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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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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 receive no attention.

LAW CARDS.

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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.

WILLIAM M. SLAY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
☞ Collection of Claims or other Legal business promptly attended to. oct28

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.
Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.
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oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

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No. 73 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
Special attention to DYSPEPSIA, and other Diseases of the Digestive Organs, and DISEASES OF CHILDREN.
☞ Persons at a distance can communicate by mail. jy15-6m

EDUCATIONAL.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE,
CONCORDVILLE, DEL. CO., PA.
Boys $4.50 per week; Girls $4.00. Boys prepared for Yale or Harvard College.
d16y. JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Prin'l.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,
PENNINGTON, N. J.
Terms reduced to suit the times. Only $40 per quarter for full English course.
Address Rev. A. P. LASHER, Principal and Pro. for 24 years. jy29y.

$65 PER QUARTER FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.
BOARDING, SCHOOLING, BOOKS, &c.
No extra charges whatever. Special attention and extra private instruction for backward pupils and young boys. 10 Instructors. English, Classical and Mathematical courses. French and German spoken in language classes. Natural Sciences by Prof. C. S. Gauntt, M. D. Book Keeping and Penmanship by Prof. W. P. Hammond, author of Potter & Hammond's books. Two Lectures a week by Philadelphia Professors, with the finest and fullest apparatus for experiment and illustration. Fine building with 55 rooms. Heated in all stories and lighted with gas, hot and cold water baths and closets in each story.—Gymnasium, &c. Ample grounds. Healthy location.
Circular contains picture of building and full particulars with 100 references and letters from Bayard Taylor, Col. Richard J. Hinton, Gov. John L. Routt, Judge George M. Vanhoesen, Ex-President Hill, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Rev. John Long, Samuel Martin, Ame. J. Peasley, Dr. B. Lippincott, and others.—School 15 miles by rail from 31st and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. 14 daily trains. School coach meets them regularly without charges. School only five minutes from Media Station.
Address SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE,
(Harvard University, A. M.) Media, Pa.
Aug. 19, 1876—tf.

S. B. FOARD,
WITH
BEAN & FOARD,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Coal, Lime,
Agricultural Implements,
Fertilizers, &c., &c.
Large orders for CORN to fill, for which the highest cash price will be paid upon delivery at the several Stations on the Kent Co. R. R., and on the Chester and Sassafras Rivers.
Can be found at the Drug Store of Mr. T. W. Wickes or at the Depot.
Oct. 28, 1876—3m.

BEAN & FOARD,
MASSEYS,
MD.,
Dealers in GRAIN, COAL, LIME,
FERTILIZERS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Hardware, Seeds, etc., etc.
Highest price paid for Wheat, Corn and Oats.
OFFICES: MASSEYS, MD., and CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Oct. 28—y

Notice to FARMERS.
WHEAT. CORN. OATS.
100,000 BUSH. CORN WANTED,
for which the highest market price will be paid upon delivery in the cars.
The undersigned are also dealers in
SCHUYLKILL,
CHESTER VALLEY
WRIGHTSVILLE
and NORTH RIVER
LIME
Schuylkill, Lehigh and Bituminous
COAL.
☞ Cash Paid for Country Produce, Fish, Oysters, &c. Poultry must be dressed dry picked for Phila. and New York markets.
☞ We give personal attention to the above business, and are determined to spare no effort to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.
☞ OFFICE with Hubbard Bros., manufacturers of Hubbard's Standard Bone Superphosphate, Chestertown.
oc21-6m. B. F. FLEMING.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1877,
A DWELLING and STORE HOUSE at Chesterville, with Garden, Stable and Carriage House. Terms reasonable.
Apply to F. M. GOODING, Agent,
s16-tf. Crumpton, Md.

Brown and Black Cashmeres (all wool) from 50c. to 1 25. Black Alpacas at 25, 31, 37½, 45 and 50c. S. M. REYNOLDS,
s30-2m Middletown Del.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 37. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877. No. 40.

PUBLIC SALE
OF A
RAIL-ROAD!

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, to enforce the first lien and mortgage, the undersigned as Trustees, will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, in the Porch of the Voshell House in CHESTERTOWN, Maryland, kept by S. V. Farson, on

THURSDAY,
The 15th day of FEBRUARY, 1877
Commencing at Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
The following described RAIL ROAD PROPERTY on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, commonly called

The Kent County Railroad.

The Company was chartered by an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, on the 8th of March, 1856, and several supplementary Acts relating thereto have been since passed by the General Assembly of Maryland; all which Acts may be found among the published laws of the State;

Together with all the ESTATE, PROPERTY, FRANCHISES, RIGHTS and CHARTERED PRIVILEGES belonging, attached, or appurtenant to said Road, including a lot of RAILS which have been removed from the road bed.

The MAIN STEM of this road now built rom Chestertown to Massey's Cross Roads,

20 Miles in Length,

is connected with the Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road, and with the Townsend Branch of the Delaware Rail Road, and also with the Bombay Hook road leading from Masseys to Clayton, on the Delaware Road.

The number of acres of land condemned is about Eight Acres to the mile, or

About 160 ACRES,

besides land for Depots and Sidings.

There are Stations at Worton, Lynch's Still Pond, Kennedyville, Black's, Lambson's, and Buildings at all of them. The Depot at Chestertown contains upwards of two acres, where there is a Turn-Table, and several buildings.

ALSO,

All that part of the Kent Co. Rail Road between Worton Station and the main road leading from Chestertown by the Fancy Farm, and intersecting said road at or near Watson's on the Whittington Farm, a distance of between three and four miles. This part of the road is in full operation.

ALSO,

all the Right and Title of the Kent County Railroad Co. to the Railroad leading from Massey's to the Delaware line, being part of the route from Massey's to Clayton, and from Clayton to Bombay Hook, about three miles to the Delaware Line.

ALSO,

all that portion of the Kent County Railroad which begins at the Depot, near Chestertown, and runs to Chester River, through the lands of Mr. J. N. Usilton and others, together with

A Large and Substantial WHARF,

on Chester River, at navigable water.

ALSO,

all the right of the said Kent County Railroad as located from the point on the Fancy road, at Watson's Farm, to the lands of Thomas R. Brown's heirs and devisees, at a place called Herring Pond, at the Chesapeake Bay, all of which but a fraction of a mile has been graded.

ALSO,

all that portion of the Kent County Railroad leading from Chestertown through the lands of Messrs. J. N. Usilton, Dr. T. H. Wheland, Judge Wickes and others, to a farm belonging to the Rev. Samuel W. Thomas, near Belair, a distance of about four and a-half miles. The Track has been laid about two-thirds of the distance, and the whole graded and bridged.

Will also be offered at Public Sale at the same time and place,

AL THE ROLLING STOCK
of said road, consisting of HAND CARS;
Also, the WATER TANK, PUMP, FROGS, TOOLS, SWITCHES, SPIKES, &c.

This road has been laid with about 2,300 Tons of good Iron, and about 61,000 Ties, mostly White Oak, and the best Fish Plates have been used.

The Trains are running daily on the most of the road, which is located through one of the finest farming regions in the United States, and is in an improving state. Peach and other Fruits are grown of the best quality and in abundance, and Grain and the grasses grow finely. If the road could be completed to the Chesapeake Bay, with a steamer connecting its advantages with Baltimore City, it would open a travel and commerce that would be remunerative to the owners. It is now doing a good business.

Terms of Sale.

The terms of sale are, one-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustees; the balance to be paid in two equal instalments in one and two years from the day of sale, with interest at six per cent. from the day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the Trustees by bonds or notes with approved security.

GEORGE B. WESTCOTT,
GEO. W. T. PERKINS,
GEORGE VICKERS,
TRUSTEES.
Chestertown, Md., Dec. 30, 1876—ts.

WANTED
THE PUBLIC TO KNOW THAT
WM. C. A. THOMPSON
☞ HAS REMOVED ☜
To the CORNER STORE Up Town,
lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Vandyke, where he will be pleased to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
NOTIONS, &c.
Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICE.
Remember THOMPSON'S object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.
Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 6, 1877. Up Town.

FOR SALE
TWO GILLING SKIFFS,
18 ft. long, with sails and oars, at the head of Still Pond Creek, will sell the two for $75 cash, both together or separate.
Apply to JOHN H. COZZIN.
Dec. 9, 1876—6t.

ATTENTION! FARMERS!!
I am prepared to furnish the Tarred Fodder Yarn for 9c. per lb. by coil.
JOS E. WEER,
Oct. 21, 1876. Kennedyville.

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below,
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band,
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear.
Luminous the crown and holy
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

AUNT PRUE'S NEW-YEAR DINNER.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

"Sour bread again, dear," said, or rather growled, Walter Allison, a rising young lawyer, as he pushed his plate away.

"Do you think it is sour Wally?" It seems to me only to taste a little of the yeast."

"Yeast? There's always an excuse, you know. It wasn't yeast that made the coffee bitter yesterday."

"But it hasn't been bitter before for months."

"It should never be. It seems to me a woman has time enough to attend thoroughly to all these trifling matters. I never knew my aunt Prue to make a mistake. Pray, write to her, and get her receipt for bread. It was the lightest, sweetest—"

He looked up in astonishment. Bessy, his loving little Bessy, had rushed from the room.

"Always Aunt Prue! Always Aunt Prue!" cried Bessy, walking the floor of her chamber, distractedly. "I'm so tired of fault-finding, when I'm doing my best. I'm almost sorry—but no, I will not say that. "For better, for worse." Oh, dear me! I'll write to Aunt Prue, and tell her all about it."

As she sat down to her little writing-desk, a thought occurred to her, which provoked a perplexed and yet amused smile, and her pen was set speedily at work. We will only copy a sentence or two:

"I know that "Wally" is the apple of your eye, as, indeed, he is of mine; but he has been so accustomed to your excellent housekeeping, to "be cooked and cared for," as he says, by his dear Aunt Prue, that he is a little, just a little, exacting. I know I was a poor housekeeper when we were first married, and then he was so very patient that I could not but try my best to improve; and having put heart and will in the work, I think my efforts have been successful. Indeed I do my best to please him, but—

"You cannot tell with what delight I look forward to your long promised visit. We have talked of it for weeks—baby, Walter and I—and our little one has learned some sweet words of welcome for Aunt Prue. They sound so prettily from her cherry lips!

"But to the point. Walter is a good husband. Oh, don't think I like to speak of a single fault; but I must tell you how he disheartens me. When I think I have seasoned some favorite dish entirely to his liking, he is sure to find that I fail in something. "Wait till Aunt Prue comes." "Just ask Aunt Prue how she does this or that," or, "I'd give half I'm worth"—which ain't much poor fellow—"to taste one of Aunt Prue's nice dinners." Now, Aunty, as we expect you here next week, for the New Year's holidays, I have been thinking of asking you if you will cook the New-Year's Day dinner, without Walter's knowledge, of course.

"Saucy minx!" I fancy you will be tempted to say; and indeed I believe it is a little impertinent; but, nevertheless, I hope you will accede to the request, because you see I am almost desperate.

"There is some humor in the arrangement, too, as I look at it, and I know you enjoy fun. So please say "Yes." Then we shall see if Walter's criticisms are just or whether that odious wolf-habit has fastened its fangs so strongly upon my dear, good husband, that he is almost, or quite unconscious of his fault."

Such was part of the letter received by Miss Prue Webster, and which she read by her cheerful open grate.

"The poor child!" she murmured, taking off her spectacles. "The pretty, proud little thing! Wally must have transgressed, indeed, to bring out a complaint like that, for under all the playfulness there is a cry that goes to my heart. I know how it is, for his father was so before him. Yes, he must have a lesson, and Bessy has hit upon just the thing.—How much I shall enjoy his criticisms, either way!"

So she wrote to the niece she had never met in person, that she would cook the first dinner, and then refreshed her imagination by looking at Bessy's photograph.

She had well called her a proud, pretty little thing. Such sweetness and such pride are seldom combined in the same countenance. Every feature was replete with beauty of its kind; the nose straight and delicate, the lips firm, yet tenderly arched; the eyes smiling and lustrous; the face a perfect oval; and, to crown all, the soft, wavy hair thrown carelessly from the low brow, and braided into a massive coronet. This was the picture of which Walter had written just two years ago, as follows:

"It is not half as beautiful as the original; color, motion and grace are wanting. But oh, Aunty, she is a thousand times too good and too lovely for me. Shall I ever be worthy of such a treasure?"

"And now, since she has condescended to step down from the pedestal of worship, and care for and cook for him, he must needs find fault with every effort she makes to please his fastidious palate," she said, indignantly, "I'll give him a lesson. And she indulged her sense of amusement by contemplating the sort of punishment she intended to mete out to her erring nephew.

The 30th of December came, and when Walter returned home at night, he said:

"I had a telegram this morning. Aunt Prue will be here by the seven o'clock train to-morrow. I suppose you have everything ready?"

"Quite ready," was Bessy's reply "and very anxious to make her comfortable.—Would you like to see her room?"

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," said Walter, who had come home in an exceptionally good humor; and, taking little Lulu on his shoulder, the child crowing with delight, he followed his wife up stairs, thinking very probably he might be able to suggest some improvement. It was his way to suggest alterations, rather than to speak well of what was already done.

"Don't you think you've looped the curtains too low?" he queried. "And isn't it rather childish to tie them with blue?"

"I thought blue was your favorite color," said Bessy, who had fancied her arrangement of the bay-window a masterpiece.

"Yes; but—you see the hanging basket in the centre, being necessarily composed of green plants and vines, makes the contrast unpleasant."

"True enough," said Bessy, with the least possible tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "I might have looped them with green. But then, you see, I must have draped the toilet-table with green; and the carpet, happening to be blue and fawn, perhaps the contrast might have been still more unpleasant. Shall I take the basket down. You know you said your aunt was fond of plants."

"Perhaps, if she is, she may not like them in her bed-room. However, let the thing be," he added, graciously. I would loop the curtains a foot higher, though."

"And spoil it all," said Bessy, almost petulantly, for she often of late found herself inclined to "snap," under the constant succession of mildly but very irritating criticisms, in which her husband indulged.

"No—render the effect a hundred times prettier. But no matter, I am a man, and I suppose my opinion goes for nothing. Still I would like to see the curtains changed.

Little Lulu meantime, applauded her mother's handiwork with loud acclamations. "Pitty, pitty!" she cried pursing up her rosy mouth, and clapping her baby-hands, as she looked from point to point.

"Wouldn't blue have looked better upon the bed?" asked Walter, whose wide glances could find no fault with all the other arrangements.

"It seems to me white would be more appropriate," Bessy made answer; "but if you prefer the blue, I will put it on."

"Most decidedly!" said Walter delighted with this concession. "I knew the room wanted something, and that was it. I am sure you will be better pleased yourself. It won't be much trouble. You've all day to-morrow, and I particularly want Aunt Prue to be pleased. From what I have said of you, she will have no ordinary expectation as to your taste and ability. So, do me honor."

It was always ME with lordly Walter Allison. Bessy looked up in the face of her tall, handsome, stalwart, husband, as he stood there, so kingly in his beauty, the lovely babe still smiling from his shoulder; one chubby arm encircling the neck; one dimpled, white fingered hand half hidden in his luxurious whiskers.

Superb in his royal privileges as dictator and commander, how could he fathom the expression of that too pale, yet tender face, whose sweet serenity his thoughtless fault finding so often clouded? And yet she was grieving that moment because he seldom praised her.

The next day Aunt Prue came punctually, at seven in the evening. Bessy, the baby, everything, looked charming by gas-light. As to Aunt Prue, Bessy's first longing was to fall on her bosom, and feel herself encircled by such an embrace as she fancied her mother would have given her; for Bessy's mother had been in heaven many years.

Aunt Prue was very weary, being unused to travelling, and declined supper, taking only a cup of milk, and retiring almost immediately.

"How do you like her?" asked Walter.

"Very much. I am sure I shall love her dearly, before long."

"I think you will. Has she not a lovely face? She is not as beautiful as my mother was, but she has always seemed like a mother to me. We must try to make her visit enjoyable. The only thing I tremble about is, the table—the fare. Of course, you will do the best you can, but there is a knack about these things, I might almost say a genius, which only the favored few possess. I was glad she declined the supper; she is so very particular about her tea. I dread to-morrow's dinner more than I can tell. It will be New Year, and we ought to have something fine."

"Why should you dread it?" asked Bessy looking up.

"Oh, I am sure you will do your best. I believe you always do your best," he repeated, in a way that intimated quite plainly, "but the best is so poor!" Bessy smiled, but he did not see her.

"You think I am very particular about my food," he went on. "Wait till you taste some of Aunt Prue's dishes, and you will understand why. Food well cooked and assimilated has much to do with the spiritual, as well as the physical being of a man. It makes the monster good natured, too. Why, I have tasted a bitter cup of coffee all day, and, likely as not, been cross to my clerks on account of it. So you see how much depends on the *cuisine*. Now, suppose we make out a bill of fare."

The next morning, at breakfast, Walter made a wry face three times, and quite as many excuses for everything that was served. Aunt Prue said nothing, though she enjoyed her meal. But she took mental notes.

Bessy did not look as well by daylight; an expression of fatigue pervaded her whole being. The baby had been restless. Walter's way evidently annoyed her. She had worked too hard at this well arranged breakfast.

"I will go now, and make my New Year's calls," said Walter, as he arose from the table. "That will give you, Bessy, and Aunt Prue, a good, long morning together."

"It isn't possible that you do all the cooking?" said Aunt Prue, as the two women left the dining-room, Bessy holding the heavy baby.

"The girl helps me a little," was Bessy's reply, "and is willing to do more; but Walter is always dissatisfied with her cooking. Indeed, Aunt Prue, it is a great pleasure for me—if I could only please him; but since baby came, it is not always possible. I had a nurse for a time, but Walter objects to a nurse; and it *is* hard to get a good one."

"How often do you go out?" asked Aunt Prue.

"How often? Oh, dear me! I haven't been outside the house for months, hardly," was the answer, with a nervous little laugh.

"How men do yoke and goad their angels!" said Aunt Prue, half to herself.

"What did you say, Aunt Prue?"

"I was thinking of an expression in one Walter's love letters."

"Oh!" And Bessy's cheeks grew radiant with a girlish blush.

"I mean one of his letters to me, when he was in love, and in which he makes mention of a certain angel."

"Indeed?" And Bessy laughed in her olden fashion.

"We must take him in hand," said Aunt Prue, seriously. "This "all work and no play" will never answer. I'm sure, my dear, if you always give him half such nice meals as that this morning, he has no right to complain."

"But you saw—" said Bessy timidly.

"Yes, yes, I saw that he was trying to make the food less palatable by under-rating it. But never mind; we'll try and establish a cure. Now, to-day I'll get up one of my best dinners, and you shall do nothing but look on. Just give me a kitchen apron, my dear, and wish me good speed."

They had a merry time of it that morning. Baby was happy and jolly under the superintendence of her mother; the oven worked to a charm, and everything was in readiness for the lord of the household, who awaited dinner with more than a little trepidation, quite unconscious that the aunt, paler than usual from exertion, and the wife over-flushed from anticipation, had changed places expressly on his account.

So they sat down to dinner, each one more or less expectant. Walter ran his eye over the table.

"Bessy, dear, I don't think it's an improvement to stack the knives and forks over the napkins, like a parcel of guns," he said. "Tell Mary I like the other way the best. Ah, quite too rare, I'm afraid!" as he plunged his knife into the beef.—"Aunt Prue, I'm afraid I can't suit you to-day. I remember how thoroughly your roasts were always done, and yet were juicy. The gravy is browner than usual," he added dipping into the dish. "I don't know about the butter-beans; yours were always delicious." And so on to the end of the chapter. At every dish there was some hint or glance of disparagement, and it was all Bessy could do, with her almost painful sense of the ludicrous, to keep from laughing outright, as occasionally Aunt Prue's speaking eyes met hers.

"I'm so sorry, Aunt Prue," said Bessy, at last, mustering all the gravity she could command, "that after having taken the trouble to get up this nice dinner expressly for Walter, he should have found fault with everything you have done."

"What?" cried Walter, explosively, half rising, and looking from one to the other.

"My dear! after your cooking, I expected he would," said Aunt Prue, quietly. "The samples you gave of your powers this morning, was quite beyond my poor efforts."

Then a bright red flush covered the man's face, even to his brow. Were these two women making sport of him? Had he heard aright? In his own opinion he was one of the most acute men alive. That nobody could deceive him, had always been a favorite maxim of his.

"I wanted to make the experiment," said Aunt Prue, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "and I find, Walter, that you have been quite spoiled by your wife."

"Bessy, Aunt Prue? you didn't tell me? "Oh, hang it!" And he turned away, too deeply mortified to express himself fittingly.

"Pray, don't mind it," said Aunt Prue. "You know, my dear, I am getting a little old-fashioned."

But Walter received his lesson. He was too keen not to see that it had been purposely given; and he was man enough to feel profoundly ashamed of himself.—Indeed, in time, he confessed as much, and applauded the ingenuity that had so completely taken the ground from under his feet.

Aunt Prue's visit proved so delightful to all parties, that she made arrangements to remain with them an indefinite time; and henceforth Bessy's cares were lightened, and she became, as in former days, the angel and blessing of home. But she always maintained that she owed something of it, at least, to AUNT PRUE'S NEW-YEAR'S DINNER.

A YOUNG woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there was some questions to ask. "Suppose," said the lady, "now only suppose, understand, that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?" The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking, "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?" "Boarders," answered the lady. "Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl. She was engaged.

MANSFIELD ISLAND, in Lake Erie, has been bought by a man who intends to stock it with black cats, and kill their progeny for their fur. He will feed them at first on fish caught off the shore by men who will live on the Island; but after the enterprise is well started he will utilize the meat of the slaughtered cats as food for the living cats. We also read that a Georgian is making an extensive business of raising dogs, tanning the hides, and selling the leather for glove making and other purposes.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY is credited with saying, "A young wife is like a skittish colt—there is no telling when and where it will kick."

SPARE THAT "DORG!"

A DELAWAREAN'S APPEAL.

"Noble little Delaware" is agitated, terribly agitated over the *dog* question, and the appeals of some of her *statesmen* and letter writers in behalf of the canine race are touching in the extreme. The poetic appeal of—

"Woodman! spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now," &c.,

is no comparison to the following in prose by a prominent gentlemen in a recent letter to the Delawafe *Gazette*. He begins with this statement of *values*, which is somewhat surprising to us, as we had always supposed that sheep husbandry was profitable:

"Now with all the abuse of dogs, and all the bolstering up of sheep, last summer the wool buyers at Middletown for some of those woollen manufacturers paid the large and liberal sum of twenty cents a pound for wool, and there are many sheep that do not produce more than three pounds, and a fair average is four or five pounds; then you have from sixty cents, eighty cents and one dollar as the product of one sheep one year, and deduct ten cents for shearing and taking the wool to market, and you have from fifty to ninety cents for keeping the sheep an entire year, clear of the lambs, and they are very uncertain. Now it is proposed to tax dogs heavily, or shoot and destroy them, for the introduction of the most cowardly of all known stock, and also unprofitable, and of this the farmers well know, and therefore that is the reason farmers do not increase the number."

And now comes the *gist* of the appeal, which must touch a tender chord in the heart of all lovers of the "dorg:"

"Now dogs are the countrymen's police; watch his owner's life and property while he is asleep; bite any of his stock when ordered to. Now this law *prevents a dog obeying his master, and many small dogs from obeying their mistress*, who may have little dogs to run chickens out of the garden, or catch a chicken when one is wanted to broil. This Ray dog law is worse than the old Blue Laws of Connecticut, which did not allow a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, or a man to take a chew of tobacco unless he was fifteen miles from nowhere. And further, it says if a man refuses to pay $1.25 tax on a dog the constable shall go on the owner's premises and shoot said dog. Now what liberty would there be left the people if the Delaware Legislature could empower a constable in New Castle county to go on a man's property and shoot his dog? For if they can give power to shoot a dog, they can give power to shoot a horse, an ox, or any other property."

Then follows this dire threat of vengeance upon all enemies of the "dorg:"

"Now I will say this to my friend Ray: If you get this bill passed pass another bill compelling the levy court of our own county to appoint one or two hundred extra constables in this dog district, for I am satisfied when the said constable goes on a man's property after being forbid to enter, and often against this notice enters said premises and shoots an owner's dog, said owner in a very large number of cases will shoot said constables. Therefore a large number will be needed, and make the Coroner's office worth looking after. *Mind a Delaware Legislature is not supreme*, for half the laws passed, in a legal point of view, are not worth the paper it takes to write them on."

The writer closes with this sublime argument:

"Instead of dogs being proscribed and taxed, they should be left free and untrammeled, for there is no other beast so near in sympathy with man as the dog; he lays on the door step and guards his master's life while he sleeps; he bites what his master tells him, and if some cowardly sheep happens to be in his way when he is hungry, and he happens to eat one of them, it is but a small sin compared with his many good acts. If these sheep raisers would have a good pen and put their cowardly sheep up every night, there would be none killed; but it is laziness and neglect to put them up. I was told by our assessor the other day that there was 400 dogs in Appoquinimink hundred, 150 belonging to white people, and 250 to black people; that there had been sixty dollars in all collected, one-third or twenty dollars of which went to the school fund; the collector got six dollars for collecting, and the assessor ten cents ahead, or forty dollars for assessing, thus the levy court had to pay out six dollars as loss to the county. All dog laws that I have ever known in Delaware are unpopular, and last year it was said the Democratic party in Sussex county was in danger of defeat on account of a dog law. Now Mr. Ray do not jeopardize the party in this county, if you do yourself, with a dog law. You had better let the sheepists blate."

A GOOD story is told of a well-known Broad street broker, who, on his way home from the club the other evening, managed to occupy considerably more than two-thirds of the Madison avenue sidewalk. In this predicament he was met by two seedy individuals, who first relieved him of his watch, and then tumbled him over into the snow. As he lay there shouting for help, two other individuals came along and inquired: "What's the matter?" "Why," said the broker, "here I've—hic—been robbed of my—hic—watch." "Didn't they take your money?" asked the strangers. "Don't know," said the broker, feeling in his breast pocket for his wallet. "No, here 'tis—hic—money's all right." "Well, we'll take that then," said the strangers, as they seized the wallet and disappeared around the first corner.—*Advertiser.*

WHILE he was sitting on the Wood-box and chewing the bitter end of reflection, a man with a brass watch chain and a three-dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their satchels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right but they always will be done.

DR. HENRY PIGEON, of England, uses sulpher externally and internally for scarlet fever.

Life's Measure.

"He liveth long who liveth well,"
So ran the legend terse and bold;
To keep this truth in mind were well,
For truth is better kept than gold.

The one will perish in an hour;
One never dies; but bright and pure
As Heaven itself, when earthly power
Has passed, forever shall endure.

Not by the years of life is told
The length of life, but by the zeal
And kindly works, as, growing old,
Men for each other do and feel.

His life is long whose work is well,
And, be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell
Lives longest, though he soonest die.

Then, as the swift-winged moments speed,
Freight them with wealth of truth and love,
With garnered sheaves of thought and deed
For the glad harvest-home above.

Within the rankling breast of Hate,
In desert ways where no flowers bloom,
In scenes where folly sits in state,
In wan-faced Sorrow's house of gloom,

Sow love, and taste its fruitage sweet,
Sow smiles, and see the desert spring,
Sow wisdom for its harvest meet,
Sow sunlight for the joy 'twill bring.

—H. H. BROWNE.

Return of Jews to Palestine.

The year 1877 is likely to do more than the astrologers find promised in its two lucky figure sevens; it will probably witness the birth of several new nations. They may be born amid the pangs of war, though to-day the signs are more auspicious; but they will be born. Not only will one, more probably two, constitutional and maternally protected nations be born within the limits of Ottoman suzerainty, but Egypt will be remade by England. The new scheme of widening the Suez Canal really means the colonizing of Egypt with many of the ablest Englishmen and the renovation of the Khedive's Government. The keen instinct of the Jews has forefelt what is coming. I wrote you some time ago that a remarkable migration to Palestine was going on among that people, and that the signs of it were observable in many closed Jewish homes in London. A traveler who has just returned here writes in to-day's *Times* that he found the whole region from Dan to Beersheba crowded with immigrant Jews from all parts of the world. Whatever may have caused the gathering of Jews at Palestine, the fact is certain. And the traveller who has remarked it no doubt represents the hope he found among them in his intimation that England might well assist in the restoration of Jerusalem and the foundation there of a Jewish republic, or other liberal Government. The proposition is one likely to spread like wildfire. The average orthodox Christian world will at once recognize the Divine hand stretched forth to fulfill prophecy, and any amount of money could be raised there for such a purpose. When Egypt and Syria are taken in hand it will become at once necessary to reduce Arabia to order. The world has been so absorbed in nearer Turkish affairs as hardly to have noticed that Arabia is at present the arena of civil war.

"UP SALT RIVER."—The origin of the expression "Up Salt River," as applied to a defeated political party, was as follows: Davy Crockett, the famous Kentucky Congressman, while a Whig candidate, was challenged by his Democratic opponent to meet him on the stump in joint discussion. Crockett accepted, and the day and place were fixed, but Crockett did not appear, and the people thinking him afraid to do so, rallied for his opponent and elected him. It afterwards turned out that Crockett, who had started for the place in a canoe propelled by a negro, had been landed in the forest at the head waters of Salt river, by his treacherous guide, who then swiftly paddled down the stream. Crockett was too good a hunter to starve in the wilderness, but he was totally unable to reach the appointed place in time, and gave it up, and with it his chance of election. Hence the phrase "Up Salt River"—meaning that a party is hopelessly defeated.

Crockett, however, was more lucky two years afterwards, being elected by a handsome majority.

AMERICAN PHYSIQUE.—Statistics have been recently furnished in regard to the size and development of Americans, which are of interest. They serve to dissipate a good many unfounded notions that have crept into the general mind, and have obtained wide credence. These statistics were compiled from those taken in examining men for the army. Toward the close of the war, when the average age of soldiers was the highest, there were examined 10,162 men, of whom 6,359 were native born, 580 Canadians, 454 Englishmen, 1,217 Irishmen, 1,343 Germans. The mean height of the Americans was the greatest, 5 feet 7.29 inches; of the Canadians, 5 feet 7.5 inches; of the Englishmen, 5 feet 6 3 inches; of the Irishmen, 5 feet 6.5 inches; of the Germans, 5 feet 5.9 inches. The difference between the Germans—who were the shortest—and the Americans—who were the tallest—was almost two inches.

WORTH TRYING.—In Pontus, so tradition saith, it was permissible for man and wife to divorce themselves by mutual consent; but before so doing, or the divorce ratified by the proper tribunal, they had to live together for the space of two weeks in the same room, the furniture of which consisted only of one bed, one chair, one dish and one spoon. If, at the expiration of two weeks, they still demand that a separation must take place, their demand was complied with, but in the great majority of cases it was found out by the parties, after being furnished with but a single convenience of any kind for that length of time, that they could manage to get along together in peace.

If this plan was adopted in this country the number of divorce cases would be greatly diminished.

THIS is a Boston advertisement of 1808: "Much wanted—A neat, well-behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small family at Charleston, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the fish kettle; may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Eliss Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers. Inquire at the Repertory Office, Boston.

The average age of those lost in the Brooklyn theatre was only 21 years.

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. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Call for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"What's this "Somerard" affair all about Pa?" inquired Burdock's eldest daughter of him the other day, as the family were sitting around the table, after it had been cleared of the supper dishes.

"Why in the world, Nellie, don't you read the papers and keep yourself posted, and be able to converse fluently upon the topics of the day, like everybody else?" he asked sharpening his razor on a strap for the morning's use.

"I don't have any time, pa, to read all about such things," said the young lady, sorting her worsted for the motto she was working.

"Time!—why, hang it, you've got time enough to learn the Chinese language, if you'd a mind to try," he remarked, trying the edge of his razor on a hair.

"Well, nobody expects a girl to know all the stuff that's in the papers," remarked his fair daughter.

"That's just where you're mistaken girl. Every person ought to know what's passing around them, and be able to express their opinions," said the old gentleman, putting up his razor and going off to bed.

One day last week the girl wanted a new Fall hat, and remembering her parental's remarks she hunted up a couple of old papers and set herself to work to master their contents. After a couple of hours study she laid them aside, and smiled gently to herself as she thought how she would astonish and please the old man and how he would cheerfully launch out his pocket-book and count down the ducats for the proposed new bonnet. So great was her impatience to exhibit her knowledge that she could hardly wait till he had finished his supper before she remarked:

"So Tweed's got back, pa."

"Yes, dear; they've got him safe enough at last," he replied, looking at her with a slightly surprised look.

"I see he had a very stormy passage in the Herald yacht," she observed, tinkling her knife and fork together.

"Steamer Franklin, you mean, not Herald yacht," he corrected pleasantly.

"And so they put him back in jail?" she continued.

"Yes, dear," he said, looking more and more astonished at her.

"But it's a pity they didn't find the boy with him, isn't it?"

"What boy Nellie?" he asked.

"Why, wasn't he the man that stole poor little Charley Ross?" she asked simply.

"Hadn't any more to do with it than the man in the moon," he replied, his face clouding over with disappointment again.

His daughter kept quiet after this for a few moments, then as he took his seat in the easy chair near the fire and stroked the cat, she handed him his slippers and remarked—

"So South Carolina's been decided