intellectual capacity will be required, and the applicants must appear before the Court on the day named to be examined.

No applications are expected in favor of a youth whose income is sufficient, or whose parents can afford, to give him a classical education.

The Court will also expect some guarantee that the scholar shall remain at the College during the full course.

By order of the Orphans' Court,
W. STEVENS, Reg. of Wills.
July 25, 1874—5t.

DOWN-TOWN
Clothing and Variety Store

JOHN K. WILLIS,

IS prepared to accommodate the public at Bacchus' old stand, corner High and Queen Streets, with

CLOTHING AT CITY PRICES!

Coats from $1 up; Under shirts and Drawers from 50 cts. up; Neck Ties 3c, 5c, 10 and 15c. Straw Hats 18 to 20 cts., and other goods in proportion.

Flour, Meal and Feed of all kinds.
BACON, DRIED BEEF, SAUSAGE, FISH, all at the very lowest prices.

Groceries, such as Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Syrups, &c., &c., a full supply, which require only to be seen to secure sales.

Notions.—A large variety of goods in this line, to which special attention is paid. ☞ Give me a call. JOHN K. WILLIS.

For Rent. 5 GOOD DWELLING HOUSES on Queen Street, Chestertown, and several smaller ones in other sections of the town.
jy18-tf. JOHN K. WILLIS.

Ice-Cream! Ice-Cream! Ice-Cream!

WM. F. MURR & BRO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STEAM ICE-CREAM,
AND
WATER ICES,
139—Cor. Hanover and Barre Sts.,
Branch Establishment—375 W. Lombard-st.,
BALTIMORE.
☞ Orders for Ice Cream, all Flavors, Water Ices, &c., promptly attended to. Families, Parties, Weddings, Pic-nics, Balls, Excursions, Dealers, etc., furnished at the shortest notice.
July 4, 1874—3m.

Peaches and Tomatoes WANTED.

THE subscriber, having entered into an arrangement for CANNING PEACHES and TOMATOES this season, for one of the largest Packing Houses in Baltimore city, is prepared to purchase either of these articles, for which he will pay Baltimore prices delivered at his warehouse in Chestertown.
jy2f-3m. T. DeC. RUTH.

FOR SALE,
THE DWELLING HOUSE and premises on High Street, in Chestertown, which I now occupy.
FOR SALE or RENT FOR THE YEAR 1875, the DWELLING HOUSE and Premises on High Street, now occupied by Wm. B. Wilmer, Esq. Also, the Dwelling on Church Alley, now occupied by Mr. Garrett. If sold a long credit will be given to purchasers if desired.
J. A. WICKES,
July 11, 1874—3t. Chestertown, Md.

BUY YOUR Neat's Foot Oil, Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Winter Bleached Whale Oil, Engine Oil and West Virginia Lubricating Oil from C. F. STAM & BRO. They have the largest stock in the County, and the Purest the *Country* can produce. ☞ Remember the place:
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
Cor. High and Court streets,
July 11, 1874. Chestertown, Md.

A PUBLIC NOTICE
TO ONE AND ALL.

Convinced, after a trial, that the old system of long credits and extravagant prices was not sound, safe or satisfactory to either customers or merchants, I have wholly discarded it, and shall commence from August 1st, 1874, to sell
For the Cash Only.
My stock is too small and prices too low to do other wise. The goods will then be bought and sold for the ready money, and the customer free from the payment of extra profits necessary to credit business to cover losses.
The very smallest rate of profits charged.
All persons indebted will please call and settle at once Respectfully,
jy18. WM. C. A. THOMPSON.

PEACH BOXES!

THE prettiest, lightest, strongest and cheapest PEACH BOX ever sold in the county, now being manufactured and sold to suit orders, by TURNER BROS.
July 18, 1874—3t.

NOTICE.

HAVING purchased the *Schooner HESTER ANN*
I am prepared to do FREIGHTING of GRAIN out of Langford's Bay and Chester River at five cents per bushel. Strict attention given to business. CAPT JAMES P. DeCORSE.
July 18, 1874—3t*

LUMBER for CAMP-MEETING.
For Sale or Hire, by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
☞ A large stock to be received in July.
June 27, 1874.

CAMP-MEETING!

A FULL SUPPLY of LUMBER for Tents, &c., for Camp-Meeting, now being received, and for sale or hire on reasonable terms,
By JOHN T. DODD & SON.
Chestertown, July 4, 1874.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S BOARDING SCHOOL for Young Men and Boys, Kennet Square, Pa. J. M. Habel, Ph. D., Prof. of History, Modern Languages, Physiology, &c. Dr. C. S. Gaunt, Prof. of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, &c., Chas. F. Costen, Penmanship and English branches. S. C. Shortlidge, (Harvard University A.M.) Principal Teacher. Two lectures a week, with instructive experiments. Fine apparatus and 1000 Stereoptican Views bought in Paris for the School by Prof. Habel, to illustrate Science, History, Geography, and Travel. jy18-3m.

First Sweep Before Your Own Door.

Do you need the homely adage handed down
from days of yore—
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling,
clear the rubbish from your door."
Let no filth, no rust there gather—leave no
traces of decay,
Pluck up every weed unsightly, brush the
fallen leaves away.

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our
neighbor watch to keep,
All the work assigned us finished, we before
his door may sweep;
Show him where the mosses clinging—token
ever of decay—
Where the thistles, quickly springing, daily
must be cleared away.

But alas! our work neglecting, oft we mount
the judgment seat;
With his failings, his omissions, we our weary
brother greet;
In some hidden nook forgotten, searching
with a careful eye,
We can springing weeds discover—some slight
blemish there descry.

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep
without, within,
Pluck up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each
besetting sin,
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner
temple grow,
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing
bitterness and woe.

For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our
brother harshly chide,
Glory in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride,
Ask not why he has neglected thus before his
door to sweep,
Why grown careless he has slumbered, failed
his garden plot to keep.

On the judgment seat still sitting we no helping hand extend,
To assist our weaker brother his short coming
to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet
compas-ion show;
From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow.

But while busy with our neighbor, urging him
with ceaseless care,
Calling all the thoughtless idlers, to their
labor to repair,
Lo! unseen the dust has gathered—weeds are
growing where of yore
Flow'rets fair and sweet were blooming, when
we swept before our door.

Ah! how easy o'er our brother, faithful ward
and watch to keep,
But, alas! before our dwelling hard indeed to
daily sweep;
Harder than to share the conflict 'by the stuff,'
at home to stay;
Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly
watch and pray.

Men Whom Women Like Best.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire is gallantry—not the gallantry of courts and fops—but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one.

If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested.—Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not the spirit to come up to the test like this you have not that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl, who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old, will be of any material consequence to you. The truth is that before a man is twenty-five he don't know what he wants himself.—So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex, is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creation with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again.

A TRUTH WELL SPOKEN.—The sentiment contained in the following paragraph, which we clip from an editorial in the Baltimore *Sun*, on the Beecher-Tilton scandal, is worth considering:

"Whether true or false, such things leave the impression that good and pure women are at the mercy of every artful tempter, that human virtue is a myth, and piety, even when devoted to the service of the altar, is a sham.

"Even assuming the truth of the whole disgusting story, there is nothing in it to weaken the faith of any one either in Christianity or in the general morality of mankind and womankind. What a multitude of happy and virtuous homes there are in the world to one which is even alleged to be otherwise, yet the solitary exception, like a wandering comet, makes more impression upon the imagination than all the fixed stars which serenely and securely shine in the firmament."

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets are rich. A man born, with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles better than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses or land. It is better than a landed estate to have a right kind of father or mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herbs and horses. Education may do much to check bad tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a greater thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful and hopeful.

A MAN'S ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in wordly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

NEXT to the sweetness of having a friend you can trust, is the convenience of having a friend who will occasionally trust you.

The Wife's Allowance.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Haughton when she was married to Radcliffe Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their uttermost bent, and the world in general announced its diction that Milly Haughton "had done uncommonly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy upon that golden June morning, with the sunshine streaming through the oriel window of the great breakfast room at Gates' Place, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson, and glowing purple on the mossy ground of the stone-colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose white cambric wrapper looped and buttoned with blue, and a single pearl arrow upheld the shining masses of her lovely auburn hair. Her eyes were deep liquid hazel; her complexion as soft and radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid-slippered foot that patted the velvet ottoman beneath was as perfect and tapering as a sculptor could have wished.

Mr. Gates, from his side of the damask draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of proprietorship. She was his wife. He liked her to look well, just as he wanted his horses properly groomed and his conservatories kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her brow.

"I'm in earnest, Radcliffe," she said, with emphasis.

"So I supposed, Mrs. Gates," said the husband leisurely folding his paper—a sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—"so I supposed. But it isn't at all worth while to allow yourself to get excited. When I say a thing, Mrs. Gates, I generally mean it. And I repeat—if you need money for any sensible and necessary purpose, I shall be most happy and willing to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full red lower lip, and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless fingers.

"And I am to come weekly imploring you for every five-cent piece I happen to want?

"Yes, Mrs. Gates—if you prefer to put the matter in that light."

"Radcliffe," she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, "do give me an allowance, I don't care how little! Don't subject me to the humiliation of pleading for a little money half a dozen times a day. You are rich"

"Exactly, my dear," nodded this Benedict; "and that's the way I made my fortune, by looking personally after every penny; and I mean to keep it up."

"But think how I was mortified yesterday, when Mrs. Armour came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents towards buying a hand-carriage for our washerwoman's lame child—only fifty cents—and I had to say, 'I must ask my husband to give me the money when he returns from the city!'—for I had not even fifty cents of my own."

"All very right—all very proper!" said Mr. Gates, playing with the huge rope of gold that hung across his chest, in the guise of a watch-chain.

"Other ladies are not kept penniless!"

"That rests entirely between them and their husbands, Mrs. Gates."

"I will not endure it!" cried Milly, starting to her feet with cheeks dyed scarlet, and indignantly glittering eyes.

Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair with provoking complacency.

"I *will* have money!" said Milly.

"How are you going to get it, my dear?" retorted her spouse, with an aggravating smile playing around the corners of his mouth. "You have nothing of your own—absolutely nothing. The money is mine and I mean to keep it."

Milly sat down again, twisting her pocket handkerchief around and around. She was not prepared with an immediate answer.

"And now, Mrs. Gates, said the banker, after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, "if you'll be good enough to stitch that button on my glove, I'll go down. I have already wasted too much time."

So the verbal passage-at-arms ended, and Milly felt that, so far she was worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant open barouche, drawn by two long-tailed chestnut horses, all aglitter with plated harness, and turned away, almost wishing that she was Millicent Haughton once again, behind her desk in the little red school-house.

She looked around at the inlaid furniture, Aubusson carpets and satin window draperies, and thought, with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

"It is so provoking of Radcliffe," she murmured. "I've half a mind to go out to service, or dressmaking, or something, for I must have money of my own and I will!"

Just then a servant knocked at the door, with a basket and a note.

"An old lady, in a shaker bonnet, and one-horse wagon, left it," said the girl, with a scarcely disguised titter. "She wouldn't come in, although I asked her."

Mrs. Gates opened the note.

It ran, in a stiff, old-fashioned caligraphy, as if the pen were an unwonted implement in the writer's hand:

"DEAR MILLY:—The strawberries in the south medder lot are just ripe, where you used to pick 'em when you were a little gal; so Penelope picked a lot, and we make bold to send them to you, for the sake of old times, as aunt Araminta is going to the city to morrow. We hope you will like them. Affectionately your friend, MARIA ANN PEABODY."

The tears sparkled in the bride's eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she were a merry child again, picking strawberries in the golden rain of July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses on the air, and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by.

And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson, luscious fruit, and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea darted into her head.

"Now I will have money of my own!" she cried out—"money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent!"

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Gates came down stairs, to the infinite amazement of Rachel, the chambermaid, and Louisa, the parlor maid, in a brown gingham dress, a white pique sun-bonnet, and a basket on her arm.

"Won't you have the carriage, ma'am," asked the latter, as Mrs. Gate beckoned to a passing omnibus.

"No, I won't," said the banker's lady.

And within the city limits she alighted, and began work in good earnest.

"Strawberries! who'll buy my wild strawberries?" rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked along, lightly balancing the weight on her arm, and enjoying the impromptu masquerade as only a spirited young woman can.

Mrs. Powler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty-five cents a quart.

"Wild berries has such a flavor!" said the old lady, reflectively. "And 'taint often you get 'em here in the city. I s'pose you don't come round reg'lar, my young woman?"

"No, I don't, ma'am."

"Because you might get some good customers," said Mrs. Powler.

Miss Sininthia Hall, who kept boarders, purchased two quarts; Mrs. Captain Carbary took one; and then Millicent got on the cars and rode wearily down town.

"I've got a dollar and seventy-five cents of my own now at all events," said she to herself.

"Strawberries! Nice, ripe, wild strawberries! Buy my strawberries!"

Her sweet voice resounded through the halls of the great marble building on whose first floor the bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of business just then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.

"I say, Bill James," said he to the youngest clerk. "I have an idea that a few strawberries wouldn't go badly. Call in the woman!"

Billy, nothing, loth, slipped off his stool, with a pen behind each ear, and scampered out into the hall.

So Milly sold another quart

As she was giving change for the cashier's dollar bill, the president himself came in, bustling and brisk as usual.

"Eh? What? How?" barked out Mr. Radcliffe Gates. "Strawberries? Well, I don't care if I take a few myself. Here, young woman, how do you sell them?"

Milly pushed back her sun-bonnet, and executed a sweeping courtesy.

"Twenty-five cents a quart, sir, if you please," purred she, with much humility.

The president dropped his paper of strawberries on the marble floor.

"Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated.

"The same, sir," said Millicent.

"May I venture to inquire—"

"Oh, yes!" said Milly. "You may inquire as much as you please. I needed a little money, and I am earning it. See how much I've made already!" and she triumphantly displayed her roll of crumpled stamps. "The strawberries were all my own, sent to me this morning by old Mr. Peabody, and I'm selling them to get an income of my own."

"*You*, ma'am, hawking strawberries through the streets?"

Milly made a second courtesy.

"Extreme necessities justify extreme measures, Mr. Gates," said she, saucily. "I earned my own living before I saw you, and I can again."

Mr. Radcliffe Gates looked uneasily around at the crowd of gaping clerks.

"James," said he, "call a hack. My dear, let me take you home."

"Not until I have sold the rest of my strawberries," saucily retorted the young wife.

"I'll take 'em—at any price," impatiently exclaimed the banker.

"Cash down?"

"Yes; anything, everything — only come out of this crowd."

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home; and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a regular allowance of so much per week, to be paid every Monday morning at the breakfast-table.

"But we'll have no more selling strawberries," said Mr. Gates, nervously.

"To be sure not," said Milly. "All I wanted was a little money of my own."

And Mr. Radcliffe Gates respected his wife all the more because she had conquered him in a fair battle.

THE rules of politeness are never at variance with the principles of morality.—Whatever is really impolite is really immoral. We have no right to offend people with our manners of conversation.—We have no right to deal with or be influenced by gossip about the people we meet. Their private affairs are none of our business. If we believe a man to be unfit company for us, we must not invite him; but if we meet him where he has been invited by others we must treat him with civility.

WHOEVER takes a little child into his love may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it all. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands and impede our progress to petrification; they win us back with their pleading eyes from cruel care; they never encumber us at all. A poor old couple, with no one to love them, is a most pitiful picture; but a hovel with a small face to fill a broken pane, here and there, is robbed of its desolation.

A MASONIC PILGRIMAGE.—A party of fifty Master Masons, under the leadership of Robert Morris, Past Grand Master of Kentucky, will visit the Holy Land, Europe and Africa, this summer. The corner-stone of a new Masonic hall will be laid in Jerusalem. The party will be entained by the Masons of the East, and during thirty days will live in tents, visiting Gebal, Tyre, Hiram's Tomb, Balbec, Damascus, Mount Hermon, the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, Nablous, Bethel, the Dead Sea and river Jordan, Hebron and Joppa. Lodges will be held under the warrant of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge of the city of Jerusalem.

IN a recent divorce case in England the petitioner, who was the husband, based his claims for relief on the ground that his wife persisted in smoking a short pipe. She even went so far as to smoke in the chamber at midnight before retiring to bed, in spite of the protestations of her husband, who did not use tobacco.—The judge reserved his decision, as he thought the difficulty might be amicably adjusted.

"WELL, grandmother, I've come it over the hens this time," said a mischievous boy. "I threw them your gold beads, one by one, and they thought they were corn, and gobbled them down quick."

USEFUL RECIPES.

CLEANING WALL PAPER.—Take a piece of wood the shape of a scrubbing brush, nail a handle on the back, then upon the face nail a piece of dried sheepskin, with the wool upon it; or flax or tow will do, or cotton flannel of several thicknesses will answer very well. Dip this brush into dry whiting, and rub the smoke lightly with the brush, on the upper parts of the room first, protecting the carpet with matting or newspapers, as the whiting dust is hard to sweep off the carpet. The whiting that remains on the wall is easily brushed off with a soft cloth attached to a stick. It is very effectual if the room is not damp and the whiting is dry.

CALF'S-FEET JELLY.—Wash and prepare one set of feet; place them in four quarts of water, and let them simmer gently four or five hours. Take them out and pour the liquid into a vessel to cool; when cold, remove every particle of fat, replace the jelly in the preserving kettle, and add one pound of loaf sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons; when the sugar has dissolved, beat two eggs with their shells in one gill of water, which pour into the kettle, and boil five minutes, or until perfectly clear; then add one gill of Madeira wine, and strain through a flannel bag into the form you like.—*Mrs. Widdifield's Cook Book.*

RHUBARB VINEGAR.—Drain off the first water from rhubarb when it has stewed five minutes; evaporate it to the requisite degree of sourness, and use it instead of vinegar for the table, and for cooking.—It is an agreeable acid and in many cases it can be used instead of lemon. It is a natural acid, and therefore much more wholesome than vinegar formed by the decay of sweets, or by any other chemical process. It may be evaporated (by gentle heat) to an intense degree of sourness, and kept in cans or bottles for future use, and reduced with water when wanted.

DRESSING FOR FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with better and season highly with salt and pepper, working them into the butter a little; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives it is very penetrating, and gives to the fowl a rich, gamy character which is very pleasant.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—The evening before they are wanted peel and slice them, lay them in a stew-pan and sprinkle sugar between the layers of potatoes; pour on water enough to cover them, and set the stew-pan on the stove. In the morning, by the time you are ready to fry them, they will be cooked just enough; fry in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

LIGHT CORN BREAD.—Scald one quart white corn meal with one quart hot water; then add half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful salt and one quart cold water. Stir well, and add one quart meal, half pint yeast. Let rise in a warm place for ten hours; then stir well, put in the skillet and bake by the fireplace four hours. If you have not hop yeast, add half pint salt-raising yeast before putting to bake.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Put a stick of cinnamon and a quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of milk, and put it on the fire; when it boils, thicken it with four table-spoonsful of corn meal; when cool, add four eggs, the whites and yelks beaten separately, and a cup of sugar.—Pour the batter into a baking dish, and bake till brown.

TREATMENT OF OVERHEATED HORSES.—The Secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following preparation for animals suffering from being over-heated: To one pint of water put one ounce of chloride of ammonia, one ounce sweet spirits of nitre, one dram of tincture aconite; give a tablespoonful every hour or two.

LINIMENT.—The best liniment for cuts, galls, spavin, poll evil, fistula, or any other of the external diseases that animals are liable to, is made by dissolving one ounce of pulverized corrosive sublimate and one ounce of gum champhor in one pint of spirits of turpentine, put in a strong bottle. Apply with a swab.

WARM APPLICATION. — For restoring warmth to the skin, corn meal heated and placed in bags is said to be superior to hot water bottles and other appliances of that sort. Its advantages are, that it weighs less, retains heat longer and does not chill the patient with cold.

BITTERS.—Take boneset, wild cherry bark and poplar bark; make an infusion by adding a quart of warm water; let it cool, and drink when thirsty. This is a certain cure for the fever and ague. The writer received it from an Indian, and found it to be the master of ague.

ARNICA LINIMENT.—Two ounces alcohol, one drachm tincture arnica. Unequalled for pains in the feet and limbs from walking; for all fresh or recent sprains, bruises or contused wounds, and for rheumatism of the joints and gouty pains.

TOOTHACHE.—Nearly everybody has a cure for the toothache. Try this recipe: Take equal parts of pulverized alum and salt. Saturate a piece of cotton with hartshorn, cover with this mixture, and put in the tooth. Sometimes hartshorn alone will give relief.

GREEN SALVE.—One quarter pound of lard, one ounce rosin, one ounce beeswax, one drachm verdigris; melt and stir well. This is one of the best salves known for old sores, ulcers, cancers, scrofulous sores, cuts and wounds.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.—B——, who has since made quite a noise in the world, while at college was called on to undergo an examination in astronomy. On emerging from the ordeal, one of his companions asked him how he got off.

"First-rate," said B——. "They only asked me two questions, and I answered them promptly and correctly."

"What were the questions?"

"The first was, 'What is a parallax?' and I told them 'I don't know;' and the second was, 'Can you calculate an eclipse?' and I said 'No!' I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that."

AN old seaman, at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great comfort from that beautiful passage of scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Cure of Inebriates.

The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates has again discussed the question whether habitual drunkenness is a crime or a disease. It seemed to be generally agreed that the cause that leads to the excessive use of alcoholic or opium stimulants is a physical disease. There is no dissent among them as to the great utility of inebriate asylums, which shows their conviction, whether correct or not, that so far as it is a disease, intemperance can be cured by proper treatment. Another question is suggested by these discussions, whether other destructive appetites and passions of the human race are not also physical and constitutional, and generally referred to in the Scriptures under the head of "the flesh," which is said to "war against the spirit," and whose "works" are said to be "manifest," such "as murders, drunkenness, adultery," &c., including a long list of other violations of the moral law. If this be so, it is worthy of reflection whether moral and religious agencies do not afford the best means of overcoming the "works of the flesh," and whether to treat any of these as merely a physical disease is not likely to engender, especially in the minds of the young, an idea that they are not morally responsible for the gratification of any appetite or inclination for forbidden or injurious pleasures to which they may be subject. Disease is associated in the mind with incapacity of relief by its victim, except from medical aid, and hence to teach the doctrine that intemperance is a disease, is to impress men with the belief that they can not help indulging to excess if they would At the same time we have no disposition to question the remedial influences of inebriate asylums any more than of other medical treatment which is employed to relieve men of the effects of other vices As to the methods, however, of dealing with intemperance in general, before it has enslaved its victim, we agree with the Washington Star that "the temperance reform accomplishes most good when it confines itself to the same agencies used to propagate the great truths of Christianity—precept and example. Christians or temperance men, made so by law, do not amount to much."

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—A recent convert from the most virulent infidelity told me that in his sober moments he had been often effected by the words of one of their female lecturers on her death bed. Her friends had been urging her to hold on to the last, when the dying woman said:—"Yes, I have no objection to hold on, but will you tell me *what I am to hold on by?*" Ah, there is the fatal want. Infidelity gives nothing to hold on by—no mighty arm to lean on—no gentle hand to grasp—no loving bosom on which to rest an aching head—no 'mouth most sweet' dropping its honeyed words of comfort, and sweetening the bitterness of death with the blessedness of a heaven begun. No, no; infidelity has none of these, and offers no substitute for them. It mocks the needy soul by giving it simply nothing! Alas, that men can be found so insanely wicked as actually to prefer the cold and cheerless delusion to all the joyous realities of a heavenly Father's love.—*Family Treasury.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Evidently Ariadne is not happy. But who is? Nobody is happy who is not conceited. So it happens that only for imperfect characters is reserved the life of perfect enjoyment.—There is no content so all-embracing, so pervading and invigorating as self-content. The philosophers hold out other means of happiness, but they are moonshines to this. The man whose bosom contains a perpetual principle of self-esteem, possesses a balm for every woe.—The blues that so easily beset the rest of humanity are unknown to him. His ways are ways of pleasantness. The winds and the rains may blow and dash against him; the hurricane may shake his window-shutters and topple over his chimneys; but within all is peace. Be conceited and you will be happy.—*"The Old Cabnet;" Scribner's for July.*

THE words in the English language are a compound of several languages. The language may be looked upon as a compilation, both in words and expression, of various dialects. Our law terms are derived from the Norman, our military terms from the French, our scientific terms from the Greek, and our stock of nouns from the Latin, through the medium of the French. Nearly all English verbs are German, and nearly every noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,733 words, of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 3,312 from the French, 1,669 from the Saxon, 2,660 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German, not including verbs, 90 from the Welsh, 75 from the Danish, 56 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 31 from the Swedish, 31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from other languages.

A SCHOOL boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

A LADY in Winnipank recently left the following note for the milkman: "Mr. H——d please to put won qart, and leve me sum more tickts, and if this note shud blo awa, and you kant fine it, plese leve me the tickts all the sam."

POOR GIRL.—A Missouri girl washed all day, made a supper of twelve boiled eggs, and then danced all night. The funeral procession was nearly a mile long.

"HE has left a void that cannot be easily filled," as the bank director tonchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

No man can be witty when he wants to any more than he can be hungry when he wants to—it comes to him, as love does, he can't tell how nor why.

DECORATION DAY—Every day in the life of a fashionable belle.

Woman's Rights.

The following are the opening sentences of an address upon this subject by Mrs. Skinner:

Miss President, feller wimmin and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of disscussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if a man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. (Applause.)

I not only maintain these principles but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well, s'pose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man I would bet $2.50 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib and that went to make something better: (Applause.)

And they throw it in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said: "Twan't me; 'twas her," and woman had to father everything, and mother it, too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. (Sensation.)

A Drink in the Dark.

One night recently Chubb came home very late, and when he went up stairs his wife and children were in bed asleep. He undressed as softly as he could, and then felt thirsty, and thought he would get a drink of water. Fortunately he saw a gobletful standing on the washstand, put there for him by Mrs. Chubb. He seized it and drank the liquid in two or three huge gulps, but just as he was draining the goblet he gagged, dropped the glass to the floor where it was shivered to atoms while he ejected something from his mouth and yelled out, "Mice! mice!—Loui-i-sa, oh, my, Lou-Lou-Lou-i-sa! wake up here, I've swallowed some mice!" He was confirmed in this impression when he saw the object he spit out bounding over the floor. He pursued it, knocking the furniture right and left, and at last put his foot on it and held it. Of course Mrs. C. was wide awake by this time and scared nearly to death, and the baby was screaming at the top of its lungs. She, however, managed to turn on the gas, and said:

"Mr. Chubb, what in the name of common sense is the matter?"

"It's mice, Louisa!—mice in the goblet! I've got my foot on one. Get a stick and kill it quick. O, I'm so sick!"

Mrs. Chubb was at first disposed to get on a chair and scream, for like all women she feared a mouse as much as a tiger.—But she mustered courage, got a stick and prepared to demolish the mouse when he lifted his foot. She aimed a fearful blow at the object and missed it. Then as it did not move, she took a good look at it. Then casting a look of scorn at Chubb she said:

"Go to bed, you old fool, that's not a mouse."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you old simpleton, that's the baby's India rubber bottle stop. I put it in the goblet to keep sweet. You ought to be ashamed of yourself carrying on in this manner at one o'clock at night."

A Sell, Not a Sale.

Amiable shopkeepers deserve to be canonized. Here is an illustration of the trials to which they are constantly subjected. One midsummer day, when Æolus slept, and the thermometer stood in the nineties, a lady entered a store not a thousand miles off, and inquired for parasols. The obliging proprietor spread out before her samples of a large and varied stock.

"Have you any of this shade a size larger?" said the lady.

The size was produced.

"I think on the