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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.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881. No. 1.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at 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.

KENNARD & CO.'S
"STERLING" PHOSPHATE
—AND—
"P. P." GUANO,
For CORN and VEGETABLES,
Have already obtained for themselves a popularity merited by their superior results from their use, and it is with increased confidence that we again present to our patrons and the Farmers generally

STERLING $23.00 cash.....$25.00 time.
P. P. GUANO 17.00 " ..... 18.00 "

We desire also to call attention to our
Peach Tree Brand, known as "POMONA,"
$25 Cash, $27 Time,
Which has been applied to very great advantage in many orchards in this county.

We are prepared to furnish **KAINIT** (or Sulphate of Potash) in any quanty, having IMPORTED DIRECT a large stock.

All orders will receive prompt and appreciative attention. Any orders in the upper part of the county can be left at OUR OFFICE IN GALENA, with Mr. F. H. RIVERS, who will kindly furnish any information, and who also carries a full line of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We still sell the celebrated OHIO CHILLED PLOW,
The Lightest, and Strongest and BEST PLOW MADE.

KENNARD & CO.,
April 16, 1881—6t. *CHESTERTOWN, MD.*

NO BETTER FERTILIZERS CAN BE USED THAN
BAUGH'S DOUBLE EAGLE PHOSPHATE.

BAUGH'S
ECONOMICAL FERTILIZER FOR *POTATOES,*
Have been Thoroughly Tested.
For Circulars and Prices address
BAUGH & SONS,
20 South Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
103 South St., Baltimore.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE ACTION OF *WARRANTED PURE*
Dissolved Raw Bones
BUY IT!
of the Manufacturers, who warrant ABSOLUTE PURITY and STANDARD.
Lowest Prices.
BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.
103 South St., Baltimore.
Factory established over twenty-five years.
ap9-2m.

April 4. **OPENING** April 4
—OF—
The New Star Clothing House!

GOOD NEWS for CHESTERTOWN and Vicinity

I respectfully call the attention of the people of Kent to the fact that I have just opened in the old Masonic Hall Building on Main St., Chestertown, a NEW CLOTHING STORE, under the name of
The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE
Where I will keep a large and well selected stock of
READY MADE CLOTHING of NEWEST STYLES!
Also, a large stock of HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, &c., all of which I will sell at way down prices, as I manufacture my own goods, and sell at small profits, and Warrant every article as represented. **I Buy and Sell for CASH.**

Men's Clothing.

GOOD SUIT	4.50
" "	6.50
BETTER "	8.00
CASSIMERE SUIT	11.00
FINE "	15.00
CUSTOM MADE	20.00
COTTON PANTS	75c.
CASSIMERE "	2.50
" VESTS	1.00
Fancy Fine Shirts	50c.

Youths', Boys' & Children's Suits.

Children's Good Suits	$2.75 and up.
" fine Cassimere Suits	4.00 " "
Boys' good "	" 3.50 " "
" fine "	" 5.00 " "
Youths' Cassimere	" 6.00 " "
" fine "	" 8.00 " "

Splendid Paper Collars 10c. per box.
Good Socks 3 pr. for 25.
Laundried Shirts 75c., worth 1.00.

All this you can find under the Old Masonic Hall, in Chestertown.
Respectfully,
April 9, 1881. **A. FRIEDMAN.**

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.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,
—AND—
CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the collection o claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE,
&c, &c.,
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

Round and Square Bread Boxes,
TOILET SETS,
TABLE and FLOOR MATS, GRANITE IRON WARE, Glass Oil Cans; large assortment of Waiters, Red Cedar Buckets, Wash Boards, Cedar Tubs, and a large assortment of WOOD-WARE, at
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
Select! Reliable! Fresh!

LANDRETH'S
GARDEN SEED
Purchased directly from the extensive Seed Farms of David Landreth & Sons.
Peas, Beans, Early Corn, Beets
Radish, Lettuce, Cabbage,
Cucumber, Celery,
Grass Seed,
AND OTHER VARIETIES in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
Our large experience in the Seed business enables us to buy at very close figures and to sell at the same.
We extend a cordial invitation to all interested in seed to examine our large and fresh stock.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM, DRUGGIST.
Chestertown, March 19, 1881.

New Feed Stables!
HAVING erected new FEED STABLES near his hotel in Chestertown, the undersigned is prepared to take care of and feed Horses at reasonable rates.
Persons are requested to stop in front of his Hotel, where careful and attentive hostlers will take charge of their teams.
apr16-tf. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Corn Phosphate!
"OLD KENT." "OLD KENT."
The undersigned is still selling the reliable "OLD KENT" CORN PHOSPHATE. It has never been excelled. Parties who used it last year are doubling their orders for this Spring.
ALSO,
German Potash Salts,
KAINET,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Kainet supplies what the soil most needs, as shown by analysis.

ANALYSIS OF KAINET:

Sulphate of Potash	23 to 26 per cent.
" " Magnesia	14 to 18 " "
Chloride of Sodium (common salt)	35 to 40 " "
Gypsum or Sulphate Lime, &c.	10 to 12 " "

JOHN W. HINES,
apr9-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FERTILIZERS
FOR THE
SPRING OF 1881.
DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES,
" SOUTH CAROLINA,
KAINIT, PLASTER,
SULPHATE OF SODA,
PERUVIAN GUANO,
For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

THE DIAMOND CROWN
NITRO PHOSPHATE,
For CORN and TRUCK, for sale by
ROLPH & DEFORD,
apr16-tf. Chestertown.

Maize-Oleine!
For CORN and Vegetables,
Manufactured by
ALEX. C. CUMMINS, Smyrna, Del.,
WILL DOUBLE YOUR CORN CROP and is a sure preventive of Frenching.—Is made of the best and purest materials, just such as Corn needs; is up to an honest high standard, and will not burn the Corn. For terms and testimonials apply to W. J. VANNORT, AGENT,
oc2-tf. *Chestertown, Md.*

HOME
Super Phosphate of Lime,
RICH IN
Soluble Bone Phosphate and Salts of Potash,
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY
For CORN,
By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

Black Residuum
IN BULK by the Car Load (Ten Tons,) or in BAGS, in FINE ORDER.
This goods has been so extensively and successfully used by the Farmers of Kent having low clay lands that it needs no recommendation.
No farmer, having such land to plant in Corn can afford to do without it.
For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

The Best CORN PHOSPHATE
For Sale by
THOMAS W. WICKES,
CHESTERTOWN.
apr2-tf.

NOTICE!
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST, *Proprietor,*
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

For Spring and Summer!
Just Received March 3, 1881,
A Large Lot of
SHOES
for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

SWISS EMBROIDERY, IRISH TRIMMING, Torchon Lace, Valencienne Lace, De-Alencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, for sale by
oc2. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

IF you want a good Manure Fork, call at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

The fire burned low, the day was nearly ended
And I was sad at heart and all alone;
My thoughts with pain and sorrow so were blended,
I turned impatient with a heart-wrung groan
To the wide window, where, through small soft rain,
A sweet thrush raised its lovely liquid strain.

So am I, said I, vainly ever trying
To sing my song through rain that always falls,
Through night winds bleak that never stay their sighing.
Through such a strife that all my soul appals;
There is no room for me; why should I try
To sing at all, when surely I must die?

The bird sang on, and through his stream of singing
I seemed to hear him tell of summer time;
The summer that pale spring is surely bringing
To bless us with its rosy perfumed clime;
And so I did forget my present woe
In thinking that this cold gray time will go.

The bird was silent, and no more forever
Could I distinguish him from all the rest;
Such birds are all alike; how could I sever
This one wild songster with the speckled breast
From that vast tribe whose songs are sung at eve
When daylight dies and mourners sadly grieve?

What did it matter? 'tis the song that lingers
Hid in the place that memory claims as his.
And none may tell when Time's cold withered fingers
May ope the shrine where that song surely is.
The singer dies, but leaves behind the song,
The only thing that to him doth belong.

And so, oh, heart, when thou art sad and tired,
Still sing thy songs. Perchance when thou art dead
One little word of hope, one thought inspired,
May still live on, e'en though thyself art fled.
And if all dies, yet hast thou done thy best,
And so hast earned an everlasting rest.

—All the Year Round.

SOME FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

"The diamond is an interesting theme for extended study," said a New York diamond broker to a reporter of the Graphic. "Indeed the history of some notable gems is as romantic and complete as those of the greatest of mankind. I have some historical specimens here, for that matter. But you asked me about the value of diamonds. I suppose that in the vaults of the Equitable Building can be found the most valable of any in the city. There are few exceedingly valuable ones exposed for sale. Diamonds are not worn as much as they were some years ago. I notice that some of our wealthiest ladies wear plain jewelry now, in preference to diamonds. On state occasions Mrs. John Jacob Astor wears diamonds worth several fortunes. Mrs. A. T. Stewart seldom wears them. It is chiefly the middle class of society that display them to any extent. Our best trade is among the middle class and the sporting element of society.

"But as to orignal value. Now, I have made a study of diamonds, and history tells me that long before the Christian era the crystalized form of pure carbon was known for its value an an instrument for cutting, and had its place in bijoutry. According to Indian traditions, the Kohinoor was found in the mines of Golconda long before Christ's birth. For centuries it was the symbol of succession among the sovereigns of Central India, and in the fourteenth century it became one of the treasures of Delhi. Afterward it came into the possession of the Persian monarchs, and at the victory of the rebel Nadir Shah it was glittering in the turban of Mohammed. Nadir politely asked Mohammed to exchange turbans with him as a mark of friendship. For several centuries the Persian monarchs possessed it, and in 1813 it was made the price of Shah Shujah's liberty by his conqueror, Runjest Singh, of Punjaub. With the annexation of Punjaub to the East India's Company's territory in 1850, the Koh-i-noor became the property of the Queen of England, whose crown it now adorns, together with 496 other gems, the latter being valued at $872,000. The Koh-i-noor since being recut weighs 122¾ carats and is valued at $900,000. But this is only one among many historic gems. The King of Portugal owns one, which, if genuine, of which there is some doubt, is worth about $28,000,000.

"How about the Shah of Persia's numerous diamonds?"

"It is said that they are mostly bogus. And this accounts for the fact that diamonds are not so much worn now as formerly. There is so much of the cheap trash in the market, which can hardly be distinguished from the genuine except by an expert. I have diamonds here that cost $10,000 that I will sell at half price.

"But," continued the dealer, "you've heard of the Orioff diamond, one of the ornaments of the imperial sceptre of Russia. It was originally the eye in an Indian idol, from whence it was stolen by a French soldier, who thought he was getting a fortune when he sold it in Madras for $9,400. Catharine II. of Russia paid $418,500 for it. The Sancy is a $180,000 brilliant belonging to Russia. Henry III. once sent this jewel to the Swiss Government by a servant. The servant was assassinated, but swallowed the diamond before he died, and it was afterwards taken from his stomach. Of other famous diamonds there are the French Eugene, the Tuscany, the Nessac, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, and valued at $148,000; the Napoleon Regent, the Hope, a blue diamond, the Dresden of Lodon, the Brazilian, the Czar, the Shah, the Polar Star, and others of almost fabulous worth. None of the most notable diamonds are owned in the United States, though it was recently reported that Mrs. John G. Mackey, the wife of the mining king, who owns $1,000,000 worth of diamonds, is said to have purchased one that used to adorn a crown.

"Diamond commerce proper begun in 1728, when the Brazilian mines were opened. In 1868, some children playing upon the banks of the Orange river found a diamond weighing two and a quarter carats, and this led to the opening of the South African diamond fields. Extensive fields have also been opened in Australia."

"How about the trade in New York?"

"Nearly every jeweler and broker dabbles in diamonds, but I can't say that the trade has benefitted the original dealers. It is estimated that over $10,000,000 worth of diamonds have been retailed here during the past year. It is hard to say how large the wholesale trade has been. The past year the demand has been for fine diamonds, and a fine stone which in former years had to be sold for $300 or $350 now sells for from $600 to $700.

"We don't sell diamonds by any schedule of weight. A two-carat stone may sell for $75, and one just as heavy for $750. Nor can they be sold for a certain sum per carat. A fine brilliant weighing one carat may cost $200, while a two-carat stone of equal fineness sells for $500 to $600. The average diamond sold here weighs about one and a quarter carats, and costs about $200. They are mostly African and Brazilian stones, and are shipped from London and Amsterdam.

"There is an illusion under which some diamond buyers labor. There was a mine in Brazil which formerly produced stones magnificent for their clearness and brilliant refractive powers. It was called 'the old mine,' and many of the particularly fine stones now sold are called the 'old mine stones.' There is no difference in the intrinsic value of the stone, the rich merely delighting to pay a good sum for the name."

The present local fancy in the way of diamond jewelry is the combination of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, set flush in hammered gold, or in what is called knife-edge setting, in which the last setting is so fine as to be scarcely perceptible at a short distance, the gem alone appearing to view. One fine piece of the work is a dragon fly. The head is a ruby, the thorax and abdomen are diamonds, while twenty-two diamonds sparkle in the wings. The dragon fly is poised upon a spiral, the slightest vibration of which makes the costly little insect emit sparks of beautiful white, red and blue light. Rubies are becoming so scarce that their price exceeds that of diamonds. Small diamonds ranging from six to ten carats in pairs are the greatest in demand in this and other markets.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

General Gordon said to "Johnny Boquet," a writer on the New York Tribune: "Johnny, I hope never to go through such a war as that again. I don't believe I could stand it now, but then we don't know. Some scenes arise in my mind as if they never could have happened. I often think of Spottsylvania, where I have seen my men standing on the dead bodies of their comrades, loading and firing utterly indifferent to the death below them, the death in front of them, and the death everywhere. The dead bodies were lying down outside the works, in the ditch which was half filled with water, and there soaking with the rain, the dead men lay and their friends were using their bodies to get a little elevation in putting in that terrible work. Yet," said the general, "there were some right funny scenes in that war. Did I ever tell you about the man coming in only to look at my camp?

"We were on the Rapidean river, where it was a litte stream, hardly 100 feet wide. General Lee sent me word that I might go out and break up the communion between our pickets and the enemy's. They had got to trading with each other in newspapers, tobacco, lies, and whatever would vary the monotony of picket life. They would not shoot at each other, and so it was not military-like. So I started out one morning on my horse and rode the whole length of the picket line, and just as I came to a certain point I saw that there was confusion and surprise, as if I had not been expected. 'What is the matter, here,' I asked. 'Nothing, General, nothing is here.' 'You must tell me the truth,' said I; 'I am not welcome, I see, and there must be some reason for it. Now, what is the matter.' 'There has been nobody here, General. We were not expecting you; that is all.' I turned to two or three of the soldiers and said: 'Beat down these bushes here.' They had to obey, and there suddenly rose up out of the weeds a man as stark naked as he came into the world. 'Who are you?' asked I. 'I am from over yonder, General.' 'Over yonder—where?' He pointed to the other side of the river. 'What regiment do you belong to?' 'The 104th Pennsylvania, General.' 'What are you doing in my camp?' 'Why, I thought I would just come over and see the boys.' 'See the boys—what boys? Do you mean to say you have entered my camp except as a prisoner? Now, I am going to do this with you. I am going to have you marched to Libby prison just as you are, without a rag of clothes on you!' 'Why, General, you wouldn't do that, just because I came over to see the boys! I didn't mean any harm! I felt lonesome over there and wanted to talk to the boys a little. That is all!' 'Never mind, sir; you march from this spot, clothed as you are, to Libby prison!' 'General, said the man, 'I had rather you order me to be shot right here.' 'No, sir; you go to Libby!' Then several of my soldiers spoke: 'General, don't be too hard on him, he's a pretty good fellow! He didn't mean any harm; he just wanted to talk with us.' 'This business must be broken up,' said I—'mixing up on the picket line.'

"It had not been in my heart, however, to arrest the man from the beginning. I only wanted to scare him, and he did beg hard. 'I'll tell you what I will do with you for this time,' for I saw that he was a brave, good-humored fellow. 'If you will promise me that neither you nor any of your men shall ever come into my lines again except as prisoners, I'll let you go.' 'God bless you, General!' said the man, and without any more adieu he just leap into that stream and came up on the other side, and took to the woods."

THE New York Herald exposes the practices of undertakers in that city, who, after collecting money for opening graves in cemeteries by the parents of dead children, dispose of the bodies by selling them to the colleges, or throw them upon the commissioners of charities and correction for interment in a pauper grave. One case is given where the poor parents of a child had procured a rosewood casket in a veritable bed of satin and laces. To save the expense of hiring carriages to follow it to the cemetery the casket was entrusted to an undertaker to inter it in the grave already paid for, but the next day the same infant was found in a maccaroni box, the casket and all its finery gone, and it's destination was a pauper's grave. The parents, believing that the undertaker had performed his part of the contract, probably watered the earth in the family plot with their tears, and planted evergreens and roses about it out of loving respect for the family olive branch so prematurely hurried away.

UNCLE SAM'S PRINTING OFFICE.

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD—WONDERFUL FACILITIES FOR RAPID PRINTING AND BINDING—HOW THE PUBLIC DOCUMENTS ARE TURNED OUT.

Washington Cor. of the Media American.

Almost every voter in the land has received public documents from his member but very few have any idea of the immense establishment where they are printed and bound. A gentleman of this city is now engaged on a work giving a full history and thorough description of it, which will be read with interest.

This place is a pretty good index to the development of the nation, and if its original designers could see it now, they would be astonished at the result of their efforts.

The building (which will soon be enlarged) is called the Government Printing office, and contains about eight acres of floor surface. Should you stand by it at five o'clock in the evening, you might count 1,200 men and 600 women emerging therefrom, with quite a number remaining for night work. They represent every State and Territory and hold their positions by "influence." The women are, many of them, the widows of those who fell in the war—both on the blue and gray sides.

In 1794, Congress made an appropriation of $10,000 for public printing and all the other expenses of Congress.

The appropriations for similar purposes for the present year amount to $5,000,000, or five hundred times as much.

This printing office is the largest in the world, and the amount of work executed here is simply wonderful. It has about 70 steam power presses throwing off from 2,000 to 15,000 impressions per hour. Some of these presses are the finest in the world, costing $25,000. The "Bullock" press alone prints about half a million volumes a year.

In the proof rooms you will find about thirty of the most experienced and efficient proof readers in the world. Here are persons reading all the languages, through whose hands millions of pages pass annually, that will stand any criticism for correctness of typography, grammatical construction and punctuation.

The document room alone has over 260 compositors, amongst whom are three ladies said to be the best in the office. It requires 200,000 pounds of type with 150 pounds of title page type for this room alone. The compositors set at least one million ems of type daily, equal to three hundred million ems a year, for which they are paid at the rate of 40 cents per hour.

The bindery is an immense place, employing over five hundred persons.—Twenty years ago there were forty all told. Some of the jobs here are immense. An agricultural report contains 12,000,000 sheets; an average folder folds 3,000 a day and hence it would take her 4,000 days or thirteen years to fold this report.

The work done for Congress is wonderful. In 1870 the Congressional work reached four and a half millions of documents. Last year there were over thirty millions. It is nothing unusal to handle 200,000 pages a day in this department.

The Congressional Record is printed in this building under the direction of the Public Printer, and about 100 compositors work on it. The debates in Congress of each day are printed at night and delivered on the following morning. This daily work makes from 50 to 75 pages of Record. Last year 40,000 volumes were printed for the use of the members.

In addition to this all the envelopes, books, blanks, &c., for all the executive departments are printed here.

The largest edition issued is the Agricultural report, which averages 300,000 copies annually. The actual cost is reduced to about 45 cents a volume, of from 500 to 650 pages. Orders for blanks sometimes reach away into the millions. For instance the "money-order" blank demands require about 1,000,000 copies every six weeks. An order from the Capitol for 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 envelopes is not at all surprising, (a goodly portion, perhaps, going out under Congressional "franks" for campaign purposes.) In census years 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 extra printed blanks are used. When it is remembered that every custom house in the land draws annually upon this office for blanks, books, forms, receipts, &c., the enormous production may be at once intelligibly appreciated, and at times stacks of documents, books, papers, &c., looking large enough "to supply the world" are stored away until the great mass of bundlings, are packed and crowded in every foot of space, with the stock awaiting delivery.

Now all this costs money, as you may suppose, and as will appear from the following data:

In one year the paper costs $1,385,000, and the other expenses exceed $2,000,000. As I said before, it shows a great expansion since 1798.

The largest job ever undertaken by this office is now on hand—the printing of "The Rebellion Record," which will be published in 96 large octavo volumes of 800 pages each, making 76,800 pages. It will require 48,000 reams of paper and 250,000,000 ems of type.

The United States Revised Statutes were printed here. They comprise 1,038 pages, and were printed and bound in three days. A Senate document of 440 pages was delivered in 36 hours.

"I FEEL," said the fat passenger, as the train crossed the Ohio line, "that I am in the land of statesmen. There is the smell of a postoffice in the air, and the low, sweet sound of a consulate is heard in the dewy distance. I see the shadowy forms of Marshals yet to be, and out of the dreamy gates of Impossible I see the sad procession of never to be Supreme Judges. It is a dear and favored land, this grand old step-mother of Presidents."

An Oneda Indian, who is an ordained clergyman, preached in New York, and in the course of his sermon quaintly rebuked the sin of profanity. He said he was thankful that "the Creator did not give the Indian enough language to allow him to be profane without first learning the English."—*McGregor News.*

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHY MONARCHS ARE ASSASSINATED.

A TERRIBLE PICTURE.

An enterprising cotemporary has recently published a description of the arbitrary manner in which people are arrested in Russia. The *modus operandi* by which they are sent to Siberia, and how they live in that most desolate and dreary of all abodes, will be gleaned from the following:

In the cheerless region of Arkangel—of which the aborigines say, "God made Russia, but the devil made Arkangel"—there are more than two hundred banished ones, men and women, all young, all poor, most of them sent without trial, few among them knowing even of what they are accused. Victor Ivanvitch dines with his friend B., for instance, and after a stroll along the Boulevard they separate. B. is arrested that very evening, and when Victor, astounded and horror-stricken, hastens to inquire the cause, he finds everybody, even B.'s own father, as much in the dark as he is himself; all questions and petitions on the subject receive vague administrative answers; all friends and relatives are systematically discouraged and silenced; eagerly they wait and watch for the numerous political trials that come on without intermission, hoping to see the missing one's name on the list of criminals or see his face once more, let it be even in the prisoner's dock; but as they wait and watch the prisoner is, without any trial, en route for Arkangel.

Arrived there, the routine is the same. Whatever the crime alleged, the age or sex, the prisoner is taken to the police ward—a dreary log building, containing two sections, one for men, the other for women. The solitary table and chair, the four walls and even the ceiling, are covered with the names of youthful predecessors, whose penciled jests and clever caricatures bear witness to the strength and confidence in themselve with which they began their life in exile. In this dreary abode a week or ten days is spent, while the Governor of Arkangel, after due reflection, marks out for this dangerous personage some final place of exile, some miserable little district town. He is then told that his "documents" are ready, and a gendarme enters, says that it is time to start. The prisoner jumps into the jolting post wagon, two gendarmes jump in after him, the trioka bell above the horse's head begins to ring—and rings on for days and weeks, through wood and swamp and plain, along arctic roads inconceivably drear and lonely, until the weary convoy at length arrives at its destination. The little town is small and black; consists of log huts, two unpaved streets, a wooden church painted green, and the only live stock visible, ten or twelve raw-boned horses, a herd of sickly cows and thirty or forty reindeer. The population rarely exceeds one thousand, and consists of the Ispravnik, ten subaltern officers, the Arbiter of the Peace, the Crown Forester, a priest, a few shopkeepers, thirty or forty exiles, a chain gang of "God-forgotten" Russian felons and a crowd of Finnish beggers. On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the Ispravnik, a police officer, who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the government requires of him to answer the following questions; His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents or relations or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the Ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering or field labor. He is then told and is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town, he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the Ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand news from home. The new comer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholly and mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married and sent into exile with young families.

Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entries in his notebook.—Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a newly mended pair of boots or change of linen to some passing exile lodged for a moment in the police ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the Ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards and drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in these dreary regions crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers and a report of them sent regularly to the Governor of the Province. Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh. No roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide or die of *delirum tremens*. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied and published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering administerial evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European State.

SPOOPENDYKE'S SUSPENDERS.

"Now, my dear, said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he stretched himself and drew on his pantaloons, "you've cleaned these trousers up first rate. This is what I call economy. It saves money. If I'd taken 'em to the tailor's it would have cost a couple of dollars at least, and you've saved just that amount," and Mr. Spoopendyke went to his ablutions and then pulled on his shirt.

"I'll clean your coat, too, if you like," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Leave it home some day and I'll take this spot out of the sleeve," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled around and looked delighted with the idea of pleasing her husband.

"Where's my suspenders?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, screwing himself around and looking down his back. "You didn't clean the suspenders clear out of sight, did you?"

"They were there when you put on your pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I haven't touched them. What did you do with them?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. I did something with them! What do you suppose I did with them! Think I set them up in business somewhere, don't ye? Well, I didn't, and more'n that, I didn't send 'em away to be educated for the ministry. Where's my suspenders? Where'd you put 'em? S'pose I'm going round holding these pants up all day? Think I've got no business interest beside holding on my breeches with both hands? What'd you do with the measly things?"

"I know I didn't take them off the pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, pulling open the bureau drawers and hustling things around in a vain endeavor to find the missing article.

"They must be there somewhere."

"Show 'em to me, then!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, "take a stick and point 'em out to me! Of course, they're here somewhere, only just put your thumbs on 'em? What have you done with 'em? Can't ye recollect whether ye made 'em up into hat-bands for the heathen, like you did my dressing gown, or whether you planted them to see if they would grow, like you did my straw hat? Think they walked off like a croton bug? S'pose those suspenders have taken their girl to a pic-nic? What kind of housekeeping d'ye call this, anyhow? Where's my suspenders?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, poking around in the soiled clothes-bag. "Where's those suspenders?" and he pulled the books off the shelf and rumaged around behind the case with a broom-handle for a divining rod.

"Maybe I can fix your pants so you won't need any suspenders to-day, and I'll find them before night," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it! You've got it!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "How are you going to fix them? Going to tie them on with a shoe string, like you do your bustle? Going to walk around behind me all day and hold 'em on? Perhaps you can pull 'em up and button 'em around my neck! How d'ye propose to fix 'em? Going to put 'em on me upside down, so if they fall they'll fall up? If I had your head I'd go out to service as a file. Fix 'em, why don't ye? Why don't ye fix 'em? These trousers are getting sick at the stomach waiting to be fixed!" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot across the room and down under the wardrobe in search of the lost suspenders.

"Just let me buckle them tight behind," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "The strap will hold them."

"That's the scheme," shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Something's got to hold 'em! If I was as sharp as you I'd get rich hiring out for an oyster-knife. Going to find those dod-gasted suspenders between now and the next war?"

"I know they were on his pants when he put them on," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering upon a little inductive reasoning. "He did not take them off, and so they must be there now," and the good woman approached her husband with a smile.

"Oh! now they're going to be fixed," said Mr. Spoopendyke with a horrible grin. "Perhaps you're going to cut button holes in your hands and feet and hang over my shoulders, ain't ye? Want me to put 'em on over my head like a measly shirt with two tucks and a flounce to it, don't ye? Maybe you think those suspenders hurried down to breakfast so's to get the first crack at the morning paper, don't ye?"

But Mrs. Spoopendyke made no response. Opening the back of her husband's fluttering shirt, she saw the missing suspenders. He had slipped them over his shoulders before assuming the muslin, and had then forgotten all about the matter.

"Smart as a whip, ain't ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew off his shirt and let the suspenders down. "If my head was as clear as yours I'd hire out for a church bell. You only need four lenses and a drop of rain water to be a microscope." And Mr. Spoopendyke hurried on his clothes and scuttled down stairs to get the morning paper before his wife could make a clutch at it.

A SAND-BAG FOR THE SICK ROOM.—A sand-bag is one of the most serviceable articles to use in the sick room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

THE wife of a New York preacher has sued for divorce on account of husband's preference for Limberger cheese. His strong case will give her a strong case.

THE man who never furnished any chips to help keep it warm calls this a cold world.—*Whitehall Times.*