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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., DECEMBER 5, 1857. No. 31.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, & General News

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Single copies 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 less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Square of 12 lines not exceeding ten lines will be charged for $1 and 25 cts. for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in proportion. Deduction made to yearly advertisers whose business must have the number of times their advertisements will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Letters.—All Communications of a private nature will be charged for at the rates of 10 cents for the first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines are charged at the rate of fifty cents a square. Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a political or charitable nature, will be charged at the usual rates, those handing them in will be responsible.

MRS. A. SIMMS,

HAS returned from the city with a handsome assortment of

Fall and Winter

MILLINERY,

Together with an excellent assortment of

FANCY GOODS,

Such as Embroideries, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, worstard Capes, Caps, Combs, Brushes, Edges, and Laces. She is prepared to fill all orders, at the shortest notice. Her stand is opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church, near McDaniel's Hotel.

oct 17, 1857—tf.

Orphans Court Kent county.

NOVEMBER 4, 1857.

ORDERED by the Orphans' Court of Kent county, that the sale of the Real Estate of Rebecca Ringgold late of Kent county deceased, and reported by Thomas W. Ellison, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said Rebecca Ringgold, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 4th day of January next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once a week for the space of three successive weeks before the first day of December next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,180 00.

GEO. S. HOLLYDAY,
JAS. W. SKIRVEN.

True copy—Test:—J. FISHER,
Reg. Wills for Kent county

Nov 7, 1857.

NOTICE.

W. ALBERT VICKERS' assortment is now complete to-day—arrival adds great inducement to purchasers—my Dress Goods Department is large, well selected and cannot be excelled in Kent county. Ducals 12 yards for $1 50, from auction—all style of delanes, beautiful yd wide Valencia stripe and plds, only 36 cts; Biddens and Cordora stripes, something new, first out.

Boots and Shoes,

at your own prices bought for the money and it being so late in the season it enables me to sell them cheap. What think you of GOOD HEAVY MEN'S BOOTS ONLY $2 62½ per pr. anything kept in a country store you can find at VICKERS'—*Small profits' quick sales, and no trouble to show Goods*—Give Vickers a call.

A lot of Mattraeses, very low, a large assortment of servants Blankets.

Groceries.

Sugars 9, 10, 11, and 12½, and every thing else in proportion.

☞ Sausage cutters and stuffers—something new. nov 14, 1857.

Wool! Wool! Wanted!

Farmers and Merchants Attention.

THE subscribers are still manufacturing, at *UNICORN MILLS.*

Queen Ann's county, one mile south of Millington, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Cotton Kerseys, Blankets, Servants' Blankets, Flannels, Stocking Yarns, &c., &c, of all their different varieties.

Particular attention paid to roll carding.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for Kerseys and the highest prices allowed.

Their machinery, to which they have recently made additions, is in perfect order, and they flatter themselves from their long experience in the business, to give entire satisfaction to all. They take this occasion to return thanks to their old customers for the liberal patronage received and hope by strict attention to business to merit and receive a continuance of the same.

MALLALIEU & BRO.

Agents for Kent County:

A. J. Rees—Rees' Corner.
Daniel Collins & Son.,—Chestertown.
W. Watts, } Still Pond.
Geo. W. Price, }
John L. Bowers—Kennards' Corner.

may 30, 1857,—6m.

Kent County, To Wit:

I HEREBY certify that James Curlott, of said county, this day, gave information to me the subscriber a justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland in and for said county that he took up as a stray trespassing upon his enclosures, about 15th September, a large spotted COW, blind in right eye. Given under my hand, and seal this 6th day of November, 1857.

JAS. GRAVES, [SL.]

The owner of the above described Cow is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

JAMES CURLOTT.

nov 14, 1857—3w. [$2.]

NOTICE

ALL persons are hereby cautioned from ganing or otherwise trespassing on my property, after this date.

ANTHONY BELL.

—Nov 14, 1857.

LOOK HERE!

THE greatest inducement that have yet been offered to peach growers, farmers and dealers in Fruit who have up to this time been *compelled* to go to Philadelphia or Baltimore to procure their Baskets, we offer to supply them with a superior article of

Baskets,

at a LOWER PRICE than they can be procured elsewhere. Our stock consists of Peach, bushel, half-bushel, peck and half-peck. Also Oyster Washers, and Oyster Baskets. All fancy work such as

Clothes and Travelling Baskets,

made to order at the shortest notice. All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to.

You will *save 25 per cent* by calling on the subscribers before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember ARCHERS & BENNETT,
West Smyrna, Del.

Or SHEPPARD & WELSH, Agents,
Crumpton, Queen Ann's Co, Md.

oct 31, '57—3m.

Urieville Mill.

Only Stopped Grinding Two Weeks!

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his many customers and the public generally, that he will be able to commence grinding grain again on Monday next, the 19th inst., and solicits their patronage as heretofore, promising at the same time, to give satisfaction to his customers both in quality and quantity, if the grain is sent to him by responsible persons, and the flour and meal is taken home by the the same. In conclusion he would remark that he thinks he has now the best stream of water—the best mill-dam—the best flood-gates—the best machinery—the best miller—and can make the best flour and meal of any mill in the county. If you doubt it call on me at Urie Ville.

EDMUND TOWNSEND.

oct 17, '57.

ESTATE OF JOHN M. BIDDLE.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 27 1857

On the application of Stephen A. Biddle and Richard Hynson, Administrator of John M. Biddle wne, 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, and the American published in Baltimore city.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 3rd day of December, 1857.

{SEAL}

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 John M. Biddle 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 24th day of April, 1858; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of October, 1857.

STEPHEN A. BIDDLE,
RICHARD HYNSON,
Adm'r John M. Biddle, dec'd.

nov 7, 1857—4t

ESTATE OF JAMES BROWNE.

Maryland, Kent county Orphan' Court, November 10, 1857.

On the application of Jno. Hadaway, Administrator of James Browne, 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 I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 10th day of November, 1857.

{SEAL}

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 James Browne, late of Kent county, dec'd. 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 18th day of July, 1858; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 10th day of November, 1857.

JOHN HADAWAY,
Adm'r James Browne, dec'd

nov. 14, 1857—4t.

SPECIE PAYMENT RESUMED!

Startling Developments!

CHEAP!! CLOTHING!! CHEAP

S. Mastbaum,

HAS opened his New Philadelphia Clothing Emporium in Bordley's Corner No 1, opp. the Market House. All the Clothing is manufactured by himself and therefore he can, and is determined to sell cheaper than any other store. Those intending to purchase would do well to call here before buying elsewhere; all kinds Raglans, Bangups, sack, body and business coats always on hand, with a large assortment of

PANTS and VESTS,

in all styles and great varieties suitable for the present and approaching seasons. Just received a large assortment of Hats and Caps of every style, very cheap. Always on hand, Shirts, Neck Ha'fs, Suspenders, Gloves, Collars, &c.

This is the only regular Clothing Store in Chestertown.

☞ Don't forget S. Mastbaum's Philadelphia Emporium for men and boy's Clothing.

Nov 7, 1857.

Positively the Last Notice.

BECAUSE so few of the debtors of Dr. T. H. Whaland have paid any attention to the frequent solicitations heretofore given, to call at the office of the subscriber and settle their accounts, either with money or notes—he is compelled to say, positively for the last time, that all accounts for Professional Services, standing for more than a year, and unsettled on the 1st day of December next, will be put in a legal train for collection. R. HYNSON, Agt.

sept 12, 1857. for Dr. T. H. Whaland

POETRY.

DAD IS GROWING OLD, JOHN.

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim,
And years have on his shoulders laid
A heavy weight for him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light;
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brun, John,
At cradle and the plow,
And earned the porridge by the sweat
That trickled from his brow;
Yet never heard we him complain,
Whate'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat
Upon his solid knee.

But when our boy-strength came, John,
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him;
But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ship that cleaves the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,
Thro' weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and dose
And tilt his easy chair;
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old tales of British times,
Of Grand dad and the War.

I heard you speak of Ma'm, John,
'Tis gospel what you say,
That caring for the like of us
Has turned her head so gray;
Yet, John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain!

Her lips were cherry red, John,
Her cheek was round and fair,
And like a ripened peach it swelled
Against her wavy hair.
Her step fell lightly as the leaf
From off the summer tree,
And all day busy at the wheel
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,
That wielded well the rod
Whene'er with wilful step our feet
The path forbidden trod;
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain,
And evermore our yielding cry
Brought down har tears like rain.

Sure, there can be no harm, John,
Thus speaking softly of;
The blessed names of those, ere long,
Shall welcome her no more.
Nay!—hide it not—for why should'st thou
An honest tear disown?
The heart one day will lighter be,
Remembering it has flown.

For Dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim.
And Ma'm is treading softly down
The path of life with him.
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make their path as smothe
And level as we can.

MISCELLANY.

THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE TALE.

One cold windy morning, the last Sunday of December, 1847, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, —which exposed his muscular chest—in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortably furnished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft *fauteauil*, busily reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the houssehold matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention.

She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the house replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some thievish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish!"

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step.

On his entrance, Mr. Mayward with a displeased air gathered up his papers and left the apartment.

The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which, with abundant food was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance left the room whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting on a small table with his head resting on his hands, apparantly in the deepest thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched I could not bear to drive him away," and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take the sacrament today."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absence from home I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be but a burgler in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different keyholes in the room so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience in city life, makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so." responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want even if the person has behaved badly and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."

At that moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him I am sure," said the wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying steps as she descended to the basement.

They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had placed him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square massive chin, displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife, anxiously.

"Oh no, it is only a failing fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "he must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chambers, where the doctor administered with his own hands strong doses of port wine sangares.

The young man soon became partially conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence, give him beef tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor, professionally, as he left the room

In less than hour afterwards Doctor Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of the most Holy Trinity.

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivaled, in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder.

Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man, who man, who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, arose and announced for his text the oft-repeated but seldom applied words of the Apostle—

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity toward strangers and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscious had alone made the application in this particular case.

I have space, nor the power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it combined with the incident of the morning effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to pe much refreshed by rest and nutritous food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attentions he had received, which without doubt, had saved his life.

"But," said he, "I will recompense you well for that, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost, for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident kindness. I was repulsed from every door as an imposter, and could get neither food or rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years and then after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a Christian city, I felt was a bitter fate."

"My name is Arthur Willet," added the stranger.

"Why that is my wife's family name. She will be much pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willet, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of E——, where she was born."

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring:

"It cannot be! I am delrious to think so."

Mrs Maywood gazed with little less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Maywood excitedly, addressing his wife who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother Arthur."—And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room,

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognized that relic.

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are ——"

"His son, Arthur Willet, and your brother."

Mary Willet Maywood fell upon her brother's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Doctor Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of re-union, saying to himself:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

COWS AND HOGS.—From carefully conducted experiments from different persons it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over ten and a half pounds of pork—gross. Taking the result as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference —That

If corn costs 12½ cents per bushel, pork costs 1¼ cents per pound.

If corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

If corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

If corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.

If corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes in his corn when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3 cents per pound, it brings twenty-five cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4 cents per pound, it brings thirty-two cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5 cents per pound it brings forty-five cents per bushel in corn.

☞ Our life is fritted away by detail. Simplicity, Simplicity, Simplicity! I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand, instead of a million, count a half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds, and storms, and quicksands, and thousands-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom, and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator, indeed, who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary, eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reother things in proportion. Our life is like a German confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment.—Our nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldly and overgrown establishment, chuttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps—ruined by luxury and needless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them, is a rigid economy, a stern, and more than Spartan simplicity of life, and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast.—*Thoreau*

☞ A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire He kept on charging but without firing, until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and took the old continental and discharged it.—The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promply struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still, granny—there are five more charges to go off yet."

A POINTED BLOW. An invalid sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, &c., he thus summed them up: "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good for nothing pills and worthless syrups, they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause ailment, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, and lifting his cane, he demolished a decanter of gin that stood upon the sideboard.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such states as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is larger than New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland Scotland or Portugal, and equals Belgium and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy and larger than Denmark, Holand, Belgium and Switzerland—Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales,

NEW MATERIAL FOR MAKING PAPER.—A new and singular material for paper has been recently received from London, and passed through the New York Custom House. It is the residum of beet root after pressing for syrup, and the present is the first parcel that has been imported into the United States.

The following is too good to be lost.—A lady formerly a resident of Georgia very much discontented with Mississippi life and longing to return to her native land, was shouting at a campmeeting last year, and becoming exclusively happy that she exclaimed: "Glory to God!—I feel like I was in Georgia!"

The other day, a Jew was quizzing an Irishman, and kept at him until he was somewhat aggrevated when turning round he tartly remarked: 'Yes dom sowl, if it hadn't been for the like of yees, the Savior woul'd a bin alive now, and doin' well.'

A poor sailor, wrecked on an unknown coast, wandered about in monetery apprehension of being seized by savages, when he suddenly came in sight of a gallows.

"Ah," said he, "thank God, I'm in a civilized country!"

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye would that man should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

"Julius, what part of de ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?"

"Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat.—What is it?"

"Why, ob course, it's de *hims*."

"Jones," said a sympathising neighor to a bachelor friend about to marry: "What in the world put matrimony into your head?"

"Well, the fact is, I was getting short of shirts."

According to the most recent style of ladies dresses, it will take twenty-two yards to make anything like a pattern hereafter. Who is going to be such a fool as to get married at this rate?"