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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

VOL. 39. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879. No. 43.

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. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

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.

Legal Notices.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm name of KENNARD & CONNELLY, for the purpose of conducting the general Dry Goods, Grocery and Provision business, at the old stand of J. Frank Connelly & Co., opposite C. F. Stam's Drug Store, where they would be pleased to see their old friends and the public generally.

C. W. KENNARD,
J. FRANK CONNELLY.

N. B.—Persons indebted to either of said parties are requested to settle at once as they wish to close their old books.

KENNARD & CONNELLY.

Feb. 15—3t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

MARY A. HANES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 22d day of August, 1879; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of February, 1879.

WILLIAM VANNORT,
Feb. 25, 1879—4t. *Administrator.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES A. ROSEBERRY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of September, 1879, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 11th day of February, 1879.

RICHARD HYNSON,
LEWIN USILTON,
Feb. 15, 1879—4t. Adm'rs.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

ESTATE OF STEPHEN COX. On application ordered, that H. W. VICKERS, administrator of Stephen Cox, deceased, give notice by advertisement, that a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this court on TUESDAY, the 4th of March, 1879.

Test: WM. STEVENS,
Register of Wills.

NOTICE.—The creditors of Stephen Cox, are notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, March 4th, 1879, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

H. W. VICKERS,
Feb. 8—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

MARY A. WILLIS,
versus
SARAH M. WILLIS and OTHERS.

On the Equity Side of the Circuit Court for Kent County, January 30, 1879.

ORDERED, that the sales made and reported by GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of John K. Willis' heirs for partition, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of April next, Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $5,365.25.

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Feb. 1, 1879—4t.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested in the distribution of the proceeds of the sale of Benj. F. Joiner's personal property, made by the Sheriff of Kent county, to file their claims duly authenticated before me within one month from this date.

H. C. CHASE,
February 8, 1879—3t. Special Auditor.

Ratification Notice.

RICHARD C. SMYTH,
versus
Caroline B. Smyth, Richard A. Smyth, Minnie May Smyth, Jefferson L. Smyth, William G. Smyth.

In the Circuit Court of Kent County,
JANUARY 23RD, 1879.

Commission to Divide certain Real Estate of the late Richard Smyth, consisting of several Lots and Houses in Chestertown.

THE Commissioners having made division and reported their proceedings in the said cause; It is hereby ordered that the said return and proceedings of the Commissioners be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown by the first day of April next, provided this order shall be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County for three successive weeks before the twenty-fifth day of March, 1879.

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True Copy.—Test:

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Jan. 25, 1879 4t.

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.

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.

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law.

HAS RESUMED his Profession, and offers his services to the public.

Office adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq., Chestertown, Md. y.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE
TOWN PROPERTY.

BY VIRTUE of authority contained in a mortgage from Dr. William H. Lassell and wife to William C. Mercer, dated July 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber D. C. B., No. 1, folio 478, the undersigned as Attorney for the mortgagee, Wm. C. Mercer, will offer at Public Sale at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,
The 4th day of March, 1879,

At 11½ o'clock A. M.,

ALL THE INTEREST of the said Wm. H. Lassell and wife in the property situated on High Street, in said town, and generally known as the

Lassell Property.

This is one of the best business stands in this town, and is a very valuable property. It has been divided into lots, and will be offered in parcels, in order to sell only so much as is necessary to discharge the mortgage debt.

LOT No. 3

CONTAINS THE

Store House and Old Dwelling

and FRONTS FORTY-TWO FEET ON HIGH STREET, running back to Cannon Street, with a front on that street of seventy-three feet.

LOT No. 4,

CONTAINS THE

DWELLING HOUSE

now occupied by Mrs. John W. Carroll, who holds a life estate therein. It is 29 feet front by 133 feet in depth.

LOT No. 2,

Is immediately in the rear of Lot No. 4, and fronts on Cannon Street 29 feet, with a depth of 168 feet.

LOT No. 1,

Fronts on Cannon street 67 feet by 168 ft. deep.

The two last are without buildings.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

$1200 cash on the day of sale or in thirty days thereafter; the balance on reasonable credit, to be announced at the sale.

If more than one parcel is sold, the cash payment will be apportioned.

Deed at the cost of the purchaser.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
Att'y for W. C. Mercer, Mortgagee.
Feb. 8, 1879—ts.

Head Quarters!
FOR
CIGARS and TOBACCO
IN CHESTERTOWN!

FRED. GEBHARDT,

Has just opened a regular TOBACCO and CIGAR Head-Quarters in the CORNER STORE of Mrs. S. Bacchus, corner Front and Queen Sts., Chestertown, where I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with a call at the Lowest rates. My Cigars are of my own manufacture, and

I ONLY ASK A TRIAL

to prove their FIRST CLASS quality.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES

At WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

All kinds Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, &c.

All goods at lowest prices.

My store here is a branch of my manufactory at Ridgely, Md.

fe15-3m. FRED. GEBHARDT.

New Goods, Just Received!

R. F. PARKS,

Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.,

HAS on sale at his store (the Brick Building adjoining the Bank, old stand of W. W. Parks & Sons,) a well selected stock of

Domestic Goods,

SUCH AS

PRINTS, MUSLINS,

&c., &c.

My stock of CALICO is very pretty; indeed even our 5 ct. Prints are DURABLE and CHEAP.

Stock of MUSLINS ranging from 3-4 to 10-4 wide is replete.

WAMSUTTA N. B, No. 2 at 11c.; quite a bargain.

Would also call the trade's attention to his Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES!

which in order to reduce stock will sell regardless of cost for Cash.

ALL WINTER GOODS and REMNANTS *closed at a Sacrifice.*

Attention also is called to my stock of

GROCERIES,

which is replete and AS LOW AS THE LOWEST for same grade.

Coffees at "hard pan" prices.

Sugars from 7c. up.

Syrups from 25c. up. New Crop New Orleans, a fine article for sale cheap.

Tobacco from 60c. up.

Our 60c. Tobacco can't be beat.

In fact all goods are to be sold as low as the lowest for same quality.

I desire the public to call and examine stock and prices before purchasing.

FUR and all kinds Produce wanted in exchange for goods or cash.

Respectfully,
R. F. PARKS.

N. B.—CLOVER SEED furnished to farmers at a small advance for cash.

Feb. 8, 1879.

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.

"HER LAST POEM."

The following poem is from the *Baltimorean*. The editor of that Journal comments as follows:

"The following lines were written with lead pencil a short time before her death, by a well-known young lady of Baltimore, who died in February, 1878. She was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Public School Teachers' Association of Queen Anne's county, Md., and for fifteen years a constant contributor to the press."

The Centreville *Record* says it judges from the above comments that the authoress was the late Miss Fannie Delany, who died Feb. 24, 1878, of consumption, at St. Agnes' Hospital, Baltimore county. For some years previous to her death she taught school in Queen Anne's county, and was Secretary of the Teachers' Association. She was a great favorite with the teachers of the county, and had many loving friends in the several localities where she taught. She has contributed a number of articles to the *Kent News*, and was well known in Chestertown. This, her last composition will doubtless prove a welcome souvenir to her former friends:

Long years ago, when life seemed glad,
We boldly walk'd its devious ways,
And with no thought of being sad,
We measur'd out our length of days.

We pictur'd all the future fair,
One long, bright dream of perfect bliss,
With friends our ev'ry joy to share,
What more could fate bestow than this?

Now gaze we where the shadows fall
On thorny paths that we have trod,
And grateful feel that, losing all,
We find our hearts more near to God.

What though our morning vision mocks
The sadness of our later years!
What though fond mem'ry here unlocks
Her stores, and moves our souls to tears?

A glory rises from the gloom
And bids our mournful spirits cheer,
For in the life beyond the tomb
We'll find the bliss we yearn'd for here.

Bethabara.

SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PLACE WHERE CHRIST IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BAPTISED.

The tradition that fixes the site now generally shown as that of our Lord's baptism can be traced back to the fourth century; but, like nearly all other ecclesiastical traditions connected to Palistine, it is not kuown at an earlier date, nor are there any indications of the reason which led to it being chosen by the fourth century Christains, for the name Bethabara is not found in the neighborhood. The site is shown at the main Jordon ford, east from Jericho, and the place is not improbably that at which the children of Israel crossed the river, when first entering the promised land under Joshua. The scene annually presented, when the Greek and Latin pilgrims come down from Jerusalem to dip in Jordon, has often described. The river is about twenty to thirty yards wide at the bend where the ford is found; on the west there is an open shingly beach, on the east a flat bank, with a cliff of marl above; north of the ford, on the right bank, is a clamp of very ancient tamarisks of unusual size, and little paths have been beaten by the pilgrims' feet through the underwood between the trunks. This spot, which is called by the Arabs "the Ford of Hajlah" (from the neighboring 'Ain Hajlah—the ancient Beth Hoglah) is the only place for many miles where the brink of the water can be reached. Above and below the ford Jordon lies hidden in a jungle of tamarisk and willows, and a thick canebrake extends down into the stream. North of the pilgrims' bathing place is an old crusading monastery in ruins, built on the foundation of a yet older structure. This place was called St. John-on-Jordan, and even as early as 520 A. D., a monastery built by the Emperor Anastasius, and standing on vaults as a precaution against the Spring overflow of the Jordan, is described by pilgrims. To this monastery Justinian added a fine reservoir, which remains intact outside the building on the west.

Abraham Lincoln.

In some remarks about President Lincoln made by Bishop Simpson to the students of Yale Theological Seminary is this characteristic incident:

The honesty of which I spoke gave him a peculiar frankness of expression. He left you at no loss to know what he meant. If he could not do what you desired, he said so; if he could, it seemed to give him gratification to be able to confer a favor; but he was honest, frank, and outspoken. You knew what he meant, and yet, when he desired to conceal his purposes, as he was quite frequently obliged to do, as a rule, he well knew how to do it. I was informed one day that a committee from New York, composed of leading citizens, went to see him in reference to the conduct of the war. After they had transacted their general business, and the committee was making their way to the door—he was standing in the other part of the room—one of the gentlemen, who presumed on his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln to ask particularly searching questions, stepped up to him, and in the lowest tone of voice said: "Mr. President, I would like to know where Burnside's fleet is going?" Burnside had just sailed with a fleet, but the destination was unknown. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, in a low tone of voice, "would you very much like to know?" "Yes," he said he would. "Well, now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if I would tell you, perhaps you would tell some one else." "No," said he, "I would not." Then Mr. Lincoln, putting up his hand to his face, and, as if to whisper, said loud enough for all to hear, "*He's gone to sea!*"

FRIED IN LARD.—The London *World* recites how revenge was had by one of the most eminent pianists in that city. He had suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of drawing room audiences and devised the other day a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece, at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence, joyous, clear and distinct, above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lady——. These words of hers were ringing upon the startled air: "We always fry ourselves in lard!"

"WILL the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please step up and receive a pretty book?" said a Sunday school superintendent in Iowa; but the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, having sold his farm and about to discontinue farming, will sell at public sale at his present residence on the "Pippin Farm," near Chestertown, on

Wednesday, March 5, 1879

(if stormy, on the first fair day,) the following property:

5 HEAD of HORSES

Among them Two Extra Drivers, and 1 first class Family Mare.

3 EXTRA COWS, all giving milk.

6 SHOATS, Chester White;

1 FARM WAGON, nearly new, built by Chapman & Lambert;
1 CHAMPION REAPER, side wheel, only used 3 days;
1 Shifting-top BUGGY, nearly new;
1 FAMILY CARRIAGE;
2 sets of Carriage Harness; 1 set Wagon Harness; 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Fan, 1 Carriage Pole, Yoke and Straps; half interest in Drill; half interest in Wheat Rake; 1 Sleigh and Bells; a lot of Corn Blades; 1 set of Cart Gears; 2 Saddles and Bridles, 1 Half Bushel, 1 Chest of Carpenter's Tools; 1 Twin Harrow, 1 A Harrow, Plows, Cultivators, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Spades, Double Trees, Log Chain, Plow Gears, Bridles and Collars, 1 Dearborn, 1 Grindstone, Scythe and Cradle, Grass Scythes, Briar Hooks and numerous other articles.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M

TERMS:—All purchases of $10 or under cash; all over that amount a credit of nine months, with note and approved security. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

JOHN A. MILLER.
J. W. CARROLL, Auct'r.

N. B.—Purchasers are requested to comply on the day of sale, as I am required to give immediate possession of the premises. [Feb. 15—ts.] J. A. M.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned, administrators of JAMES A. ROSEBERRY, will sell at Public Sale at the late residence of said deceased, near Lynch's Station, on

FRIDAY, March 7th, 1879,

The following Property:

6 HEAD OF HORSES

And TWO COLTS;

3 MULES, 1 YOKE OF OXEN,

7 Good Milch Cows,

18 SHOTES,

11 HEAD OF SHEEP.

1 FAMILY CARRIAGE and Harness;
1 small Carriage and Harness;
2 Farm Wagons and Harness; 1 Ox-Cart;
1 Peach Wagon, frame and springs;
1 Sleigh and Bells;
1 Woods' Reaper and Mower; 1 Drill;
1 Fan and Corn Sheller;
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators and other

FARMING UTENSILS.

Also, a large assortment of *Household and Kitchen FURNITURE,* embracing Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, Carpets, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Stoves, &c., &c.

1,500 lbs. Bacon, including Hams, Shoulders and Middlings;
3,500 lbs. Corn Blades; about five or six tons of Timothy Hay;
Also, 105 bushels Wheat seeded on Home farm, and half interest in 110 bushels seeded on the Gale farm, all Fertilized.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—Sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of six months, purchasers giving notes with approved security, bearing interest.

RICHARD HYNSON,
LEWIN USILTON,
Feb. 22—ts. Adm'rs.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, having sold their farm in Still Pond, will sell at Public Sale on the said farm, on

WEDNESDAY, March 12,

At 10 o'clock A. M., the following Stock, Farming Implements, &c.:

3 HEAD OF HORSES,

ONE PAIR MULES;

3 MILCH COWS, one fresh;

1 FARM WAGON, 1 Express Wagon; 1 Dearborn, 1 two-horse Carriage and Harness, 1 Wheat Drill, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators & other

Farming Implements.

A lot of Peach Baskets, Boxes and Berry Crates. Also,

Household and Kitchen FURNITURE,

TERMS:—All purchases of $10 and under, cash. All over that amount a credit of nine months, with note and approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

GRAY BROTHERS,
Still Pond.
J. W. CARROLL, Auct. fe22ts.

Up-Town Grocery.

JAMES WOOD, at his up-town Family Grocery, makes a specialty of FLOUR, MEAL and FEED STUFF. Families will find a variety of such goods as are requisite to the wants of the household; also Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits" my motto. Give me a call.

feb1-t* JAMES WOOD.

REPAIRING CHAIRS.

THE subscriber is prepared to put new Bottoms in Cane Seat or Wooden Chairs, and also to Varnish and put them in complete order, looking good as new. Charges low. Shop on Queen st., formerly occupied by Jones, the barber.

fe8-tf. JOHN C. RUTH.

WILBURN WATERS, THE HUNTER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

It was startling to be told that within forty-eight hours of New York there is a region where a man can earn a thousand dollars in a winter by hunting bears and wolves. In some of the Southern States bounties of twenty to thirty dollars are still paid for scalps of these ruthless devourers of pork and mutton. The shooting of one large bear brings a good deal of money, since, in addition to the bounty, the animal furnishes three or four hundred pounds of the meat which pioneer settlers consider the best of all animal food. The skin is also of considerable value.

Wilburn Waters is an elderly gentleman living in southern Virginia, who has as decided a genius for hunting as Zerah Colburn had for mathematics. He would describe, perhaps, a "mighty hunter before the Lord," for he is an ardent Methodist, a strict observer of Sunday, and perfectly moral in all his habits. He lives alone among the Appalachian Mountains, in that angle where Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee come together; and there he has lived for nearly fifty years, a professional hunter, rarely departing from the sight of the mountains, except to visit a distant camp-meeting. He has gained in one day by his rifle alone one hundred and seventy-five dollars. He has killed forty-two wolves in one winter. And in capturing his game he has shown a skill and fertility of resource rarely equalled.

In that corner of Virginia there is a mountain called by the inhabitants White Top, which is nearly as high as Mount Washington. The summit is a great field four or five hundred acres in extent, without a tree or bush, and covered with a kind of wild grass, very nutritious and of which cattle are extremely fond. This field is bordered by a kind of tree called Lashorn, which is peculiar to that spot, and cannot be made to thrive anywhere else. It is a species of spruce, the branches of which spread out at the top, and, growing very close together, form a firm, green table, upon which a man can stand without any danger of breaking through. Some of these flat tops are so large that twenty persons can stand upon one of them without inconvenience. The view from this lofty and peculiar mountain is one of the most beautiful in the world, little known as it is to the tourist.

Near its foot, in a densely shaded glen in a grove of huge old sugar-maple trees, stands the solitary cabin of Wilburn Waters. There he has lived since he was twenty years of age, when he "entered" a square mile of government land, six hundred and forty acres of mountain forest. He is now approaching his seventieth year, but he can still put a ball where it will do a wolf most harm, at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Mr. Charles B. Coale, who for the last thirty-four years has edited the *Abingdon Virginian*, visited him some years ago, and met him frequently since. Mr. Coale has recently published a series of chapters upon him in his newspaper, which supplies that corner of Virginia with intelligence.

When the editor first found him in his romantic mountain home he was eating his breakfast on a log near his cabin, and an excellent breakfast it was, consisting of corn cakes, bear meat, wild honey and crystal water from his mountain spring. He describes him as "very pious," and as having what the hunter himself calls "famly prayers" every day, though his family consists of himself and two ferocious bear dogs. He will hold no intercourse with a man who swears or who goes hunting on Sunday. He has this motto:

"If a man has neither fear of, nor respect for, his Maker, he is a dangerous companion for his fellow man."

This strange individual was born in North Carolina in 1812, his father being a Frenchman, strong, brave, and given to violent anger, and his mother a half Indian woman. He is called in that country a quarteroon, or, as we say, quadroon. He showed some curious traits of the Indian even in childhood. Being abandoned by his father, he was apprenticed, at the tender age of five, to a saddler, who sold him for thirty dollars to a planter, with whom he lived to his seventeenth year. He told the editor a story of his boyhood which showed a curious blending of the civilized being and the savage. Having caught a number of partridges one afternoon, he saved four of them for his employer. These having been stolen in the night, he accused a hired woman of the theft, upon which she flew into a rage, and declared that he should catch no more birds. She started to destroy his traps, four in number, all within sight of the house. Instead of following her to prevent the mischief, he went up to her room, where he knew she had a new feather bed, her own precious property. From the window he saw her destroy one of his traps. He took out his knife and deliberately cut the tick of her bed half way down. She demolished a second trap; he cut the tick the rest of the way along. She destroyed his third trap; upon which he cut half way down on the other side of the tick. His fourth trap being destroyed, he completed his work, and finished cutting the bed into two pieces.

"Now," said she, on her return to the house, "go and fix up your traps, if you want to."

"All right," said he; "and if you want to sleep on your new bed to-night you had better go up to your room and fix it up some."

She found, indeed, a room full of feathers, and the tick in two pieces. This was an inconvenient young man to have about a house. He very soon entered upon his career as a hunter, in which, from the first, he displayed an instinctive sagacity, which the wolf plagued farmers of that region highly prized. Since the time of David Crockett no such bear and wolf stories have been given to the world as those of which Wilburn Waters is the hero. Among those mountains a single wolf will sometimes torment the farmers for years. He baffles pursuit because, in time, an old wolf becomes acquainted with all the traps and devices that man has invented for his destruction. Waters' first wolf victory was won when he was about eighteen years of age.

A farmer one morning found six of his sheep dead on a mountain road, which had been killed the night before by a wolf of this description. The boy said: "Give me the dead sheep and I will catch the wolf."

He used the greater part of this mutton in teaching the old wolf that he could eat a piece of meat which he happened to find in a field without being caught in a trap. The wolf devoured piece after piece without coming to harm; but under the last leg of mutton the trap was carefully hidden, and the animal was caught. Even then the old wolf got away, trap and all, but the boy gave chase and brought in his skin. Another of his early tricks was to hide his trap under a kind of mound in the swamps erected by craw-fish, because he had observed that wolves place their feet upon these without fear.

The great secret of success in hunting, as in such games as cricket, base ball and all other out-door sports, is a keen, quick eye-sight. Besides this quality, Wilburn Waters has most intimate knowledge of the habits of animals, and can tell to a certainty what a creature is likely to do in any probable circumstances. He has also the Indian skill of crawling and creeping up toward an animal, so as to get near without alarming it. No one can realize the skill of a good hunter in this respect who has not seen it displayed. An Indian will crouch down toward the earth, keeping his head very low, cocking up one eye, and, in that attitude, work his way towards his game with astonishing rapidity, his gun cocked, and his finger on the trigger. Some of Waters' escapes were remarkable indeed. On one occasion, pursued by a furious wounded bear, blind with rage, finding the bear gaining upon him, he sprang into the air, caught hold of a branch by one hand, drew up his feet, and the bear passed under him without stopping, and kept on for some distance, when he fell before the hunter's rifle.

Like most men who live alone, and like all Indians, who have no books and newspapers, he is fond of conversation, and likes to tell stories of his great hunts, as well as of his camp-meeting exploits. He tells a story of his going to a North Carolina camp-meeting with a new hat, which, he says, he bought on his way, as well "to honor the Lord as to look more respectable himself." But the new hat proved to be a terrible incumbrance. Having put his hat under his seat for safety, he was about to give himself up to the feeling of the occasion, when he heard feet shuffling and he knew that his hat was in danger. Then he put it on the ground beside him; but there was a tobacco-chewer, and again he trembled for his hat. He moved it to the other side; but there was another man with his mouth full of the odious weed. He took the hat into his lap. But, as he said:

"The fear that I would mash it drove prayer out of mind, and I looked around for a limb, or something to hang it on, out of the way of feet and tobacco juice, but could see nothing. The minister preached on, and I again tried to pray, but that hat filled my mind, and when I tried to be devotional something would whisper in my ear: '*You had better take care of that hat, or you will get it mashed as flat as a batter-cake.*'"

At length he hid his hat away in a clump of bushes, forgot all about it and gave himself up heartily to the exercises of the meeting. Going for his hat, he found it trodden out of all shape, and so completely spoiled that he was able to wear it during the rest of the meeting in perfect comfort. Ever since, whenever a meeting appears to him to be cold and lifeless, he is apt to think of this adventure and say, "There are too many new hats in this meeting."

Wilburn Waters is one of the last of his kind. Railroads and tourists will soon penetrate every recess, and leave these mighty hunters without game to circumvent. Our Abingdon editor did well to preserve the memory of a departing race of heroes in his sketches of the hunter of White Top Mountain.—*New York Ledger.*

Sowing and Reaping.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," both in the natural and in the moral world. Every seed in the one and every deed in the other, yields fruit after its kind. This principle of sowing and reaping is especially important to the young, who are just beginning to shape their character and destiny. In the spring-time of life we sow what we must reap in the autumn of age, and perhaps through the endless ages of eternity. The chief possibilities of good or evil for all the future are bound up in the period of youth. The sowing may be done thoughtlessly and carelessly, but it will report itself in due time according to this law.

Men in age often say, "If I could but live my life over again how differently it should be." While this is impossible, still the young may have the advantages of a second life by trying the counsels and experiences of the aged.

It is of the utmost importance for them to understand this relation of sowing to reaping, which is affixed to our physical, mental and moral nature.

Men who in early life overtax the brain or body in the frenzy to get rich; men who overload the wheels of life by gluttony; men who bestialize themselves with sensuality; men who burn out the vital forces with the damning fires of alcohol; all such are liable to a strict account in after years. When remembrance and retribution come upon them, then too late, they begin to realize that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

IF there is ever a time in the life of a washerwoman, when her heart is made to beat with joy, it is when she finds a diamond stud in the unwashed shirt of the young man who owes her a year's wash bill. Then she laughs to herself and says: "He'll pay that bill before he gets this back, as sure as my name is Matilda Jane."

WHEN a man sets his whiskey down on the bar, takes you affectionately by the button-hole and clears his throat, flee for your life; he is a candidate going to explain his position.

OLD SAM B——, a candidate of Trenton, was engaged to build a fence, and was consulted as to the best material for posts. "Locust, madam, Locust; the darned stuff will last a life time; I've tried um twice."

FADING FLOWERS.

Looking out upon the Garden
At the fading of the flowers,
At the paling of the grasses,
At the leaves that fall in showers:

Memories of the spring-time gather
Into wreathes of rosy bloom,
And I think of those now living,
Those who slumber in the tomb.

Ah! a number quickly perished
On the sea and on the land,
Thinning, thinning, ever thinning,
Is our loved and loving band.

There was Meta pure and lovely,
Never feeling earthly pride,
She, too, like the summer blossoms
Drooped and faded, softly died.

Passing from her home so gently,
We heard not the angels tread;
When her darling children missed her,
They were told that she was dead.

Looking out upon the garden
I do meditate once more
Over-leaping winter coldness
Frozen stream, and icy shore.

Spring approaches me in beauty,
Meta, and the others beam,
In the fadeless land of angels,
And their fading seems a dream.

MATILDA CANBY.

Three Card Monte.

A "three card monte" man made his appearance in Easton the other evening, and opened his game in the presence of a number of young men of the town. His three cards were thrown about dexteriously, and he offered to bet that no one could keep track of any particular card named. An ace of clubs had a small spot of dirt on the back, and one of our boys bet a quarter that he could tell which was the ace of clubs. He won. Various bets of 25 and 50 cents were made, and the monte man lost every time until the boys had pocketed five dollars of his money. Then he began to whine about his luck, and said that he was being ruined, and if things didn't change he wouldn't have money enough to get back to Baltimore.

"But it's make or break," said he, "and I'll bet any gentleman fifty dollars he can't tell where the ace of clubs is, and if I lose I shall have to go to the poor house."

Up steps a young gentleman from the country who was on his way West to seek his fortune, with a determination to make money—honestly if he could—but to make money, and he thought here was a good chance to add to his little pile of $100. "I'll take the bet," said he, and put up his $50.

The monte man covered it and threw the cards about, and when Country picked up the card with the spot of dirt on the back, it was the ten of diamonds. His grief may be imagined but cannot be described, but while he was lamenting his loss and complaining of being swindled, the monte man quietly withdrew and made haste for Easton Point, where he arrived just in time to board the steamer for other green fields and pastures new. —*Easton Ledger.*

Greenland Courtship.

WHEN the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman, as the Romans did the Sabine women, by force. One of the missionaries writing in his journal, describes the style of present courtship as follows:

The suitor, coming to the missionary said, "I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asked the missionary.

The man names the woman.

"Has thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer "Yes: she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind."

More frequently the answer is 'No.'

"Why not?"

"It is difficult to tell; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says:

"I think it time to have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I have a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who had sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing. I won't have him."

"But," says the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill; and loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers:

"I won't marry. I won't have him."

"Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "no" to have ended the matter.

At last, with a sigh, she whispers:

"Just as thou wilt have it missionary"

"No," says the missionary; "thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee."

Then with a deep groan, comes a "yes," and the matter is settled.

THEY HAVE STOPPED.—I remember a story which very aptly describes the present condition of affairs. An old woman had been in the habit of bringing into market, along with the other produce of her farm, a few dozen of eggs. Eggs gradually became a drug, and the storekeeper refused to purchase the last lot she brought in at anything over four cents a dozen.

"The fact is," he said, "we had a meeting last night, and we resolved that we could not afford to pay more than that price."

Shortly afterward there seemed to be an extraordinary demand for eggs, and on the next visit of the old dame the storekeeper asked her why she hadn't brought in any eggs lately.

"Why," she replied, "the fact is that the hens up our way had a meeting, about three weeks ago, and resolved that it wouldn't pay to lay eggs at four cents a dozen, and the brutes have now stopped laying."

"I WALKED the floor all night with the toothache," said he; to which an unfeeling listener replied:—"You dind't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

THE obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with—"In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends."

A VERY polite lady, who did not wish to ask for a cradle, asked the storekeeper if he had any matrimonial baskets.

THE BLACK DEATH.

A Vivid Description of its Ravages in South Russia.

LONDON, February 22.—The *British Medical Journal* prints the following: "A letter from Dr. Zelekauer, Court physician to the Czar, says the plague is nearly extinct. On the 11th inst. there remained only one case at Selitreno. Although the epidemic was purely local and did not go beyond the villages of Wetleanka, Selitreno and Michaelowka, yet the mortality was over eighty per cent.

A private letter from St. Petersburg, dated January 27, says: "You have probably heard some reports about the epidemic prevailing in Russia. It is a most fearful disease, brought here by the soldiers from the East. It has spread in the southern provinces of Russia at a rapid rate. Thousands upon thousands have died with it within the last five days. The victims when taken live only about two hours, and turn as black all over as a negro. All the physicians ordered to the care of the sick died within twenty-four hours after their arrival. The corpses are burned and so are the houses in which the people die. Whole towns have been laid waste during the last few days. The government has placed a cordon of soldiers around the infected provinces, so that the people cannot get out and spread the disease. Any who attempt to leave and break through the cordon are shot dead on the spot. The government, of course, does not allow the news to get out. All reports are suppressed, but the worst of all is that nobody can get out of the empire. The Austrian and German governments have placed a double cordon of soldiers along all the frontiers, preventing all persons from entering their territories from Russia. All persons from Russia by railroad are stopped at the frontier and detained twenty days in quarantine, their baggage and clothing disinfected, and if they prove all right, after the lapse of twenty days are allowed to cross the border. During the twenty days' quarantine the people are housed in large sheds and barns, without any accommodations or comforts. I believe the government is doing all in its power to prevent the disease from spreading; but if it is not stayed soon then the victims may fall by the thousands daily. It is much worse than the yellow fever was in the South last summer. It was brought by a Tartar soldier a month ago, who, on leaving the Turkish territory, pulled from a dead Turk on the battle field a handsome silk shawl which he tied around his body. On arriving in his native town he presented the shawl to his sweetheart, a girl of nineteen years. She tied it around her body and danced about for joy in a room in which were some twentp-five people. In two hours she died, and five hours after the introduction of the shawl into the room the whole party of twenty-five had died. In three days the whole town, containing 1,100 people, had died, with the exception of forty-three persons, who had fled in time. From this town the pest began spreading all over the country."

THE "CENTENNIAL SAFE" CLOSED.—The large iron safe known as "the Centennial safe," which was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, contributed by Mrs. C. F. Diehm, was closed at noon Saturday in the statuary hall of the capitol in Washington. It contains a volume of autographs of prominent public men, and an album of photographs of a large number of them, with recorded souvenirs of the Centennial. The photographs of ladies are few in number. They include those of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. It is Mrs. Diehm's wish that the safe be not opened until July 4, 1976.

TWO YEARS ON HORSEBACK.—Mr. Henry Tudor started from New York last week with the avowed intention of riding on horseback all the way from that city to Punta Arenas, the most southerly point of Patagonia, South America. He takes with him as his attendant a young man who will no doubt help him to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, he being an accomplished song and dance genius. Mr. Tudor is impressed with the idea that by going through the several republics of Central and South America, and ascertain what