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# Kent News.

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

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**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.

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*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.

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y MARION deK. SMITH.

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will be continued under the same style and title as heretofore by Mr. JAMES A. REA, who has been with him for nearly sixteen years. Mr. Rea is thoroughly conversant with the business and expects to conduct it satisfactorily as heretofore.
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WITH
**I. M. PARR & SON,**
*Commission Merchants,*

And Proprietors of the Canton Elevators
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Possessing unsurpassed facilities for the proper handling of Grain, consignments are respectfully solicited and liberal advances made. o19.

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For the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Grain, Peaches, Apples, Canned Goods, Vegetables, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fish, &c.,
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**B. F. PARLETT & CO.,**
*Manufacturers of all styles*
**CHEWING TOBACCO,**
AND DEALERS IN
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*Hotels—Baltimore.*

**PEPPER'S NEW HOTEL**
*On the American and European Plans,*
HOLLIDAY ST., opp. Main Entrance to City Hall,
(One Square from Baltimore Street.)

BOARD per day - - - - - $2
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper 50c. each. Rooms 75c. to $1. Permanent Boarders according to room. First class Restaurant attached.
y. W. S. PEPPER, Prop'r.

**MALTBY HOUSE,**
BALTIMORE, MD.
C. R. HOGAN.....PROPRIETOR.
**Reduction of Fare.**
**$2.50 PER DAY.**

Being determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city—a liberal share of public patronage is solicited. j22-y.

**MANSION HOUSE,**
N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
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☞ ROOMS FIRST CLASS. ☜
*With GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD*
**At $1.50 PER DAY.**
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**ARCH ST. HOUSE,**
No. 1 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.
*JOHN A. MORTON, Prop'r & Manager.*

ROOM AND BOARD $2.00 Per Day. Breakfast 50c., Dinner 75c., Supper 50c., Lodging 50c.

☞ First Class Restaurant attached to the Hotel. Choice Liquors and Cigars always on hand. mh2-y.



**TELL the PEOPLE!**

*Tell Everybody you See, that S. MERRITT is offering the greatest inducements possible*

To the People of KENT and adjoining Counties, in

**Ready-Made CLOTHING!**

*OF EVERY DESCRIPTION:*

**SUITS,**
PANTS and VESTS,
UNDERSHIRTS,
OVERSHIRTS,
DRAWERS, of all kinds,
OVERALLS,
SUSPENDERS,
GLOVES and HOSE of all kinds.

**HATS and CAPS**

The BEST SELECTED and CHEAPEST STOCK IN THIS MARKET!
And many other articles too numerous to mention.

*All the above articles WILL BE SOLD*

**AT and BELOW COST!**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SUITS that sold for | $20 | for | $15. |
| " " " | $18.00 | for | $14.00 |
| " " " | $15.00 | for | $11.50 |
| " " " | $10.00 | for | $7.50 |
| " " " | $6.00 | for | $4.50 |
| " " " | $5.00 | for | $3.75 |

IN FACT

*I WILL GUARANTEE*
To Give
**BETTER BARGAINS**
THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE ON THE EASTERN SHORE!

☞ My stock is LARGER BY FAR than that of any other house in Chestertown, although I have never had $6,000.00 worth of Winter Goods in Stock at any one time this season.

**NOW is the time to get BARGAINS!**

COME SOON and avail yourself of the rare opportunity.

Yours, respectfully,
**S. Merritt,**
Opposite the Court House,
CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 18, 1879.

***Announcement!***

LARGE STOCK OF
**BLANK BOOKS,**
of all descriptions;
LEDGERS, JOURNALS,
DAY-BOOKS, TIME-BOOKS,
POCKET MEMORANDUMS,
DIARIES for 1879,
and PASS BOOKS,
*ALL VERY CHEAP!*

☞ This stock has been selected with great care and with a view of supplying the wants of all.

COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

**C. H. J. SPARKS,**
DEALER IN
**GRAIN and COAL,**
*LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

HIGHEST price paid for **CORN**, and *COAL furnished*
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.
n23-tf.

**SOMETHING NEW!**

I HAVE determined to establish at my Store, a

**News Depot,**

where may be found ALL THE LEADING PERIODICALS OF THE DAY, viz: Harper's Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, Atlantic Monthly, New York Nation, North American Review, Waverly Magazine, Baltimore Saturday Night, New York Weekly, New York Ledger, &c., &c.

COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

**NEW GOODS**
*ARE BEING RECEIVED WEEKLY*
by
**R. F. PARKS.**

A call from the public solicited.
Nov. 2, 1878.

**SURVEYING.**

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Atty'y at Law, Chestertown, Md. will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.

Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
apr13. Chestertown, Md.

**JOS. H. THOMPSON**
has just opened a large stock of new BOOTS & SHOES, which he will sell at very low prices. Attention is called to his Improved "Patent Kip Boot" for Men and Boys; from $1 75 to $2 25 for boys, and $4.25 for Men. Other make of Boots from $2 to $3 25.
Ladies' Button Gaiters $1 25 to $2 75.
Women's Lace Boots from $1 to $1 25.
☞ Don't forget the place:
THOMPSON'S,
sep28. *Under "Kent News" Office.*


## THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears
And their life by the means of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years,
Few or many they come—few or many they go,
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver grey
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way
And not by the furrows the fingers of care,

On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their heart lies cold—
O'er them the Spring-time—but Winter is there.

And the old are ofttimes young,
When their hair is thin and white:
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well!
And they'd blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

## UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

It is melancholy to read the present applications for divorce in our city, all seem to be women. All, if there stories are true, have lived for years intolerable married lives. However law and judges may decide, these most unhappy women will never be anything henceforth but blasted and unhappy. The chief reason why we have so many miserable marriages is the carelessness with which they are contracted. It has become fashion among our girls to decline any interference from parents or superiors in the most important acts of their lives. For better or worse they chose to take their own way. It is no matter that the father, if the daughter marries ill, may have to support her and her children; that he must share in her misfortune if her husband proves unworthy and bear her sorrow if he treats her ill; he is not to interfere in her selection. Young women and young men among us, in all ranks of life, meet together and are pleased with one another. Other young men and maidens talk of their affairs, connect their names together, and they are half committed to each other almost before the acquaintance has begun. It would be treachery in the bystander to say anything to either of them that would set them against each other. They meet under a dazzle of false condition and excitements which enables them to have no true views of each other. Very likely in the present state of manners amongst us they know very little of each other's relations, upon whom so much of their married happiness is to depend. They marry breathless with the bustle of the wedding display, and they go away together to assimulate two lives that may have had utterly different antecedents and surroundings. All other relations in life have been provided for us; this one we may pick and choose and the result, as we see it around us, may well make us thankful that our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts and uncles were not left to our own selection. Happily, where there is true love, based upon a good foundation, the first steps of married life are made under its glamour, before the brightness of romance fades into the light of common day, the pair are already well advanced upon the common road to unity. But even then, how much forbearance, kindness, sympathy, keen insight and unselfishness it takes to build up the new household! "Child," said a homely woman to her nursling, "remember, you may know a man's worth and yet not know his ways. It is his ways as much as his worth that will make you happy or uncomfortable in your marriage." And it is those little "ways" on either side that husband and wife have to accommodate themselves. The young wife who was so confident about her housekeeping made a thousand mistakes; nay, often expensive blunders. Is her husband patient, helpful and forbearing? He does not prove the faultless hero of her romance before marriage. Is she sensible and reasonable, self-sacrificing and teachable? In one part of married duty a man is generally more faithful than a woman. He never "tells upon" his wife; she often does on him. There is no greater safeguard to married happiness than secrecy upon all married subjects. "Every wise woman buildeth her house," says the Book of Proverbs, "but the foolish plucketh her's down with her hands." How often we see women plucking down their own happiness! How often have we been tempted to urge them to let that brick alone! Again, a great deal of the married unhappiness comes from the utterly false views that are popularly entertained of the marriage vows. We vow, not "I do love," but "I will." Of course, in the vast majority of cases it is to be hoped that the will includes the do, but there may be marriages after which the woman wakens to the discovery that the man she has married is not the being she believed he was when she gave herself away. And quite as often the young husband makes the same discovery. When this is the case there is great comfort and great strength to be found in the remembrance that the vow was that "I will." With some hind of love—love protecting, love forbearing or love triumphant—those who have vowed that they will love must keep their vow. The having made a mistake about it does not release us from the obligation. "For better, for worse, in sickness or in health, till death do us part," the vow is made. The vow is sacred. We think if the awful solemnity of this vow were more considered we should have fewer careless engagements, fewer wretched households, fewer applications for divorce from heart-broken petitioners, and fewer divorces granted, each of which gives a shock to the sacredness of the obligation that unites other husbands and wives.—*Baltimore American.*

IN Paris when any one in the theatre laughs heartily the rest of the audience put on great dignity and cry out: "No joke! No joke! He laughs for pay."

## TESTING THEIR CHRISTIANITY.

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

If Hiram Lynde had been an Irishman, he would have been amply satisfied with his position as gardener and hostler for Mark Harrington, Esq., which yielded him good wages; but he was a staunch Northern Vermonter, who found it hard to realize there is a wide social distinction between the employer and employee in the suburbs of New York. To be considered an upper servant, and to be forced to eat in the kitchen with Bridget Malone and Ann McCarthy chafed his pride terribly.

Every Sunday Hiram harnessed a pair of superb black horses in a costly, soft-cushioned carriage, and drove the Harrington family to church. While they were worshipping within he waited outside or rode slowly around the streets to pass away the time, but was always promptly back when the congregation dispersed to take them home.

Month after month went by. Bitter feelings in the meantime had gained the mastery in Hiram Lynde's heart, and angry mutterings were often on his lips, which he found it hard to suppress.

One fine morning he drove with the Harringtons to church as usual. As they slowly ascended the steps and disappeared within the sanctuary, a strange light shone in his eye, and shaking his hand fierce after them, he exclaimed:

"Proud hypocrites! There they go to worship God and advertise their fine fortune through their velvets, silks and laces. They put money into the contribution box for the poor with jewelled hands; but nary a farthing do they care for the souls of one of them. Nearly a year I brought them regularly to church, but nobody has said a word about my going in. If preaching is good for them, why isn't it good for me, too? Ah, I'll try an experiment. I'll bring their fashionable religion out in a strong light, or prove it to be all a sham. Ha, ha! yes I will!"

Four days passed. A purpose had ripened in Hiram's breast, and he longed to put it into execution

One morning as he was weeding in Mr. Harrington's garden, he saw Joe Phelps leaning against the gate.

"Hello, Joe! come here!" he called pleasantly.

Joe skipped up the gravel walk to his side. His mother was a hard toiling widow, who earned a scanty livelihood for herself and six children by washing. Joe's clothes were so worn that great patches covered his knees and elbows, and only great skill in mending and darning held them together. Hiram surveyed him closely.

"Pretty poor clothes you wear; hardly fit for a pauper," he said, sneeringly.

"They are the best I have," replied Joe, the hot blood mounting to his face from wounded pride.

"Want a chance to earn a new suit in an easy way, in one hour?" inquired Hiram.

"Yes, indeed," said Joe, joyfully.

"Joe, I'll make you a fair, square offer. Next Sunday morning, if you will wear these same old clothes and be barefooted just as you are now, and go into the church just after the Harrington's get in, and take a seat in their pew with them—its number is 105—I'll give you the best suit of summer clothes in Darrow's store."

"Oh, you are fooling me," said Joe.

"Never was more serious in my life," said Hiram, earnestly. "I want to mortify these purse-proud Christians. I want to see how these big-feeling people will act to be in a row with a poor boy, half covered with patches and darns."

"Oh, I don't want to go into their pew," said Joe, quickly. "'Tisn't using them well; it's mean."

"As you please," replied Hiram, indifferently. "There's plenty of other boys who'd jump at the chance."

Joe reflected a moment and said:

"Yes, I'll do it. Mother would have to do a great deal of washing to get me a summer suit. I'll do it to save her; but I hate to, awfully."

When Sunday came Joe waited till he saw the elegant carriage of Mark Harrington go by and then followed hard after it. He reached the church just after the family had entered it. Hiram was holding the horses in front of the steps. Giving the reins to a friend standing by, he and Joe made their way through the vestibule, up the stairs to the inner door of the church.

Here Hiram waited and watched, with a chuckling heart, the boy as he timorously went through the broad aisle till he came to the pew 105. Mr. Harrington was sitting at the foot, and Joe slipped in between him and his daughter Helen, while the faces of both showed great surprise.

"That was capitally done," thought Hiram, exultingly. "Joe is a trump anywhere. Now the rich and the poor are side by side, and in God's eyes one is no better than the other."

On the way home the odd incident of Joseph Phelps sitting uninvited in their pew was glibly discussed by the Harrington's.

"Poor boy," said Miss Helen, pityingly, "it is plain his starved soul is reaching out for something higher. We must encourage him."

"But it was so funny to see him pop down by you. I thought I should laugh outright," said Miss Fannie.

Hiram listened in astonishment. No word of indignation or mortification came from the lips of those he had called fashionable Christians. His plan to humble their pride had failed.

On Monday Joseph called around to receive the promised remuneration for his service. Hiram was true to his word and gave him a good summer suit of clothes, which made him very happy. Towards evening Joseph Phelps received a notice through Bridget Malone, the cook, that her master, Mark Harrington, wished to see him.

He entered that gentleman's presence tremblingly. He had committed a grave offense by taking a seat beside him uninvited, and he was quivering in expectation of being accused of it.

"Joseph, did you enjoy hearing Mr. Catlin preach yesterday?" asked Mr. Harrington, with a smile.

"No—yes—I guess I did—I don't know, sir," was the stammering reply, with wild frightened eyes, and a face spotted like an adder.

A low giggle came from Miss Fannie, who was sitting in the bay window with Miss Helen.

"Do you want to keep on going to church?" asked Mr. Harrington, kindly and encouragingly.

"Yes sir."

"Then you shall. I'll give you an order to take to Mr. Darrow, and you may select such a suit of clothes as you need, and I'll pay for them."

A joyful light bounded into Joseph's eyes.

"Father," said Miss Helen, "he will need a hat and boots, stockings and handkerchief. Let me get these," and turning to Joseph she inquired, "How would you like to go into Mr. Crawford's class of boys in Sunday school?"

"Oh, very much, ma'am," said he, in a choking voice.

"I'll ask him to receive you."

"I own a pew, No. 40, in the gallery," said Mr. Harrington. "You can have a seat up there. You are a good boy. All you need is a chance to rise in the world."

"Thank you, thank you, sir. Thank you, Miss Harrington. I shall never forget your kindness, never, never," and with gratitude shining in his eyes he left the house.

In twenty-four hours after, Joseph appeared before Hiram Lynde dressed in his best.

"Do I look like a pauper now?" he questioned proudly.

"No, you look like a gentleman's son. Where did you come across all those new clothes?"

"Mr. Harrington gave me this suit, and Miss Helen gave me my hat, stockings and boots; and I'm going to keep on going to church, and I'm going into the Sunday school."

"By jingo, this beats all creation!" exclaimed the amazed Hiram.

"I'm in luck," went on Joe, gaily. "You gave me a suit of clothes for sitting in Mr. Harrington's pew, and they have given me another. It was a tip-top bargain you made with me."

"It cost me a half month's wages," responded Hiram. "Well, they have done handsomely by you, that's a fact. They never took no more notice of me than if I'd been a worm. I thought their religion a sham. Well, my experiment didn't humble them, after all; it just set them up higher."

This conversation had a listener least expected. Miss Helen was standing behind a spruce tree and every word came straight to her ears. She went into the house and faithfully reported them. "It was a trick of Hiram's," she said. "He wanted to prove our profession. We have not been kind and considerate enough to him. He is a good man, and we ought to treat him differently—just as if we were in his place and he in ours."

Hiram Lynde's experiment proved beneficial in three ways. He learned by it that "fashionable Christians" even, who wear velvets, silks and jewels, have often noble hearts, which beat in helpful sympathy for the needy. It was the means of introducing Joseph Phelps to Mr. Harrington and his family, and they afterward took a deep interest in his welfare. Finally, it revealed to the Harringtons the duty of being considerate toward those serving them, and the lesson was never forgetten.

On sped the years, bringing many changes. Hiram Lynde is a respected, useful man. By carefully saving his earnings, and the loan of a few dollars from Mr. Harrington, he has been able to purchase a fine little farm, which made him very happy.

Joseph Phelps is a successful merchant. He is always loyal to the right, a light to his church, and a blessing wherever he goes.

## Married Without Shoes.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of Cheat mountains, West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a new coat and trowsers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I'll wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber land, a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; he then sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, and gave their attention to experimental farming.

John, having once found out that sheep raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way and that dogged persistence in following it which are the surest elements of success.

Stock brokers from the eastern markets found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is that the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout able bodied men who crowd the cities this winter, complaining that they must starve for the want of work.

[The moral is not very pointed however, in *these times* of picayune grain prices and high farm wages.]

TEXAS has, 1,700 convicts, of whom some 500 are kept in prison, and the rest are hired out to work on railroads and farms. One, undergoing a life sentence, is hired by his wife, and lives comfortably at home.

EPITAPH ON A VERY HONEST MAN:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more rare, his neighbors telt us,
He sent back borrowed umbrellas.

## The Teachers' Association.

A FEW OF ITS EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES REVIEWED.

*Messrs. Editors*—Sirs: The primary object, as we understand it, of the Teachers' Association is mental culture and intellectual development. For the attainment of ends so laudable and desirable, the organization was originally intended. This meeting together of the teachers for purposes so praiseworthy must be productive of much good to each and all its members. We know that this enterprise has its opponents, since there are those who seem to delight in crying down every measure that does not point directly to their own individual aggrandizement or emolument. But, fortunately for our school interests, this element is not very formidable numerically. To the teacher the association has its educational advantages which he cannot easily ignore, but which he must realize and appreciate. Here is an opportunity for free and ample interchange of views bearing upon methods of teaching, and in this way a comparison of results is effected and doubts and difficulties often dissipated. Prof. Hartt says, "We learn mainly by comparison." This, in the main, is true. It is also true that the mind of man, in this life, never reaches a point where further development is made impossible.

"More light" were the dying words of Gœthe, "the patriarch of German literature. It is *light* that the teacher needs, and we are glad to know that the association is a means to this important end. "As iron sharpeneth iron," so mind is rendered stronger by contact with mind. We learn from one another. The French have a proverb "that everybody knows more than anybody."

These meetings are advantageous to the children attending our schools, for as we increase the teacher's facilities the children are correspondingly benefitted.—There are a few, however, too blind to see this simple truth. Again, we believe that the association is assisting the school system of the State into popular favor as rapidly as any other single agency. The present graded system, its efficiency, etc., is a striking evidence of the foregoing assertion. The question of *text books*, embracing kind, quantity or number and quality, practical utility, &c., receives, occasionally, just and critical attention, which is a very important subject for ventilation. In short, we think the association a healthy and potent medium of communication, and one, too, the teacher, unless *stone dead*, cannot well afford to relinquish. So thought the immortal Mann, Page, Hartt and many others.

The law-givers of the State are on the side of the teacher in this movement. You have also the endorsement of your County School Board, and the help and sympathy of their executive officer, the Examiner, who, by the way, might almost be called the *founder* of the Teachers' Association in Kent county. Teachers, go on; we wish you God-speed in your noble work. You have very much to make you hopeful. You have your season of trial and anxiety, but who can claim exemption from these? "If there were never any cloud we could not enjoy the sunshine." We believe you mean to take no retrograde step in the great matter under consideration. The time, we venture to predict, is not far distant when you will have the help and sympathies of *the people* with you; and when this day comes, as come it must, it will find the faithful teacher occupying a more enviable position than is now claimed for it.

PLAIN DEALER.

## How a Wagon Wheel Runs.

Proof that the top of a wagon wheel when running along the ground, moves faster than the bottom, is given by instantaneous photographs of a wagon in rapid motion. It is obvious, says the writer, that an instantaneous photograph of a wheel, revolving upon its axle in the air, will show all parts of the wheel in equal distinctness. But if the wheel has a progressive motion, and any one part has a greater motion than its corresponding part, above or below, there must be a liability to blurring in that part of the picture.

These pictures sre taken with so brief an exposure that the horse, though moving at a 2.24 gait, is sharply outlined.—The wheels of the driver's sulky, however, have a different tale to tell. The lower third of each wheel is sharp and distinct as if absolutely at rest. Not so with the top, that part of the wheel showing a perceptible movement during the two-thousandth part of a second of the exposure of the plate. The upper end of the spokes and the rim are blurred.—*Sci. American.*

RUNAWAY MARRIAGES.—The late sad death of a young woman in Kansas City, Missouri, who was said to have been the "daughter of a wealthy mill-owner of Baltimore, named Hayes," and who had been abandoned among strangers by her worthless husband, is an apt illustration of the evil of elopements. The popular notions on the subject of runaway marriages, fomented by the yellow-covered literature of the day, are exceedingly lax and erroneous. The young Miss who elopes from the parental roof to marry some adventurer, who was possibly unknown to her last year, is often represented as a girl of rare spirit, who does a remarkably clever and admirable thing.

We hold, on the contrary, that, in a great majority of cases, her elopement is unwise, giddy, ungrateful, immodest, and evinces a reckless disposition. A true man would not advise, much less urge, the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.

A LONE musician fiddled "Home, Sweet Home" so sweetly on the street corner, that a stranger three blocks away was affected to tears. When he was asked "why he wept, and if the dear old tune stirred tender memeries in his heart," he mournfully replied: "You bet. If you was sole proprietor of a red-headed woman with a diagonal eye, who could make nine bulleyes with a stove lid out of a possible ten, and whose best argument is a mop-rag, perhaps the dear old tune would stir you in the same way. Young man, you lack experience."

READ not books alone, but men; and be careful to read thyself.

## Under the Waves.

"What is the chief drawback of a diver's life?" was asked of Coolan, a professional diver.

"Well, I shall call it the uncertainty. For instance, you go down into ninety or one hundred feet of water, with nothing between you and the surface except that little air pipe. If it should break or leak, or get cut, it is all up with you. As long as that whizzing noise at the back of the helmet keeps up, you are all right; but let it dwindle or stop, and there is only one thing to do, to make tracks out of there."

"Have you ever had it break with you?"

"I have had the noise stopped as quick as you'd shut off steam. I didn't stop there long you can bet. I was down in fifty feet of water, and it took the liveliest kind of scrambling to get up in time. The pipe had broken at the top, but one of the tenders put his hand over the break, and they managed to send me down a little more air as I was coming up. The air inside of the helmet grew hot and thick, and by the time I got to the top I was gasping like a fish out of water."

Next to the air pipe, the diver looks most carefully after the little pane of glass which covers his face. The iron rods, two verticle and two horizontal, which protect it, are made and fitted with especial care, so as to afford the greatest amount of protection consistent with a clear view. The breaking of this glass is generally equivalent to immediate death, the rush of the water within being apt to choke the victim instantly. Peterson tells of a case on the Atlantic coast in which a diver was drowned by the breaking of this glass. The man was exceedingly nervous and apt to lose his head when he got into difficulty. Especially he dreaded the breaking of the face glass, and for this reason had it made unusually stout. One day while working in the hold of a ship loaded with railroad iron, he jammed his helmet against the thin bottom edge of a rail. The glass was shattered. The green water rushed in with tremendous force, and strangled him before he could make an effort to get out. Peterson, groping his was through the dark hold, stumbled upon the body of his unfortunate mate, doubled up around a stanchion.

In diving for the Submarine Company of St. Louis in 1871, Peterson himself met with an accident that well nigh proved fatal. He was employed at Fort Leavenworth in the Missouri River in over fifty feet of water. While at the bottom of the river the bell in which he was in was overturned, the bell boots which he wore being torn completely off him by the violence of the shock. The current was running at the rate of seven miles an hour. He retained presence of mind enough to grasp a life line which happened to be in reach, whereupon the current bore him to the surface.

Coolan was one of the divers who fished the six hundred bodies out of the White Star steamer Atlantic in 1873. The corpses of the dead were found jammed against the furniture, crammed through glass skylights, hidden away behind stateroom doors, and always in the most frightfully contorted attitudes. To grope into a cabin in the dark and come suddenly upon the bodies of an entire family—father, mother, children—intertwined in one last embrace, was not uncommon. The most hideous cases and most trying to the nerves were the single corpses hid behind doors, which tumbled into the diver's embrace on his opening them.

"Which is the easiest sort of cargo to move?"

"Railroad iron. It is the cleanest and easiest to handle. Assorted cargoes, grain in bulk, and miscellaneous goods are the worst.

## Take Care of that Tongue.

1.—It is *your* tongue. You have not the care of your neighbors' tongues. Theirs may need care, but it is with yours only that we are now concerned, and about which we are deeply anxious to interest you. 2—It is *you only that can* take care of it. If your neighbor could have done it, they very likely would have done it, long ere this with a vengeance. They have thought about your tongue, and used their own about it, beyond question, and would be well pleased with dominion over it. But they cannot have it. You are the only ruler. 3.—*It needs care.* Whose tongue does not? "The tongue is an unruly member." Not a Greek or a Roman tongue only; not a Jewish or a Gentile tongue merely. *The* tongue. Here is universality of application, and the appellation is "*unruly.*" This net is large enough to catch all the birds. *Your* tongue, my friend, therefore needs care.

HOW GOV. CARROLL WAS FOOLED.—If Gov. Carroll has any special weakness in making his appointments it is forming an estimate of applicants from their personal appearance. He is a fine looking man himself, and he likes to see applicants for positions before he acts. It is said that on one occasion a very clever politician asked the appointment of supervisor of elections for a friend of his, and when Gov. Carroll, who was willing to make the appointment, desired to see the man, a very fine looking man was taken to Annapolis and introduced as Wm. F. Stilly. The Governor was very much pleased with his appearance and sent afterwards a commission, which was received by Mr. Stilly, who did not know that he had been personated. Recently, when Gov. Carroll was in Baltimore, Stilly thought he would pay his respects to him and called at the hotel. When he gave his name, Gov. Carroll said: "I don't know you, sir; but I do know Mr. Stilly who was introduced to me when I gave him a commission as supervisor of elections, and he was a very different looking man from you." This led to an explanation and the Governor was very indignant at the trick that had been played upon him. Very soon afterwards Mr. Stilly got a hint to resign.—*Baltimore Standard, 11th inst.*

EVERY man has his price. A resident of Connecticut has lost his dog, which he values highly, "because it once saved his life when he was attacked by a mad bull," and offers a reward of $2 for the faithful animal's return.

## THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

BY NILLA.

What scene is there more joyous to the sight,
Than a Farmer's fireside on a winter's night?
The ruddy coals are glowing on the hearth,
The fire crackles with a sound of mirth,
Deepening night shuts out the light of day;
Upon the walls the flitting shadows play;
And in one corner, stately, worn and tall,
The high-backed settle leans against the wall.
Above the mantle, neatly loop'd on high,
The nice-pared apples hang festoon'd to dry;
Nor is that all, but ranged in bold relief
Flitches of bacon hang, and bits of beef.
Good Farmer true, his out door duties o'er,
The cares of day distract his mind no more;
Draws off his boots, and in his elbow chair,
Of wholesome comfort takes a peaceful share.
The candle lighted, the newspaper found,
His good wife and children sit circling round;
He reads the news and some new discovered wonder,
Of Payne's new gas light, or of bottled thunder;
The price of wheat—charge for freight that's carried;
Who has died or failed, and who are married.

## Anecdote of Webster.

Lawyers sometimes resort to questionable methods in order to destroy the effect which the testimony of a truthful and intelligent witness has upon a jury. Mr. Webster once tried, in an ungallant way, to break down a woman's evidence, and he met more than his match. It was in the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bogden's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court. Webster appeared as counsellor for the appellant.

Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye, a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand, a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster.

Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything important, would have great weight with the court and jury. He resolved, therefore, if possible to break her down. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out: "We don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!"

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

Notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto. Then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distant and loud through the crowded hall.

Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bogden a neat woman?"

"I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty habit."

"What was that, ma'am?"

"She took snuff."

The roar in the court-house was such that the defender of the Constitution sat down, and neither rose or spoke again until after Mrs. Geenough vacated her chair for another witness, having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown at his head by a woman.

GAME IN THE WEST—*Its Exportation to Europe.*—Trappers and hunters are gathering in a marvelous quantity of game in the country west of the Mississippi river just now, and wholesale dealers in centres like Chicago and St. Louis are kept busy receiving and forwarding it. At wholesale prices, the game arriving at each of those points is estimated to be worth something like $50,000 a week. This large sum of money represents vast heaps of flesh, feathers and fur at the low prices for which these products of the far West are now selling. Quails out there go by wholesale at fifty cents a dozen, while rabbits retail in immense quantities at the astonishing price of five cents apiece, squirrels at seven and a half cents, brant and wild geese at fifty cents apiece, ducks at forty and fifty cents a pair, and other game at similar figures. Venison, which is retailed at fancy prices, is sold, with the hide on, to butchers and packers at five cents a pound. As Eastern markets are well supplied with game Western shippers, seeking some other outlet for their surplus, have been experimenting upon London. Quails principally are sent, partly because of the unprecedented numbers of these birds which have come to an untimely end this winter, and partly because the expected profits on them are larger than any other kind of game.

ONCE THE LOVELIEST WOMAN IN EUROPE.—Walking in the woods one day, my friend met a pale, elderly lady, in the plainest of black cashmere dresses. Her gray hair, which showed threads of bright chestnut through its silver, was put back plainly under a simple hat of black straw. She was very lame, and was evidently suffering extremely from rheumatism.—She was accompanied by another lady as quietly dressed as herself. "Do you know who that is?" asked my friend's companion as they passed. "No," was the answer. "Do you think she is handsome?" "Not at all, nor can I even see any traces of past beauty." Yet that lady was once hailed as the loveliest woman in Europe; it is the Empress Eugenie. She was living in the quietest possible manner at Ems, and before she left was much benefitted by the waters. But she seems to have relinquished all effort to struggle against the ravages of time, and to have laid aside the false adornments wherewith a few years ago she used to disfigure instead of improve her appearance. Still, it is very sad to imagine this once peerless beauty now changed to a faded, elderly invalid, deposed from her throne of triumphant loveliness as from the