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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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.

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

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.

WILLIAM M. SLAY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
☞ Collection of Claims or other Legal business promptly attended to. oct28

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

EDUCATIONAL.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE,
CONCORDVILLE, DEL. CO., PA.
Boys $4 50 per week; Girls $4.00. Boys prepared for Yale or Harvard College.
d16y. JOS SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Prin'l.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,
PENNINGTON, N. J.
Terms reduced to suit the times Only $40 per quarter for full English course.
Address Rev A. P. LASHER, Principal and Pro. for 24 years. jy29y.

$65 PER QUARTER FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.
BOARDING, SCHOOLING, BOOKS, &c.
No extra charges whatever. Special attention and extra private instruction for backward pupils and young boys. 10 Instructors English, Classical and Mathematical courses, French and German spoken in language classes. Natural Sciences by Prof. C. S. Gaunt, M. D. Book Keeping and Penmanship by Prof. W. P. Hammond, author of Potter & Hammond's books. Two Lectures a week by Philadelphia Professors, with the finest and fullest apparatus for experiment and illustration. Fine building with 55 rooms. Heated in all stories and lighted with gas, hot and cold water baths and closets in each story.—Gymnasium, &c. Ample grounds. Healthy location.
Circular contains picture of building and full particulars with 100 references and letters from Bayard Taylor, Col. Richard J. Hinton, Gov. John L. Routt, Judge George M Vanhoesen, Ex-President Hill, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Rev. John Long, Samuel Martin, Ame. J. Peasley, Dr. B. Lippincott, and others.—School 15 miles by rail from 31st and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. 14 daily trains. School coach meets them regularly without charges School only five minutes from Media Station.
Address SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE,
(Harvard University, A. M.) Media, Pa.
Aug 19, 1876—tf.

Though this be a New Year
DON'T FORGET THAT AT
PARKS & SONS'
GOODS CAN BE BOUGHT AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
They have just received an invoice of NEW GOODS, and are prepared to suit the wants of the trade. Their stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
CAPS, &c., &c.
QUEENSWARE; OIL CLOTH, floor & table; CARPETING, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.
☞*GIVE US A CALL.*
We have at all times something to offer as specialty.
FLOUR by the bbl. or lb., at city prices, at
WM. W. PARKS & SONS.
Chestertown, Jan. 20, 1877.

WATERS & SON'S
POPULAR
Organs and Pianos.
☞**At Great Bargains!**☜
SPLENDID PIANOS, 7 octave, Rosewood Case (Catalogue price $400) for $225. SPLENDID 5 OCTAVE COTTAGE ORGANS, (Catalogue price $120) for $75. Splendid Grand Centennial Concerto Organs, Catalogue price $500, for $250. Refer to Rev. E. J. Drinkhouse, Editor of the "Methodist Protestant," Baltimore, Md. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free A warrantee with each for 6 years. Address
WM. K. JUDEFIND, Agent,
jan20-6m. Edesville, Kent Co., Md.

WANTED
THE PUBLIC TO KNOW THAT
WM. C. A. THOMPSON
☞HAS REMOVED☜
To the CORNER STORE Up Town,
lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Vandyke, where he will be pleased to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
NOTIONS, &c.
Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICE.
Remember THOMPSON'S object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.
Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 6, 1877. Up Town

REMOVED.
Smithing and Wheelwrighting
OPPOSITE THE STAND I FORMERLY OCCUPIED.
and I am ready to do all kinds of work in my line at short notice and moderate rates, and guarantee satisfaction.
Thanking my customers and friends for past patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same.
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Jan. 6—tf. Kennedyville, Md.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1877,
A DWELLING and STORE HOUSE at Chesterville, with Garden, Stable and Carriage House. Terms reasonable.
Apply to F. M. GOODING, Agent,
s16-tf. Crumpton, Md.

ATTENTION! FARMERS!!
I am prepared to furnish the Tarred Fodder Yarn for 9c. per lb. by coil.
JOS E. WEER,
Oct. 21, 1876. Kennedyville.

HINES & CO.,
ARE FURNISHING
Cucumber PUMPS
as cheap as they can be had in the city.
☞ Call and examine those on hand. Warerooms near the Bank. feb24-tf.

Seeds! Seeds!
HAVING SOLD
D. M. FERRY & CO.'S
GARDEN SEEDS,
last year, we offer them to the public again this year, feeling confident that they will give the same satisfaction.
Our stock is complete. Call and examine.
Feb. 24, 1877 HINES & CO.

T. S. WICKES,
General Store,
HIGH STREET, above Cross St.,
CHESTERTOWN.
A large and attractive Stock of General Merchandise kept constantly on hand.
Goods all bought at the closest cash figures, and sold at reasonable advances.
February 22, 1877.

STILL IN THE LEAD!
Lister's PURE BONE PHOSPHATE
Is still ahead of all other Phosphates.
Lister's Eclipse Guano,
For CORN, is the best cheap Phosphate in the market. All who used it last fall are willing to testify as to its merits.
We have a number of tons now on hand and in fine order. Call at our place of business and get a circular.
Feb. 24, 1877. HINES & CO.

S. Frank. Smith,
HOME AGAIN!
WITH
CHAIRS, TABLES, LOUNGES,
BEDS, STANDS, MATTRASSES,
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS,
CRIBS,
Household Goods generally,
and a Splendid assortment of
Glassware and Queensware
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE.
Also, all kinds CRACKERS, CAKES, CANDY, &c., in fact we flatter ourselves that we know what our people need and try to sell reasonably. Call and see.
S. FRANK. SMITH,
High st., just above the Voshell House.
Feb. 24, 1877—3t.

BOOTS, SHOES,
And HATS.
Henry Allnutt,
192 West Pratt St.
HAVING been for a number of years engaged in the business with John F. Moffett & Co., and lately with E. S. Allnutt & Co., Wholesale Dealers, I beg leave to inform my friends that I have leased the old stand formerly occupied by
J. F. MOFFETT & CO.,
192 WEST PRATT STREET,
Where I will conduct the
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
HAT & SHOE BUSINESS.
With my experience in the Wholesale and Retail business for the past NINE YEARS, I feel sure of being able to make purchases as low as any house in the city.
I shall keep on hand the best Eastern and City made work, also take measures and make to order all kinds of Custom work.
☞One price to all, and all goods guaranteed as represented.
HENRY ALLNUTT,
No. 192 West Pratt St., BALTIMORE,
3 doors above Maltby House.
Feb. 17, 1877—y.

MILL NOTICE.
THE URIEVILLE MILLS
Are now in full operation and prepared for
GRINDING GRAIN
And SAWING LUMBER.
The undersigned, having a long and large experience in the Milling business, is confident of his ability to give general satisfaction, and respectfully asks a liberal share of patronage.
feb17-6m. N. P. SEWELL.

Have You Paid your Blacksmith?
THE undersigned are in need of money to carry on their business, and earnestly request all persons indebted to them to call and settle by cash or note. Some accounts have been standing for a long time and it is urgently requested that such should be settled at once.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Feb. 17, 1877—3t.

Queen St. Green Houses.
I AM still located in QUEEN ST., CHESTERTOWN, with a beautiful prospect for Flowers and Early Vegetable Plants in variety. I shall endeavor to give satisfaction to all purchasers of Flowers and Plants.
WM. KIRBY.
feb17-3t.

GRAIN WANTED.
The undersigned, an authorized agent of BEAN & FORD, of Masseys, will purchase Grain at Lynch's and Worton Stations, and respectfully ask farmers to give him a call before disposing of their grain.
d16-3m. WM. HEPBRON.

WIFE CAUTION.—All persons are cautioned against crediting my wife on any account from and after this date, as I shall pay no debts which she may contract.
feb17 3t* JOHN STOUFFER.

All Things Perish Save Virtue.

THE following truly charming lines, by the poet Powell, touch the heart-strings so tenderly that they remind us forcibly of Pope's "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame":

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose—whose fragrance now I crave
To glad my sense and joy mine eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die

Sweet Spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers.
That thou must die.

Sweet music—e'en the lovely song
Which from my harp in window nigh
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glittering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all must die!

And man frail form of senseless clay
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul?—*that*, shrined within
The quencless light is mortal form—
Tho' dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And sums in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand ring fire,

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity.

SLANDER.

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men that do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villian, and repeated where it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify, as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman. Your mothers and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unimbittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow creature.

Changeable Mails.

"The males have changed, madam," responded the clerk at the general delivery window of a post office to a venerable female applicant for a letter.

"Yes, indeed!" said the old lady, placing both hands on the little window and looking directly into the clerk's eyes.—"You are right in saying that the males have changed. Why, when I was a girl we didn't hear of half the wickedness that we do now. And it's all owing to the males. Then when a woman married, we expected to see her settle down and raise a family around her; and her husband went into some kind of business and made a nice support for all of them. But now-a-days half the married women have to support their worthless husbands, when they really ought to be proud and happy wives. How often do we see patient, dutiful women, with every wifely instinct and motherly virtue beautifully developed, being 'larruped' by the cruel monster who once upon a time had sworn to love and cherish them above all others. Yes, young man, you are right, the males *have* changed! And as a friend I would advise you to look out very sharp that you don't go in the same way and get changed. They are a pretty bad lot, any way, bless their precious souls."

MINISTERS in our day rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut pastor, who declined it for substantial reasons:

His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected, for three reasons—

"First," said he, "because you can't afford to give more than three hundred."

"Second, because my preaching isn't worth more than that."

"Third, because I have to collect my salary, which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you.—If I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me."

A DEDHAM business man wended his way home to dinner the other day, and, arrived at the house, was surprised to find all the doors locked. Fearing that some serious mishap had befallen the partner of his joys and sorrows, and none of the neighbors being able to give him any information, he procured a hatchet and broke an entire window-sash to fragments. Upon crawling into the room he found the following note lying on a table: "Dear Hubby, I have gone to hear Moody and Sankey. You will find the key to the front door on the left-hand corner of the porch, and some cold ham in the pantry. I will pray for you"—*Boston Globe.*

"IF I were in California," said a young fop, in company the other evening, "instead of working in the mines, I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knocking out his brains, gather up the gold and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady. "A man should always secure what he is most in need of."

"GOOD morning, Donnelly! I hear your daughter has a baby; is it a boy or a girl?" "Sure, Miss, and it's meself as dosn't yet know for the life of me if I'm a grandfather or a grandmother, bedad."

For the Kent News.

The Beauties of Base Ball.

BY PEREGRINE PEAKE.

The long talked of day had at length arrived—the day on which the chosen representatives of Pugwash and Mapleton were to contest for the base ball supremacy of their county in one of the Western States. Never in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" had such an excitement and pleasurable anticipation seized upon the worthy inhabitants of the staid, old-fashioned town of Pugwash. For weeks beforehand had the momentous event been discussed and canvassed and the merits of the representive club debated pro and con from the parlor of the wealthy farmer and merchant down to the single room of the foreign Mrs. O'Reille, who took in washing and went out by the day. The *Weekly Popgun*, the organ and mouth-piece of Pugwash, was profuse in its editorial assertion that the town would come off victorious from the contest, supplementing their remarks by describing in glowing terms the exhilerating exercise and physical benefit to be derived from such excellent sport as our national game.

It was with no small degree of pride then that I, having been duly installed as a member of the Pugwash nine, used to display my interesting figure, every day after school was out, upon the main (and I may add the only) street of my native village. The envious eyes of my less fortunate companions followed me and noted the dignity and complacency with which I received the smiles of the fair ones and the compliments of many of the leading merchants and men of authority. I swelled out with conscious importance until I resembled a bantam rooster bristling up for a fight and glorious dreams of the fame and triumph I should win upon the auspicious day flitted before my vision, and from the sublime heights of my airy castle I looked down upon the Pugwashites and conceived myself of even more consequence than the gray haired Councilmen who presided over the interests of the town If my comrades in the nine received as much or more attention than I did I saw it not. I saw nothing beyond the rose-tinted spectacles my egotism had placed upon my nose, and was content to believe that all Pugwash looked to me to uphold the destiny of that ancient village.

But, as I have previously remarked, the day had arrived. I had been in a delightful state of suspense lest the weather should prove unpropitious and my anxiety was set at rest by the rays of a glorious sun and a cloudless sky. If I attempted to draw my pantaloons on wrong end foremost, or tied my cravat in a variety of shapes too fantastical to innumerate, it must be inferred that I was impressed with a proper estimation of the responsibility resting upon my shoulders, which naturally rendered me a trifle nervous

I was too excited to think of eating anything, though for the matter of form and still more a significant injunction on the part of my paternal parent, I concluded to make my appearance at the breakfast table. I thought it the longest meal I ever sat down to; and then I wondered why my father talked upon the political situation instead of devoting his eloquence to the nearer and more important subject in which his scion was to take a prominent part. Breakfast terminated with no accident other than my having blistered my tongue in a too hasty attempt to swallow my coffee, and a sudden fit of choking caused by a piece of buckwheat cake, which persisted in taking a course other than that designed by nature for the passage of food.

I spent the entire morning at the Town Hall, where the members of the Club (which I forgot to mention were known as the "Flyaways," probably so named on account of a praiseworthy ambition to soar above all competitors to base ball laurels,) had gathered to discuss for the last time the approaching match, and to ask each other how many tallies they thought it would be advisable to allow their opponents—the Actives—to score; or whether they ought to take full advantage of their superior playing qualities and limit them to a simple zero.

Of course we were all in excellent humor, for were we not that day going to show the proud and inflated Mapletonians—who had ever boasted of their superior facilities for trade—that Pugwash was by no means the insignificant "one horse" village they had been pleased to daub us. If our railroad connections were of an inferior order—if it did not come into the centre of the town—if it persisted in running on any time and was invariably late—if it furnished cars of questionable comfort and appearance—in fact if it did not even own the rickety engine and rolling stock, whose fault was it? Let the inquisitive neighbors interview the directors of the road and not stigmatize the innocent inhabitants for what they could neither help nor avert. This was the prevailing spirit of Pugwash, and this day the glorious sun was to witness the stain washed out in the ignominious defeat of the Mapletonians.

Having finished a hasty dinner, I left the house with a bundle under my arm, and rejoined my companions at the Hall. It was half-past one o'clock when we made our appearance upon the field, which was situated upon the suburbs of Pugwash. There we found all Pugwash, who greeted us with prolonged cheering, and quite a number of the Mapletonians arrayed against each other, and amusing themselves with the interchange of a variety of harmless expressions, couched in terms both sarcastic and derisive, as to the general result of the game.

Our townsfolk had certainly the advantage of numbers, and many were the pitying glances we bestowed upon the Mapletonians. The Actives had already arrived and were spread out upon the field passing the ball among themselves, apparently unconscious of the shower of random shots levelled at them by the Pugwashites, who, certain of victory, were in excellent humor.

Precisely at two o'clock—the time announced—the game was commenced, and our side having lost the toss or choice, were sent to the field. This we regarded on the present occasion as a mere minor consideration, and prepared to astonish our foes with some feats of batting that we were assured would make them open their eyes.

We expected great things of Tommy Twittler, who headed the list, a home run as a matter of course; but somehow he failed to hit the balls and was declared "out on strikes." This, Tommy averred, was owing to the treacherous nature of the bat, which belonged to the Actives, and had caught his eye because of the beauty of its finish. Peter Bumbletree was equally unfortunate as his predecessor, but in his case could assign no reason therefor. Our astonishment was complete when the ball slipped off Harry Hazell's bat into the hands of the Active catcher, and we retired to the field a "white-washed" party, with faces whose elongated expression denoted mingled sadness and displeasure. The Pugwashites did not cheer, their praiseworthy intentions having been nipped in the bud by the summary manner in which their favorites were treated by their rivals—the Mapletonians.

I was placed upon the third base, and, surveying my worthy self arrayed in all the splendid habiliments of a base ball uniform, I prepared to conquer or die. The Active first striker was put out on a "foul tip." Great was the cheering indulged in by Pugwash—their hands fairly ached through the excess of their enthusiasm. But lo! a change came over the face of events. The Mapleton nine exhibited a striking propensity to knock the cover clear off the ball. A dozen runs had already been scored by them, when a "fly" was hit to my vicinity. Panting for fame, and conscious that the eyes of all Pugwash were upon me, I ran for it.

"Catch it, Peregrine!" roared Sammy Snifkins, our captain.

I did—I caught it—on the nose. I have since been through college, but astronomy has never been so practically demonstrated to me by learned professors, as that simple base ball succeeded in impressing upon my mind on that ever-to-be-remembered occasion.

"Ha ha!" yelled a juvenile disciple of the Mapletonians close by, rolling on the ground in great glee. "My, what a stinger!" then the little miscreant indulged in a fresh burst of mirth, to my intense indignation.

I felt that my golden opportunity—the one I had so wished for—had resulted in a miserable failure, and I longed for another chance to redeem myself. It came in the third inning—it was a "red-hot liner." Next day the dentist said he would probably be able to repair the damage with a couple of false teeth, but that I would have to carry my jaw in a sling for a month or so. The game was temporarily suspended for my benefit, but I, Spartan-like and despite the pain, resolutely refused to leave my position, in spite of the advice of numerous well-meaning friends. It was glory I wanted, and glory I would have, if I had to be carried from the field at the conclusion of the match.

Unfortunately for me the latter part of my resolve was verified. In the fifth inning, while attempting to stop a "grounder" which was making directly for me, the ball slipped through my hands and again I saw a host of unknown planets and undiscovered moons, while a shout of derision, coupled with such cries as "take him off," "butter fingers," "muffer," and others too numerous to mention rang in my ears. I was knocked completely off my feet. I could not rise—my enthusiasm had departed, and I was conveyed to my home on a stretcher; battered and bruised, a couple of black eyes and a dislocated jaw, minus several teeth—an awful example and warning to all who would engage in that most delightful and scientific of all sports—our national game.

Next day I ascertained that our side had scored a succession of "goose eggs," or zeros, while our opponents had contented themselves with the small number of seventy-five runs. The question of supremacy was decided, and Pugwash from that time lost all relish for the noble game. Even now when I pass a shop window in which are displayed a number of base balls, I experience a slight twinge in my jaw, and no amount of national ardor could tempt me again to practically test the BEAUTIES OF BASE BALL.

A Hard Winter on the Plains.

The stock men on the Laramie Plains have passed through the hardest winter known since the settlement of that country. The basin which is bounded on the northeast by the Black Hills, on the southeast by the main range of the Rockies, and on the southwest by the Wasatch Mountains, has long been regarded as one of the richest pasture regions of the continent. The grass of the numerous valleys is so nutritious and the range so wide that stock ordinarily live the year round without hay or grain. The present winter, however, has been remarkably severe. The snow covers the whole valley to the depth of two feet, and in some places it is three feet deep. Cattle are dying by thousands from exposure and starvation, and the sheep are not much better off.—The horses will likely get through the winter; they have sense enough to paw the snow away with their feet and get down to the bunch grass, and so manage to pick up a living. The horned cattle, standing in the snow belly-deep, make no exertion to help themselves. Stock owners have prospected for hundreds of miles to the north and south for open pasture, but the snow holds the entire valley in its embrace. Hay shipped from the East or West would cost as much for transportation as the cattle are worth, so nothing can be done but wait till sunshine or showers dissolve the snow. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand head of cattle, four hundred thousand head of sheep, and about fifty thousand horses in the section of Wyoming Territory above described. About fifty thousand head of cattle were driven from Montana to winter on the Laramie Plains. *San Francisco Bulletin.*

LIGHT READING WITH A VENGEANCE.—Keeper of circulating library—"I'm very sorry, miss, the third Volume happens to be still out; but here is the entire novel in one volume!" Young Lady—"Oh that won't do! How on earth am I to find my place in it?"

A DOCTRINE peculiar to the Hayesites is that which teaches that a lawful result can be evolved from immoral and unlawful action. Students in ethics and the common sense of humanity are not exactly in accord with this dogma.—*Courier Jour'l.*

STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

I had grown reckless after I moved to M——; that is, I fell in with a crowd of professed *friends*, who drank, swore, and cared nothing for morality in general

At first, I held back; I had not been used to it; but I could not withstand the sneering laugh of my companions which always greeted me when I refused to join in any of their wicked acts, and by degrees I became very reckless.

It makes me shudder even now to think of it.

I have never been blest with a sister's love.

I resided with my mother in this village of about four hundred inhabitants.

Many a night when I would go reeling home from the shop at the north end of the town, I would find my dear mother watching for her son—listening if perchance she could catch the sound of his unsteady step.

Many a time did I waken from my drunken slumbers and hear that fond mother sending up a petition to God in behalf of her intemperate son.

Oh! what a wretch I was

I knew that I was bringing down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

She began to look aged and careworn; but I kept on in my sinful ways until a circumstance occurred to stop me in my downward career.

I was starting out one evening to the grogshop, when I suddenly remembered that I had spent all my money at that place the evening before.

I remembered also that I had seen mother put a few pennies (her hard earnings) in a cup thatday.

I *was tempted!* I tried to resist but my appetite was too strong.

I slipped cautiously to the cupboard, removed the money from the cup, deposited it in my pocket, and was starting from the house, when my mother entered.

I did not turn my head for I felt guilty—guilty of what I never was before—a theft.

My mother called me; there was something in her voice which I could not resist.

"What is it, mother?" said I.

"Oh, Willie! do stay at home with me to-night," she exclaimed, grasping my hand in both of hers. "Don't drink to-night," she exclaimed, grasping my hand in both of hers. "Don't drink to-night; take my advice just once."

Oh! how many times since I have wished that I had taken her advice that night.

But I consoled her by telling her that I would not stay long.

I wended my way to the grog-shop; but mother's words:

"Oh! Willie! do stay at home with me to-night," kept ringing in my ears far louder than the drunken oaths, and for once I did not stay what I called late; but when I reached home the bells in the neighboring city were tolling the midnight hour.

A strange feeling seized me as I approached my home. The light was placed in the window as usual to guide the wanderer's steps. I went to the window and looked in. There sat my mother in the easy-chair; her eyes were closed and I thought she slept. Her face was pale, but it was always that I tried to chase my fears away as I went around to the door; my hand trembled when I laid it on the latch, and it thrilled my heart when it rose with a sharp click. I had never such feeling before. I entered; I beheld in my mother's hand the very cup from which I had removed the money. I laid my hand on mother's shoulder and spoke to her. She moved not, I spoke louder, still no answer. I listened, but could not hear her breathe. I laid her gently on the bed, brought water, and bathed her white forehead. Reader, imagine my joy when I saw that dear mother open her eyes.

"Oh, mother!" cried I, "forgive me, Oh, forgive your erring boy."

"I do," was the answer.

A heavenly smile lit up her face.

"Meet me in heaven Willie."

"By the grace of God, I will."

And my mother's spirit had fled to God who gave it.

It is not necessary for me to prolong the description of the mournful scene.—Suffice it to say that from that moment I was a changed man—snatched as a brand from the burning. Since that time not one drop of whiskey, wine, or anything of the kind has passed my lips, and by help and strength given me from above *never will.*

HOW TO STEW OYSTERS.—At Delmonico's in New York, which is the headquarters for epicures, they stew oysters in this way:

"Take one quart of liquid oysters, put the liquor (a teacupful for three) in a stew pan, and add half as much more water; salt; a good bit of pepper; a teaspoonful of rolled cracker for each. Put on the stove and let it boil; have your oysters ready in a bowl. The moment the liquor begins to boil pour in all your oysters, say ten for each person, or six will do. Now watch carefully, and as soon as it begins to boil take out your watch, count just thirty seconds, and take your oysters from the stove. You will have your big dish ready with one and a-half tablespoonfuls of cold milk for each person. Pour your stew on this milk and serve immediately. Never boil an oyster in milk if you wish it to be good."

AN English photographer makes the following suggestions: "When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just upon entering the room, say 'Bosom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say 'Brush,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth small, she must say 'Flip,' but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say 'Cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful, she must say 'Kershunk;' if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate 'S'eat.'"

ONE of the happiest and most independent of the human occupations is that of an intelligent farmer, whose land is paid for and who keeps out of debt.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the reign of terror, stripped of every vestige of power and property, he secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread by labor.

"Is there an American staying at your hotel?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs who is either an American or an Englishman, but which I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in life was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant he stood at the stranger's door—knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes gazed into Talleyrand's face from beneath his downcast brows with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will; his form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—confessed that he was a fugitive and that under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter, that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes in Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes still looking from behind his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backwards, and his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say:

"I have not a single friend, not one, in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next door. "Your name?"

"My name," said he, with a smile which had more mockery than of joy in its convulsive expression, is "Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into the chair gasping the words:

"Arnold the traitor."

Thus he wandered over the earth—another Cain, with the murderers's mark on his brow. The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flashed out upon the page of history.

GIANTS.

In a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, M. Le Cat gives the following accounts of giants that are said to have existed in different ages:

Profane historians have given seven ft. of height to Hercules, the first hero, and in our day we have some men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1834, measured eight feet some inches. The emperor Maximinus was of that size. Shenens and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Horepius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestus, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet high; and the bones of Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the garden Sallust, were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Maire, in his voyage to Straits of Magellan, reports that on the seventeenth of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons over ten feet in length.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peake of Teneriffe, says he found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain, the head of a gaunche which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.—Roland, a celebrated anatomist who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high. In Rouen, in 1500, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the body of a man which was at least nineteen feet high. Vallance of Dauphiny boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Niviaries, who was slain with an arrow by the count of Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had part of shin-bone, with the articulation of his knee, and his figure painted fresco, with an inscription showing that the giant was twenty-two and a half feet high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Morderi, a little river near the foot of the mountain of Crusal, upon which (tradition says) the giant dwelt.

A CHINAMAN never keeps in debt long. He prefers to commit suicide.

The Immortal Eight.

If, after a full and fair examination by the Electoral Commission, of all the facts and circumstances of the elections in Florida and Louisiana, Mr. Hayes had been declared fairly elected, the Democratic party would have accepted the result without a murmur. But the commission refused to examine into anything touching the election, which would have satisfied the people as to the fairness of the return, and have only undertaken to confirm by their own act, the gross frauds perpetrated in those States. They have been wilfully and criminally recreant to the high trust reposed in them, and their decision can only be received with scorn and detestation, while the majority of the Commission are as heartily despised as J. Madison Wells himself. They will live in history with infamy resting upon them. Here are their names:

THE IMMORTAL EIGHT,

8	BLADLEY	HOAR	8
8	STRONG	EDMUNDS	8
8	MILLER	GARFIELD	8
8	MORTON	FRELINGHUYSEN	8

WHO PREFERRED PARTY TO COUNTRY.

Tilden's Million White Majority.

Tilden had a clear majority of the states, and in the electoral colleges, and a majority of 270,000 on the popular vote. Notwithstanding this, the Electoral Commission counted in Hayes, and the defrauded party and its candidate will submit. But an appeal will lie from this iniquitous decision to the ballot-box, and the fraudulent President, Returning Board Hayes, and his fraudulent administration, will be in a minority from the start. For the two hundred and seventy thousand majority do not represent a mere numerical superiority, but a superiority of intelligence and character. Of the eight hundred thousand negro votes which were polled at the last election Hayes received quite nine-tenths. This shows that Tilden received a million majority of the white votes, North and South. Tilden is the white man's choice by a million superiority; Hayes is the choice of the ignorant and demoralized negroes of the South. It seems from these figures that it is about time for the republicans to cease talking about the "solid South." Now how were these 800,000 negroes induced to vote for Hayes? By gross deceptions and by force. The negroes were imposed upon by most absurd and paltry stories. They were told that if Tilden was elected they would be re-sold into slavery; that they would be exported to Africa. This was the case even in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky. The fact that such absurd ideas could influence them showed how unfit they were to choose a President for the white people. But in addition to deceptions like this, force was employed.—The real intimidation at the South was not by whites against negroes, but of radical negroes against their political opponents. The few negroes who desired to vote for Hampton, or Nicholls, or Tilden, were in terror of their lives, from bonds of black outlaws and ruffians who roamed over the country. In addition to these there were the machinations of the carpet baggers, backed up by United States troops. It was by these means that the eight hundred thousand negro votes were given to Hayes. But even in the spite of these the states of Florida and Louisiana cast their majorities for the other party. All this is well understood by the country, and though the count-in conspiracy has triumphed and overthrown the right for a while, a sure and crushing rebuke is coming from the next election. It was never the purpose of the North in giving liberty to the negro that it should lose its own. It was not the purpose of the North when it gave suffrage to the negro that it should neutralize all the efforts of honesty and patriotism in the land. The states of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin gave to Hayes very slender majorities. The majorities of the Pacific Slope were smaller still.—All of these majorities will be reversed at the next election. The city of Pittsburg the other day changed a Hayes majority of seven thousand into a democratic majority of eleven hundred. This is the beginning. The American people hate a fraud, and they will vote against the party that puts in a fraudulent President.—*Balto. Gazette.*

ROGER M. SHERMAN was arguing a case, and made a point which the judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman," said he, "I would thank you to state the point so that I can understand you." Bowing politely, Sherman replied in his blandest manner, "Your Honor is not probably a