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The Kent News:

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

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

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.
☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12-y.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.
Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES.
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF

BALTIMORE,

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF

BUILDING

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

IN LOTS TO SUIT.

Kennedyville Ahead!!

$10,000

Is offered for the arrest of the great criminal, "BOSS TWEED," and although he has fled from justice, I am enabled to offer

Another New Stock

At PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!

PRINTS—Cocheco and Pacific.....10c.
Other do. from 6c. up.
MUSLINS from 6c. up.
CANTON and WOOL FLANNELS,
KERSEYS, &c.,
☞ As low as the lowest. ☜

A full line of BOOTS AND SHOES at bottom prices.

A New Stock of CLOTHING

among which are some OVER-COATS, at PANIC PRICES.

GROCERIES.

Sugars from 9 to 13 cts. Syrups 40 to 80 cts.
Best Mince Meat at 14c. Coffee 25 to 30 cts.
Raisins, Currants and Spices for Mince Pies.
Best Pearl Hominy.

Also a full line of

FRESH CONFECTIONERY,

Which includes French and Common Candies, Fruits, Nuts etc., for Christmas.

☞ LARD CANS $1 00.

And almost everything that ought to be found at a country store.

I will also pay the highest prices for GRAIN Dried Fruit, Eggs, Butter, Lard and Bacon.

Also, for well dressed POULTRY in good condition, and—

All this AT THE POST OFFICE AT KENNEDYVILLE.

JOS. E. WEER, P. M.

Dec. 11, 1875.

Another Arrival from Philadelphia!

LADIES if you want Cheap Buttoned Gaiters and Balmorals, you can find them at

JOS. H. THOMPSON'S,
Under the Kent News office.

Ladies' Lasting Fox But Gaiters $2 50 to 2 75
" Pebble Goat " " 3 00
" Balmorals " " 2 25
" Morocco Bals " " 2 25
" " Lace Boots.....1 75 to 2 00
" " Grain Bals.....2 00
Women's A Cals.....1 75
Misses Button Gaiter.....2 25 to 2 50
" Lasting Fox.....2 00 to 2 25
" Lace Boots.....1 25 to 1 75
Infant's Shoes at all prices.
Gents' and Ladies' Gums.

☞ Give me a call.
Dec 25, 1875. JOS. H. THOMPSON

PERFUMERY.

A nice stock of French and English Perfumery at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del. Heliotrope, Jasmine, White Rose, Jockey Club, Musk, Patchouly, etc.—Also Sachet Powder of the following perfumes: White Rose, Heliotrope, Jockey Club and Violet. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876. No. 43.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

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

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

A
NEW STOCK of GOODS
JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK
AT
J. B. Sappington's

A FULL LINE OF THE
Latest Style PRINTS

Heavy unbleached Muslins, 6¼, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard.
Bleached Muslins 6¼, 8 and 10c. per yard.
Fruit of the Loom, *yard wide*, 12½ cts. a yard; 11½ cts. by the Bolt.
Bed Tickings 16 to 30 cts. a yard, and

Everything in the Dry Goods line Proportionately Cheap.

A CHOICE STOCK OF

GROCERIES,

Consisting of Green, Roasted and Ground Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Spices, Syrups, Molasses, Lard, Salt, &c.

SALT FISH, by the barrel, at city prices.

TOBACCO and CIGARS.

TOBACCO, good and sound, only 68c. a lb. Very fine at 85c. & $1.00 a pound.
GOOD CIGARS at $2 a box.
Garrett's Scotch Snuff, 75c. a pound.
Starr's Rapper Snuff, 80c. a pound.
Blackwell's Genuine Durham SMOKING TOBACCO, the best sold.

A FULL LINE OF
Queensware, Stoneware & Glassware,

Tumblers, Goblets, Sugar, Butter, Pickle, Preserve and Cream Sets.
Stand and Hand Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, all very cheap.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF
Gambril's Flour,

Received this week, which we are selling at a very small advance on first wholesale cost.
Fair Extra Flour at $6 50 a barrel.
Super Flour at $5 00 a barrel.

OUR STOCK OF
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes,
Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes,

Cannot be excelled for DURABILITY at LOW PRICES.

☞ Please give us a Call, ☜

And we will show you Good Goods at LOW PRICES.

☞ Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Corn, &c., wanted in exchange for Goods, or Cash paid if desired. Cash paid for FUR.

CALL AT THE OLD STAND, opposite Geo. E. Lambert's Carriage Shop.

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

Chestertown, Feb. 19, 1876.

Nursery Stock.

APPLE, PEAR, PEACH and CHERRY TREES, and SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, by the 100, 1,000, or 10,000.

I have for SPRING PLANTING the most extensive, and choicest assortment of Fruit Trees and Plants I have ever before offered to planters.

APPLE TREES.

The growers of this valuable and profitable Fruit in Maryland generally have been sadly disappointed in getting trees from the north; as winter varieties there, when planted here, mature their fruit too early in the fall to keep through the winter with us. For this reason, and to secure reliable winter keeping apples, I grew my Apple Nursery on my farm in Va., 300 miles south of here.

I have a choice selection, which cannot fail to give satisfaction and have grafted largely of a variety called Smith's Horse (not the old Horse apple.) The fruit can be picked nearly as early as the Early Harvest, and being double its size, commands readily from $5 to $7 per bbl

PEACH TREES.

Almost all my Peach Trees were budded from bearing trees, grown on my own and two adjoining farms, the buds being taken from the trees while the fruit was on them, leaving no doubt in my mind that my stock is true to name.

I have not a long list of varieties; have budded chiefly of late most approved canning sorts, including three very valuable new varieties for canning, very popular in Del., ripening with and after Smock.

I also have a large stock of Early Beatrice, I budded this variety last summer; several of my friends in Kent saw the fruit, and can testify that it was fully ten days earlier than Hale's; a high colored showy, firm peach. I think it well worthy extensive cultivation.

PEAR TREES.

I have secured a large stock of St. and Dwf. Pear Trees from a reliable source in N. York, and can furnish in quantities of the most approved varieties. No better Pear Trees can be grown anywhere than in N. York.

CHERRY TREES.

I have but few varieties of this fruit, and the planter wants but few for profit.

Small Fruit Plants.

I have a large supply on hand, and recommend but few varieties. My extensive experience as a fruit grower enables me to judge of the merits of the many kinds in the market. I have rejected two thirds of them as not worthy of cultivation.

Catalogues mailed on application.

N. BARNARD,
Jan. 8, 1876—4m. *Still Pond, Md.*

WALKER'S Best Grey THREAD and Cotton ROPE for Gilling Purposes, at THOMPSON'S,
Feb. 19. Up Town.

VENDUE.

Sale of Personal Property.

BY virtue of the power and authority contained in a Mortgage Bill of Sale from Thomas H. Stephens to Thomas W. Eliason, dated the 17th day of January, in the year 1874, duly executed and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 372, one of the Chattel Record books for Kent county, the undersigned will sell at public sale on the farm where the said Thomas H. Stephens resided at the time of his death, in Worton, Kent county, on

WEDNESDAY,

THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

the following property embraced in the said Bill of Sale, viz:

4 HORSES, 1 MARE,
4 COWS, 1 HEIFER,
1 Carriage and Harness,
ONE CARRIAGE POLE.
1 GRAIN FAN,
One-half interest in a WHEAT DRILL,
1 PENNOCK CORN SHELLER,
1 CHAMPION WHEAT REAPER,
2 PEACH WAGONS,
1 FARM WAGON, 1 DEARBORN,
Wagon Harness, Ploughs, Cultivators, Harrows, Plough Gears, Hoes, Forks, Shovels, and other

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The sale to begin at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

THE TERMS will be a credit of six months on note of the purchaser, with security approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from the day of sale, for sums over twenty dollars, and cash on the day of sale for all sums of $20 or less.

It is hoped there will be a full attendance.

THOMAS W. ELIASON,
Feb. 19, 1876—4t. Mortgagee.

☞ It is desirable that the above property be sold for its full value, and I hope there will be a full attendance. W. W. STEPHENS.
Feb. 19, 1876—ts.

Corn Planting and Truck Growing.

HUBBARD'S
IMPROVED
STAR BONE PHOSPHATE
Manufactured by
HUBBARD BROS.,
—AT—
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,
And WYOMING, DEL.

THIS Phosphate has merits commensurate with its reputation, which is equal to any in the market, and is sold at a much less price, which is a matter of great consideration.

Farmers who pay cash for our Phosphate on delivery, or in 30 days from date of bill, will find that money is worth to them much more than legal interest, showing a decided advantage both to the farmer and to the manufacturer, who is working upon a small margin above the actual cost per ton.

The satisfactory results from its use can only be attributed to the large percentage of actual Fertilizer, essentially Bone, employed in its manufacture, making it undoubtedly the BEST MANURE FOR ALL CROPS. Farmers will also derive great benefit from its use to prevent Frenching in corn, and the annoyance of the troublesome insect that so many of our farmers have to contend with.

In view of the increasing demand for this Fertilizer, we have doubled our facilities for manufacturing, and shall be able to furnish in early Spring in such quantities as may be required. We ask but one trial to convince all of its valuable properties contained in our Phosphate as a Crop producer, and pledge ourselves to keep it up to the present high standard believing that our success depends upon the quality of our Fertilizer.

☞ In order to avoid disappointment and delay we advise that all orders be sent in early.

Address
HUBBARD BROS.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., and WYOMING, DEL.

P. S.—Send for circulars and certificates.
Jan. 1, 1876—3m.

CLOSING OUT
WINTER STOCK

We are now losing out our entire stock of

WINTER CLOTHING

At GREATLY REDUCED PRICES for the Cash!

If you want BARGAINS call at once, as we are fully determined to close them out.

Fine Beaver OVER-COATS

worth $28, we are selling for $23, and all other goods in like proportion.

Call early before the are all gone.

S. MERRITT & CO.,
Bordley Corner, Chestertown.
Jan. 1, 1876.

RATIFICATIN NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Courtof Kent county,
FEBRUARY 8, 1876

ORDERED, that the sale the Real Estate of Alexander Wilson deceased, made and reported by WILLIAM J. WILSON, executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 8th day of April next; Provided a copy this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be Seven hundred and forty-five dollars.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOMAS J. SHILCROSS,
RICHARD B. WILSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Ct Kent co.

True copy,—Test:
WILLIAM STEVENS,
Feb. 12—4t. Regr Wills.

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to us Book accounts or notes, are respectly requested to call and settle the same, one of these have been long standing, and have waited patiently, and now hope all indebted will call and settle, for we must have money to pay our bills which are now due.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Jan. 15, 1876—tf.

MEMORIES.

FOR THE KENT NEWS: BY ROSE MITCHELL.

Cold, wild, and stormy is the day,
Sadly howls the wind along the shore,
While memories, awake within the heart,
Of pleasures that are dead forevermore.

Voices, whose music fell upon the ear,
Sweeter than rippling of mountain streams,
Now echo only on the empty air,
Or visit us in dreams.

Soft eyes, that held within their depth the power,
The witchery, to steal the soul away,
Are gone, and but the *ghosts* of joys,
Are flitting round and *haunting* us to-day.

Oh! vanished joys return, once more return,
From those misty aisles of time, come back again,
But *echo*, faintly answers through the gloom
"In vain, in vain," the cry is all in vain.

No more on earth will vanished looks and tones
Return to fill the heart with ecstasy,
Hope whispers, fairer flowers will bloom
Close on the borders of eternity.

STONETON, February, 1876.

The Beautiful Gate.

It is a fair tradition, one of old,
That, at the gate of Heaven called beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On earth, shall greet us as we enter in,
With graceful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity, wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto the Lord.
Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes,
Whose weeping thou hast stilled, shall glisten there;
How many hearts, whose burden thou hast shared,
And heavy feet, whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes elastic through the joy
Of new found hope, and sympathy, and love,
Shall welcome thee within the gates of bliss—
The golden city of Jerusalem.

MOTHER.

How my heart has been pained to see the coolness and indifference which is often manifested for an aged and dependent mother.

Age may waste a mother's beauty and dim the lustre of her eye, her strength may depart, her limbs refuse to support her tottering frame, or she may become as helpless as an infant, but shall we love her less? Is she not our mother still?—Has she not toiled and watched over our helpless infancy? And in youth, has she not tried to lead us in the straight and narrow path? And in sickness she was our ministering angel. Who but a mother could be so patient, so kind and affectionate, so gentle and self sacrificing?

If we have been tempted into forbidden paths, if we have followed in bad counsels and gone astray, if we have chosen evil companions and forgotten the good counsels of our youth, who is ready to encourage and lead us back to honor and virtue as a mother? She is ready to forgive, to love and cherish us still.

Who can fathom a mother's love? She is our friend when all the world forsakes us. She will ever cling to us—will die for us if necessary.

Hard indeed must be the heart that can neglect and abuse a dear aged mother.

She should never feel that she is not welcome, never feel that she is a burden to her children; never should her sensitive heart be pained by an unkind look or word. How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness and love while living—how little do we think of her anxiety for us? But when she is gone, and we see the old arm chair, the vacant place at the table and hear no more her sweet voice, then do we know she is gone, never more to return, and we call her back. She has gone; and happy for us if we can say we have been faithful and made her happy, and can look forward to the meeting beyond the grave.

FOR THE LADIES.

White muslin dresses, so fashionable once for bridemaids, are scarcely seen at all.

It is now fashionable to have collar, cuffs, handkerchiefs, stockings and dress all *en suit*.

For widow's mourning, the veil should be three yards in length a hem a half yard deep.

The Princess press, made with corsage and skirt in one, will be much worn in the spring.

Those who are tall and slender should not use lengthwise trimmings, as they add to the height.

Flowers are still largely used on evening toiletts, both in sprays and trailing vines, and also boquets.

Side pleated waists are still worn—these waists are too becoming to the slender to abandon just yet.

The Valenciennes lace now used is of a deep cream color, but is not half as popular as chashmere lace.

Lusterless black silks, trimmed with crape, are very handsome dresses for those who are in second morning.

Alpacas should be trimmed with knife pleating or wide mohair braid, put on in many rows. Some put on a box pleated flounce.

A very tasteful cap for an elderly lady is of tarletan, or white or black crape, made Fanchon shape with long strings made of the same at the back.

Breakfast caps which were originally intended for the middle-aged ladies, are so becoming that they are now being worn by young single girls.

Persons using crape bands should line them with fine crinoline or make them double, otherwise the handsomest crape loses much of its richness.

The wedding dresses are now made with low necked princesse train, and petticoats very much like those worn a century ago, Martha Washington style.

The hair is now worn with one plat at the back of the head, fixed loop shape, and the hair on top is covered with puffs. Some intermix curls, and the effect is becoming.

Old time crape, once so much worn for evening toilette, is now fashionable for bridemaid's toilette. This crape puffs and pleats beautifully, and far better than tulle.

The latest new linen colars, with cuffs to match, are of the Byron shape, but are much higher in the back and bordered with blue, red and purple to match handkerchiefs and dresses.

IT is proper during leap year for young ladies to loaf around church doors and steps, and spit all around and talk about how pretty the blushing young men look as they modestly go in.

A KENTUCKY JUDGE has decided that a man has no right to harness his wife to a plow, no, not even with a mule. And yet women complain that they have no rights.—*Detroit Evening News.*

BIBBS; A LOVE STORY.

I.

There was no doubt about it; John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she *was* pretty, that was no reason why she should let half a dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time and, leaning on their elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter, cadets and officers too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to the ball that was coming off next month. To be sure, he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character and a good trade at his back, and, moreover, his father had died not long since, and there was the cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible. Jennie acted as shop-woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs Evans had only managed to get a few pounds worth of things with what had been subscribed for her in the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evans was, made a point of buying their tapes and cotton and sticks of sealing wax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning to night with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs Evans did not know it, for she, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, worked hard at dress-making, (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it.)

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jennie under the excuse of buying a penny paper, or perhaps asking for a time-table. Jennie made the most trim and pretty and obliging of shop-women, and the place itself was always a pattern of neatness, but the officers' wives did not care to go and buy their thread where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation, and so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jennie—pretty, kind-hearted thoughtless Jennie—had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been only too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Devonshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was very fond of her sister, but also because she had wished many times to see John Weare again. She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth, and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John told her then that he was tired of the service and wanted to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could do no better than ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich, and gradually established himself on the footing of a lover, till he found the shop always filled with officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors; then he got jealous and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and besides it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind and told the coquettish Jennie what he thought and was snubbed for his pains.

"If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself!"

"Well, Miss Jennie, I didn't mean to give you offence. I only told you what I thought."

"Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said, with a little toss of her pretty head—"unless they had been nice ones," she added.—He had heard this aside, and picked up his courage.

"It's awfully hard, too, when one that cares for you can't really get near you," he pleaded. Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of opinion that "he ought to have come up to the scratch before," so she thought a little jealousy might do him good.

"Oh! here comes Captain McGee," she said in a delighted tone.

"Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jennie, and if you take my advice you'll send him off sharp."

"I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

"Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt."

"And he's bringing me some flowers."

"Now, look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

"Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. If you are going to keep on talking to him I shall never come in the place again, so which is it to be?"

"The captain."

"But I am not joking. I'll never see you again."

"No more am I joking, so good-bye."

"Good-bye," and he went.

II.

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him she might send for him or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

"If she cared about me she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought.

The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over, and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye, however, turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind.

"It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into and me ready to retire from the service and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, all along of that Captain McGee too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe and no one to pick it."

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

"Quite a stranger, Mr Weare," she said; but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable. "She can't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

"Bibbs," said John Weare, "come and have some fruit," and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

"How old are you, Bibbs?"

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

"Five and a half. Is that your sword up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?"

Now, he knew Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

"Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword now."

"Where is she going to?" he asked in consternation.

"Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword."

"Why is she going?" he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

"She's ill, I think; and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over her silver thing that you gave her, and kissed it like anything."

The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

"Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said.

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels, and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

"Crying over her silver thing!" said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her and beg her pardon."

And he went, and Jennie met him and pouted, and declared that she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted him and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunloy, the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which had filled up the shop with idle officers, who were always in the way; and how she had been so ashamed and wretched and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had determined to go back to Devonshire.

"But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the style leading to the Eltham fields.

"You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?"

It took a long time to talk her into it (about three-quarters of an hour,) but then the was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all his flowers out of the window.

And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Why, but for him I might never have seen you again!"

"Perhaps not."

"I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home," she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking horse, which he delights in to this day.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Influence of Greenbacks.

He looked like a man who might have had fifteen cents last fall, but who had used the last of it weeks ago. When he sat down in the restaurant the waiter paid no heed to him, and he rapped several times before a colored man slid that way.

"I want fried oysters," said the man, as he looked over the bill of fare.

"Dey is jist out, fried oysters is," replied the waiter.

"Bring me a chicken, then,"

"Dere isn't a chicken in de place."

"Got any venison?" inquired the man.

"Not an inch, sah."

"Any ham and eggs?"

"No, sah."

"See here," said the man, getting vexed, "I want a square meal. I've got the ducats right here, and I can pay for my dinner and buy your old coopshop besides."

He lifted a big roll of greenbacks out of his pocket, shook it at the darkey and continued:—

"Have you a chicken?"

"Yes, sah, I guess so, sah; I have de biggest kind o' belief dat since we commenced to talk a chicken has blown right into de kettle an' been cooked. And now about dat venision and dose fried oysters—dey has also arrived."

ALWAYS open to conviction—a thief.

A MICHIGAN GIANT.

Charley Freeman, says the Ypsilant *Sentinel*, along back in the thirties, appeared for the first time among a gang of laborers on the Flat Rock and Gibralter Canal, and he moved among ordinary men like a son of Anak. He looked eight feet high, at least, and three feet across the shoulders. His arm sprang from his chest as large as any middle sized man's body, and tapered down to a hand three inches thick, and when doubled into a fist, as big and hard as a rail-splitter's maul. He gave his age at seventeen, and he was growing. He hired for the wages and work of an ordinary hand; but when he seized a shovel it went through the clay like a breaking-up plow, and the handle soon came off if the blade held. An ordinary ax was but a feather in his hand. It sank to the eye in the wood, and the helve splintered—dealt out strength by the wholesale, and he could not weight out his force in the measure of ordinary men.

When he stood among a gang of laborers the contrast made them look like children. The strolling Indians would stare in amazement a few moments, and then with a deep "ugh!" get out of sight of him as fast as their dignity would let them. He was put to do the work of three pairs of oxen. That was removing the trunks of trees cut in ten or twelve foot lengths out of the way of the diggers; not hitched to them like oxen, to snake them away, but with his right hand under the end, raising it from the ground, then balancing it across his left forearm, he shot the saw logs far to one side with all the ease that a skilled workman piles his split cord wood. And thus, day after day, the giant moved.

He appeared again on the boats that plied along the Huron river, Michigan. He was engine and tackle to handle heavy freight. What others could not shove nor roll, he would pick up and carry or toss. When the heavily freighted boat stuck on the ripples he just stepped out of the stern and boosted her over. Nobody would have felt surprised if he had taken the whole boat and cargo right under his arms, as a woman carries a dough-tray, and marched across by land, when they came to long bends in the river. Nobody ever said he did this, because they never wanted to exaggerate his feats, any more than we do now.

But navigation did not pay, and that stopped too. Some of the "fancy" heard of the uncelebrated giant, and took the notion that there was money in him. He was as simple as a child. Any one could lead him. It never got through his skull that he was remarkable. The sharpers meant to keep him so, and speculate on his prodigious power. They coaxed him off eastward. At Buffalo they sent him into a dock saloon with a sixteen hundred pound anchor under his left arm, just as a chopper carries his ax, to pawn it for drinks. He got the drinks, and the keeper was glad to treat him for carrying it out again. Thus he and his friends traveled on his muscle to the sea coast, and across to England. They intended to get a soft thing on some English champion. They had too much of a good thing. A friendly sparring as an experiment, with a professional boxer showed that a match with any living pugilist was impossible. The giant's face could not be effectually reached. Blows on the body might as well have been planted on a sand-bag.—When his unskilled maul came down it came with the force of a pile-driver, and no matter what it met the obstacle went to the earth.

By the ruse of representing him as large and strong, but green, they made a match of science and skill against power, with a noted pugilist. The parties came on the ground, but at the first sight of him his opponent turned away saying: "I came to fight with a large man, not with a mountain." Seconds, referees and all hands declared the match "off."

Finding nothing could be made out of him, his sharp attendants deserted him. From Michigan to Liverpool the route had been one of continued dissipation, and he had contracted the seeds of disease. Deserted in a strange land, he was uncared for; an object of awe and curiosity, useless to anybody else and helpless to care for himself, he soon died of consumption and was buried in a pauper's grave.

When Heenan and Sayres were raising such an excitment a few years ago there was some talk of the sporting fraternity intending to erect him a monument, but they never did.

Thus perished perhaps the most magnificent specimen of physical manhood that the United States ever produced.—He never learned a letter; he never felt a refining influence; he never had a real friend. His rapid growth, great size and immense strength prevented all possible parental moulding or influence. It was fortunate for others that he was not vicious. It was unfortunate for himself that his birth was in a place, and at a time, where and when, necessity, we may say, forced him to run to waste.

European Potentates.

From the 'Almanache de Gotha,' for 1876, it appears that there are 38 sovereigns and 2 Republics in Europe. The Pope is the oldest sovereign (83), and has reigned the longest—29 years. Emperor William comes next, and is 78. The Czar is 57; Queen Victoria, 56; Victor Emmanuel, 55; Francis Joseph, 55, and Alfonso, the youngest of all, 18. San Marino is the oldest Republic, Switzerland is the next, and France is the youngest of all, having been born at Sedan in 1870. There are now officially recognized and respected 145 orders of chivalry, including those of the White Elephant, of Siam, and Bolivar's bust, of Venezuela. The second part of the Almanche is devoted to Princes, including all the noble families of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy. Two hundred and sixteen pages are accorded them for the description of these 161 houses, and embracing the entire stock of European aristocracy worth taking off one's hat to; since the remaining driblets are not mentioned in Almanach de Geth are indeed small beer. These 38 monarchs and 161 family stocks rule over 200,000,000 of people. The Irish Duke of Abercorp heads the class, which is appropriately footed up by the Grecian Prince Ypsilanti; between this the Alpha and Omega the others stand.

LENT began the 1st of March this year.

THE WELL-CONNECTED YOUNG MAN.

Once upon a time the archduke Stephen lived for a short time in close retirement in one of the garrisoned towns in the interior of Hungary. The general, then recently appointed to the command of the garrison, was very much feared for his intolerance of any great or small military peccadilloes, and the rigid enforcement of rules, in which respect his predecessor was rather lax.

An order prohibiting officers from appearing abroad in civilians' dress, under penalty of arrest and punishment, was strictly enforced under this commander's regime. Nevertheless, a first lieutenant ventured to brave the order, and one morning, tempted by the beauty of the day, and no telling what else, he disencumbered himself of his uniform, and wandered into the village. Everything favored him until about half way to his quarters on his return, when, heavens! he saw the general marching, like the stern dragoon that he was, directly towards him. Was there no escape?

Ha! Brave boy that he was, his good genius did not forsake him. Just in advance of him, on the other side of the road, two gentlemen were walking leisurely along. Like a flash the idea burst upon him. Rapidly crossing, he placed himself between them, apologizing for his intrusion by explaining his dilemma, and requested permission to walk with them until the general had passed.

It was granted, of course.

As the dreaded commander advanced, the lieutenant was so deeply interested in his conversation with the gentlemen, he did not notice the profound bow with which his party was honored by his superior, and imagined he had escaped his Argus eyes, and when by evening no order came to startle him, he congratulated himself on having surmounted his trouble.

He was mistaken. Early the following morning he was notified to appear before the commandant. With quaking heart he obeyed. Prepared for the worst, he was not a little surprised to be greeted most kindly on his entrance with the quiet question—

"How is it, lieutenant, that you ventured to disobey orders yesterday?"

"Your pardon, general," he replied, encouraged and relieved. "Pardon me in consideration of the circumstances, this time. I was taken unawares by the visit of some relatives, who were so pressing in their invitation to have me join them in a walk as they were leaving, and as they were on the point of departing, without a moment's consideration I went with them in the dress I happened to be in.—My violations of rules merits the severest censure, but I hope your excellency will be merciful, and pardon what will never occur again."

"Ah! The gentlemen were relatives of yours?"

"Yes, your excellency, very near and dear relatives of my recently deceased mother."

"Indeed! I am uncommonly rejoiced to hear that you are well connected, and for the sake of these relations I will substitute mercy for justice and overlook the offense. See that it does not occur again."

"Your excellency is gracious," thankfully exclaimed the culprit, feeling as if an impending storm had suddenly cleared away without any thunderbolts. "Any other orders, sir?"

"Yes, you are invited to accompany me to the residence of his highness, the archduke, to dinner to-day. Sharp three o'clock is the hour."

To say that our lieutenant was amazed would be giving a faint description of his feelings. They were of a most astounding character, and reached the highest pitch when he recognized in his imperial host and his adjutant his companions of the day before and his deceased mother's dear relations.

I am under the impression he had little appetite for his dinner, in spite of the cordial reception he met with and the good natured reprimand he carried away with him.

HIRAM ROBINSON was a rich and jolly bachelor. One afternoon as he sat smoking after dinner, Jim Clark one of Hiram', guests, commented on the beauty of a new dining table which Hiram had recently purchased.

"It's the finest black walnut I ever saw," said Jim, "and the only fault I have to find with the table is this—it's just a little too high. A table shouldn't exceed two feet five, and this is at least an inch higher than that."

"I'll bet you," offered Hiram, "that it is only twenty-nine inches high."

"Don't bet, Hiram; I'm sure of it—for my eye, as I have reason to know, is always correct."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars, Jim, that it's only twenty-nine inches high."

"Oh, if you're willing Hiram, I'll make the bet; but I tell you beforehand the table is at least thirty inches high."

"Of course, Jim, if you're right, I'll pay the money at once."

"Well, then, fork over the coin. I measured the table this very morning, and its just thirty inches high."

And Jim burst into a fit of laughter.

"I know you did," said Hiram, "for I saw you do it; and knowing what a liking you have for practical joking, I immediately suspected your object. As soon as you had left the house, I sent for a carpenter and had an inch sawed off every leg; so you see, my dear friend Jim, that the biter has been bitten. Hand over the cash!"

Jim paid Hiram the fifty dollars, amid the laughter of everybody but himself.

"THIS is my last call," remarked a flippant young gentleman to a young lady who was soon to be married, "I never call on married women or unmarried ladies after they have reached thirty-five."

"You do well, sir," gravely remarked an elder lady present. "At that age, and after marriage, they begin to know the value of time, and do not like to waste it."

THE Detroit Free Press remarks: How a man can afford to give away an eighteen dollar chromo with a pound of dollar tea, puzzles people who don't know the immense profits made on tea.

AN Irishman was once asked if he had ever seen a red blackberry. "To be sure I have," said Pat, "all blackberries are red when they are green.