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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., DECEMBER 6, 1856. No. 31.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, to be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square. Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF ELIJAH DAILY

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856

On the application of Wm. S. Lassell, executor of Elijah Daily, late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

(SEAL) I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 18th day of November, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Elijah Daily, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 18th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856.

WM. S. LASSELL,

Executor of Elijah Daily, dec'd.

Nov. 22, 1856.—4t

ESTATE OF BIRDZALL FOWLER.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, November 11, 1856.

On the application of William Watts, Executor of Birdzall Fowler, late of Kent county, deceased,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

(SEAL) I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 11th day of November, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Birdzall Fowler, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1856. WM. WATTS,

Exu'tor of Birdzall Fowler, dec'd.

Nov. 15, 1856.—4w.

ESTATE OF THOMAS TOULSON.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856.

On the application of John Gale, Administrator of Thomas Toulson, late of Kent county, deceased,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid

(SEAL) I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 18th day of November,, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Thos. Toulson, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 18th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856.

JOHN GALE,

Admr. Thomas Toulson, dec'd.

Nov. 22, 1856.—4t

Ha O! Mr. Vogleshanks,

"In what way have you been?"

"Just from Chestertown."

"What is the news there?"

"Why the people were talking about the great stock of Ready Made CLOTHING at the store of A. M. Russell, and as I wanted to get there to look, and what do you think I paid for this whole suit?"

"Twelve dollars."

"*I only paid six dollars!*"

"Well Nathan to put the grey mare to it I must go to A. M. Russell's and get some clothes for myself and the boys, he sells them so very cheap."

For Sassafras River Port Deposit, Maryland.

REGULAR TRIPS RESUMED.

The Steamer

LADY WILMER

leaves Race Street wharf, every Wednesday at 4 P. M. for Wilmers Point, touching at Port Harmon and Ford's on the Elk, and Turners Creek Cassadays, Fishers, Georgetown and Fredericktown on the Sassafras.

Returning will leave Wilmers Point at 9 A. M. Thursdays, Fredericktown at 2 P. M.

For Port Deposit and Havre de Grace, Saturdays at 2 P. M. Returning leave Port Deposit at 3 P. M. touching at Ford's and Port Herman going and returning.

For freight or passage, having handsome accommodations apply to Capt. WM. WILSON, on board the boat.

nov. 22, 1856. tf

Last Notice!

I HAVE been called upon to raise for Dr. Whaland, a large sum of money by the 15th day of December next. All persons indebted to him will please call at my office and settle their accounts. Those who are not prepared with the money, will be expected to give their notes payable at some reasonable date. In view of the very extended indulgence the Doctor's debtors have generally had, and his pressing demands at this time, we feel confident in saying, that this request cannot be considered harsh or unreasonable, and should any neglect to give proper attention to this notice, that they will have no just cause of complaint, should they find their accounts in the hands of an officer.

R. HYNSON.

Nov. 15, 1856.

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY,

AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!!

THE subscriber having on hand an assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery Goods, will sell at reduced prices for CASH, as she intends changing her business at the end of the present year. Those indebted to her will please call and settle their accounts

MARY PERKINS.

Chestertown, Nov. 15, 1856.

NOTICE.

ALL persons employed by me as Supervisor, are requested to overhaul their sections of the public road and put in as good order, as possible, for the money levied, and to be careful in fixing the bridges, and trimming limbs of trees, within sixteen feet of the road. They will please prove and pass their accounts on or before the first meeting of the County Commissioners in January, and leave them with me or J. F. Gordon, Esq.

NATHANIEL VOSHELL,

Sup. 1st Elec. District, Kent county

Nov 22, '56.

Pay Your Taxes.

AND SAVE INTEREST!

THE undersigned is anxious to close his books by the first of January, 1857. The tax payers by paying before that time will save interest. All accounts not closed by that time, I shall be compelled to close by Levies and executions.

JOHN N. McDANIEL,

Col. of 2nd E. District.

Chestertown, Nov. 22, 1856.

ESTATE OF RICHARD STARTT.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 25, 1856.

On the application of Mary E. Startt, administratrix of Richard Start, late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid

(SEAL) I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 25th day of November, 1856.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Richard Startt, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 26th day of June, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1856.

MARY E. STARTT,

Adm'rx Richard Start, dec'd.

Nov. 29, 1856—4t.

Circuit Court of Kent County.

October Term, 1855.

ORDERED by me, James F. Gordon, Clerk, that the report of sales of James B. Ricaud trustee, for the sale of the real estate of Edward J. Records, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the fourteenth day of January next; Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once a week for three successive weeks before the 14th day of December next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $500.

JAS. FRISBY GORDON, Cl'k.

Nov. 14, 1856.

True Copy—Test,

J. F. GORDON, Cl'k.

Nov. 22, 1856.—4w.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to WILMER & WALKER, or WM. B. WILMER are requested to pay him or Messrs. Price & Fowler, on or before the first day of December, otherwise their accounts will be placed in a train for collection.

Nov. 15, 1856.

To Snuffers, Smokers and Chewers.

A LARGE stock of magnificent Tobacco, Segars and Snuff, now in store and for sale by C. H. KENTON,

Nov 15. Chestertown.

POETRY

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gay and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the firelit room.
Draw the curtain—close the shutters—
Place the slippers by the fire,
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wind spirit's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle fortune's frown or smile?
If around us love is beaming—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
Are all quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best.
O, the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own,
While grim Care and haunting Sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight—
Sadness haunt the Midnight hour—
But the weird and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearthstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul-revealings—
Wreath immortal round thee twine!

CHOICE TALES.

THRILLING ADVENTURE

IN A

GAMBLING HOUSE.

It was the Spring of 18— that I found myself gliding upon the waters of the mighty Mississippi, and bound for the Crescent city, New Orleans.

With a single exception, I had formed no travelling acquaintance on board the boat, although I had been nearly two days upon my journey, which was becoming somewhat monotonous. The individual with whom I, singularly enough, fraternized, seemed like myself, to have but little inclination to extend his acquaintance among the passengers, though he seemed to be constantly upon the look out for some one, and from the close manner in which he regarded the operations of two or three of these individuals, whose profuse display of vest chains and jewelry and proficiency with cards at the table in the saloon, betrayed their profession, I more than once set him down as some sort of police detective in disguise.

He called himself George Thorn of Kentucky; so his card read, which he gave me in exchange for mine. In truth he was a noble specimen of the Cornecracker State. Full six feet in height, a clear intelligent blue eye, broad forehead, and light curley hair, muscular arms, and the chest of a Hercules, he challenged the admiration of more than one of the passengers, as with his serious and never smiling face he paced the promenade deck or sat apparently buried in thought in the saloon.

"Do you never play at cards?" said I to him as he left a group that were standing about a table of four players, and noting the progress of the game. I had frequently seen him invited, but he invariably, like myself, refused to participate in the game.

"Oh, yes," said he, "but where is the use of playing here; those fellows (nodding toward the players) can tell every card in the pack by the backs, and they are trying hard to pluck some poor pigeon from among these passengers, but as yet with indifferent success; beware of them, sir."

I thanked him for his friendly warning and at the same time expressed my astonishment at his affirmation. To convince me of the truth of it, he called the steward of the boat and ordered him to bring him a fresh pack of cards, which were brought, and he handed the pack to me, bidding me shuffle them. I did so, when he immediately selected nearly every ace and king from the pack, without looking at the face of them. Next, he dealt them in two parcels, one to me and one to himself, when upon examination, I found that all the cards of real value in the game were in his hand, although I could not detect the least unfairness as he dealt them.

"You see," said he, smilingly at my look of astonishment, "the advantage an expert in these matters has over even a skilful player."

"I do, indeed," replied I, astonished at my fellow travellers dexterity, and beginning to think that he might be a reformed gambler, or one 'playing possum' for some purpose or other; but as he did not urge or even invite me to play, nor had played with any one else, and threw the cards aside with an expression of disgust too natural to be assumed, I came to the conclusion that my suspicions were unjust, and my travelling acquaintance was a riddle yet to be solved.

Early the next morning the boat arrived at New Orleans, and amid the hurry and bustle of debarkation I lost my friend, the Kentuckian, not even seeing him to bid adieu. The same evening, however, after visiting the theatre, I was enjoying the cool air and a fragrant Havana in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, and conversing with a friend from the North whom I had fortunately met, when whom should I encounter but my steamboat acquaintance.

After the usual greeting, our conversation turned upon our trip down the river and our fellow passengers, &c., when my fellow traveler remarked that if I would like to visit the interior of a gambling house, or "hell," as it is sometimes more appropriately called, he would be pleased to show it to us as one of the sights or "lions" of the city. Never having witnessed anything of the kind, both I and my friend assented, and after a short walk, found ourselves within the precincts of one of those glittering and gorgeously furnished establishments—vestibules to the infernal regions—where men were engaged in various games of hazard.

The interior of a gaming house has been too frequently described to need repitition. The Faro Bank with its crowd of visitors; the Rouge et Noir table, with its anxious circle, and groups of players at their games, of which I was ignorant of the name, were all busily engaged as we entered. We had passed through two apartments and reached a third, in which were but four players, playing in pairs at different tables. As we entered we sat down at an unoccupied table for a moment, when as we did so, we heard one of the two men nearest us say to his opponent—

"That's the last dollar; luck is yours, and I'm cleaned out."

"But you wear a good ring," said his opponent. "See! I will give you a chance for revenge. I'll back my ring against yours on the next game. It's a ring I won at play from a Kentucky boy that came to New Orleans to see the sights," said he, carelessly.

How little did he know those words, so lightly spoken, had sealed his doom!

"No!" said his opponent, rising; "I'll meet you to-morrow night; I won't pledge my jewelry yet."

As the player who was sitting with his back partially towards us, mentioned Kentucky in his conversation, I saw Thorn listen with eagerness, and as he twisted the ring he offered to bet, upon his finger I saw the Kentuckian turn deadly pale. His eyes glowed like fire for an instant, then his countenance resumed its usual calm and placid look—and, to our amazement, he rose, and walking across the apartment to the player, who had just been left by his companion, courteously proposed to try a hand or two with him, if agreeable, and if we his friends, would excuse him for a short time. Of course, we assented—so did the gambler, who appeared at first somewhat surprised at the proposition, but probably resolved to try his skill upon the new comer.

The cards were dealt and the game proceeded. We were sufficiently near to see that the piece of gold which constituted the first stake was won by our friend's opponent; so, also, was the second. The third stake Thorn gained And thus they went on, alternately winning and losing, till at last Thorn carelessly observed:

"That is a pretty ring you offered to bet a while ago, stranger. Will you sell it?"

"Well, as to that," said the other, "it's pretty enough, and cost me enough,—for a young fellow pledged it to me some three years ago, as a sort of note of hand, which he promised to redeem with five hundred dollars that he owed me—a debt of honor, sir—but he never paid it; so I retain the ring. No, stranger, I guess I won't sell it."

"But the owner? you should have made him pay; five hundred dollars is a dear price for such a bauble."

"Why, as to that," said the player, as he gathered up the cards for the next hand, "he couldn't come to time very well, for he 'paid the debt of nature,' as they say, the same night, and that cancelled my obligation. Ah, the stake's mine, there's always luck in this ring, sir, I believe," said he, as he drew the money toward him, "suppose we try a larger stake," and he prepared to shuffle the cards again.

"As you like," said Thorn.

"Well, what shall it be?" said his opponent, "anything from one to five hundred!" and he threw a bank note of that denomination carelessly, as if in bravado upon the table.

To our surprise, Thorn drew a wallet from his pocket and produced an equal amount of money, then sweeping the cards they had been using from the table to the floor, he called for a fresh pack, and passing them, as the attendant brought them to him, raidly through his hand, he gave them to his adversary, remarking to him as he did so to "mind his deal this time," fixing upon him a searching glance as he went through that operation. The game was that known as "bluff," or "poker," I know not which, but, at any rate, one on which the players bet upon the cards they hold. Thorn and his opponent having each glanced at their cards, commenced the game.

"I'll go you one hundred," said Thorn commencnig.

"Two hundred better than that," said his opponent.

"Another hundred," continued Thorn.

"H'm'm! three hundred better!" said the gambler, producing the notes from his pocket-book.

"Three hundred more," said Thorn, quietly.

The game was getting exciting to us as spectators; three thousand dollars lay upon the table to be decided by the cards held by the players, each of whom seemed from his bets to be confident of success, though their countenances betrayed not the least sign of emotion.

"One hundred more," said the gambler again.

"I call you," said Thorn.

"*Ah! three kings and an ace!*" said the sharper, triumphatly.

"THREE ACES AND A KING!" said Thorn quietly, as he displayed his own cards, and with his eyes fixed steadily upon his opponent, folded up the money and put it in his pocket.

"Fortune favors you," said the gambler stocially, too well schooled to betray any emotion or chagrin at the result.

"So it seems,' said the other.

"But I hope to meet you again, sir; for I must have my revenge after so heavy a run of luck as this,' said Thorn's opponent; "and I have no doubt your friends will join us in a social sit down, for if you are as good at cracking a bottle, singing a song, or telling a story, as holding a hand at cards, those who are your friends are fortunate."

"I must confess," said Thorn, "that I am not of a convivial or musical turn, though I can occasionally tell a good story. I have a little history now, sir, upon my tongue's end, that will be of uncommon interest to you.'

"To me! Pray tell it sir," said the gamester, with a laugh. "It will be a wind up for the evening's entertainment.'

It was long past midnight; absorbed in the excitement of the game, we had scarcely noticed the flight of time, or that the adjoining rooms were now nearly deserted by their occupans, and that the other two players, at the other end of the apartment in which we were, had finished their own game long since, and been spectators of that between Thorn and opponent, and were now apparently interested listeners.

"About three years since," Thorn began, "a young man in Kentuky, the confidential agent of a large buisiness firm, was intrusted with a sum of money and commissioned to transact some business in New Orleans; it was his first visit to the city; he started happily, leaving behind him a young wife and lovely infant.—Unfortunately upon one of the Mississippi boats or immediately upon his arival in New Orleans, he fell in with a *professional* man—a man of play I mean, you understand—"

The gambler nodded, and Thorn continued:

"By the management of this 'professional,' the young man was enticed into a 'hell,' introduced to play, plied with wine stripped of his money—in short, to use a 'professional' word, 'plucked''

"Ha! Ha! the old story,' said the gambler; "the fate of pigeons.'

"You are very complimentary, but that which interests you is yet to come.'

"Indeed! Go on."

"The young man was perfectly sobered by his loss; he returned to his hotel; stung with remorse and half crazy with excitement, he placed a pistol to his head and blew out his brains, leaving a tarnished name as an inheritance for his wife and innocent child."

"But what is all this to me;" said the gambler, now pale as ashes beneath the flashing eye of the speaker, "is it a moral lesson you're about to read here or a sermon you have to preach."

"What is it to you?" continued Thorn his voice quivering with excitement.—"Ah! I will tell you what it is to you. This meeting of you and I to-night, which for three long years I have sought, is not mere chance. The hand of heaven is in it. 'Twas three years ago this very night aye, this very hour," said he glancing at his watch, "that the young man I spoke of rushed madly into eternity—not by his own hand, but his opponent at the card table is he that should be accountable for that deed of blood—the amount of money he lost was just the amount I have this night won from you, *that very ring upon your finger is his!* I AM HIS BROTHER, AND YOU ARE HIS ASSASSIN!"

Thorn pronounced these words in a firm clear, ringing voice, and as he concluded brought his hand down with a blow upon the table at which they were sitting, which was instantly overturned as he and his opponent started simultaneously to their feet. They were scarcely six paces apart, after springing from their chairs, and both drew their weapons as they rose.

"Die! liar!" shouted the gambler, discharging his weapon the moment he gained his feet. The bullet ripped Thorn's waistcoat open, and his watch flew in fragment from his pocket, dangling by his chair, at the same moment his arm, which was slowly rising, because rigid as that of a statue—the pistol he held exploded, and the gambler fell back a corpse upon the carpet. This all passed so suddenly, ere we could interfere, that we stood as if paralyzed for an instant—the servants alarmed by the noise, and the police came rushing into the apartment.

Thorn quietly surrendered himself, merely turning to us and the other two who were in the room, saying as he did so "Gentlemen, bear witness I fired in self-defense, and that I received that villian's first fire here," and he pointed to his shattered watch, with a smile, and turning, left the room with the officers.

He was tried and acquitted, as it was clearly proved that his adversary fired upon him first the fact of the gambler being a notorious rascal, who the community could well afford to spare, might have had some influence with the jury.

I have never met Thorn since, but the recolection of that fearful scene is yet fresh and vived in my mind, though many years have passed since it was enacted.

CURING PRIZE HAMS.

The hams of Maryland and Virginia have long enjoyed a wide celebrity. At the last exhibition of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, four premiums were awarded for hams. The following are receipts by which the hams were cured:

T. E. Hamilton's Recipe.—First Premium.—To every 100 lbs. of pork take 8 lbs. of G. and A. salt, 2 oz. saltpetre 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1¼ oz. potash, and 4 gallons of water; mix the above, and pour the brine over the meat after it has lain in the tub one or two days. Let the ham remain six weeks in the brine, and then dry several days before smoking. I have generally had the meet rubbed with fine salt, when it is packed down. The meat should be perfectly cool before package.

J. Green's Recipe.—Second Premium.—To every 1,000 lbs. of pork take half a bushel and half a peck of salt, 3 lbs. of saltpetre, 3 lbs. of sugar, and 2 quarts of molasses. Mix; rub the bacon with it well; keep on for three weeks in all; at the end of nine days take out the hams, and put at the top those which are at the bottom.

R. Brook, Jr's Recipe.—Third Premium.—One bushel of fine Salt, half a bushel of ground alum salt, 1½ lbs. to the 1,000 lbs. of pork, left to lie in pickle four weeks, hung up and smoked with hickory until the rind becomes a dark brown.

C. D. Singulf's Recipe.—Fourth Premium.—To 100 lbs. of green hams take 8 lbs. G and A. Salt, 2 lbs. of brown sugar, or molasses equivalent, 2 oz saltpetre 2 oz. pearl ashes, 4 gallons of water dissolved well, skiming off the scum arising on the surface. Pack the hams compactly in a tight vessel or cask, rubbing the fleshy part with fine salt. In a day or two pour the above pickle over the meat, taking care to keep it covered with pickle. In four or six weeks, according to the size and weight of the hams, (that is to say, the longer period for heavy hams) hang up to smoke, look up, smoking with green hickory wood. I have put up hams for the last twelve or fifteen years, by the above recipe, with uniform success, equal at all times at the sample now presented.

About the Age of Horses.—A few days ago we met a gentlemen from Alabama, who gave us a piece of informtion in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which new to us, and will be we are sure to most of our readers. It is this:—after the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman, and he is confident it will never fail. As a good many people has horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist must give up trade. —*Southern Planter.*

Very Laughable.—At a church of 'color,' about twenty miles from Albany the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service called out in a loud voice, "Git down off dem seats, both white men and color I care no more fore one man dan I does de odder." Imagin the pious minister's surprise on hearing congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre.

Git down off dem seats
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Dan I does for de oder.

Look to Your Stove-Pipes.—The papers report two or three narrow escapes from serious fires, originating by the close contact of stove-pipes with the floor thro' which they passed. Persons in putting up a stove should look to this important matter. Every pipe should be carried through a floor or partition with a clay collar, well secured by mortar, which costs a mere trifle and may be the means of saving property and even life.