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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. H. 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.

For Sale—A FARM

In the Fifth Election District

Adjoining Mr. Morgan Brown and the Farm known as the Ricaud Farm, about three miles from Rees' Corner, and tenanted to Mr. William Elbern and James Pearce.

This Farm is conveniently divided into two for the purposes of cultivation, and contains in the whole about

398 ACRES.

The BUILDINGS are convenient and in fair condition, and also the Fencing. There is plenty of Wood on the premises.

The terms will be accommodating.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent for the owners.

Chestertown, Mar. 22—4t.

STAM'S SEED STORE

Garden Seed, Garden Seed!

The choicest varieties just received, and warranted fresh and genuine.

PEAS—Extra Early,

Tom Thum, McLane's Little Gem, Blue Imperial, White Eyed Manor and Dan Orouke.

BEANS—Early Yellow Six Weeks; Stringless White Wax, and Genuine Lima.

Beets, Radishes, Cabbage,

LETTUCE, Celery, Tomatoes, Parsnip, Melon and others in abundance.

Farmers attention called to the

Imperial Sugar Beet,

famous for containing a very large percentage of Sugar. This Beet is offered at very low prices for introduction.

Mar, 22. C. F. STAM.

Rockwell House.

JOHN W. RASIN, Prop'r.

THE undersigned, wishing to act the part of the "Good Samaritan," and having taken the "Rockwell House" opp. the Market House, recently occupied by Mr. John Armstrong, has conveniently refitted the same and is now conducting a FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

OYSTERS, of fine quality, served in all styles of cooking by polite and attentive walters.

His BILL OF FARE embraces everything usually furnished in a

FIRST CLASS EATING HOUSE.

All the delicacies of the season in their season. ICE-CREAM of the first quality in its season.

☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜

Prices reduced below the usual regular rates in order to meet the wants of the times. A trial is asked.

☞ Oysters by the bushel or gallon, delivered at any station on the Kent R. R. at reasonable prices on short notice, and private families supplied fresh.

JOHN W. RASIN.

"ROCKWELL HOUSE," Chestertown.

Feb. 1, 1879.

HALL'S HOTEL,

Chestertown, Maryland.

HAVING recently fitted up my Hotel in the very best manner, I am prepared to accommodate parties visiting this part of the Peninsula at very reasonable rates. I shall endeavor to leave nothing undone that will add to the comfort of my guests.

My TABLE will be under the management of my wife. Meals will be served in the very best manner. I shall aim to have everything that is in season.

No effort will be spared to make this the best Hotel on the Shore.

Parties conveyed from the boat or cars free of charge, and to any part of the Peninsula at very low rates.

JOHN HALL, Proprietor.

mh1-6m.

ARMSTRONG'S

NEW HOTEL,

CROSS STREET,

Above the ROCKWELL HOUSE.

THE subscriber has erected on the above street, in Chestertown, a NEW HOTEL, containing 21 rooms, and is prepared to accommodate either Permanent or Transient BOARDERS, on reasonable terms. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market affords.

He will also continue his RESTAURANT. OYSTERS served in every style by an experienced caterer; also Beefsteak and all the delicacies in season.

The bed rooms have been newly furnished in the best style.

☞ Attached to the hotel is a first-class BILLIARD PARLOR with two good tables.

His BAR is supplied with the best of Liquors and Cigars of all kinds.

Horses fed and carefully attended to, on reasonable terms, by an experienced hostler.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended in the past, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. No effort will be spared to please all who may favor him with their custom.

feb22. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Pro.

NOW OPEN!

C. F. STAM'S

NEWS DEPOT

is now open and fully supplied with all the late Periodicals, Illustrated Weeklies and Monthlies, &c.

☞ Subscriptions received for any Paper—Religious, Agriculture, Literary or News, at lowest rates.

Call at C. F. STAM'S Drug Store.

jan11.

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.

feb-tf. JOHN C. RUTH.

BONELESS CODFISH, Mackerel, Windsor Herring, Dried Apples and Peaches, Chow-Chow, Piccalilli Pickles, all at very close prices, at

WHEATLEY BRO'S,

March 1. Up town.

CHOICE new builled N. York & Penn. Buckwheat, at THOMPSON'S,

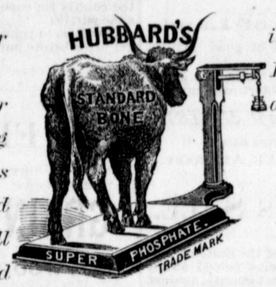
Nov. 2. Up town

T. R. HUBBARD. W. W. HUBBARD.

SPRING GREETING TO FARMERS!

PRICE REDUCED!

Is now ready for Spring Crops, this very super'r article having stood six years of the most rigid Test with all other Goods sold



in the market of Del. and Md., is a guarantee in itself, and is to-day

A LEADING FERTILIZER!

Highly recommended to the public by numerous customers as a crop producer. We give below the names of a few of our patrons that have used the STANDARD successfully year after year, and will cheerfully recommend it to all who desire to increase largely their crops of Corn, Wheat, Potatoes, and Early Vegetables.

KENT COUNTY:	QUEEN ANNE'S CO.
Thos. C. Parsons, near Chestertown.	Richard J. Carter, near Queenstown.
William Morris, " "	George Davidson, Jr., "
William W. Stephens, Hanesville.	J. P. Davidson, "
Abraham Hurlock, "	Walter K. White, Kent Island.
Isaac Parsons, "	W. C. Ringgold, " "
Gary H. Leaverton, Lankford.	John Denny, "
Joseph Rasin, "	Dr. Wm. Denny, " "
William Stevens, Rock Hall.	James E. C. Wright, "
Capt. Edw. B. Woodall, Galena.	William McKenny, Centreville.
Geo. W. Chrisfield, "	John B. Brown, "
Col. Rich'd C. Johnson, Masseys.	W. F. Ford, Ford's Store.
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, "	Chas. B. Downes, "
Samuel J. Hill, Locust Grove.	Mordecai Price, Pirce's Station.
William Archibald, Kennedyville.	John D. Elliott, Church Hill.
William L. Bowers, Lynch's.	Jacob B. Walker, " "
John W. Corey, Fairlee.	Geo. W. Smith, near Church Hill.
John P. Nicholson, Fairlee.	George H. Snitcher, " "
Bartus P. Hatcherson.	Joshua S. Cosden " "

☞ To avoid disappointment and delay we advise all orders be send in early.

ADDRESS:

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS,

Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

m8-10t.

J. J. TURNER. J. D. KEILEY, Jr. J. J. TURNER, Jr.

J. J. TURNER & CO.'S

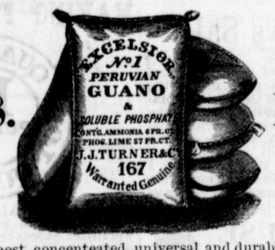
"EXCELSIOR,"

"AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE,"

"PURE DISSOLVED BONES."

ESTABLISHED 1878.

TO TOBACCO PLANTERS.

1858.  1879.

Forming the most concentrated, universal and durable FERTILIZER ever offered to the Farmer—combining all the stimulating qualities of Peruvian Guano and the ever-durable fertilizing properties of Bones in fine dry powder, prepared expressly for drilling, and can be applied in any quantity, however small, per acre. It is the opinion of many close-calculating Farmers, after TWENTY-ONE YEARS' experience in testing it side by side with other popular fertilizers, that an application of 100 lbs. of "EXCELSIOR" is equal to 200 lbs. of any other fertilizer or guano, and therefore fully 100 per cent. cheaper.

Uniformity of Quality Guaranteed by the Manufacturers.

☞ Farmers can only be secure from inferior imitations by seeing that every Bag is *Branded with our name and the Analysis in Red Letters.*

To CORN Growers!

Ammoniated Super

BONE Phosphate.

Composed of the most concentrated materials, it is

Richer in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphates

Than any other fertilizer sold, except OUR EXCELSIOR, and is made with the same care and supervision; uniform quality guaranteed. Fine and dry, in excellent order for drilling. We have also a very superior quality of

Pure Dissolved Bones,

and keep constantly on hand a large supply of high grade PERUVIAN GUANO.

J. J. TURNER & CO., 42 W. Pratt st., Baltimore.

Richmond and Baltimore Nurseries.

FRANKLIN DAVIS, at Richmond, Va., 500 Acres in Nurseries.	FRANKLIN DAVIS & CO., No. 1009 Main Street, RICHMOND.	EDW. H. BISSELL, at Baltimore, 300 Acres in Nurs'rs.

The attention of Fruit Growers of Kent

and adjoining counties, is asked to the advantages which we offer by reason of the location of our Nurseries and our long experience to supply them with Fruit suited to their locality. We have paid special attention to the growing of Winter Keeping Apples, and as an evidence of our success we state that at the Grand Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held at Philadelphia, we received not only the first premium, but the committee in consideration of our valuable collection voted us a diploma. We *warrant* all our trees to be true to *name*, and guarantee that all orders will be filled with fine stock, and delivered in good order.

All persons giving orders to our agent may be sure that their orders will receive as careful attention as if they came in person to get their trees from the Nursery.

1,000,000 Apples,	100,000 Plums,	1,250,000 Currants,
500,000 Peach,	100,000 Cherries,	1,250,000 Gooseberries,
150,000 Pears,	100,000 Apricot,	1,250,000 Raspberries,
	100,000 Quince,	

ORNAMENTAL TREES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, EVERGREENS, &c.

We refer by permission to Capt. R. S. EMORY, who is acquainted with our firm.

☞ Our **Mr. J. R. SOWERS, Gen'l Agent,** is now soliciting orders in this county. Orders left with Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, at his Hotel in Chestertown, will receive prompt attention. mar22-5t.

Artistic Upholstering

AND PAPER-HANGINGS.

Cornices, Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Window Shades, Furniture Covers, Wall Papers of all the latest designs, with Dado's Fringes and Borders.

CRAMBLITT & STINSON.

No. 85 Penn. Ave., (5 doors North of Biddle St.) Baltimore, Md.

☞ Orders from the country especially solicited. All goods and work guaranteed. mar15-y.

NURSERY STOCK

For Sale CHEAP.

Wishing to clear a piece of land occupied with Evergreen will sell cheap for cash. Also, lot of Apple and Pear Trees low.

R. G. NICHOLSON, Hanesville, Kent co., Md.

March 22, 1879.

CASH PAID for EGGS

at

JAMES WOOD'S

Up Town Grocery and Feed Store.

Mar 22—*

LISTENING.

Her white hand flashes on the strings,
Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
Its throng of throbbing notes abroad.
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.

Oh, sweet the long and shivering swells,
And sweeter still the lingering flow—
Delicious as remembered bells
Dying in distance long ago.
When evening winds from heaven were blown,
And the heart yearned for things unknown.

Across the lofty window place,
Peace fills the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star in outer space
His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
Wait all the fragrances of June,
The summer night is hushed to hear
The passion of the ancient tune:
Then why those sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah, listen! we and all our pain
Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topmost height we gain;
It spurns that height, and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark.

PHILOPENA.

ITS ORIGIN—A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every prince who sought her hand she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can get me to take anything from your hand before I say the word 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if on the contrary, you receive anything from me without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom.

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to the court custom, no one dare to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog, or hornet, or bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then upon the spot he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple.

So, with the scent of it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not take or give anything with his hands, at the most, with only his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:

"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither," asked the princess angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are beautiful," replied the prince, "if I cannot win you, I may at least, have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the princes remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle, and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons and tickets, and finally her bracelets but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand and take them for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he receiving them saying: "We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying, "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:

"This cannot remain so. It must be settle is one way or the other."

She said to the prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The prince smelt his apple, and as they entered the garden said:

"It is very needful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that for this one hour, you take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us.

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sung, the sun shown warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them and exclaimed:

"What a pity your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows not law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried joyfully, "Good morning much loved one," and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the remainder of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

Escape of a School-Mistress.

A young lady named Effie Boon, living at Stockport, Pa., with a widowed mother, had an exciting adventure one night last fall, the effects of which prostrated her upon a bed of sickness. She teaches at a school-house two and a-half miles from home. On Monday she did not start for home until five o'clock. Between the school-house and Stockport there is a dense piece of woods, formerly a great resort for wild game, and where yet deer or game are occasionally seen. It was nearly dark when the girl entered the woods, and, by the time she was in the middle of it, the sky became cloudy, and she could with difficulty distinguish objects a few feet away. Suddenly a large animal sprang out from among the trees a few feet ahead of Miss Boon. She at first supposed it was a large dog. It approached her when she discovered that it was a bear. The girl screamed in terror, and fled into the woods, which led for several miles into the mountains. She supposed the bear was closely pursuing her. It was so dark that she could not see three feet ahead of her, and the brush tore her hands and face and projecting roots tripped her as she ran headlong from her pursuer. She fell repeatedly, bruising herself severely. At last, overcome with weariness, she sank to the ground unconscious. When she recovered she was drenched with rain, and lay by the side of a fallen tree. It was just getting light. She was so stiff and sore that she was unable to rise to her feet. As she began to realize her situation, she heard footsteps cracking the brush and approaching where she lay. Supposing it to be the bear that had traced her to the spot, she hid her face in her hands and moaned in terror. The next moment she heard a voice calling her name. A wood-chopper named Tom Haines, on his way to his work in the woods by an old road, had discovered her sitting by the log. Her discoverer helped her to a neighboring clearing and obtaining a horse and wagon took her home, where her absence had not yet created any alarm, as she was in the habit of frequently remaining over night at a friend's near the school-house. It was some time before the girl was able to tell her experience, and it was several days before she was able to resume her duties at school.

The Art of Talking.

If we notice closely we shall find that the people who are most popular in social life are those who understand not only how to talk themselves, but how to make others talk. This is a very valuable gift. To be able to so direct conversation as not to display your own knowlege, but to draw out the opinions and quicken the thoughts of those with whom you talk—this is an accomplishment indeed. It makes each a contributor to the enjoyment of all, and it leaves with each a pleasant sense of having said something which others were glad to hear. This is very different from the consciousness of having been bored or snubbed—or both, which lesser folks often carry away from the presence of a fluent and tyrannical talker. There is a good deal of this sort of conversational missionary work waiting to be done, and the time which we spend in chattering about the weather might be very profitably devoted to it. It should be borne in mind that there is scarcely any one of average intelligence who cannot, if he is drawn out, talk interestingly and instructively about at least one thing, the thing with which he is practically most familiar, or which is connected with his regular labor. Is your companion on the car or on the street a machinist, a manufacturer, an artist, a builder, lead the conversation around to the one subject, if there are no others, in which he is sure to be interested. The result will be that you will please him and will gain fresh knowledge yourself. Whoever talks much thus with specialists upon their chosen departments of labor or thought, will get together a fund of valuable information, not to be learned from the books.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened. To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to a sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terror of the children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams in passing away; and when we awake it will be into God's sunlight.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer makes the following correction: "For 'it's a poor mule that won't work both ways,' in yesterday's issue, please read 'it's a poor rule,' etc."

HOW THEY TRIMMED HIS HAIR.

R. J. Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, thus writes to his paper from Sioux City, Iowa:

The wild, ungovernable passion a barber has for trimming your hair! On the fourth of December I was in Boston, thinking about the lecture I was expected to deliver in the evening, and so badly scared that I couldn't remember the subject or what it was about. I went into a Tremont street "Institute of Facial Manipulation and Tonsorial Decoration" and inquired for the professor who occupied the chair of Mediœval Shaving and Nineteenth Century Shampoo. One of the junior members of the faculty, who was brushing an under graduate's coat, pointed me to a chair and I climbed in. When the performance was about concluded the barber said to me:

"Have your hair trimmed, sir?"

"I believe not."

"Needs it very badly, sir," he said; "looks very ragged."

I never argue with a barber. I said, "all right, trim it a little, but don't make it any shorter."

He immediately trimmed all the curl out of it, and my hair naturally, you know, has a very graceful curl to it. I never discovered this myself until a few months ago, and then I was very much surprised. I discovered it by looking at my lithograph.

Well, anyhow he trimmed it.

On the 6th of December I was at Bath, Me. Again I was shaved, and again the barber implored me to let him trim my hair. When I answered him that it had been trimmed only two days before, he spitefully asked where it was done. I told him, and he gave expression to a burst of sarcastic laughter.

"Well, well, well," he said at last, "so you let them trim your hair in Boston. Well, well. Now you look like one who has been around the world enough to know better than that."

Then he affected to examine a lock or two very particularly, and he sighed very heavily.

"Dear, dear," he said, "I don't know really as I could do anything with that hair or not; it's too bad."

Well, his manner frightened me, and I told him to go ahead and trim it, but please not make it any shorter.

"No," he said, "Oh! no, it wasn't necessary to cut it any shorter—it was really too short now, but it certainly did need trimming."

So he "trimmed" it, and when I faced the Rockland audience that night I looked like a prize fighter.

In four days from that time I was sitting in the chair of a barber down in New York State. He shaved me in grateful silence, and then thoughtfully ran his fingers over my lonely hair.

"Trim this hair a little, sir?" he said; "straighten it up about the edges?"

I meekly told him I had it trimmed twice during the preceding week, and I was afraid it was getting most too short for winter wear.

"Yes," he said, "he didn't know but what it was pretty short, but you didn't need to cut it any shorter to trim it. It was in very bad, ragged shape at the ends."

I remained silent and obstinate, and he asked me where I had it trimmed last.

I told him, and he burst into a shout of laughter that made the windows rattle.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired an assistant partner down the room, holding his patient in the chair by the nose.

Jim stifled his laughter and replied:

"This gentleman had his hair trimmed down in Maine."

There was a general burst of merriment all over the shop, and the apprentice laid down the brush he was washing and came over to look at the Maine cut, that he might never forget it. I surrendered. "Trim it a little, then," I groaned, "but in the name of humanity don't cut it any shorter."

"No," the barber said, "he wouldn't make it a hair's breadth shorter."

When I left that shop if it hadn't been for my ears my hat would have fallen clear down on my shoulders. When I reached the hotel everybody started, and a couple of men got up and read a handbill on the wall descriptive of a convict who had recently escaped from Sing Sing, and looked from the bill to myself very intently. That night several of the audience drew revolvers as I came out upon the platform.

Then I went to Amsterdam, New York. The barbar of the sleepy village, who, in the interval of his other duties, acts as mayor of the town and edits the local paper, undertook to shave me with a piece of hoop iron he pulled out of his boot leg. When I resisted, he went out into the kitchen and came back with a kitchen knife and can opener, and offered me my choice. I selected the can opener, and he began the massacre, remarking incidentally that he used to keep a good sharp spoke-shave for his particular customers, but he had lost it. Then he said my hair needed trimming very badly. I protested that it was impossible; it had been trimmed three times within ten days and was as short now as a business man on the first of January.

"Oh," he said, "it wasn't too short, and besides there wasn't any style about it at all." He could give it some shape, however, he said, without making it any shorter.

So I surrendered and told him to shape it up. And if that foreshadowed, abandoned, Amsterdam son of an oakum picker didn't go out into the wood shed and come back with a rusty old rasp-horse and begin to file away what little hair I had left. He allowed a few shreds and patches to remain, however, clinging here and there to my scalp in ghostly loneliness. I rather feared my appearance that evening would create a panic, but it did not. I observed that the majority of the audience had their heads "shaped up" after the same manner, and were rather pleased with my conformity to the local custom and style.

Well, I got along to Corry, Pennsylvania, and rushed in for a shave, and got it, in one time and two motions.

"Hair trimmed sir?" the barber said.

I supposed he was speaking sarcastically, and so I laughed, but very feebly, for I was getting to be a little sensitive on the subject of hair, or rather my late hair. But he repeated his question and said that it needed trimming very badly. I told him that was what ailed it, it had been trimmed to death; why I said, my hair has been trimmed five times during the past thirteen days, and I was afraid it wouldn't last much longer."

"Well," he said, "it was hardly the thing for a man of my impressive appearance, who would naturally attract attention the moment I entered a room (I have to stand on my tip-toes and hold on with both hands to look over the back of a car seat) to go around with such a head of hair when he could straighten it out for me in a minute.

I told him to go ahead, and closed my eyes and wondered what would come next.

That fellow took a pair of dentist's forceps and "pulled" every lock of hair I had left.

"There," he said proudly, "now when your hair grows out again it will grow out even."

I was a little dismayed at first when I looked at my glistening poll, but after all it was a relief to know that the end was reached, and nobody could torment me again to have my hair trimmed for several weeks. But when I got shaved at Ashtabula, the barber insisted on puttying up the holes and giving my head a coat of shellac. I yielded, and my head looked like a varnished globe with the maps left off. Two days afterward I sat in a barber's chair at Mansfield. The barber shaved me silently. Then he paused, with a bottle poised in his hand and said:

"Shampoo?"

I answered him with a look. Then he oiled my hairless globe and bent over it for a moment with a hair brush. Then he said:

"On which side do you part your hair?"

Bijah's Good Heart.

Bijah was picking up things in the corridor and making ready for court, when the occupant of cell No. 6 commanded his attention. It was a young woman. She had been on a sort of Christmas bridal tour by herself, and she looked something like a corn stalk that had been struck by lightning.

"Now, old man," she began, as he opened the door, "I'm not going into court looking this way. I want soap, water, towels, comb, brush and a little cologne, and I wish you would send up to the house after my Sunday hat and plum-colored silk. You don't happen to have a diamond ring you could lend me, do you?"

Bijah's good heart prompted him to scrub around and help her fix up, but all he could raise was a pail of cold water, a bar of yellow soap and three ten-penny nails. The prisoner's appearance was therefore not exceedingly stylish as she made her debut in the court room.

"Sarah Eastman, do you always celebrate Christmas in this singular manner?" inquired his Honor.

"I shall leave for Ann Arbor this morning," she quietly replied.

"Five days ago I suspended sentence on you that you might go to Ann Arbor," said the court.

"Yes, sir, and five days ago my sister out there telegraphed me not to come, as she was dying. We never go to see each other die in our family, and so I didn't start."

"You were conducting yourself in a very disorderly way when arrested."

"I beg pardon, sir. I had just taken a seat in a sleigh."

"But the sleigh belonged to an old milkman whom you had pitched overboard. Miss Eastman, I can't permit such conduct, no matter if it was Christmas. It is setting a bad example for New Year's."

"Yes, I shall proceed to Ann Arbor this morning," she observed, as she felt to see if her ear-rings were safe.

"By way of the Work-House," added the court.

"You may think so, but I shall take supper in Ann Arbor to-night," she calmly remarked, as she picked up the trail of her dress.

When last seen she was eating a frozen apple on the front seat in an omnibus and making up faces at an old woman on the other side of the street, but perhaps she reached Ann Arbor all right.

Idiot Fringe.

"I know that it will make them look hideous, but then it is the fashion and I must do it." So spoke a mother who was about to apply the scissors to cut away the hair from the foreheads of her little daughters and make them look like Digger Indians. What a tyrant Fashion is, and what a sacrifice the foolish mothers of our girls are laying at her feet when they thus mutilate the beauty of their children and disfigure them, not for the present, but perhaps for life. Do they know that the present mode of cutting and combing the hair of the girls, if long enough continued, will result in a race of women with low idiotic foreheads?

Do they know that combing the hair down upon the forehead inclines the roots to spread in that direction, and gradually creep downward in the direction of the eyebrows?

Our grandfathers and grandmothers knew this, and therefore they contended against it by both teaching and insisting that their children of both sexes should train their hair to lie backward from their eyes and foreheads, and to this teaching and practice, extending back through generations, we are, without doubt, largely indebted for the fine and intelligent looking foreheads that are such an ornament to our people. And now shall we foolishly throw away what has been thus gained by stupidly laying it all down, a sacrifice before the shrine of fashion?

Let those who move in the higher circles of society lead off in this reform, if they will. They can do much to bring it about. But, at all events, let every parent resolve that so far as his or her practice or influence goes, this business of outraging good sense and disfiguring the beautiful faces that God has given to adorn our homes shall stop where it is.

"THERE was one thing my farm never could raise," said the old man, as he softly worried the roll of tobacco, and then expectorated on the stove. And as the statesmen who were sitting around the cracker barrel awaiting his explanation, he continued, "And that was a mortgage."

IF you are in love, just constitute yourself a "Teller Committee," of one, and settle the business.—*Hartford Times.*

HIGH LIFE.

The United States signal station at Pike's Peak is the highest signal station in the world; it is also the highest inhabited portion of the globe. It was opened in the month of September, 1873. That it was a wise provision of the government in establishing a signal station at this point is no longer questioned, the facts already having demonstrated its practicability, and the present success promises that Pike's Peak signal station is yet to stand at the head of all astronomical and meteorological stations in the world. This point is wonderfully favored by nature for the study of astronomy and meteorology. The rarity of the atmosphere brings out a remarkable brilliancy and clearness to the stars and all the heavenly bodies. The nights are almost always cloudless and cloudy days are the exception. Nine-tenths of the storms are below the peak. The best and most complete report of the last total eclipse of the sun received at Washington was the report of Prof. Loud, of Colorado college, from observations taken at Pike's Peak. The summit of Pike's Peak contains sixty acres, it is 13,336 feet above the level of the sea. On the highest point of the summit stands the signal station, a rough stone building twenty-four by thirty, one story in hight. It is divided into four rooms—officers' room, kitchen, store-room and wood-room. And here in this bleak spot, nearly twenty miles from the habitation of man, though three miles nearer the heavenly regions than most parts of New England, these men live the larger part of the year. The station is three miles from the timber line, where the greater part of vegetation ceases. Short grass tufted with delicate Alpine flowers struggle for an existence aggainst the frigidity of the atmosphere and creep toward the mountain top; but there are hundreds of acres of cold, gray and reddish rocks where not a vestige of verdure exists.

Like the dwellers of the artic regions, the inhabitants of Pike's Peak have but two seasons—summer and winter. Two months of summer—August and September—and ten long, cold months of winter. The summer season passes quickly. The atmosphere is congenial. The duties of the officers are various. Seven observations are taken daily; all storms are closely watched and each special and distinctive characteristic duly recorded. Sunrise and sunset demand close attention. Every peculiarity of the heavenly regions is viewed and records made of the same, and monthly reports of these records sent to the headquarters at Washington. The present year has been unusually prolific in sun-dogs, which is said to prognosticate earthquakes, subterranean explosions, immense freshets, and troublesome times. A government officer at Pike's Peak is no sinecure, for the officers must buffet all storms and brave all weathers. Occasionally an electric storm visits the peak. There is but little thunder accompanying the storms, but the mountain seems all on fire. Sergt. Choate says that when he was out observing one of these storms it appeared as though the whole mountain top was a sheet of electric flame. It came out of every rock and darted around with wonderful audacity. It played around him, as he expressed it, shot down his back and came out of each boot toe, and so completely filled him with electricity that he could not retain his foothold, but bounded and rebounded from the rock like a rubber ball; he felt as if a powerful electric battery was pouring fiery darts all through him; and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he darted into the signal station for preservation. Sergeant Choate was at the Springs in December, and on December 21 he left for the peak, wearing Norwegian snow-shoes twelve feet in length. It was a weary task and a dreary trip. The first night out he slept in the snow on the side of the mountain. The second night the mercury fell to fifty degrees below zero. He sought shelter in a deserted cabin, through which the wind whistled tunes anything but agreeable; here he built a small fire, but avoided sleep, fearing the extreme cold might produce the sleep of death. The third day he reached the station safely. The summer months are also occupied in preparing for the long siege of winter. During the months of August and September upwards of three thousand pounds of the usual variety of family stores and about twenty-five cords of fire wood are snugly stowed away. These are all carried to the peak in small quantities on the backs of the poor despised Burro, whose head has the appearance of being encased in cloth, and whose ears are nearly the length of his legs and who walk at the pace of a snail and a very slow snail at that.

DANIEL WEBSTER said: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

PRESIDENT GREVY being asked recently to write something in a lady's album, indited the following: "Life is like a game of chess; each one holds his rank according to his quality, but when the game is over kings, queens, knights, and all the rest are thrown into one common box."

WHEN we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect serenity beneath their silken lashes—we always wish that she was near a mud puddle, and that we had to lift her over.

AN old miser who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser. "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired the friend.

A KENTUCKY paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by a young lawyer as he sits in court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding judge to lose confidence in himself, to make him believe he doesn't know anything.

A CORRESPONDENT explains why he hadn't written before, by saying that he could not "get money enough together" to buy a postal card.