msa_sc2901_scm1623-0388 copyright Maryland State Archives

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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876. No. 47.

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.

NEW
SPRING GOODS!

The undersigned has just returned from the city with a full assortment of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

which he offers to sell as Low as the Lowest.

JOS. E. WEER,
Mar. 25, 1876. KENNEDYVILLE.

New Styles Calicoes
From 6 to 10 cts.

Muslins, Flannels, Ginghams, &c., at Panic Prices, by JOS. E. WEER.

NOTIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, Still Lower, by
Mar. 25, 1875. JOS. E. WEER.

GROCERIES, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
For sale by JOS. E. WEER.

BRIDLES, Collars, Halters, Traces, Lines, Saddle Girths, &c., by
Mar. 25, 1876. JOS. E. WEER.

HYLAND & CO.'S PLOWS, Castings, and Corn Shellers, by JOS. E. WEER.

ORDERS received for the Allen Cultivator by JOS. E. WEER.

THE McConaughy Corn Dropper, for sale by JOS. E. WEER.

LANDRETH'S *FRESH GARDEN SEED* for sale by JOS. E. WEER.

YORK STATE Early Rose Potatoes, for sale by JOS. E. WEER

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c., for sale by JOS. E. WEER.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at all hours, by
March 25, 1876 JOS. E. WEER.

CORN, LARD, BACON, EGGS, and all kind of Produce wanted, for which the highest price will be given, by
JOS. E. WEER,
March 25, 1876. Kennedyville.

NEW FIRM!

Jas. W. Chapman. Jas. W. Lambert.
Geo. E. Lambert.

Chapman, Lambert & Co.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Have this day entered into a co-partnership for the prosecution of all the branches of business heretofore conducted by ourselves separately, to wit:

CARRIAGE MAKING,
General Blacksmithing
AND
WHEELWRIGHTING.

In the CARRIAGE MAKING LINE we have now and will keep on hand a fine stock of materials, and, with superior workmen, are prepared to make to order all styles of Carriages, such as BUGGIES, JENNY LINDS, ROCKAWAYS, JAGGERS, &c., at short notice, and as cheap as can be had elsewhere.

We have now on hand a number of NEW and SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

In the WHEELWRIGHTING and BLACKSMITHING LINE

we can be surpassed for good work by no shop on the Peninsula. We have first-class workmen, a good stock of iron and steel, and a large assortment of seasoned lumber of fine quality, enabling us to manufacture WAGONS, CARTS, DEARBORNS, PLOWS, HARROWS and CULTIVATORS, ROLLERS of superior pattern, and WHEELBARROWS; also, to do HORSE-SHOEING, MACHINE WORK, and everything else in this department, in the very best manner, and at low prices.

We also call the attention of Farmers to our

Patent Sub-soil Attachment,

which can be applied to any Plow at one-third the cost of a sub-soil Plow. We have purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this Attachment in Kent and Queen Anne's counties. For the Second District in Kent Farmers will be supplied by TILGHMAN SHAFER at Kennedyville.

☞ We herewith return our thanks to the public for the generous patronage bestowed in the past, and pledging ourselves to do work at the very lowest prices, hope to merit even a more extended patronage in the future.

☞ We shall expect a settlement every six months with all our customers believing this to be not only essential to our own success, but to the advantage of our customers.

CHAPMAN, LAMBERT & CO.
March 1, 1876. m11-10m

W. A. HYLAND & CO.,

RESPECTFULLY thank the Public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and announce that they are determined, by the use of the very best material and the employment of the best workmen, to offer unprecedented advantages to the Agriculturists of Kent and adjoining counties. Their

New Reaper,

has been thoroughly tested and found worthy of a first place among the various machines offered. Light draft, durability, general strength and simplicity of all the parts, are advantages that they claim.

In PLOWS

they offer a SPECIALITY. The wants of the Farmer is considered in the general manufacture. The best iron is used, the best wood, and they are neatly put up, painted and varnished, and the castings smooth and neat.

They are the proprietors of a CORN SHELLER with Fan attachment, which with their one and two horse power, will shell and clean seventy-five bushels in one hour, of which fact good reference can be given.

REPAIRING

they do neatly, and all their work they do at reasonable prices, and say to all, encourage home manufacture, or at all events give them a trial.

THE CRAWFORD MOWER,

so justly celebrated for its light draft, and good work done by it, they also keep for sale.

Also, the Celebrated Taylor Rake.

The following persons have their PLOWS and CASTINGS for sale:

Chapman, Lambert & Co.....Chestertown.
J. B. Parrott.....Still Pond.
Geo. W. Harper..... " "
F. H. Harper..... " "
N. T. Hynson..... " "
Jos. E. Weer.....Kennedyville.
Harrison & Bro., Crumpton, Queen Anne's co.
C. H. J. Sparks.....Locust Grove.
E. Anderson..... " "
G. N. Davis.....Cecilton, Cecil co., Md.

WM. A. HYLAND & Co.
Galena, Mar. 11, 1876—6m.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM

Near Chestertown, Kent Co.

BY VIRTUE of the power and authority contained in a Mortgage from John R. Gray and Anna M. Gray, his wife, to Thomas W. Eliason, dated the sixth day of April, in the year 1870, duly executed and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, pages 273 to 277, one of the land record Books for Kent county, the undersigned, Mortgagee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, at THE VOSHELL HOUSE IN CHESTERTOWN, on

WEDNESDAY, April 5, 1876,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All that VALUABLE FARM

in Kent County, in the State of Maryland, on which John R. Gray, Esq., now resides, called

The Grove Farm,

or "*Grove*," "*Little Grove*," "*Grove Addition*," "*Calder's Meadows*," and "*Frenchard's Memorial*,"

situated about two miles from Chestertown, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Ilanesville, and containing

330 ACRES,

And 3 ROODS OF LAND,

MORE OR LESS,

About 280 Acres of which is arable, and divided into three fields and a Peach Orchard, under good fencing. The residue is in WOOD AND TIMBER, with Chestnut sufficient for the Farm, and a stream of water running through it.

The soil is a loam, suitable for growing Corn, Wheat, and Fruit.

The PEACH ORCHARD

has in it about SIX THOUSAND TREES eight years old, and about SIX THOUSAND TREES five years old this Spring, said to be of the best varieties, and in healthy condition.

The IMPROVEMENTS ARE A

LARGE AND HANDSOME FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

Two Stories high, nearly new, with four rooms and a Kitchen on the lower floor, and seven rooms above; and other apartments for servants, all finished; a large Cellar, divided into four apartments; a WELL of soft, pure water; a MEAT HOUSE, POULTRY HOUSE and CARRIAGE HOUSE, GRANARY and CRIBS under one roof, a CATTLE SHED and a large STABLE, all in good condition.

The location is healthy, and desirable for a residence, convenient to Churches, Schools, Mill and for shipment of products and travel by steam and sail vessels from Chestertown and Buck Neck to Baltimore, and by Railroad to Philadelphia.

Persons wishing to purchase will examine the property.

The above property will be sold subject to the liens thereon that are prior to the aforesaid Mortgage under which the sale is made and have priority and preference over it.

TERMS OF SALE.

The Terms of Sale will be $7,000.00 cash on the day of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal instalments, with interest thereon from the day of sale, in one and two years from the day of sale. These deferred payments to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with security or sureties to be approved by the undersigned. When the sale is ratified and the whole purchase money paid, the undersigned is authorized to convey the property by deed to the purchaser. The expense of the deed to be paid by the purchaser.

THOMAS W. ELIASON,
MORTGAGEE.
Chestertown, March 4, 1876—5t

POSTPONED
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 TWELFTH DAY OF APRIL 1876,

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

4 HORSES, 1 MARE,
FOUR COWS,
ONE HEIFER,
One Carriage and Harness,
ONE CARRIAGE POLE,
One-half interest in a WHEAT DRILL,
1 GRAIN FAN,
1 PENNOCK CORN SHELLER,
1 CHAMPION WHEAT REAPER,
2 PEACH WAGONS,
1 FARM WAGON, 1 DEARBORN,
Wagon Harness, Ploughs, Cultivators, Harrows, Plough Gears, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, 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 that there will be a full attendance. THOMAS W. ELIASON,
Mar. 18, 1876. MORTGAGEE.

☞ It is desirable that the above property be sold for its full value, and I hope there will be a full attendance.
Mar. 18, 1876. W. W. STEPHENS.

NOTICE.

The undersigned is still paying the

Highest Cash Price for CORN,

delivered in cars along the Kent Co. Railroad, or will run cars either on the Belair or Worton Branches when parties have car load or more F. M. ALDRIDGE.
Office at C. F. Stam & Bro's, Chestertown.
March 4, 1876—tf.

GLOVES of all kinds; British and American SOCKS for Gents; also Suspenders; Shirt Studs, Collar Buttons, Sleeve Buttons &c., at S. MERRITT & CO'S,
3-11 Bordley's Corner, Chestertown

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

C. ROLPH & Co.,

HAVING REMOVED to the stand formerly occupied by L. Hecht, and adjoining the Millinery store of Mrs. L. J. Davis, continues to keep on hand

A LARGE and SELECT STOCK
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS,
And Gents' Furnishing Goods,

which we guarantee to sell at the very lowest prices. March 11—1m.

LARGE REDUCTIONS
IN
PRICES!

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,

IS OFFERING

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE KNOWN IN THIS MARKET.

Best Calicoes - - - - 8 cts.
Tip Top do. - - - - 6¼ cts.

Wamsutta 4-4 Bleh'd Muslins ..... 12½c.
Davol " " " ..... 12½c.
Fruit of the Loom 4-4 do. ..... 11½c.
Gem of the Spindle 4-4 do ..... 10½c.
Appleton A. 4-4 Brown Muslin..... 9½c.
Laurel D. 4-4 " " ..... 9½c.

These prices are STRICTLY CASH. An advance will be made on all time sales of the above goods except Calicoes.

SPECIAL BARGAINS
In Black Alpacas,
AND
Pure Mohairs.

SPECIAL ATTENTION invited to a LARGE STOCK OF

MEN'S SPRING SHOES,

A good whole stock Plow Shoe.....$1.50
A " Alexis Tie Box Toe 2.50
Men's good Congress Gaiters, Box Toe... 4.50
A wo. high polish grain Shoe..... 1.25
A wo. " " Morocco " 1.87½

GROCERIES LOW.

Sugar-house Syrup 28c. per gal. The best 25 ct. Coffee to be found anywhere.

Try my own Roasted Coffee, better than any other in this market

Floor Oil Cloths 37½, 50, 60 and 70c. yard.

A large lot of Hamburg Edgings and Insertings just received, at low prices.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 11, 1876.

HINES & CO.,

(SUCCESSORS to HINES & BURCHINAL,)

DEALERS IN

Agricultural Implements

OF ALL KINDS,

Lister's Pure Ground Bone

Also, PLOW CASTINGS,
PLOW GEARS,
ROPES, FORKS,
SHOVELS,
RAKES, HOES AND

FARMING UTENSILS

GENERALLY.

☞ *Farmers are invited to call and examine our Stock, which is full and complete, and will be sold at low figures.*

HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
March 4, 1876—tf.

C. H. J. Sparks. E. F. Sparks.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having bought and remodeled

Gooding's Mills,

on the road leading from Galena to Locust Grove, is now prepared to do ALL KINDS OF CUSTOM WORK ON SHORT NOTICE.

Grain sent to the Mills by Farmers or Merchants, to store, will be kept in good condition and ground for them as ordered. Will always keep on hand

FLOUR, MEAL, CHOP CORN,

MIDDLINGS, BRAN, BUCKWHEAT, SHIPSTUFF, &c.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR,

on hand at all times, and will be delivered to families living in the county, and warranted to be of the FINEST QUALITY. Persons wanting Flour can leave their orde with C. H. J. SPARKS, at Locust Grove, or at the Mill, and prompt attention will be given thereto. FLOUR and MEAL furnished to Merchants at lowest wholesale prices. It is a branch of manufacturing that can be done here as cheap and cheaper than in the cities, as we can get grain cheaper. Give us a trial.

C. H. J. SPARKS & BRO.
WM. HOLDEN, Sup't at the Mills.

P. S.—The Highest Cash Price paid for all kinds of Grain. mh4-tf.

FOR SALE
AT
MING'S, Court Street,

GAS TAR, ROSIN TAR, MACHINE OIL, W. Wash BRUSHES and LIME, LINES, TRACES, CURRY COMBS, &c.

At the Lowest Price.
March 11, 1876—6m.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!

MY stock is very large and selling much lower than we have since we commenced the Hardware business

Call and be convinced.
Nov. 20. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Colin F. Stam. Louis K. Stam.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

Apothecaries,

BOOKSELLERS,

And STATIONERS,

Corner of HIGH and COURT STS., CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Dealers in

LANDRETH'S

GARDEN SEED.

Our stock of GARDEN SEED is very large and complete.

Osage Orange Seed,

EARLY ROSE POTATOES,

LAWN GRASSES,

Daniel O'Rourke, McLane's Little Gem, Landreth's Extra Early, Eugenia, Champion of England, Black Eye Marrowfat and Tom Thumb

PEAS.

China Red Eye, Early Yellow or Six Weeks, Red Speckled Valentine, White Wax, Large Lima or Butter BEANS, and Giant Wax Beans.

Onion Seed and Sets.

Conover's Colossal Asparagus, Beets, Cabbage, Tomato, and SEEDS of all kinds.

☞ Dealing in none but the most reliable Seeds, and by prompt attention to all, we hope to receive the patronage of the people of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

C. F. STAM & BRO.
Chestertown, March 25, 1876.

GOOD NEWS

From Still Pond!

A FURTHER DECLINE in GOODS!

THE SHRINKAGE of values continues, and, taking advantage of it, I am now prepared to offer some goods at

UNPRECEDENTED LOW FIGURES,

and to be convinced of the fact I solicit an examination of my Stock.

☞ COME ONE! COME ALL! and see for yourselves that this is no buncombe.

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

The Best Calicoes at 6 cts.

MUSLINS, DELAINES, ALPACAS,

AT AS LOW OR LOWER FIGURES than can be found elsewhere.

In BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, &c.,

and in fact almost everything required or called for in a country store, AT FIGURES that are popular with consumers.

In GROCERIES

I am able to offer at POPULAR AND REDUCED PRICES.

BROWN SUGAR at 7, 8 and 9 cts.
WHITE do. at.....10 cts.
SYRUP as low as 25 cts. a gallon.

Agent also for

Tygert's Star Bone Phosphate.

☞ *Be sure of the Place:*

F. H. HARPER

Still Pond, Kent County.
March 18, 1876.

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 Violetta. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

A FRESH SUPPLY of GAMBRILL'S FAMILY and EXTRA FLOUR, received this week, and for sale 25 cts. a barrel less than city prices. Good Flour $6.50 a bbl. at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S,

SEA OF GENNESARET.

BY MATILDA CANBY.

Gennesaret is as beautiful as when around its shores
Proud cities stood. It now reflects but shadowy
Forms of human greatness on its glassy waves.
Nature again is queen, her crown the mountain top,
Laden with gems.
The grape vines twine around her perfect form
Chiseled by God's own hand
In gorgeous beauty the Pomegranate blooms,
The olive drops ripe fruitage at her feet,
Unnumbered are the offerings to her paid,
But more than all, the unchanged sea
Is the great mirror whereon all do look.
From the high mountain to the sweet low flower.
The caves within the hills echo strange sounds
Entering the deep recesses of the heart.
Nature doth pause, and angels hover o'er
This Holy Land.
So silent now, it seems a dream
That from the Orient to the distant West,
Merchants thronged here
To interchange the treasures of the earth.
Around Tiberias Camels wait not now in Caravans
To bear rich burdens to some far-off port,
In patience journeying on thro' country's vast,
Scaling up mountains, resting in vall-ys green,
Then on again to wade through burning sands.
Capernium, and Tiberias
Bend in awe, remembering what they have been
And are now. God in His human form
Once tarried here; His breath has mingled
With the same pure air that nature now inhales.
Around some Ruin oft are told
Traditions of the past, as roses in some garden old
Blossom though choked with briers.
Birds build their nests, and sing the same old songs
That Jesus paused to hear.
The moss on the stone whereon He sat,
And looked upon the glowing pictured scene.
Gennesaret! it almost seems
That Heaven has drooped her costliest gems
Upon thy trembling breast. Brighter than gold
Are paths of glowing fire.
The Lord of Glory hath upon thee walked;
Just where a little fisher boat rocked to and fro
The stars in radiance dance.
The multitude He just with loaves and fishes fed,
Thronged round His voice to hear,
They on the mountain side, in costumes gay,
Or robed in shreds of poverty enwreathed.
A ship was pushed so close to shore
That water lillies almost touched its prow,
Christ's voice like silvery bells broke through the air,
As there He sat pouring forth God-like words:
Close by Him, His disciples were,
Shrining within their hearts, His teachings pure;
Thousands that day drank in sweet dew from Heaven,
And love divine flowed round like priceless oil
Whose perfume yet has never lost its power.

WILM'N, DEL., March, 1876.

Randolph and the Mules.

Infidels boast of eminent men who have entertained skeptical opinions, though no man, however eminent he may be in branches with which he is acquainted, is competent to pronounce judgment upon matters which he has not investigated. It takes everybody to know everything, and however learned he may be in one department of human knowledge, he may be utterly ignorant in other fields which he has not explored. Hence men of great scientific attainments have committed the most egregious blunders; and a learned English scientist had hardly published his pamphlet proving that a steamship could never cross the Atlantic Ocean, when, to the astonishment of all, one of these puffing and blowing monsters made its appearance from across the Atlantic.

Those who reject Christianity under the shadow of great men, will do well to inquire first whether these great men have studied those things which they reject on their authority.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, said to Mr. Clopton, a neighboring Baptist minister, "When I was a young man, infidelity, through the influence of Mr. Jefferson and the French Revolution, was common among young men of culture and rank. I sympathized with it; but I scorned to be an infidel without careful and thorough investigation. I thought it fair that I should first read the Bible; but I had not read it through before I became convinced that uninspired men could no more have written it than a *mule* could have composed the 'Principia' of Newton."

If others who are questioning whether to adopt or resist Christianity would first try their hands at constructing something better and endeavor to produce a book outside and separate from the Bible which should serve their purpose as a rule of human conduct, it is possible that after a few attempts in this direction they would learn that they had undertaken a task too great for the unaided intellect of man, and would come at last to believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

WOMAN'S POWER.—Woman's power is in her influence. And how many in their eager haste to be acknowledged rulers, overlook the power they wield. It is true that in many instances she is circumscribed, but in deploring what she has not, she should not lose sight of what she has. When Columbus braved the perils of unknown seas to add America to the world, it was the white hand of a woman that fitted him for his venturesome voyage of discovery. So woman equips man every day for the voyage of life. Woman, as man's helper, rises to her peculiar and best attitude. He represents the intellect, she the mind governing the heart. Power appertains to him; but her influence is more subtle and penetrating than power in its most delicate and all-pervading form. So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man.—Every effective person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comforts. Then take courage, ye over-burdened ones, who think your lives are a blank, because your world is within the four walls of your home. You little know but a Martin Luther, or John Knox, or Wesley, an Isabella, a lady Huntingtons a Harriet Newell may go out, moulded by your hands, to mould the world for God and eternity.

Woman.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims,
The people call them Wim Men.

AN Indiana farmer don't pay any tolls. He shoots the gate-keeper, and jogs right along. They have tried him twice, but he gets clear, since one of his aunt's cousins used to act "flighty like."

STORM AT SEA.

MARK TWAIN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IT—THE POWER OF INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

For the next hour or two there was a constant augmentation of the storm. Nobody did anything but cling to the bench backs under the dismal glimmer of the lamps (there was no other light although the morning was well advanced) and listen to the deep booming of the seas as they hurled themselves against the ship's distant bows. By half-past nine o'clock hardly any support was sufficient to enable a man to keep his feet. At this hour one of those sickening lulls, one of those dread suspensions of all motion, which tells that the ship's centre is pinnacled on a watery Alp, and that when she topples over and plunges down on the other side there is going to be trouble—and while every creature held his breath, she quivered a moment and down she went! And with her went everybody sprawling to the floor.

There was a terrible crash, as if she had struck the rock of Gibraltar, and in that instant a sea went bodily over her breaking a skylight on the upper deck, bending the thick bars of an iron fence till they curved like bows, splitting in two and carrying away half a short board three inches thick, that was lashed high away upon the bridge, and passing into the ocean again from the upper deck, on the other side of the vessel, riddled a strong life-boat to splinters and swept it overboard along with one of its great iron davits! And down on our deck it smashed in the starboard bulwarks, flooded the deck waist deep, entered the galley, seized the smoking hot breakfast, washed every vestige of it overboard, crushed in the saloon door and came pouring along the carpets, bringing with it, with a final crash, the bar stores, and spreading a ruin of champagne and Irish whiskey bottles all around. And in the next instant another sea came over the port side, bringing a broad specimen of the bulwarks along with it, stove in the port door of the saloon, and set the luggage afloat about the rooms on that side.

"Well!" (It was the only remark that came into my mind, and it did not appear to meet the case either.) Up to that moment I had felt little or no concern. But, judging by the mighty crash that had assailed our ears, I felt almost sure that the ship's sides had been crushed in, possibly by a collision with another ship; therefore, as ours was an iron vessel, she must go down with the prompt facility of an iron pot. I tried to make up my mind as to what course of action to pursue, and was getting along very well with it (considering that I had been at it only a thirty-fifth or a fortieth part of a second) when a stalwart young man at my side exclaimed:

"We're gone! * * O, my God! We're gone, we're gone!"

He scared me, and so I said to myself, "Never mind the plan; I'll get a life preserver." I had seen a couple on the floor, but they were not there now. I went into my room and saw these had been mine. The plunging of the ship had thrown them through the elevator. Then I thought I would go and borrow one of the Cardiff Giant, as we called him; and I will do myself the credit to say that I meant to get both of his and save some women with the extra one. At the time it did not occur to me that it would be a little ungenerous to the Giant; and even now I am not sorry for it, because it was such a splendid unconscious compliment to that big Englishman's manhood—it ignored the possibility of any difficulty or any peril which he could not extricate himself from with his strength and his own courage. As I fought my precarious way along the careening floor dismay sat upon almost every face encountered, and if I had been the spirit of the storm I could not have resisted the appealing looks that spoke from some of those eyes. I shall always remember the sorrowful picture the dim ghostliness of the lamps revealed at that moment. I put my hand on the Giant's door without knocking—not supposing for a moment that he was in—and just then a mighty lunge of the ship shot me clear across his stateroom head first. A voice said:

"Hallo! What's wanted?"

I looked up from the floor where I was holding on to something—I peered thro' the gloom, and, as I am a sinner, that calm, genial iceberg was standing up on his hind legs, shaving.

How he could see anything, or how he kept his feet, I never cared to inquire. All that I thought of was that I was unspeakably ashamed of my errand. He said to me:

"Sorry you fell. Did you hurt yourself? Anything wanted?"

"No," I said. "I only came to borrow a—a match."

(I believe some people would lie in the very presence of the grave if to tell the truth would make them blush.)

I got a match (had about a thousand in my pocket) and came out thinking to myself that it could not be much of a storm after all. Thus one man had scared me when the sea had failed to do it, and now another had completely restored my tranquility, and neither had employed more than a word and a look. What docile slaves of outside influence men are!

And now came another specimen. Captain Moland followed one of these seas in that smashed the saloon doors, and with a bright, cherry glance, and a breezy word or two had swept their terrors away almost as completely as if he had brought sunshine in his face and summer zephyrs in his breath. And yet at that moment the ship was in the greatest danger. When the Giant came out, wherever he went his brave tranquil face wrought its miracle. The reinforcements of the courage that saves wavering armies and wins battles is drawn from the commanding officer as from a reservoir.

The influence which one individual may exercise over many was happily illustrated in one of the great battles of our civil war. For months a certain colonel had subjected his men to ceaseless drill. The manual had become so mechanical with them that no order delivered in the martial music of his splendid voice could take them by surprise, as their hands instantly executed it even though their thoughts were miles away. Once well into a battle, soldiers will fight steadily on, oblivious to everything, until the ammunition gives out. Then they wilt into a panic like stricken things. This particular regiment was face to face with the enemy on a notable day in our history, loading and firing with might and main, the opposing guns almost touching. At once the colonel saw a quiver run down the line—experience told him the ammunition was out. In one instant more there would be a wild stampede, the rear masses would take it up, the day would be lost. He would give the world for a saving expedient. The happy thought flashed upon him—the drill! He rose in his stirrups, and his voice pealed out above the clamor of the guns:

"Attention! Order arms!" Down came the muskets. "Shoulder arms!" Up they went again. "Mark time—by the left flank—forward march!" And with drums beating and colors flying they stepped away as gallantly through the storm of fire and smoke and thunder as if they had been on dress parade. They arrived in safety in the rear without breaking ranks. To that man really belongs the honor of the great victory that was won that day.

Baby's Skies.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smiles together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

—ST. NICHOLAS.

Greenland Belles and their Costumes.

A letter from one of the crew of the Pandora, now exploring in the Arctic regions, gives the following sketch of the Disco (Greenland) girls, where the ship touched and the crew were entertained, they in return giving a ball on board the ship. The correspondent says:

We took a walk about the village. The people, young and old, men, women and children, all turned out to see us and greeted us with pleasant smiles, many of them giving us "good morning," which they pronounced very well. The girls were all dressed in their best finery, and some of them, especially those who had Danish blood, were very pretty; only it was rather difficult at first to bring one's self to believe that they were girls at all. This is the country for Mrs. Bloomer.—The women all wear breeches here, and would scout the idea of anything else as absurd and probably indecent. I should pity the girl that tried to introduce the fashion of petticoats in Greenland. A fashionable New York belle who should walk down Broadway in knee breeches, cap, boots and a gentleman's shooting jacket, with a cigar in her mouth, would not be more utterly lost in the eyes of society than would a Disco young lady who should appear walking about over the rocky slopes in a fashionable hat, ribbons, long skirts and crinoline. "Oh, the brazen faced thing," would be the verdict of every Disco woman, and Disco society would know her no more.

The Disco costume appears very funny until you get accustomed to it, but rather pretty nevertheless. Imagine a pretty girl—and three or four of the Disco girls are very pretty—with her hair done up in a kind of a topknot on the top of the head with a red ribbon, a loose-fitting jacket, made of any kind of light, thin stuff and of any color, trimmed with a fur collar and made to put on just like a shirt, but reaching only to the waist; a pair of seal skin breeches with the hairy side out, reaching nearly to the knee and confined there with a garter; a pair of high boots meeting the bottom of the trousers, the feet and ankles of red leather, the tops of white linen, starched and ironed, and a little roll of fur around the tops, and the darkest, demurest eyes and sunniest brown complexion ever painted by the sunshine and the sea breezes and the ocean's spray—and you have a faint idea of a Disco girl. You should see them tripping about in their little red boots, with their little short steps scarcely seeming to touch, so soft is their tread, or springing over the rocks like young antelopes, to know how charming a girl may be in breeches.—And they have the daintiest little feet and hands, too—feet and hands that would make the prettiest New York girl burst with envy if she saw them; so finely shaped, so delicate and yet so strong.—And they can dance, too, like sylphs. It is the custom in Disco to give a ball to every ship that comes here, and the Pandora, of course, could not form any exception to the rule. It proved to be a very great success.

HELL.—Dr Norman MacLeod is accredited in one of our exchanges with the following: Let the fairest star be selected, like a beautiful island in the vast and shoreless sea of the azure heavens, as the future home of the criminals from earth, and let them possess whatever they most love, and all that is possible for God to bestow; let them be endowed with undying bodies, and minds that shall ever retain their intellectual powers; let no Saviour ever press his claims upon them, no God reveal himself to them, no Sabbath ever dawn upon them, no saint ever live among them, no prayer ever be heard within their borders; but let society exist here forever, smitten only by the leprosy of hatred to God, and with utter selfishness as its all-pervading and eternal purpose—then, as sure as the law of righteousness exists, on which rests the throne of God and the government of the universe, a society so constituted must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering, to which there is no limit except the capacity of a finite nature! Alas! the spirit that is without love to its God or its neighbor, is already possessed by a power which must at last create for itself torment, a worm that will never die, and a fire that can never more be quenched!

SNUBBED.—A middle aged woman fell as she was descending a pair of stairs in Baltimore last week, and the first man to help her to reach her feet was a banker who was passing.

"Did you fall, madam?" he inquired, as he seized her arm.

"Fall! Of course I fell, you fool, you. You don't suppose I'd sit down here to rest, do you?" she snapped.

He didn't say.

A STORY is told of a venerable negro in Iowa who was on trial for an offence against the State. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa vs. Sampson Cæsar," the aged African exclaimed: "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders."

ARE THERE TOO MANY FARMERS?

Just now there happens to be too much of almost everything that is produced by human labor. There is too much coal mined, the furnaces turn out too much iron; too much cotton and too much woolen cloth are woven; too much leather is made, and, curiously enough, many people are complaining that there has been too much money made; indeed some go so far as to declare that the excess in the manufacture of paper dollars is the very reason why there seems to be be too much or too many of everything produced by labor. The farmer is no exception. He has too much wheat and corn, or at least there is so much of it to be sold that he cannot get a satisfactory price for his produce. It is the same with fruit, vegetables, cheese, butter, and beef; pork only seems to be a single exception. Are there then too many farmers, as some people seem to think? If so, it would seem that there are too many miners, spinners, weavers, tanners, builders, carpenters, merchants, clerks, and lawyers, as well; for all these people are complaining that their business is as bad or worse than the farmers declare theirs to be. It can hardly be the case that there are too many people in the world. If there are too many of all other classes than farmers, one might well suppose that, as farmers are needed to supply others with food and clothing, there would be more customers to purchase their produce, and that their number might be safely increased. The supposition that there are too many farmers may be abandoned as unfounded. Every farmer, who should leave his farm and go into other business, would find a worse state of things than he is endeavoring to leave. If one should sell his farm, and try to invest his money at interest, he would find that there were too many in that business also, and that safe and profitable investments are as difficult to find as high prices for corn or wheat. Under the present temporary condition of things, the farmers are the only class of people that are not too numerous. When their business happens to be poorer than usual, they do not find themselves suddenly discharged without wages, to starve or to subsist upon their store hoarded for such a "rainy day." On the contrary, the farmer has, or he may always have, a sufficiency of the necessaries of life, and most of its comforts, and although he may not have much money passing thro' his hands or be able to spend much in luxuries, yet his position is so vastly better than that of any other class of workers, that these naturally seem to become farmers, when their own business fails or times are hard. We have now before us numerous letters from persons who have hitherto worked in factories or at various trades, asking us to advise them how they may invest their savings in a farm or garden tract, and become independent of a manner of life that is full of "ups and downs" and serious reverses, which they believe a farmer's life to be free from. The fact is, few of us "see ourselves as others see us," and we are too apt to look too much upon the dark side of our own affairs and the bright side of those of other people, instead of doing the reverse. It would make a great difference in our ideas of things, if farmers were to do this, and there would be fewer of them inclined to think or believe that there are too many of them in the country. As a curious coincidence, we notice the English farmers are inclined to think or believe that there are too many in their business there, and are disinclined to pay so high rents for their farm as they have heretofore been doing; and yet the English people are buying over 100 million bushels of wheat from foreign farmers every year. Perhaps they think there are too many farmers here for their profit.—It might serve their purpose doubtless for a time if we did not raise a bushel of wheat for export, but it could hardly better *our* circumstances. Out of our population there are six persons engaged in other industries to every one engaged in farming, and this ratio is increasing every year.—Every year farmers are decreasing in proportion to the whole population, and if figures speak truth, we cannot believe that there are too many farmers now, when they are relatively fewer than there have ever been before.—*American Agriculturist.*

Strawberries in February.

"Magruder, you seem sad this evening," said Mrs. Maguffin. "Whence this sadness?"

"I had an experience last night," said Mr. Magruder, "that was pervaded more with sorrow than with gladness. We went to the opera, you know, and on the way home it occurred to me that it would be nice to ask the young lady to have something to eat and a cup of coffee. So we stopped at an exceedingly high-toned restaurant, and had a little supper.

"We had nearly finished our delicate repast, when I noticed some strawberries on a side table, and thinking it would be rather a nobby thing to ask her to have some strawberries in February, I called her attention to them, and she said she would be delighted. When we had eaten the strawberries—it didn't take us long, for they were not numerous—the waiter laid the check on the table with the figures downward, as I then supposed because he didn't want to intrude any vulgar business calculations on our pleasant *tete-a-tete*. I helped her on with her cloak, draped myself in my own Ulster, and grappled the check, turning it over carelessly, as though the money part was really a matter of no account. But it made me feel kind o' sick when I saw the total, $16 50, of which $10 was for the strawberries, being $5 per plate, about ninety cents per strawberry.

"Fortunately I had in my pocket a twenty-dollar note, the funded representative of several small bills that I had saved toward a suit of spring clothing, and I paid the bill; but it grieves me when I reflect that I paid the price of a vest and a pair of trowsers for those two dishes of strawberries, and this is why I regard the experience as one pervaded more with sorrow than with gladness."

"WHEN," he said viol