msa_sc2901_scm1624-0644 ©Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

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

Vol. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1881. No. 40.

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.

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
☞ ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

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. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

LEWIN USILTON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 11th day of January, 1881.

HARRIETT M. USILTON,
JOSEPH R. USILTON,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS BAKER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

CHAS. H. BAKER,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN MASLIN,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of July, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

SAMUEL CACY,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES A. MORRIS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

L. M. BEAN,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. *Adm'r.*

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the Sale of the Real Estate of John Mitchell, (colored,) made and reported by CHAS. C. STRONG, Collector of Taxes for 1878, for the Fifth Election District of Kent County.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with; it is this seventeenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by this Court, that the sale made and reported by Charles C. Strong, collector of Taxes for 1878, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the First day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County aforesaid, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the first day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of Henry Clarkson's heirs, made by THOS. C. MASLIN, collector of Taxes for 1879, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law having been complied with, it is this seventeenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by the Court that the sale made and reported by Thomas C. Maslin, collector of Taxes for the year 1879, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shewn on or before the first day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted and published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks on or before the First day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the Sale of the Real Estate of Henry Clarkson's heirs, made and reported by CHAS. C. STRONG, collector of Taxes for the years 1877 and 1878 respectively, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with, it is this nineteenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by the Court that the sale made and reported by Chas. C. Strong, collector of Taxes for 1877 and 1878, respectively, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the second day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks on or before the first day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

A GOOD TIME-PIECE is a pleasure in any family. Keeps the men folks in a good humor, because meals are always ready. If you need one the best place to buy cheap is at SPARKS', opposite Court House.
oc9.

FOR cheap BOOTS or SHOES call on J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 6.

For the New Year

GOOD GOODS at LOWEST PRICES!

J. H. SIMPERS,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
Dealer in

DRY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, FLANNELS, KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Skirts, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES! BOOTS and SHOES!

A SPECIALTY—at Lowest Prices.

Hats and Caps,
Carpets and Oil Cloths.

GROCERIES:—Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, &c.

Full Stock! Lowest Cash Prices!

☞ Be sure to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
Jan. 22, 1881. J. H. SIMPERS.

1881 *WHEATLEY'S* **1881**

UP TOWN GROCERY.

We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a

Full line of GROCERIES

Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.

Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c.

A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar-cured Hams* kept on hand.

Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.

We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.

WHEATLEY BROS.,
jan3. Corner Store, Up Town.

New Goods! New Goods!

And you can buy Goods as Low as the Lowest, at

J. A. PERKINS'.

New Currants, Raisins, Citron, Mince-Meat, Cranberries, Prunes, Nuts of all kinds, Canned Goods, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Candies.

Also, a Fresh supply of PROVISIONS. Canned Tomatoes, String Beans, Peas, Corn, Peaches, Crabs, &c.

The best New York Buckwheat by bag, barrel or pound, at low figures.

Home-made Sausage, Hams, Shoulders, Side Bacon, Pure Cream Cheese, Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Onions, Salt by sack or smaller quantity. Also, Clifton Mills, Pontaxat and Kirkwood Flour, by bag, barrel or pound. Mackerel by barrel or kit, or smaller quantity; Smoked or Salt Herring; Corned Shad, which we sell at close figures.

J. A. PERKINS,
Opposite the new M. E. Church.
Country Produce wanted for cash or trade.
Dec. 4, 1880.

Read and Remember

—THAT—

JAMES A. SHAW

Has just returned from the city with a large lot of

BOOTS & SHOES,
FURNITURE,

Express Wagons, Leather for half soles, Pump Leather, Shoe Findings, and

Seasonable Goods.

Cigars and Tobacco, all of which will be sold at a very small advance.

Flour by the barrel, sack or pound.

JAMES A. SHAW.
d18. COURT STREET.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,
&c, &c.,

No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.

J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

GARDNER PERFORATED **CHAIR SEATS,** Cheap at LOUIS K. STAM'S,
apr3. *Furniture Store.*

CENTENNIAL and VICTOR COOK STOVES, acknowledged to be the best Cook Stove in the market. For sale by
oc23. THOS. L. HINES & Co.

OLD LETTERS.

My letters! written in my earnest boyhood
To one who left us but the other day,
And I am sitting here, and try to read them
Through tears I do not care to brush away.
Tears for my friend, and tears, ah! much more bitter,
For him, myself, the self that is as dead
As he to whom these faded things were written
E'er youth and trust had from my living fled.

It was myself, remember that, who wrote them.
Read them once more, and not the noble life,
The vast endeavor, and the desperate struggle
To rise above the grovellers in the strife;
The sacrifice of self for good of others;
The passion at the sufferings of the poor;
The angry fight 'gainst pride and sin and riches;
The looking onward when the prize was sure.

Ours, too, the hands to ease the overladen,
Ours the strong voices whose sweet words of truth
Should e'er compel a hearing from the people
Who now but scoffed at our impetuous youth.
The world awakened, soon would grow much better;
Soon sin and sorrow, dying in the dust,
Would vanish from the earth before the sunlight
Flashed from our swords, whose blades should never rust.

Yet he is dead, and I am old and tired,
I do not care if all the world be sin;
I listen dully to my sons' loud vauntings
Of that bright future they are sure to win.
Ah! burn the letters. As they fall to ashes
Methinks they're like our fading mortal dreams,
Words upon words, and little of fulfilment
Of all was promised by our youth's bright gleams!

—*All the Year Round.*

THE WIFE'S REPROOF.

A great many people seem to delight in finding fault, especially in their own homes. Their food is always too salt or too fresh, too rich or too plain, burned or undone. The house is invariable too warm or too hot; their clothes either fit too tightly or too loosely. They either have corns on their feet or else shoes "a mile too large." The atmosphere is stifling, or rather too breezy, and there is nothing on earth worth living for. Such people must be most miserable; they never know what will suit them, nor is any one able to anticipate their needs—they are slaves to a deplorable habit, from which they find it almost impossible to ever break away. Occasionally some one succeeds in breaking up their selfish, disagreeable habit which threatens to destroy all domestic peace. Such an occasion is long remembered in the family, though the fact is seldom chronicled for the benefit of others. Here, however, is a story concerning fault-finding that was written in the olden time:

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine, large codfish, and sent it home to his wife, with directions to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode was described, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it several different ways. She also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leaf eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish.

"Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying she lifted the cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were deposited in a dish, a sight of which would make an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he.

"Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife with a smile immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," she said, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a bull frog of portentious dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length.

Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little astonished at the unexpected apparation.

"My dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. He declared that she should never again have occasion to read him another such lesson and he was as good as his word.

IT IS SO HARD for some minds to rest in a spiritual Christianity? Show us a sign! Tip a table or materialize a spirit! Cure incurable diseases, and settle by divine revelation the location of a church or the election of a school trustee! To such people Christianity is nothing unless it can run a saw-mill or tear the veil off all that God hides from our sight. But the real office of Christianity is to save men from their sins, purify their natures and exalt their affections to spiritual things. And this is the greater, sublimer task. The old heathenism and idolatry cry out for signs, and bend down to dumb things, and rest in the life of sense. No! it is not a step forward, but a great march backward, to be oiling people's religion at Knock or Boston.

"WE do not know," says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, "what church he belongs to, or whether any; but he threw ashes upon his icy sidewalk, and for this act of Christian benevolence deserves honorable mention."

A MUTUAL BENEFIT.

THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN GIRL

A young girl, thrown on the world, her own living to make and no recognized qualifications for such a duty! What was to be done?

Ella Vincent sat asking herself: "What shall I do?" It is a question which so many girls in and just beyond their teens have been obliged to ask themselves during the last seventeen years. "What shall I do for a living?"

"Bess, I've made up my mind," Ella Vincent said one morning to her married sister. "I am not going to wait here for any lover, possible or impossible, to propose to me. I have a growing conviction that for a woman to marry for the mere purpose of getting a home, is doing wrong. Then there are so many who have married "just for a home," who have no home after all except what they themselves earn. A dear price most of them pay for their homes! No, I do not propose to sell myself so long as I have a sound body, a fair mind, two hands, two feet and five senses."

"Well, what do you propose doing?" asked her sister.

"I am going out to service."

Her sister looked up incredulously. "You surely do not mean it, Ella?"

"I do mean it, Bess."

"To service! O, Ella, not that."

"Yes, just that and nothing else. Why not that, pray? Shall I set up as a seamstress at fifty cents a day, idle half the time at that, and a board bill coming in every unengaged day like a malicious fate? Besides, I could not sit still all day, day after day. It would kill me. I've counted the seamstresses and dressmakers in this village of fifteen hundred souls. There are twenty-three dressmakers and twenty-six seamstresses of whom I know. Then the teachers, if both sexes are included, are more numerous still. There are from two to five of them in every third or fourth family. I am not qualified for a teacher, and I don't think it worth while, as I have no passion for the work, to go through the struggle of the studies first and the competition afterwards.

"You might start a select primary school," suggested her sister.

"Ten scholars on an average of five dollars apiece. That would be a hundred dollars a year, not enough to pay my board. If I did sponge on my friends during vacation, where would my clothing come from? Then I should have my own clothes to wash and iron, and, as mother used to say, it is as easy washing and ironing for three or four as it is for one."

"Another milliner's store is needed here," pursued Mrs. Bess, with a troubled brow, "If you only had the funds you might do well at that."

"If! Yes. Well, I haven't the funds and I cannot whistle them here. If I had three to five hundred at my disposal I doubt if I should care to run the risks of a new establishment. There would be rents, credit, etc., and I should be as worn and worried as you are in two or three years—and then the board bill, too! That is such a giant in the way of poor girls! If I boarded myself I should have hypo and dyspepsia both in a little while. Now, in some one's kitchen—yes, Bess, in the kitchen. I have not the assurance to believe I'd make a success as a parlor servant. I would get in the kitchen from $1.50 to $2.50 a week and my board, and a 'home,' week in and week out; no cankering cares; considerable time to myself, and work at which I would feel at home."

"But think how it would sound, Ella."

"I cannot help the sound. I cannot afford to struggle for years through some foreign elements for the sake of the sound. What will anybody care whether I am 'respectable' or not, so long as they haven't the thing to do? It won't hurt their feelings a particle. They will rather enjoy my having to do it. So then, Sis, both myself and everybody will be suited by my going out to service."

"I will not be suited at all by it," said Mrs. Bess.

"Which is better—to have a good, healthy, happy sister at service and independent of all the world, except one family, and that family dependent a good deal upon her, for I mean to make my mark in my line, Bess, or to have that sister a miserable, half-famished, discontented, round-shouldered seamstress or factory girl, or lace-worker, who would have to depend on you or your husband for shelter half the time, and whose board-bill you would have to 'take out in work,' whether you were able to afford it or not?"

The result of this sensible decision of Ella Vincent was an advertisement in the local paper that week:

"An American girl desires a position as kitchen servant. Is a good cook and understands all kinds of housework. Apply, by letter, to the editor of this paper."

"I have lived here all my life," she said to her sister, "and to go among those who have always known me will be more vexing than to be with perfect strangers. Some of my old friends would snub me; some would pity; others would be exceedingly condescending, and my employers would fancy that I would expect privileges which they might not feel willing to accord. I am going to be an ordinary servant in one sense, and a Bible one, too; diligent in business, not an eye servant. At any rate, I shall have an easier conscience and a lighter heart than if I depend on you or married for money or a home."

Minnie Gray, aged thirteen, reading the paper, came to the notice inserted by Ella Vincent. Minnie always read every line in the paper, advertisements and all, therefore, she alighted upon what one or two of the others had missed.

"Mother, has'nt this the true ring in it?" she asked; and as her mother listened she read the first article in the wants.

"Oh, dear! I don't know,' said Mrs. Grey, in a discouraged tone. "She may not know how to cook at all, and her ironing may be like the last Bridget's—not fit to be seen. Somehow these ignorant people seem to think they can do the very things they know the least of."

"But perhaps this one is not ignorant," suggested Grace, the eldest daughter.

"It is likely she is; for American girls who can teach or do other things are not very apt to go out to service. Even if she can read and write well, she is probably gifted with superabundant curiosity, and will make herself mistress of the contents of our letters, notes and bills. Or she may be such a lover of trashy literature as to neglect her duties for the dime novel, or the four-dollar-a-year Weekly Cancer." And discouraged Mrs. Grey leaned wearily back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Well, mamma, she could not possibly be worse than the last Bridget."

"Well, perhaps it will do no harm to try," sighed Mrs. Grey, as though from a new girl she expected only new trials. "I cannot make a drudge of myself. To take care of your own room and mine is as much as I can expect of you school girls at present. I believe I will write to this American girl."

Minnie ran for a pen, ink and portfolio for her mother.

"She may be too fine for a common servant girl," said the doubting mother, "she may expect to help entertain our company, play on the piano, take meals with us, and be a sort of chief adviser in family matters."

"Oh, if she attempts such airs you can very readily dismiss her," said Grace. "At any rate, you must have somebody before next Friday, papa says, or you will be ill with fretting and working so hard."

She says "kitchen servant," remarked Minnie, glancing at the paper.

"Oh, yes," reflected Mrs. Grey, taking the newspaper from her daughter and reading the notice carefully..

"It is not to assist in the housework, or in any place not menial. Yes, I rather like the sound of it. I'll engage her by the week at present; offer her two dollars and give her to understand that she is to use her head as well as hands."

So Mrs. Grey was the first to write, and Ella Vincent, expecting no better offer, and well satisfied with that, accepted it at once.

It was soon evident to the family that their new help was neither ignorant nor silly. She was quiet, unobtrusive, neat, tasteful, always interested in her work, and always good natured and polite. She called the young ladies "Miss Grace" and "Miss Minnie," quite as respectfully as any inferior servant would have done, until, at the request of the two and with the ready permission of their mother, the prefix was dropped. But even then, when speaking of them to others, she preferred to seem less familiar.

"I have never yet seen Ella make her finger into a hook and stick it inside the sugar bowl when she passed it," said Gracie one day, about a month after Ella's advent among them. "Her nails are always as clean as a lady's, and she is quite dainty in her ways. I like her."

"And she does not smuggle tea, coffee, butter, fruit and other luxuries by the pound out of the house to relations," said Mr. Grey. "The grocery bill is less this month than it has been in an age; less than it was during the four weeks Bridget and I were here alone."

"Is such the fact?" inquired surprised Mrs. Grey. "It is a great relief to me to have some one who cares how things are done, and who takes a pride in seeing that everything is attended to in the right time—yes, it is a positive luxury to have a girl like her around. We ought to show our appreciation of her intelligent services by increasing her wages. She saves two or three dollars worth of work every week, and I believe she is perfectly trustworthy."

"I'll try her," exclaimed Minnie, "I'll try her on my portfolio or one or two of my letters. I'll leave them in the kitchen or on the walks, with a piece of thread or a tiny straw inside."

"Don't you feel a little ashamed to propose such a trick, Minnie?" asked her father "after her kindness to you in helping you in your fractions and preparing, of her own accord, that surprise for you on your birthday?"

"No, papa, I do not feel ashamed, because I do not believe she would read my notes any sooner than she would take my pocket-book. It is only proving her, you see, just as I prove my sums. She said the other day it was good to prove all things, then we would have no doubts about it."

"You may not be far from being just, Minnie," added the father. "It is well to know whom we can trust in these times."

So Ella was "proved" by this little girl, who, having seen so much deceit, was rendered suspicious and distrustful, and she was found honorable as well as honest and capable.

She has been with the Greys nearly five years; is happy and contented; has earned more than her wages—one-half of which she has laid up—she has earned the respect and esteem of the Greys and all their friends and her own, and proved herself a self-respecting, independent, honorable girl. She has "made her mark" in her line.

She has also her full share of gentlemanly admirers, but is in no haste to wed. She is taking plenty of time in which to choose rightly, and expects when she marries to have enough saved to furnish the home of her own, which her husband must be thrifty enough to provide. Grace and Minnie love and treat her as an elder sister; and Mr. Grey says his wife is twenty per cent. younger and fifty per cent. happier since she has reigned in their kitchen; he ventures to offer twenty dollars towards the furnishing of Ella's future parlor for every additional year she remains with them.

So she has a home and friends, health, happiness and prosperity, and a respectability that is by no means cheap. In what better way could she have "earned her living" or made a place for herself in the world?—*New York Witness.*

A TEACHER in a Galveston Sunday school, wishing to impress his class with the necessity of faith, asked the class why did Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness. None of the class knew except one. He said Moses lifted it up because he knew it couldn't bite. It was the same youth who said the Hebrews made a golden calf because they didn't have gold enough to make a whole cow.

MAN cannot become perfect in a hundred years; but he can become corrupt in less than a day.

VENNOR has a remarkable big nose a that is why he is able to scent the weatly from afar.

A WOMAN'S CHECKERED CAREER.

END OF A LONG LIFE FILLED WITH REMARKABLE AND ROMANTIC INCIDENTS.

Born at Gibraltar of Noble Blood, Married at Twelve and a Mother at Thirteen Years—Her Social Triumphs in this Country.

Mrs. Abijah Smith is dead. Thus ends a career strangely interesting because of its varied lights and shadows—a veritable romance. On the high fortified rock of Gibraltar there was born to the noble house of Gannecliff, in the summer of 1793, an heiress, upon whom with much ceremony and pomp was bestowed the christian name of Isabella. This infant is she who, at the age of eighty-seven, has been given a last resting-placed at Montrepose. Four years passed in the life of the child-heiress of Gannecliff, and the dreadful epidemic that scourged "the rock" left her doubly an orphan; both father and mother were lost to her, and by adoption she became a member of a certain noble Spanish family, who gave much more care to all else than moral or mental culture. She was in possession of her father's large estates, and with every attention given to her whims and willfulness her development was rapid even for that clime; at twelve she was married, at thirteen was a mother, and seventeen a widow with four children. Her husband was Jose De Sa Manos, a Spanish gentleman of leisure, the victim of a duel entered into upon her account. Not long subsequent to the death of De Sa Manos three of his four children died; thus was the widow left with but one relative in the world. This was a daughter christened Inez, who in accordance with the written will of her father, was consigned to the care of a Catholic sisterhood in Paris, for instruction such as she deemed meet. To the daughter went all the father's property, and Donna Isabella was once more "afloat in the world," with no tie to bind her to the prudent life that should have been hers.

The season of 1815 was a brilliant one at Gilraltar, and visitors were there from all over the world—among others Captain George W. Walker, the owner of an American trading vessel, and brother of of Commodore Walker, of the United States navy. At a ball given by the American consul Captain Walker met Madame De Sa Manos, and, despite numerous warnings from friends that she was the "greatest flirt in Gibraltar," within two weeks he carried her off as his bride. Turning all her convertible property into gold, she sailed with her new lord for Philadelphia. His rank in his country was high, he being directly connected with the Winthrops and others of the first families of New England; and he was possessed of much wealth, having a rarely excellent trade between New York, Philadelphia and Southern ports. The married life of Captain and Mrs. Walker was, however, not all sunshine. It extended over two-score years; the first fourth of which the lady was exceedingly glad in the constant company of her husband, sailing with him on every voyage, and becoming so far the master of navigation that according to her boast of after years, she was on one occasion, with the gallant captain, seriously injured and below deck, able to save his vessel from the the fury of a gulf storm. But the time came when she tired of sea life, and while her husband continued to sail, she deemed it much more agreeable to shine in social circles at Saratoga and Niagara in the summer and at Washington and other centres when the snow came. Rumors of intrigue reached the ears of Captain Walker when fair tides would bring him home, and frequent and bitter scenes of domestic infelicity. At Washington she shone with the circle that attracted the foremost men of the nation. "Andrew Jackson," said she, "has pleaded with me for favor, and more than one Senator has prayed me to notice his cause. Martin Van Buren time and again singled me out in crowed drawing-rooms imploring me to give him a monopoly of my society. I knew Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun and Randolph—all the great men of the day—I knew them well."

Such boasts were evidently not baseless; the lady to the day of her death retained a packet of letters in which words of admiration—and, indeed, sentiments even more decided—appeared, connected with the autographs of the men she mentioned as her devotees. And there were eloquent epistles from others almost their peers. Gen. Winfield Scott appears perhaps not to advantage, in a billett that would have better became an ardent country swain. N. P. Willis, the poet, writes pleading for an interview, pouring out his "feelings unspeakable" in a half dozen stanzas, the which, by the by, are to be found in a subsequent published volume of his poems. There are other letters from other men of prominence in the political, literary and social world of a half century ago, but there is no demand for their publication. Not all of Mrs. Walker's time was spent in this country; she crossed the Atlantic seven times before she was forty, and in the first society of London and Paris she was conspicuous many seasons. And she made many conquests—"harmless they were," she ever averred, as in her later days she recalled them.

In 1854 Captain Walker died; but his widow remained free but three years, when she accepted the suit of Abijah Smith, of this city, and came from New York to become mistress of tha local celebrity's home on Golden hill. The marriage was an unhappy one. When by an explosion at his saw mill Smith was seriously injured, the home was broken up, wife chafing under the restraints put on her by an invalid husband. While VIR was yet Mrs. Walker she made a " in Wall street, and, leaving Gold and all o she continued her speculation in for s ing and Panama. "I would the other stocks," she de- ew what I was about, and ut a 'lame duck;' I dou- n two years."

Nov. 20, 188 twenty years Mrs. ost part made her Can Prog h not as the help- o died last year. ld at her mar- y and than School-board prices, at dependence. M. A. TOUL Drug weighed

SCHOOL *PARENTS and*

SCHOOL

and School supplies gener wn right, and

BUSH & CO.'S celebrated Borax Soap for Toilet or Laundry use, for sale by
oc9. E. W. F. SIMPERS.

served by those with whom she had to do. The daughter, Inez, died long years ago in a convent, and save when recalling that daughter, or recounting social triumphs of the past, Mrs. Smith was seldom an agreeable companion; and with her better nature had also gone the beauty of face, stateliness of form, and other graces that gave her prominence and power in days bygone. It was her boast that the leading artist of France had pleaded long and eloquently to have her sit to him; three times had her arm—"and such an arm!"—been cast in plaster as a model for sculptors of renown. But time had wrought a change; her features were shrunken, and other evidences there were innumerable that the beauty and power of other days had altogether passed.
—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

MEASLES AND MUD IN GALENA.

"KYSER" SORELY AFFLICTED AT BOTH.

Messrs. Editors:—'Tis but a few minutes since that I was sitting in my "old arm chair" with my feet upon the top of the stove (a favorite position with many.) As I sat, I thought. Of course I thought about the weather; and judging from its effects upon the country, I had a vague idea that you might be "froze up;" if you are, I advise you to stay in that condition—you'll save "grub" and fuel. It certainly does hurt a fellow to "dive so confoundedly deep into his vest pocket" to get enough change to buy a little coal. That stuff is too high for "Kyse." For my part I hang around the goods-boxes at the "corner-grocery"—i.e.—those close to the stove. My wife, she takes the baby and spends the time with the neighbors until the hour arrives for her to prepare the "cabbage and beans" for our "one-meal-system."

When I spoke of having my feet upon the stove, remember I did not say it had any *fire* in it; and the "old arm chair," it was the only one in the house. You need not doubt my statement for, when but a boy, my mother always taught me to speak the truth. I suppose you have an idea how she *did* teach:—with a shingle or her old slipper. *Her* ideas as well as her slipper she impressed upon me quite forcibly—forced them so hard sometimes as to make me wish for two pair of pants. Alas, those *peaceful* days have departed—(and I am glad of it, too)—I am no longer one of the "proverbial small boys"—no longer do I enjoy standing on my head in a snow bank or getting "pasted in the ear" with a snow-ball; neither am I partial to making stars upon a frozen mud-puddle with the seat of my pantaloons. Such fruitions I gave up for one which I *thought* would be more congenial to my taste—i.e.—taking care of a baby with the measles.

Every child in Galena has or has had them; and as fate would have it, that durned little baby of mine had to catch them. That baby hadn't 'em more than about 15 minutes before my "taste" had played out. I always was a devotee to that child, but, Messrs. Editors, those measles "busted that thing up." I used to think that baby was pretty. Beauty with the measles has disgusted me. That baby is as bald-headed as a cat-fish, (has a mouth like one too,) and when it caught the measles it turned all over, (I mean the baby.) When it was about to cough it used to throw its head back, give a war-hoop and then let things rip. Gentlemen, it was awful; yes, perfectly awful. How it did tear its face up—it used to scare me. I was afraid that beautiful face might freeze whilst tore up so; to prevent this, I would gently take it by the ears and hold it to the fire. It would wake up about three in the morning and yell for a little walk around the room. Of course I would be awake and waiting to propose that same thing myself.

Messrs. Editors, it is a very pleasant thing to carry a baby around a cold room when the thermometer stands 10 degrees below zero—your pants meanwhile hanging on a chair-back. I used to pace that room until my toes and ankles were as blue as the—mischief. Talk about being "froze up," gentlemen, I would be "*froze upright.*" I would have been a good subject to attend a "phantom party." I like to play ghost at a party—but not in this way.

If I was only single again, I know some old bachelors whom I would make "take a back seat." They put me in mind of a rat-terrier-pup walking around a honey-bee; that pup, you know, goes so close but no closer. They are like me when I was about 10 years old—a "leetle bashful."

Our minister needs justly to complain of his business. Still he offers a fair inducement—marry you for $10, and do your baptizing for nothing. I never want any more baptizing on *my* program. Baptizing and mud are two things I want to stay out of my way. If Galena does not dry her mud up pretty soon, I am going to leave. It's a poor occupation wading through mud up to your chin. We had a concert in town Friday night (21st); nearly the whole populace stuck in the mud before reaching the hall, consequently we were not crowded. In answer to "What kind of Shoes are you going to wear?" I think I would prefer *gum boots* up to my ears.

Messrs. Editors, before I close, I must say that if ever the measles reach Chestertown, I trust you will move your babies over the bridge. Hoping you will profit by my example,

I am most truly,
Jan. 24, 1881. KYSER.

MR. LINCOLN used to tell a story about a big Hoosier who came to Washington during the war, and called on a street Arab for a shine. Looking at the tremendous boots before him he called out to a brother shiner across the street: "Come over and help, Jimmy. I've got an army contract."

"SEE HERE," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love, I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

"OH, ANN!" cried gentle Kitty Clyde, "if any man should foller and ask me to become his bride, I think—I know I'd ollar!"

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE CITY.

BY A FORMER KENT COUNTIAN.

THE CITY IN WINTER GARB—BUSINESS DULL—LIMPID COAL OIL—OYSTERS—AN ICE BONANZA—THE SMALL POX—AMUSEMENTS, &C.

Dear News:—Your welcome face has not put in an appearance to us for some time, and we feel as though some great luxury has been denied us. Your columns have a power to cheer us along life's pathway greater far than journals of more imposing appearance or more pretentious title.

Have you ever been in Baltimore in a snow storm? And seen it ice bound and snow clad? Or viewed it in slush, and ice, and mud and poverty? Or even when the Western editors were there? If not, then we envy your ignorance, as—

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Baltimore now and Baltimore as seen in Summer time on an excursion trip from Tolchester or Chester river, and cheered and cooled by the salt and balmy breezes of the noble Chesapeake; and Baltimore, snow clad and ice bound, are "two different things."

Business is dull, very dull. All the great business places depending upon the water trade, are now only existing—that is, trying to keep from dissolution—and "only waiting." As for instance one of the largest coal oil refineries down at Canton, is doing nothing at all just now; its sole trade is with Europe, and it makes a beautiful oil, so clear that it is limpid. Indeed the other day I saw some water poured from one of their cans mistaken for coal oil, and neither the pourer or the poured found the error out, so like is it to water, until the recipient found it would not burn in the lamp; then he sent his children out of the house and poured it all in the stove, letting out some "cuss words" in keeping with the irate dutchman's temper. This is only a negative proof of its limpidity.

The oyster packing houses are suffering perhaps the most from the ice embargo, though things are looking up a little now, as the harbor is clear, and oysters are down to $1.20 a bushel on the boats. At one time they were so high and scarce that people could not buy them; the holders would fix no price. One buyer for a "high-life restaurant" went down to buy and said that actually the oystermen refused to take his hatches up to show the oysters to him, saying he could sell them all at his own price whenever he chose to "unsight, unseen," as the boys swap knives. I interviewed a captain the other night who told me he had just sold his load of 1500 bushels at $1.20 per bushel, for which he gave 25c. and $50 for a tow by the tug up to the city. And still he's not happy, and going to try it again.

By the by, talking of oysters, one thing I want to tell the oystermen of Piney Neck and Rock Hall, which will make them feel a little more comfortable. The oysters fattened by this patent process of sinking the boat for two tides are very fat and large but really only bloated—no meat or solidity to them. The packers say if you press one between your hands it all runs out, nothing is left, and is utterly tasteless, and the packers say cannot come into competition with the natural flavored oysters. During the embargo they were about the only oysters in the city, and the universal opinion was they were not good.

On the outskirts of the city, all about Druid Hill Park and Boundary Avenue, every available pond has been rented and ice saved by the butchers and