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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.

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.

RATES OF 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.

LADIES'
SHOE STORE
IN CHESTERTOWN.

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

MRS. KATE GILL respectfully announces that she has made arrangements to keep in stock a general assortment of

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES,
OF DIFFERENT GRADES,

to which she invites the attention of all. She will give special attention to FINE WORK, including the latest and most desirable styles for Ladies' wear.

Parents are requested to call and see her excellent styles for Misses', Youth's and Children.

She will also keep, as heretofore, a general line of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, and hopes by fair dealing and low prices to merit and receive the continued favor and patronage of the public.
MRS. KATE GILL.
Jan. 31, 1880—tf.

To the Ladies
—OF—
CHESTERTOWN AND VICINITY.

MRS. C. SLINGERLAND,
WILL OPEN HER
DRESS MAKING STORE

on High St., (Bacchus' Corner, nearly opposite the Post Office,) Jan. 22d, and invites the Ladies to call. I shall be prepared to receive orders for the finest costumes or the plainest house dress. Shall keep the best help. Work done on short notice and neatly executed. A perfect fit guaranteed.

I shall keep constantly on hand Ladies' and Children's READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Also, a full line of choice Samples of DRESS GOODS, Elegant Fringes and Passementeries, from the best houses in New York. Orders promptly attended to by a competent person.

N. B.—Work done artistically at Chestertown prices.
MRS. C. SLINGERLAND.

WANTED—A Dress Maker. Please call from 1 to 4 P. M., at my residence on Cannon St., opposite Queen. jan17.

TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. N. Melvin,
ADJOINING LOUIS K. STAM'S,

Has now in store a BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS specially for the Ladies.
She invites the attention of all in want of

Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars,

and CUFFS, to her newest and prettiest styles, and low prices.

Childrens' Dresses & Underclothing

Ready-made and made to order.
HAMBURG EDGINGS a Specialty.
BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS, the best in use, constantly on hand,

Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Chromos, Mottoes,

in great variety and very beautiful.

Also, ZEPHYRS and CARD BOARD, and numerous other articles that you may see by calling.

All goods bought low and sold at small profits. Come and see.
MRS. E. N. MELVIN,
jan3. Opposite the Bank.

NEW YEAR
Announcement!

C. F. STAM,
DRUGGIST,

Prepares Physicians' Recipes from the purest Foreign and Domestic Drugs, and according to the improved methods in Pharmacy.

☞ The public can depend upon the QUALITY of his goods and the ACCURACY of his work.

C. F. STAM,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

BLANK BOOKS!
DAY BOOKS!
LEDGERS!
Pass Books, Check Books,
Memorandums, Diaries,
Pocket Books and Wallets,
all very cheap at

STAM'S Drug Store.
Jan. 10, 1880.

IMPORTANT!

$1,000 Secured for $8!

THE U. B. AID SOCIETY of Pennsylvania, chartered by the Legislature is one of the best institutions of the kind in the country, and its *kind* has many advantages over what are known as simple "Life Ins. Companies."

This Society is upon the following plan: The payment of $8 on application; $5 annually for four years; and thereafter $2 annually during life, with pro rata mortality assessments at the death of each member of his class, according to age, will entitle the member to $1,000, to be paid to his heirs or assigns at his death.

The undersigned is authorised to receive memberships, and will take pleasure in explaining the working of the institution, and will show its great advantages over anything of the kind.

Pamphlets on application.
WM. H. DUDLEY,
jan10. *Lynch's Station.*

SOMETHING NEW!

NEWS DEPOT.
AT
M. A. Toulson's Drug Store.

☞ Will in a few days have all daily and weekly papers; Popular Seaside Libraries &c. Subscription for papers solicited a the DRUG STORE of
M. A. TOULSON,
Nov. 1. Bordley's Corner.

A CARD.

To the Business Men & Legal Profession of Chestertown:

HAVING been reappointed CONSTABLE by lawful authority for my 3rd term for Queen Anne's county, and given good and sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of all the duties of the said office, I solicit a share of the business of Chestertown.

I promise to give my undivided attention to all business intrusted to me, and make prompt returns of all moneys collected by me. I will solicit for a reasonable commission or bring suit according to law as instructed.

M. C. CASEY, Constable,
CRUMPTON, Q. A. Co., MD.

REFERENCES;
W. N. E. Wickes, Esq., Chestertown.
Messrs. Harrison & Bro., Crumpton.
Dr. F. N. Sheppard, "
Dr. W. G. Wallis, " ja31y.

Citizens of the FIRST DISTRICT

LOOK AND LEARN

WHERE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WANTS SATISFIED!!
AT
THE NEW STORE
OF
WALTER S. HARPER,
MASSEY'S, Kent Co., Md.,

Where a full Stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES,

and everything that should be kept in a First Class Store are sold at prices to suit the times. Do not fail to examine our stock before purchasing, for it is the pennies saved that make the dollars.

☞ If you want a FINE CIGAR or a choice brand of CHEWING TOBACCO do not fail to come to head-quarters, at
WALTER S. HARPER'S,
Dec. 13—3m. MASSEY'S, KENT CO., MD.

Boot & Shoe Making
At LYNCH'S STATION.

WM. H. DUDLEY
Respectfully announces that he is prepared to make to order at Lynch's Station.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds

For LADIES and GENTS,
at the very lowest prices. Also, REPAIRING of every description.

Good work, good material and every effort to please is my motto, and I hope to merit and receive a liberal patronage.

☞ Give me a call.
WM. H. DUDLEY,
jan10. LYNCH'S.

HEAD-QUARTERS
—FOR—
Clocks and Lamps!

SPARKS,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

A new stock just received; we are selling them very low. Call and see.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

We shall continue to keep a stock of these goods, which we will sell at LESS THAN LIST PRICES, and warrant them first class goods.

We sell STATIONERY very low.

Come and be convinced.
SPARKS,
Opposite Court House.

We have a fine stock of Goods in our line, and shall endeavor to keep the BEST in the market. Our prices for everything we sell shall be reasonable. We use no baits; our goods recommend themselves. Be sure and find the place.
SPARKS',
Jan. 10, 1880. Opp. Court House.

Don't Read This!

A Secret for Husbands,
As well as their wives;
Protect well your pockets,
'Twill prolong sure your lives.

CHAS. T. DILL. WM. T. MILLER.

DILL & MILLER

Having secured the shops on PRINCESS STREET, IN CHESTERTOWN, formerly occupied by Mr. Daniel P. Cox, have formed a copartnership, and are now prepared to fill orders and execute in the most careful and skillful manner all

Blacksmithing & Wheelwright Work

that may be entrusted to them.

Mr. DILL, having perfected himself in all styles of iron and steel work, at the Tasker Iron Works in Delaware, and worked the trade successfully for over three years with Messrs. Chapman & Lambert in Chestertown, will devote his best skill and experience to the interest of those who patronize the firm, and Mr. MILLER having several years' experience in the trade will at all times be found ready to lend his aid to the satisfactory completion of all work given them to do.

An efficient wheelwright has been secured and arrangements made to have all styles of Painting and Trimming done at the shops.

We respectfully ask a share of the trade in our line.

☞ Charges low and reasonable.
Jan. 10, 1880. DILL & MILLER.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of J. H. SIMPERS & BRO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

J. H. SIMPERS continues the business at the old stand on his own account and will settle the affairs of the late firm.
J. H. SIMPERS,
E. W. I. SIMPERS.
Chestertown, Jan. 10, 180.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the late firm will please make immediate settlement. J. H SIMPERS.
Jan. 10, 1880—3t.

WHENEVER you cannot find what you want elsewhere come up town to THOMPSON'S, as he keeps a little of everything. jan17.

A FOLDED LEAF.

A folded page, old, stained, and blurred,
I found within your book last night,
I did not read the dim dark word
I saw in the slow-waning light,
So put it back, and left it there,
As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf
That in Time's book of long ago
We leave, a half-relief
Falls on us when we hide it so.
We fold it down, then turn away,
And who may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child, nor you, my wife,
Who sit beside my study chair;
For all have something in their life
That they, and they alone, may bear—
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,
A something bought they did not win.

My folded leaf! how blue eyes gleam
And blot the dark-brown eyes I see;
And golden curls at evening beam
Above the black locks at my knee.
Ah me! that leaf is folded down,
And aye for me the locks are brown.

And yet I love them who sit by,
My best and dearest—dearest *now*.
They may not know for what I sigh,
What brings the shadow on my brow.
Ghosts at the best; so let them be,
Nor come between my life and me!

They only rise at twilight hour;
So light the lamp, and close the blinds,
Small perfume lingers in the flower
That sleeps that folded page behind.
So let it ever folded lie;
'Twill be unfolded when I die!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Baltimore Before the Revolution.

Of those primitive days before the Revolution, it is recorded of "Baltimore town" that "as all were peaceable and healthy, lawyers and doctors found little to do, but tradesmen and working men found ready pay and constant employment. Women's wages especially were high, as the sex was not numerous; and as they generally married by the time they were twenty, they sought a maid servant for themselves in turn. A duty of from five to twenty shillings per annum was laid upon all bachelors, and old maids were not to be met with, neither jealousy of husbands. The children were well favored and beautiful to behold, and without the least blemish. A frank and generous hospitality prevailed, devoid of glare and show, but always abundant and good. Bashfulness and modesty in the young were regarded as virtues, and young lovers listened gravely, and took sidelong glances before their elders. At even-tide the family, neatly dressed, sat in the street porch and welcomed their neighbors. It was customary to live at one's place of business, and the wives and daughters served the shop, retailers of dry-goods being mostly widows and spinsters. If a townsman failed in trade, it was a cause of general and deep regret. Every man who met his neighbor expressed his sorrow. Bankruptcy was a rare occurrence, because honesty and temperence in trade were then universal, and none embarked without means adequate to their business. At Christmas, dinners and suppers went the round of every social circle, and they who partook of the former were expected to remain for the supper. Afternoon visits were made at such an hour as to permit matrons to go home and see their children put to bed.

"Between tradesmen and the gentry there was a marked difference. The aristocracy was noticed, if not felt. Such as followed rough trades, and all men and boys from the country, were seen on the streets in leather breeches and aprons, and would have been deemed out of place without them. Hired women wore short gowns and linsey-wolsey petticoats, and some are still alive who will no longer do it. Cookery was plainer than now, and coffee as a beverage was used but rarely. Chocolate was the morning and evening drink, and thickened milk for children. A white floor, sprinkled with clean silver sand, large tables and high-backed chairs of solid walnut and mahogany, decorated a parlor enough for the best. Sometimes a carpet, not however, covering the whole floor, was seen upon the dining room. There was a show parlor up stairs, not used but upon gala occasions. Pewter plates were in general use, but china was a rarity. Plate in the form of bows, tankards, and waiters, was seen in most families of easy circumstances. Punch, the most common beverage, was drank from one large bowl, and beer from a tankard of silver. At dancing assemblies no gentleman under twenty-one or lady under eighteen was admitted, and the supper consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk. Six married managers distributed partners by lot for the evening, leaving nothing to the success of forwardness or favoritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with the parents of the ladies who were their partners the day after the assembly." Invitations were printed on playing cards: "The honor of Miss ——'s company at a ball to be held at six o'clock P. M.," indorses the queen of hearts, and is one of many such trophies still preserved.—*Frank Mayer, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

How Moody and Sankey First Met.

The manner in which Moody and Sankey first met and became associated in evangelical work is thus pleasantly related: Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey first met in a prayer meeting. The singing was poor, and a friend of Mr. Sankey's urged him to start a hymn after the next prayer. He did so, the people took it up, and it helped to make the meeting successful. After it was over Mr. Moody sent for him. "He did not say," says Mr. Sankey, "'How do you do?' or 'I am glad to see you,' or anything. He took me by the hand, though, and immediately said: 'I have been looking for you for eight years. Where do you live?' I told him. 'How old are you?' I told him how old I was; and he asked, 'Are you married?' 'Yes.' 'How many children have you?' 'One.' 'Well I want you to leave your home and come to Chicago. I have got a place for you. You must come for there is a work there that the Lord wants you to do, and you must do it.' Well two months passed, I guess, and he wrote me so much that I finally went to sing for him in his church, and have been with him ever since.

"AH, ladies," said an old epicure as he opened a bottle of wine, "what is more delightful than the popping of a champagne cork?" "The popping of the question," unanimously cried the ladies.

LEAP year is always pop-ular with the ladies.—*Ed. Torialle.*

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Will the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when at last I rolled up my napkin I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodatad themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered and cried and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except, "Punch, punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings, "Punch, oh, punch, in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose a tottering wreck, and went forth to fill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile Mr. —— said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something, do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad, and yet—maybe it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." All of a sudden Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled: you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say of this?"

I sighed wearily and murmured:

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Sap them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing, and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time? But now I remember you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something."

The Rev. Mr.—— turned a lack-luster eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr.—— for two or three days after that. Then on Thursday evening he staggered into my presence and sunk dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhmes. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse, But I never got beyond the opening paragraph, for then the train started and the car-wheels began their "clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!" and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. My skull was splitting with head-ache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same, "clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare; and so on and so on and so on—*punch* in the presence of the passenjare! Sleep! Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with "Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjare." And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker and all. The moment I had finished I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said:

"Oh, oh! he is gone, he is gone, and I didn't see him before he died!"

"Yes," I said, "he *is* gone, he *is* gone. he *is* gone—oh, *will* this suffering never cease!"

"*You* loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!"

"Loved him! Loved *who?*"

"Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!"

"Oh—*him!* Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!"

"Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?"

"Yes. I—*whose* last moments?"

"*His.* The dear departed's."

"Yes! Oh, yes—yes—*yes!* I suppose so, I think so, *I* don't know! Oh, certainly—I was there—*I* was there!"

"Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege. And his last words—oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?"

"He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my madness, my misery, my despair! —a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare!—endu-rance can no fur-ther go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine for a minute, and then he said impressively:

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again; a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a—"

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his suffering in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with *them* now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across these merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

A Small Pox Remedy.

A correspondent of the Stockton (California) *Herald* writes as follows:

"I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases It will prevent or cure small pox, though the pittings are filling, When Jenner discovered cow pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world —that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, aad conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonful of water. When thoroughly mixed add 4 ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pesthouses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disnase.

BLEACHING CELERY.—A correspondent of the *Examiner and Chronicle* gives his method of bleaching celery as follows: As it will soon be time to commence bleaching celery, let me say that I take up the stalks separately, and place them upright in a box two feet or two and a-half high, with six inches of sand or fine earth in the bottom. I place the bunches close as possible, without bruising or crowding, and put them in the coolest place that I have, where they will not freeze. I then cover them with a blanket or carpet to keep the light out, and in ten or fifteen days my celery is thoroughly bleached to the very tips.

A LEAP YEAR SERMON.

This is leap year. No woman in good health should forget it. It is a solemn thought that it comes only once in four years, and the next may find you in your grave. Or, what is worse, it may find the men in their graves, and a man that can get under a tombstone is as good as gone for leap year purposes. Young women be in earnest about this thing. Don't be afraid of a man. Ask him plump out. Men are constitutional cowards about matrimony. Nine out of ten, if asked by a nice girl to marry her, won't have the self-possession to say no or run. Don't hang back because you think the men don't want you. For two men that have asked a girl to have them there are two hundred that have wanted her and didn't have the courage to say so. Don't be rough about it. We wouldn't have you to knock a man down, and drag him around to the minister's. Don't carry any club around with you. Nothing discourages a man about marriage so much as to club him before hand. You'll have plenty of time afterwards. Just be frank about it. Just say, "See here, Perkins," don't stop to say Mister Perkins; it gives him too much time to catch his breath and think, and every moment is precious —"See here Perkins, you have been running around here loose long enough. People are tired of seeing you in this fix, and so I (maybe he'll try and interrupt you here, but don't you mind him)—I want to marry you, I'll be a kind and loving and—" but most any girl knows how to say all the rest.

Just try this beloved. Never mind what other women will say—there's lots of "other women" that ain't got any husband and ain't likely to get any. Don't mind what faint-hearted girls say. There's thousands of faint-hearted girls single this very minute and don't know what to do about it. Take a copy of this sermon along with you to strengthen you. Remember that now is the accepted time. Providence may not keep a husband over for you till next leap year. Its ways are very inscrutable and husbands are hard to keep. Think of the end. Think how it will be to have to get up resurrection day by your lone self and nobody to introduce you around. Think of what it will be to have one on earth to cherish you and foot up your bills.

Remember the lost opportunities—the leap years that have gone by unimproved and don't let this one slip. Never mind where you find him—don't be particular about that. A man, if he's got to marry, would just as leave be levied on at one place as another. Take no excuse, take—

How's that?—the preacher of *this* sermon! Lock the door John!

A Peculiar People.

There are some odd facts in regard to the result of six or seven thousand years of Chinese civilization, and we presume that those who may speculate upon the probable condition of the Anglo-Saxon race on or about the first of January, 800 A. D., will not overlook a few of the salient features which have grown up over the advanced age of the Mongolian dynasty. Just think of it. There is not a road in all the broad expanse of populous China where even a wheelbarrow could be driven or a horse led except around Shanghai, and here the English have constructed them. They have no cemeteries; no tombstones mark their last resting place on earth. Those who own private gardens bury their dead and those of their friends therein. Those who have no gardens or plats of ground lay the bodies of their dead in rough boxes on the surface of open fields. The Chinese regard the souls of their ancestry as links in the length of a great chain which they say enables them to reach up to the supreme source of life and ruler of the universe. This is the reason why these remarkably keen, quick-witted people will not tolerate the construction of a railroad in their country. They declare that the locomotives and rattling trains would violate the sacred charm influenced in their behalf, by causing the abrupt scared flight of their ancestry who are ever hovering around and over them.

They have no banks in China, and no coin of value except our silver and that of Mexico. They have no lawyers, but they have a perfect, rigidly enforced system of law and order. The principals alone can plead their cases. The first social rank in China can only be attained by literary merit. All Chinamen read and write because education is compulsory. Every man in China is free to compete for a literary degree, and last year there were 107,000 candidates for this honor entered at Canton for examination. Those of this large number who pass muster here are free again to advance to the higher national grade competition at Pekin, annually held there, and when they pass this ordeal they become Mandarins and live in high estate at the public expense. No military man is permitted to aspire to these literary honors in China. This annual selection from the whole Chinese people of its rulers who represent its best thought and mental power has probably been the great and potent factor of their remarkable vitality and preservation as a nation, but at the same time it increases the wonder that they should have stood still on the avenue of human progress for thousands of years.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Sick Headache.

For sick headache take a tumbler two-thirds full of finely crushed ice, the juice of one lemon and one teacupful of white sugar. The mixture, eaten by degrees or all at once, will allay the feverish thirst and quiet the disturbed qualmish stomach, as it is not sweet enough to be nauseous.

BENEFIT OF WALKING.—Winter walking is a sure cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creep-crawls" from the spinal column and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine" it is a million times better than medicine, and improving the complexion is is worth a whole harbor-full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drug store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you are physically "up to it," take a walk—not a shivering and protesting dress parade for duty, or a lazy "constitutional," but a lively turn, with a vim in it than can laugh at a December nor'wester.

THE LOVER'S PERIL.

Have I ever been wrecked at sea,
And nigh to being drowned?
More threat'ning storms have compassed me
Than on the deep are found!

What coral reefs her dangerous lips!
My bark was nearly gone;
Hope plunged away in dire eclipse,
And black the night rolled on.

What seas are like her whelming hair,
That swept me o'er and o'er?
I heard the waters of despair
Crash round the distant shore!

"Come, Death!" I murmured in my cries—
For signals none were waved—
When both light-houses in her eyes
Shone forth, and I was saved!

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

STANLEY is still wending his way thro' the unknown region of Africa. The expedition which he is now in charge of is under the protection of the Belgian government, and has established for that nation the first trading station at Congo, near Yullalla, a place claimed by both England and Portugal. The latest detailed accounts from Stanley were from Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo river, Sept. 1879. Stanley then wrote: "All this year I have been busy, and have worked hard. I have equipped one expedition on the East Coast; have reconstructed another—namely, the International—of whose misfortunes we have heard so often, and have explored personally several new districts on the East Coast. Having finished my work satisfactorily to myself, my friends, and those who sent me, I came through the Mediterranean and round to this spot, where I arrived two years and four months ago. And now I begin another mission seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open, if possible, all such districts and countries as I may explore for the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence might be used, and whenever rejected the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demand be made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. In fact, we must freely buy of all and every, rather than resent. This is a principle which I always attempted to follow, but frequently the demands were so extortionate that they exceeded the value of my property. However, this time a chief must have a large mouth indeed that cannot be filled with good things. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made, and tolerance be granted under this new system. I have fifteen European and about 200 natives with me."

Plowing by Electricity.

PLOWING by steam has long been practiced but plowing by electricity was attempted for the first time recently in France on the estate of the great chocolate manufacturer, Menier. The experiment, which was made in the presence of a number of scientific men and journalists, was entirely successful. The plow was directed by a man, who, seated on a sort of saddle, retained perfect control of the machine. The new motive power was transmitted through slender wires, which caused the wheels of the carriage to revolve and thus propel the plow through the soil. It is claimed that plowing in this way can be done more rapidly and economically than by horse power. The Meniers have purchased the patent for the invention and propose to test it thoroughly. Should all that is claimed for it be proven, a revolution in our present method of tilling the soil must follow.

MASONIC EMBLEMS SAID TO BE FOUND UNDER CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—A dispatch to the New York *World*, from Alexandria, in Egypt, from Lieut. Commander, H. H. Gorringe, of the U. S. N., in charge of the removal of the obelisk to New York, gives a brief description of a granite block and marble slab found imbeded under the base of the obelisk, which he claims to be Masonic emblems. The discovery is in many respects a very important historical relic, if, as many Masons think, they can be established as the emblems of the Masonic order. The dispatch says:

"Immediately under the pedestal of the obelisk and in the east angle formed by the steps I found a block of hewn syenite granite, forty inches in the cube, representing a perfect Masonic altar. Under this and immediately below I found a white marble slab, representing the apron, extending across the foundation of the polished syenite granite, one hundred and two inches long and fifty inches broad and twenty-five and a half inches thick, the upper half hewn into a perfect square. At the same level and touching the short section of the square and in the west angle of the foundation I found another block of syenite granite markedly regular in form, the surface of which represented rough ashlar steps and the foundation of which was composed of white granite. Besides these four pieces I found other less noticeable and important but equally significant emblems."

NEW YORK has published her marriage statistics, and they show some of the eccentricities of matrimony. The total number of marriages celebrated in that city in 1879 was 18,402. Of the brides and bridegrooms 16,399 were white, and 405 colored, including 3 Chinese. A large majority of these were, of course, married for the first time, but there were, 1,266 men and 945 women who celebrated their second marriage; 82 men and 25 women were married for a third time, and 1 man and 3 women who embarked on their fourth matrimonial venture. It will be seen, despite the sneers of novelists, that the widows are not as dangerous as the widowers, and do not as often take another spouse. In the matter of age, also, the showing is much the same. Fifteen men married over seventy, but not a single woman. Over fifty the marriages were—men 137, women 52.—Three-fourths of the women married were under the age of twenty-five, showing that the people of this country—the ladies, at least—have decided partiality for early marriage.

They Parted Friends.

An agent with a wall-map of four States to sell entered a Jefferson avenue clothing house the other day in search of a customer, and not a word was said until he had unrolled his map and spread it out over a counter piled up with clothing. Then he said:

"A complete map of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the price is only twelve shillings."

"Would you like to buy an oafercoat?" asked the dealer, as his eyes left the map to scan the man.

"I guess not, but I want to sell you this map. It shows every county in the four States—every railroad—every river every county-seat. No business house should be without one."

"I can sell you a pair of pants mit two hind pockets for shust what you pay for a west in New York mit no strap on der pack!" remarked the clothier as he began to handle the goods.

"This map shows even the smallest villages. Here where my finger rests is Detroit. Down this way you go to Columbus, and from thence to Cincinnati where Deacon Richard Smith can always be found after seven o'clock in the morning. Do you want to go to Chicago? Then follow my finger and I'll leave you in front of the Grand Pacific."

"Here ish a second-hond coat mit a grease-spot on one tail dot I can sell for dree tollars, and I tell you nopody else puts prices down to der toy notch like I does. Yust try him on."

"Do you have business in Indianapolis?" continued the agent. "Here is the route to take. Do you want to go to Marquette next summer? Behold the direction and distance. I wouldn't be without one of these maps for a hundred dollar bill."

"Und I wouldn't be mitout dis coat mit dis grease spot on der tail for a two-hoondered-tollar pill!"

"Don't you want a map?"

"Doan' you want a coat?"

"What do I want of that coat when I have no use for it?"

"Vhat do I vhants of dot map vhen I up stairs lifs here?"

"But don't you want an idea of the State you live in? Which way is Grand Rapids from here?"

"Vhich vhay is der front door from here?" demanded the clothier as he drew himself up.

"Then I can't sell you this map?"

"Then I can't sell you this coat?"

"Shake!" said the map man as he started to go.

The clothier shook.

"Would take this map at a dollar?"

"Would you take a summer west for fifty-cents?"

The agent wanted one more word.—With his hand on the latch he said:

"When you find the way to Cleveland please let me know."

"Vhen you finds der vhay to Shackson let me know," was the answer, and they separated never to meet again.

Life Under the Ocean Wave.

As every man carries within himself an inner self, a hidden life, that casual acquaintances know nothing of, so the ocean has within its bosom a life which is never revealed except to long acquaintance and an almost loving familiarity. It has a life more multitudinous, quite as wonderful and not less beautiful than that of the land. Its mountains rise higher than Mount Blanc. Its valleys and gorges are unequalled by those of the Lebanon, the Pyrenees, or even the Himalayas. It has great steppes and immense plains, which rival those of North America or Central Asia. It has vast and illimitable forests which the eye of man has never discerned, and never shall, in their entirety—forests that are fuller by far of busy life than even the most prolific of the tropics.

"The terrestrial forests," says Charles Darwin, "do not contain anything like the number of animals that those of the sea do." The surface of the waters, which, ploughed by storms, are such a source of dread to man, are the protection of these children of the mother ocean. At five hundred and fity fathoms there is a perfectly uniform temperature, the same in all latitudes. No cold pierces this wonderful coverlet, no storm ever disturbs the waters beneath. Here in their hidden home, safe from the disturbances of this upper life, are myriads of creatures living, marrying, dying; warring one upon the other; organizing into kingdoms, republics, families; working in every form of manufacture, as spinners, weavers, architects, builders; endowed with mysterious instincts which are quite as wonderful in their way as our higher reason, and bound together by mysterious ties which we are equally unable to comprehend or call in question.

Why the Law is Uncertain.

Language is an imperfect instrument for the expression of ideas. Not a few of its forms are ambiguous—that is, they speak in two ways. Reader and hearers are left in old Isaac's perplexity. The voice is that of Jacob, the hand is that of Esau.

Many of the terms of language are equivocal. They have two meanings, so that the reader is in doubt as to the mind or intention of the writer.