msa_sc2901_scm1623-0598 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANNONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

LAW CARDS.

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

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

WILLIAM M. SLAY,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

COLLECTION OF CLAIMS or other Legal business promptly attended to. tf.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
New Office Court St., 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,
y 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.
JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal.
d16y.

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 Prop'r 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. Gauntt, 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 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, Amos J. Peasley, Dr. B. Lippincott and others. School 15 miles by rail from 31st and Chestnut Sts., 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.)
Aug. 19; 1876—tf. Media, Pa.

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.

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 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.

THE OLD BAKERY
UP TOWN.

MRS. D. GRUBER,

At the Old Stand, Up Town, is prepared as heretofore to furnish
BREAD,
RUSK,
PIES,
BUNS,
BISCUIT,
&c., &c.,
Fresh from the Bakery, together with
CAKE OF ALL KINDS,
POUND CAKE, SPONGE CAKE,
FRUIT CAKE, SUGAR CAKE,
JUMBLES, JELLY CAKE,
LEMON CAKE, &c.,
all of the best quality and at lowest prices.

☞Having had large experience in the business, and in my employ a first-class Baker, I am satisfied of my ability to give satisfaction to my customers.

☞I take this opportunity to return my sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and pledge myself to renewed efforts to merit a continuance of public favor.
DOROTHEA GRUBER.
Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1877.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent. Orders left with C. H. Baker, Esq., Chestertown will be promptly attended to. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
mar24-6m. Chestertown.

B. H. GARDNER
Will Pay the Highest Cash Price for
Wool, Sheep Skins, Hides, Feathers,
CALVES, TALLOW,
and OLD METALS.
Mar. 24, 1877—3m.

THE FLAG COLLAR,
That we sold last season, having given such entire satisfaction, we shall continue to keep a Full Stock and at Lower Figures. They will not Gaul or Rub the Horse. HINES & CO.

JUST RECEIVED—a new lot Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, which we are selling at Low Prices.
mar 10. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

Kent News.

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

VOL. 37. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877. No. 49.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

THE regular meeting of this Association for Kent County will be held at the School Room in Chestertown, on

MONDAY, April 16th,
At 10 o'clock A. M.

QUESTIONS: How to Teach Reading. The Teaching of Mental Arithmetic.
ESSAYIST—Miss M. A. Downes.
Mr. J. C. PIGEON, of Washington College, will deliver the address.
E. F. PERKINS, Pres.
March 31, 1877—3t.

HARDWARE!

FARMERS' HARDWARE
Receiving and selling Very Low.

Call and examine our stock of Forks, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Trace Chains, (selling very low.) Halter, Back, Breast, Tug and other Chains, Brier Hooks and Snaths, Scythes, &c.
☞Builders' Hardware of every kind, and selling very cheap.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 17, 1877.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

Cucumber Wood Pumps!
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY'S
B and G PUMPS,
Received direct from the Manufacturer, and bought at the lowest cash price, we can offer very great inducements to those wishing to purchase Pumps. We have on hand Extra Handles, Brackets, Links, Rods, Buckets, Valves, Bands, Nozzles, Braces, &c., &c.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 17, 1877.

BOLTON & SONS,
DEALERS IN
PAINTS, OIL, GLASS,
Lanterns, Lamp Goods,
PITCH, TAR, OAKUM, KEROSENE, SIGNAL and MACHINERY OILS, GASOLINE, &c.
No. 62 W. PRATT ST.,
NEAR COMMERCE ST. BALTIMORE.
March 31, 1877—3m.

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.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

Dutch Siding, Dressed.
Clean Cypress Weather Boarding.
White Pine Siding.
Dressed 4-4 Stock Picks,
" 4-4 " Selects,
" 6-4 Picks,
" 6-4 Selects,
" 8-4 Picks
Bridge Plank, Virginia Pine Plank,
Virginia Pine 4-4 Boards, Scantling, &c.,
Virginia Pine Clean Flooring, Shingles, Pickets, &c.
☞Parties having large lots to buy will find by calling on me that they can do better with me than they can in Baltimore.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
March 17, 1877.

PROCLAMATION
WORTH READING!

I DESIRE all consumers of Goods in my line to know that I have declared
WAR ON HIGH PRICES,
and shall continue to assault all goods sold at big profits until I shall have defeated all competition and proven to all my customers that they can buy of me
THE MOST, THE BEST
and
THE CHEAPEST
HARNESS
FOR THE MONEY
that can be had in the county, or the city.
☞I HAVE HARNESS for $11 that can't be surpassed.
I keep on hand a general variety of everything usually found in a Harness store, and manufacture to order.
COLLARS, of all kinds, very cheap.
Plow Bridles, Carriage Bridles,
Riding Bridles, Halters,
Martingales, round and flat,
Reines, double and single,
Whips, Carriage Saddles,
Cart Saddles
Breeching, &c.
☞Don't forget the stand, one door below Burchinal's corner.
REPAIRING done 25 cts. less in a dollar than ever has been done before. Give me a call and be convinced of the fact.
W. W. COPPER,
Burchinal Building, Cross St.,
jan22-tf. Chestertown, Md.

NOW is the time to buy your
PLOW TRACES,
PLOW LINES, COLLARS, HAMES,
CASTINGS, PLOWS,
GARDEN SEEDS,
FORKS, SHOVELS, &c.,
which may be had at HINES & CO'S,
Next door Kent National Bank.
Feb. 24, 1877—tf.

THE LAST LOOK.

[The following touching and beautiful poem is from the pen of Edwin W. Fuller, of Louisburg, N. C., the author of "The Angel in the Cloud," "Sea Gift," etc. It was written upon the death of his little daughter, and is dedicated to his wife:

Do not fasten the lid of the coffin yet,
Let me have a long look at the face of my pet,
Please all quit the chamber, and pull to the door,
And leave me alone with my darling once more.

Is this little Ethel, so cold and so still?
Beat, beat, breaking heart against God's mystic will;
Remember, Oh! Christ, Thou didst dread Thine own cup,
And while I drink mine let Thine arm bear me up.

But the moments are fleeting, I must stamp on my brain
Each dear little feature, for never again
Can I touch her, and only God measures how much
Affliction a mother conveys by her touch.

Oh! dear little head; Oh! dear little hair;
So silken, so golden, so soft and so fair;
Will I never more smooth it, oh! help me my God,
To bear this worst stroke of the chastening rod.

Those bright little eyes that used to feign sleep,
Or sparkle so merrily, playing at peep,
Closed for ever, and yet they seemed closed with a sigh,
As if for our sake she regretted to die.

And that dear little mouth, so warm and so soft,
Always willing to kiss you no matter how oft,
Cold and rigid, without the least tremor of breath;
How could you claim Ethel? oh! pitiless death.

Her hands, no—'twill kill me to think how they wove
Thro' my daily existence a tissue of love;
Each finger a print upon memory's page,
That will brighten, thank God, and not fade with my age.

Sick or well, they were ready at every request
To amuse us; Sweet hands, they deserve a sweet rest;
Their last little trick was to wipe Bopeep's eye,
Their last little gesture to wave us good-bye.

Little feet, little feet, how dark the heart's gloom,
Where your patter is hushed in that desolate room,
For oh, 'twas a sight sweet beyond all compare
To see little "Frisky" rock back in the chair.

Who was Cain's Wife?

The Rev. C. P. M'Carty, who preaches every Sunday in the University Building, Washington Square, New York, as pastor of what is called the American Free Church, endeavored to answer the question of "Who was Cain's Wife?" on Sunday evening, November 26th. He took his text from the 4th chapter of Genesis, and the 27th verse. The preacher said that he had selected the peculiar subject announced at the request of several members of the congregation. Maintaining that the old theories as to the meaning of the Bible stories had ceased to be tenable because of the increased light of science, he said that the theory held by many as to Cain's wife should also have to be abandoned. "The orthodox answer to this question," said he, "is perhaps Cain married his sister." "Well, I don't think he did. Now, I am not going to shirk the answering of this question. I have a theory of our race which others do not believe in. Nine out of ten believe that the human race came from one pair. I don't believe it. Do you say that is heretical? Perhaps it is, but this is not a question to be answered by those who cling to the old theories. The old theory can never answer it. In the first place Cain could not have married his sister when he departed to the land of Nod, because he had no sister. When Seth was born Adam was only one hundred and thirty years old, a very young man for those days, and Seth was his third child. There is no mention of a daughter. In the second place, Cain departed to a country where there were people, and he feared these people would slay him because of his crime, and the Lord recognized the reality of this danger and set a mark on him that he might be saved. The Bible nowhere states that there were only two people originally created. Adam was the generic name for the human race, and male and female created He them. Do you believe that negroes and Chinese are the descendants of the same progenitors with ourselves? I don't. Cain went over to the land of Nod, and there became the chief of a race which he found there. He built a city. He couldn't have done this alone. This, then, must be my answer to the question: there were races of people upon the earth at the time Cain was driven out a vagabond, and from this race Cain took his wife."

The preacher dwelt at considerable length on the lessons to be drawn from the life of Cain, and exhorted all to avoid the little sins, for even Cain did not become a murderer all at once, but was lead up to that great crime by envy and jealous feelings.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.—The President and Mrs. Hayes walking to and from church has caused quite a sensation in Washington. Gen. Grant always rode with two servants in livery At the close of the service, he, followed by Mrs. Grant, walked up the aisle, across in front of the pulpit, bowing to the minister, who returned it, and then passed out at the side door—all the audience standing the while.—*Congregationalist.*

WITH every exertion, the best man can do only a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—*Washington Irving.*

THOSE who gain an excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easy terms.—*Johnson.*

THE RACE ON SKATES.

Cincinnati Times.

"Five dollars and my heart to the young lady who will beat me in a race across the pond," were the words spoken one winter evening, three years ago. Each skater paused to ascertain from whence the voice proceeded. The indistinct form of a man could be seen against the sky, as he stood on a little knoll that overlooked Gleason pond, which was crowded with merry skaters. Happy voices and merry laughter could be heard on every hand. All became still in an instant, when the voice rang out loud and clear:

"Five dollars and my heart to the young lady who will beat me in a race across the pond." Again these words were repeated in as bold manly tones as before.

"Who is it? Who can it be?" were the exclamations heard among the skaters as they tried in vain to get a glimpse of the stranger's face.

"Just wait a minute, girls," said Will Bancroft, the particular beau of the evening; "wait, and I will try and see who he may be."

"He may be a crazy man escaped from some lunatic asylum," said timid little Army Gordon, creeping to the side of her big brother for protection.

"Pshaw! you little coward!" exclaimed a beautiful brunette, standing close by, watching with much interest the group gathered around her and the stranger on the bank.

"I'll tell you," said Will, returning, "I think the fellow is none other than Walter Arlington—he who has lately graduated at——college, and is so famous as a skater."

"Oh! exclaimed the lady just mentioned, and if one had observed here closely they might have noticed the color come and go on her usually rosy cheek; "yes, I met him once in New York last winter, and I know this to be he."

The girls looked one at another, each seeming to seek the other's thoughts.

"Five dollars and my heart to the young lady who will beat me in a race across the pond."

"Well, Olive," spoke up several of the girls, as they looked towards the right beauty in the centre, as if to gain advice from her on the subject.

"I'm off for the ice," said Olive, striking forward. "It will be such fun. Come on, girls."

"It's my opinion," said a tall, thin looking man with a scortched looking-ing beard, "that the man is an im——impostor."

"And I believe the ladies would be better off not to pay any attention to the scamp," said another fellow with a very high hat and sleek face, who stood close to the first speaker.

"Let 'Tall hat' and 'Buff whiskers' stand back if they choose; no one will care," and a sprightly little blue-eyed lassie started after Olive.

"If the fellow is handsome, I don't know but I will go too!" and another was added to the small group.

"That fellow can't be much to offer his heart that cheap," said Will Boncroft, his color rising. He was already begining to feel the pangs of jealousy.

Quite a group had gathered around the strange young man, who announced himself as Walter Arlington.

Among the many lovely girls in Brentville, a place noted for beautiful faces, Olive Whitney was the "bright and particular star." But I am sorry to say she seemed to delight in flirting, and woe be to he who exposed his heart to her fascinating wile. She was a tall, brilliant brunette, with dusky midnight curls, bright, sparkling black eyes in which lay a "world of wichery," a clear, dark complexion, matching her hair, and such sweet ripe lips! When Olive laughed a bright light illuminated her whole face; and, too, such white pearly teeth were surely not made to be hidden; and Mat Hulby, who was not noted for her beauty, was even so malicious as to make the remark that Ollie Whitney kept up a constant grin from morning till night because she looked pretty and had perfect teeth. But a friend of Olive s took the opposite side of the subject and said it was a cheerful and happy spirit shining through her face. The latter was more generally accepted as the truth.

Olive looked the picture of beautiful grace and loveliness this evening. Her skating costume was dark maroon cloth, trimed with gilt braid, and the gay-colored balmoral and high-heeled boots seemed just suited for skating. The little jaunty hat, with its floating plumes, showed to advantage the long dusky curls waving in the wind, leaving her rosy cheeks exposed to view as she dashed off here and there on the ice. Then, too, hidden in the little ermine muff, with its saucy-looking cherry-colored tassels, was the softest and whitest little hand in all Brentville. But to return to my story. The young girls, five in number, arranged themselves in a row with the handsome stranger; and at the word "Start," given by one of the spectators on the bank, all started off at a fearful speed. Faster! Faster! Faster! At one time Olive was a few feet in advance, when with one stride, Walter Arlington dashed past her, and on they went. Finally, two of the girls stopped, tired out, and watched the progress of the rest. Another and another dropped off, until none were left but Olive and Arlington.

"Faster, Olive!" shouted those on shore; "faster! faster! you can win the race if you keep"——

The words died out just as Olive reached opposite bank, Arlington a few feet in the rear, when crack, crack, went the ice, and in another moment the jaunty hat, with its floating plume had disappeared under the ice. Oh, the extreme agony of that moment. Faces paled, and hearts almost ceased to beat for an instant, which almost seemed ages.

"Save her! Save her!" was the cry of every one.

But by this time, Delmont Reed, a frank, fearless fellow, and Will Bancroft were half way across the pond, rushing towards the hole in the ice. Before they reached the spot, however, a ghastly face appeared above the water, and in a second the brave Walter, who had sprung into the water and seized her by her dress and in another had caught her round the waist with one arm, and with the other made an agonizing effort to save her.

"Oh, help! help!" he shouted in a hoarse voice. A rope was thrown out and in less time than it takes to describe the scene, they were drawn safely on shore. How cold and death-like the young girl looked. The long, dark tresses lay dripping about her pale face, while the dress fell wet and heavy around the lifeless form, and the little boots that encased the shapely little feet, dripping with ice and water. Was she not an object of pity? The rough fellows looked compassionately on the lifeless form of her who had been the life of the party, while the stranger gave commands to carry her to the nearest shelter, not heeding his own condition. They carried poor Olive in their arms to the shore, where the girls were running to and fro in wild excitement, scarcely knowing what they did.

"God forgive me! I was the cause of of all this," murmured the young man, stricken in conscience.

It was a much sadder group that returned than had gone forth such a short time before in high glee. Pale and anxious faces watched by her couch through the night. It was long before Olive was sufficiently restored to be able to speak, and when she was it was to thank her preserver, who still awaited the intelligence of her recovery

"It was you who saved my life," she said in feeble tones, very unlike those she had used in commanding the girls to follow in the race, "and thus you have imperiled your own life for me."

"Speak not of that, my dear young lady. It was nothing to me. I would do more than that for you."

She reached her hand toward him and said: "Here is my hand; let us be friends."

"And here is my hand and heart also," responded the young man. "Did I not offer my heart to the winner?"

And then he bent over and whispered:

"It was well I did so, for it was yours before. I knew you would be the winner, before. Yes, dearest Olive, I preserved your life for myself. Will you not give it into my keeping? I promise to be ever as tender as now."

Tears streamed from the half-closed eyes, down the pale face, and for a moment Olive could not speak—her heart was too full. At length she said:

"You are my friend, my preserver, and I love you—love you with my whole heart."

The next summer Brentville lost its reigning belle. But it is made happy by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, of New York.

The Shining Hosts.

I have read, says Spurgeon, of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross, hard by the saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought;

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed. And the angel said to him—

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said—

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.

Blessed be God! you and I, too, can go in with that company. I cannot hope to go in anywhere but with that company. Such is my own sense of how I expect to enter heaven, and we will go together, brother sinner, or sister sinner, trusting in the precious blood, and washed in the blood of the Lamb. God grant it may be so!

"OFFERED PRAYERS."—The tedium of the round of business in the Garrett co. court room was relieved the other day by a joke among the lawyers, growing out of the ignorance of the general public of legal nomenclature, A slander suit, in which a young lady sought damages for defamatory remarks alleged to have been made by a man, was on hand. The parents of the plaintiff sat near a knot of lawyers, watching the proceedings with the keenest interest, not only on account of their natural interest in the business in hand, but from the fact that they had never before been in a court room. Finally the counsel for the defendant rested his case, but remarked to the court: "We have some prayers to offer before the case goes to the jury." The plaintiff's mother suddenly became visibly agitated, and turning to her husband, who was afterward ascertained to be a leading member of the church in his neighborhood, said in a stage whisper: "Jonas, they'll call on you to pray sure, for there's no one else here that can do it!" The remark was overheard by several lawyers, and the amount of fun that the members of the bar poked at one another about the lady's appreciation of physiognomy, if she did'nt know about law, &c., may be readily imagined.—*Cumberland Md. News.*

A LONDON MAN named Onions has petitioned to have leave to change his name. He can't get any one to marry him.

Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1877.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—Well, time moves on and we all move on with it; and as the time hangs heavy on my hands this stormy day, I will give vent to my feelings in scribbling. Washington Irving thought a wet day at a country inn a dreary place, but I cannot picture a more dreary place than a wet day in Gotham and its environs. The streets are wet and slippery, and the crossings muddy; "and such mud cannot be found elsewhere." The street car horses look wet and the drivers and conductors more so; and for the interior of the cars—ugh! And the only relief one has from the monotony of the scene is the sound of fog horns on the numerous ferry-boats interspersed with the shriller screech of the many locomotives as they come and go.

The retail stores in New York are all ablaze now with their new spring stock, but the universal cry is dull times. The wholesale stores are very slack indeed; the clerks and porters seem to have nothing to do but watch the passers-by and dust the cases of dry goods. The commission merchants seem to be the only busy set now. They are making active preparations to receive and dispose of the coming peach crop, which they expect to be a large one. Facilities for shipping to the New England States will be more perfect this year than ever before, since the line started last year is fully established. The peaches on arrival at Jersey City are at once run on the steamer Maryland, which will always be ready for them, and are taken by her up to Motthaven, where they are run off on the New York and New England Railroad for all points in the east. There is one road where I think three or four cars might be sent daily with much profit—up through Northern Jersey into New York State by way of the New Jersey Midland Railroad, as there are several large towns along the road that get their supply of peaches from New York; and as it runs into the railroad depot at Jersey City the cars could be sent up the road without breaking bulk, and the man who will send some up that road this year will do well. Paterson is a large town and a car load a day would find a ready market. Middletown, at the end of this route, in Orange county, N. Y., would readily take three cars a day, and by shipping them via New Jersey Midland they would go up on the morning express train and be at Middletown by noon.

The great sensation of the day here now is the Russian Fleet and the disappearance of Ex-Mayor Hall, whom the knowing ones say has gone to more congenial climes, *where ring suits are unknown.* SCRIBE.

The Country Press.

The Baltimore *Sun* indulges in the following very sensible and pointed remarks relative to some of the "tribulations" of the country press. Country newspaper *patrons* will be entertained if not profited by a careful perusal of these few wholesome truths:

The St. Mary's (Md.) *Beacon* reminds its readers that the coming term of the Circuit Court will afford those indebted to it a convenient opportunity to settle their indebtedness. Though much in need of money it recognizes the depressed condition of the times, but modestly says as the bills are mostly small, and as it would be satisfied with partial payment where it would be inconvenient to pay the full amount, it feels justified in asking fractional assistance from all parties indebted for a longer period than twelve months. It must be a hard-headed and quite unprincipled or hopelessly impecunious subscriber who can resist such an appeal. Our country contemporaries may not always feel authorized to insist, as THE SUN does, upon payment in advance, but for that very reason just and honest men should never neglect or postpone the payment of their obligations. They would think it a hard case indeed if, after they had paid for subscriptions or advertisements in advance, they should never receive their papers nor see their advertisements in print, but it would not be a harder case in any way than the failure to pay after papers and advertisements have been obtained. An example of a delinquent newspaper after receiving pay is rare, but delinquent subscribers are plenty as blackberries where the principle of payment in advance is not insisted on. The subdued tone of the *Beacon* in pleading for what belong to it is universal among the country journals, and not very creditable to those indebted to them. Public-spirited and honest men in the rural districts ought to support their local papers promptly and liberally, for they are generally not only worth more than their subscription price in the information and intellectual refreshment which they afford, but they call public attention to the affairs, advantages and interests of their own counties and districts in a way which could not be effectively done thro' any other medium. It is therefore the interests of the country people as well as their press that they pay the printer.

A KIND JUDGE.—A very learned and compassionate Judge in a Western State, on passing sentence on one Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows: "The fact is, Jones, the court did not at first intend to order you to be executed before next spring; but the weather is so very cold; our jail is unfortunately in a bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated condition that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; and to sleep sound and comfortably is therefore out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

IN ancient story we are told that Midas' touch turned everything to gold. But we to-day a stranger thing behold—men turn to anything when touched with gold!

CONGRESSMAN GARFIELD used to be a preacher. What a fall!

A Rose Song.

Why are red roses red?
For roses once were white,
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red!

Why are white roses white?
For roses once were red,
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled,—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet?
For once they had no scent.
Because one day the Queen of Love
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet—
That made the roses sweet!

—*Scribner for April.*

Experience of Misery.

Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison. It is a bitter experience:

"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place, not more than ten feet square," he writes. "During six years I had a companion; nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the features of the one who shared my captivity in the eternal gloomsomeness of our cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and our sorrows—over and over again. The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects.

"During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful. During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty I knew not.

"I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacant face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom—always in the self-same place, always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow. One day—more than a year after my companion had been taken away—I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened and a voice said to me:

"By order of His Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since!"

"Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life is behind me. God grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for liberty."

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

Easter in England.

Of Easter Monday rites various curious relics still linger. One, called "clipping the church," is performed by children of the charity schools, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy. They place their backs against the outside of the church, and join hands till the circle is complete and the building surrounded, when the ceremony is over and they go to another church.

Another custom in Durham is for men to go about the streets and take off a shoe from every woman they meet, unless she will pay a small fee to prevent it. The next day, as is but fair, the women retort by doing the same to men.

In some parts a still more ridiculous custom is found, called "heaving" or lifting. On Easter Monday the men "lift" women, and on Tusday the women are the lifters. It is done thus: two strong men cross hands in the way we used to call "making a chair," in my school-days, or they carry a chair lined with white and decorated with flowers and ribbons. On meeting a woman in the street, they invite her to take a seat, and, in fact, insist upon it. They then lift her into the air three times, when she must kiss each of her lifters, and give them money besides. During the reign of Edward I. this custom was so general that even the King was "lifted."

In Kent, the young people on Easter Monday "go a pudding-pieing." That is, go to public houses to eat pudding-pie, a dish about the size of a saucer, with raised paste rim, and custard inside.

And everywhere, and all the time, are eggs, eggs, eggs; boiled and colored; striped and mottled, and gilded; ornamented with names, or mottoes, or pictures. Common ones are variously adorned with designs drawn with a bit of tallow, which keeps the dye from taking on those parts. A better kind of decoration is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on an egg after it is dyed; landscapes, mottoes, etc., can be made very neatly.

A common game—which, perhaps, you know—is played with Easter Eggs. The owner of a hard-boiled Easter egg challenges any one he meets to strike eggs with him. If his egg breaks the other, it is called "the cock of one," and its owner has the broken one as a trophy.—When it has broken two it is "cock of two," and so on. If an egg which is cock of one or more is broken, the conqueror adds the number of trophies won by the victim to his own score.

The custom of making presents of eggs is said to be Persian, and to bear allusion to the "mundane egg," from which the world was fabled by certain nations to have been derived. It is a custom among Jews, Egyptians and Hindoos, and was adopted by Christians to symbolize the Resurrection. This feast of eggs, therefore, very properly occurs at Easter. —*St. Nicholas for April.*

A SPRINGFIELD congregation was amused by a young woman who leaned her head languishingly on a fellow's shoulder and ate candy throughout the service.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Fight Between a Lion and a Leopard.

The zoological gardens at Pesth have just been the scene of a combat worthy of Nero or Heliogabalus. The cage tenanted by a lion and lioness happened to be next to that in which dwelt a female leopard, for whom the captive queen of the desert entertained a special hatred. Probably she was jealous of the bright eyes and beautiful skin of her neighbor, and may possibly have suspected her lord and master of casting a tender regard or two across the barrier which separated the two dens. The suspicion, brooded over in silence, became a devouring passion, and it ripened into certainty at the precise moment when vengeance happened to become possible. The keeper of the gardens had inadvertently, one day, left hanging within the lion's cage the chain which served to draw up the partition, and the lion was not long in seizing it and beginning to pull. Whether he was animated with a spirit of fickleness or by curiosity alone must remain forever a secret. But the result was that the partition flew up and the road remained open from one cage to the other. Through it instantly rushed the lioness, breathing hatred and malice, but the lion had no sooner dropped the chain and prepared to follow in chase than the portcullis fell and the passage was barred again.

In the meantime, however, a struggle commenced between the two lady warriors such as has not been seen in Europe since the palmy days of the amphitheatre. The leopard, worsted at the first onset, attempted to take refuge from the foe by jumping and hanging to the top rails of the cage. It was all in vain, however. She was brought to bay again, and compelled to fight face to face with the terrible invader. For twenty minutes the battle raged in royal style. The neck and shoulders of the lioness were deeply furrowed with red gashes. But her victim was overmatched and at length turned on her back, when the *coup de grace* was given by the savage fangs of the victor. The lion, who had been looking on, probably with mingled feelings, at the scene, will now, no doubt, be restored to the affectionate confidence of his spouse. Nothing remained at the end of the encounter of the pretty spotted skin which had captivated him, but a few torn and mangled shreds, and the romance of the cages, if romance there was, came to a tragic end.—*London Globe.*

Miscellaneous Items.

Oil of Cinnamon will remove warts.

Ex-Gov. Hendricks is in California.

Lemons are said to cure consumption.

Paris has fifty-one daily newspapers.

A Massachusetts man named Cokscrew has named his baby Gimlet.

Pale blue is now trimmed with flowers of pale pink.

Daniel Webster's widow is still living in New York city, at the age of 79.

It is predicted that ladies' boots will this spring in color match their costumes.

The first gold discovered in California was at the root of a wild onion which a man was pulling for greens.

Bouquets are now often sent to Paris ladies in the shape of fans. The flowers thus serve a double use.

A person elected a constable in North Carolina has been fined $25 under a State statute for refusing to serve.

Even whiskey drank out of blue flasks is supposed to have some curative quality, by some who are fond of the critter.

Within the last ten years the United States sold $43,000,000 worth of arms and ammunition to European nations.

Cardinal red parasols will be worn next summer, and it will be difficult to tell a woman from a meteor three blocks away.

A Chicago girl, who claims to have proved by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue glass window he will propose at one sitting.

There are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work very hard for very poor pay.

Up to midnight an agent of police attends the chief Paris cab stands to advise passengers as to fares, &c. It is a great boon to the public, and what is much needed in Baltimore.

Not a Chicken.

At precisely two o'clock, by the bells the other morning, a policeman was walking up Conhill street he caught sight of a negro who was skulking along a fence, and he called upon him to stop.

"Ize in a big hurry to ketch the morning train fur Baltimore?" called back the African.

The officer threatened to shoot if he did not stop, and the skulker halted.

"Does you imagine that I hez dun got a chicken heah?" he asked, as the officer approached.

"Yes, sir that's what I imagine."

"And if I hezn't got a chicken I kin go right up to de depo', kin I?"

"I guess you can."

"Well, sah, den gaze on dis yere an' tell me if de name is chicken!" said the man as he pull a big goose around in front of him.

The officer went back on his word, and took the negro under arrest, and the victim was explaining:

"Whea'r de use ob tryin' to git along wid dem p'licemen? De best way is to drop de goose an' make fur de woods."

Filial Respect.

The other day one of the clerks in a Washington street store found the porter crammed among the boxes down the cellar with pen, ink, and paper before him.

"Writting a letter, eh?" queried the clerk.

"Yes; writing to the old man in Buffalo."

He handed up the half written letter for inspection, and presently the clerk remarked:

"I see you spell jug 'gug'; that isn't right."

"Of course not," replied the porter, "but you see I am writing to the old man, he always spells that way. If I put the other 'g' to it, he would think I was putting on