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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.

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

ADVERTISING:

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

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HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

New Year Goods!

Don't

GO AWAY to buy NEW YEAR GOODS when you can find a choice selection at **STAM'S Drug Store.** Elegant Novelties. Prices right. *No Fancy Profits.* The question is, what shall I buy? Come, and we will tell you.—Come soon before the rush. Choice is greater now—hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance.

Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship.

Porcelain Roses of French importation $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. SILVER-WARE, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown. Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors.

Stationery in beautiful boxes.

Books for the old and young.

Prayer Books, Hymn Books and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For the CHILDREN we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and Books for them in bright and illuminated covers; one of the best—Chatter-Box—we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

GOLD PENS and PENCILS.—You already know the quality of these goods. They are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of New York, which is a sufficient recommendation.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store. We can give you a comfortable seat while you examgoods.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of fine MAJOLICA WARE, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

LOOK FOR IT.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

SPARKS

IS NOW OPENING one of the FINEST ASSORTMENTS of

Goods for New Year

EVER OFFERED THE CITIZENS OF KENT COUNTY.

In our CONFECTIONERY department we have almost anything you may call for. Plain Candies of all kinds; French do., 25 to 65c. per lb., Conserved Fruits, Nuts of all kinds; Oranges, Lemons, Rasins, Figs, Malaga Grapes 25c. per lb.; also, a full line of Jellies, Pickles, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Chocolate, Gelatine, Extracts, &c., &c., all at *Lowest Prices.*

A Splendid Assortment of TOYS

to please the children, the best we have ever had and cheaper than ever.

We have **200 Doll Babies** from 5 cts. to $4. Christmas Tree Ornaments, a fine line to select from.

Beautiful and useful PRESENTS for persons of all ages. Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Majolica ware, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, and other articles.

Finest assortment LAMPS in Kent co., and cheaper than ever before.

CLOCKS!—We are still in this business—will make it your interest to call.

CHINA TEA SETS and Chamber Sets very cheap, and a great variety of other goods suitable for the Holidays.

☞ Be sure and find the place before making your purchases, and you will go away fully convinced that you have found THE CHEAP STORE.

SPARKS,

Dec. 10. Opposite Court House.

NEW MILLINERY

FOR

FALL & WINTER.

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Plush Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons, Handsome Ostrich Plumes and Tips of all varieties, and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

oc22. MRS. KATE GILL.

T. L. SUTLIFF,

Real Estate Agent

AND CONVEYANCER,

CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S CO., MD.

jy23-6m.*

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

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

CHOICE BRANDS.

No other kept.

aug20. M. A. TOULSON

"EXCELSIOR!"

The Only Clothing House in the State

CONDUCTED ON PRINCIPLES THAT PROTECT THE BUYER AND INSURES A FAIR TRANSACTION.

The ONLY Clothing House in the State that is strictly and unalterably ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to Exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has *FIVE DISTINCT CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS* each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has *ORIGINAL and EXCELSIOR STYLES,* copied from none, equalled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of Clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of product, marks goods in plain selling figures and at prices to suit all.

"FAIR DEALING" Our Standard;

"ONE PRICE" Our Anchor;

"PERMANENT POPULARITY" Our Goal.

EXCELSIOR

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

S. W. Corner Baltimore & Light Sts.,

Largest and Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF

—COOK—

AND

Heating Stoves

AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove

which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves

for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,

Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.

Oct. 8, 1881.

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,

AND

New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.

Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the

Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE

for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,

Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR and FEED.

WM. J. McFEELY,

At the old Post Office Corner, Chestertown,

Is now opening a large stock of Seasonable Goods, embracing in part

Foreign and Domestic GROCERIES,

Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Candies, Jellies, Preserves, Spices, Pickles, Sauces, &c. Also, Canned Goods in great variety, such as Tomatoes, Corn, Beans, Peaches, Pineapple. Ham, Beef, Lobster, Souced Mackerel, &c. Crackers and Cakes in variety; also, Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Syrup and Molasses.

☞ CIGARS and TOBACCO a specialty; and indeed an endless variety of articles such as is kept in

A First Class Grocery Store,

all of which will be sold as low as the lowest.

nov26. WM. J. McFEELEY.

Hundreds Have Used It!

and Thousands Will Have It!

LEARY'S

Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

The GREAT Cough, Cold, Croup and LUNG SYRUP.

Sold at 50c. by all Druggists and dealers in medicine, and at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown

CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,
Wholesale Agents,
Light & Lombard sts., Baltimore.

oc22-3m*

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer.
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a world
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

A LECTURE TO SIS.

Come here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. That is right. Sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my gout and corns, besides being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always pander to this habit, and you will in time find yourself walking thro' green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect. You may be walking alone, to be sure, but will have fewer lawn dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face recently. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at and shake your skirts and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it, as you did at the cow yesterday. But I want you to get up to morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she had kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And along through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has routed so many bad dreams, and as she leaned about your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you some of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed; and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late. There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you felt so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner, and after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make little spit curls as you used to do with yours but give it a good brushing and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience you may explain to him that you feel under much more obligation to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him, ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm peppermint for you when you were dying with the colic, or how many hours he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quieted in any other way? Ask him to repeat Mother Hubbard backwards, and if he is unable to do it, it will be a proof positive that he is not the one that has repeated it, and explained it to you 1,700 times. Catechise him to find out if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress; and sat up at night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new bonnet last winter that you might enjoy a $12 one that you admired so much. Wring from him a confession that he has a stitch in his side, brought there by doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and go out and help your mother pick currants for jelly, and I guarantee you will think more of yourself, the world will think the more of you and you will be happier and better for having done so.

IT is believed that the long-sought-for cure for snake bites has at last been found. M. de Lacerda has achieved remarkable results in this direction with permanganate of potash. In the first experiments the solution of the antidote injected was too strong, and destroyed the tissues of the animal under treatment. When, however, a one per cent. solution was used no inconvenience was produced by it, and twenty-eight out of thirty animals poisoned were cured. The two that died were young and ill-fed.

THE SNEEZING THIEVES.

Many years ago, when oak-trees now past their prime were about as large as elderly gentlemen's walking-sticks, there lived in Wessex a yeoman's son whose name was Hubert. He was about fourteen years of age, and was as remarkable for his candor and lightness of heart as for his physical courage, of which, indeed, he was a little vain.

One cold Christmas Eve, his father, having no other help at hand, sent him on an important errand to a small town several miles from home. He traveled on horseback and was detained by the business till a late hour of the evening.

At last, however, it was completed; he returned to the inn, the horse was saddled, and he started on his way. His journey homeward lay through the Valley of Blackmore, a fertile but somewhat lonely district with heavy clay roads and crooked lanes. In those days, too, a great part of it was thickly wooded.

It must have been about nine o'clock when riding alone amid the overhanging trees upon his stout-legged cob Jerry, singing a Christmas carol, to be in harmony with the season, Hubert fancied he heard a noise among the boughs

This recalled to his mind that the spot he was traversing bore an evil name. Men had been waylaid there. He looked at Jerry, and wished he had been of any other color than light-grey; for on this account the docile animal's form was visible even here in the dense shade.

"What do I care?" he said aloud, after a few minutes of reflection. "Jerry's legs are too nimble to allow any highwayman to come near me."

"Ha! ha! indeed," was said in a deep voice; and the next moment a man darted from the thicket on his left hand, and another from a tree-trunk a few yards ahead. Hubert's bridle was seized, he was pulled from his horse, and although he struck out with all his might, as a brave boy naturally would do, he was overpowered. His arms were tied behind him, his legs were bound tightly together, and he was thrown into the ditch. The robbers whose faces he could now dimly perceive to be artificially blackened at once departed, leading off the horse.

As soon as Hubert had a little recovered himself, he found that by great exertion he was able to extricate his legs from the cord; but in spite of every endeavor, his arms remained bound as fast as before. All, therefore, that he could do was to rise to his feet and proceed on his way with his arms behind him, and trust to chance for getting them unfastened.

He knew that it would be impossible to reach home on foot that night, and in such condition; but he walked on.

Owing to the confusion which this attack caused in his brain, he lost his way and would have been inclined to lie down and rest until morning among the dead leaves, had he not known the danger of sleeping without wrappers in a frost so severe.

He was not a little glad when he discerned through the trees a distant light. Towards this he made his way, and presently found himself in front of a large mansion with flanking wings, gables and towers, the battlements and chimneys showing their shapes against the stars.

All was silent; but the door stood wide open, it being from this door that the light shone which had attracted him. On entering he found himself in a vast apartment arranged as a dining-hall, and brilliantly illuminated. The walls were covered with a great deal of wainscoting, formed into molded panels, carvings, closet-doors, and the usual fittings of a house of that kind. But what drew his attention most was a table in the midst of the hall, upon which was spread a sumptuous supper, as yet untouched. Chairs were placed around and it appeared as if something had occurred to interrupt the meal just at the time when all were ready to begin.

Even had Hubert been so inclined, he could not have eaten in his helpless state, unless by dipping his mouth into the dishes, like a pig or cow. He wished first to obtain assistance; and was about to penetrate further into the house for that purpose when he heard hasty footsteps in the porch and the words. "Be quick!" uttered in the deep voice which had reached him when he was dragged from the horse.

There was only just time for him to dart under the table before three men entered the dining-hall. Peeping from beneath the hanging edges of the table-cloth he perceived that their faces, too, were blackened, which at once removed any remaining doubts he may have felt that these were the same thieves.

"Now then," said the first—the man with the deep voice—"let us hide ourselves. They will all be back again in a minute. That was a good trick to get them out of the house, eh?"

"Yes. You well imitate the cries of a man in distress," said the second.

"Excellent," said the third.

"But they will soon find out that it was a false alarm. Come, where shall we hide? It must be some place we can stay in two or three hours, till all are in bed and asleep. Ah! I have it. Come this way. I have learnt that the further closet is not opened once in a twelvemonth; it will serve our purpose exactly."

The speaker advanced into a corridor which led from the hall. Creeping a little further forward, Hubert could discern that the closet stood at the end, facing the dining-hall. The thieves entered it, and closed the door.

Scarcely breathing, Hubert glided forward to learn a little more of their intention if possible; and coming close he could hear the robbers whispering about the different rooms where the jewels, plate and other valuables of the house were kept, which they plainly meant to steal.

They had not been long in hiding when a gay chattering of ladies and gentlemen was audible on the terrace without.

Hubert thought it would not do to be caught prowling about the house, unless he wished to be taken for a robber himself; and he slipped softly back to the hall, out at the door, and stood in a dark corner of the porch, where he could see everything without being himself seen. In a moment or two a whole troop of personages came gliding past him into the house.

There were an elderly gentleman and lady, eight or nine young ladies, as many young men, besides half a-dozen menservants and maids. The mansion had apparently been quite emptied of its occupants.

"Now, children and young people, we will resume our meal," said the old gentleman. "What the noise could have been I cannot understand. I never felt so certain in my life that there was a person being murdered outside my door."

Then the ladies began saying how frightened they had been, and how they had expected an adventure, and how it had ended in nothing after all.

"Wait a while," said Hubert to himself. "You'll have adventure enough by-and-by, ladies.

It appeared that the young men and women were married sons and daughters of the old couple, who had come that day to spend Christmas with their parents.

The door was then closed Hubert being left outside in the porch. He thought this the proper moment for asking his assistance; and, since he was unable to knock with his hands, began boldly to kick the door.

"Hullo! What disturbance are you making here?" said a footman who opened it; and seizing Hubert by the shoulder, he pulled him into the dining-hall. "Here is a strange boy I have found making a noise on the porch, Sir Simon."

Everybody turned.

"Bring him forward," said Sir Simon, the old gentleman before mentioned. "What were you doing there my boy?"

"Why his arms are tied?" said one of the ladies.

"Poor fellow!" said another.

Hubert began at once to explain that he had been waylaid on his journey home, robbed of his horse, and mercilessly left in this condition by the thieves.

"Only to think of it!" exclaimed Sir Simon.

"That's a likely story," said one of the gentleman guests, incredulously.

"Doubtful, eh?" asked Sir Simon.

"Perhaps he's a robber himself," suggested a lady.

"There is a curiously wild wicked look about him, certainly, now that I examine him closely," said the old mother.

Hubert blushed with shame; and instead of continuing his story, and relating that robbers were concealed in the house, he doggedly held his tongue, and half resolved to let them find out their danger for themselves.

"Well, untie him," said Sir Simon, "Come, since it is Christmas Eve, we'll treat him well. Here, my lad; sit down in that empty seat at the bottom of the table, and make as good meal as you can. When you have had your fill, we will listen to more particulars of your story."

The feast then proceeded, and Hubert, now at liberty, was not at all sorry to join in.

The more they eat and drank, the merrier did the company become; the wine flowed freely, the logs flared up the chimney, the ladies laughed at the gentlemen's stories—in short, all went as noisily and as happily as a Christmas gathering in old times possibly could do.

Hubert in spite of his hurt feelings at their doubts of his honesty, could not help being warmed both in mind and body by the good cheer, of the scene; and the example of hilarity set by his neighbors.

At last he laughed as heartily at their stories and repartees as the old baronet, Sir Simon himself.

When the meal was almost over one of the sons, who had drank a little too much wine, after the manner of men in that century, said to Hubert.

"Well, my boy, how are you? Can you take a pinch of snuff?"

He held out one of the snuff-boxes which were then becoming common among young and old throughout the country.

"Thank you," said Hubert, accepting a pinch.

"Tell the ladies who you are, what you are made of, and what you can do," said the young man, slapping Hubert upon the shoulder.

"Certainly," said our hero, drawing himself up, and thinking it best to put a bold face on the matter. "I am a traveling magician."

"Indeed!"

"What shall we hear next?"

"Can you call up spirits from the vast deep, young wizard?"

"I can conjure up a tempest in a cupboard," Hubert replied.

"Ha, ha!" said the old baronet, pleasantly, rubbing his hands. "We must see this performance. Girls, don't go away; here's something to be seen."

"Not dangerous I hope," said the old lady.

Hubert rose from the table.

"Hand me your snuff-box, please," he said to the young man who had made free with him. "And now," he continued, "without the least noise follow me If any of you speak it will break the spell."

They promised obedience. He entered the corridor, and taking off his shoes, went on tiptoe to the closet-door, the guests advancing in a silent group at a little distance behind him.

Hubert next placed a stool in front of the door, and, by standing upon it, was tall enough to reach to the top. He then, just as noiselessly, poured all the snuff from the box along the edge of the door, and with a few short puffs of breath blew the snuff through the chink into the interior of the closet. He held up his finger to the assembly, that they might be silent.

"Dear me, what's that?" said the old lady, after a minute or two had elapsed.

A suppressed sneeze had come from inside the closet.

Hubert held up his finger again.

"How very singular," whispered Sir Simon. "This is most interesting."

Hubert took advantage of the moment to gently slide the bolt of the closet-door into its place.

"More snuff," he said calmly.

"More snuff," said Sir Simon.

Two or three gentlemen passed their boxes, and the contents were blown in at the top of the closet. Another sneeze not quite so well suppressed as the first, was heard; then another, which seemed to say that it would not be suppressed under any circumstances whatever. At length there arose a perfect storm of sneezes.

"Excellent! excellent for one so young!" said Sir Simon. "I am much interested in the trick of throwing the voice—called I believe ventriloquism."

"More snuff," said Hubert.

"More snuff," said Sir Simon.

Sir Simon's men brought a large jar of the best scented Scotch.

Hubert once more charged the upper chink of the closet, and blew the snuff into the interior, as before. Again he charged and again emptying the whole contents of the jar. The tumult of sneezes became really extraordinary to listen to—there was no cessation. It was like wind, rain and sea battling in a hurricane.

"I believe there are men inside, and that it is no trick at all!" exclaimed Sir Simon, the truth flashing on him.

"There are," said Hubert. "They are come to rob the house; and they are the same who stole my horse."

The sneezes changed to spasmodic groans. One of the thieves, hearing Hubert's voice, cried:

"Oh, mercy mercy! let us out of this!"

"Where is my horse?" said Hubert.

"Tied to the tree in the hollow behind Short's Ghost. Mercy! mercy! let us out, or we shall die of suffocation!"

All the Christmas guests now perceived that this was no longer sport, but serious earnest.

Guns and cudgels were procured; all the men-servants were called in, and arranged in position outside the closet.

At a signal Hubert withdrew the bolt, and stood on the defensive. But the three robbers, far from attacking them, were found crouching in the corner, gasping for breath.

They made no resistance; and, being pinioned, were placed in an out-house till the morning.

Hubert now gave the remainder of his story to the assembled company, and was profusely thanked for the service he had rendered.

Sir Simon pressed him to stay over night and accept the use of the best bedroom the house afforded, which had been occupied by Queen Elizabeth and King Charles successively when on their visit to this part of the country.

But Hubert declined, being anxious to find his horse Jerry, and to test the truth of the robbers' statements concerning him.

Several of the guests accompanied Hubert to the spot behind the gibbet, alluded to by the thieves as where Jerry was hidden.

When they reached the knoll and looked over, behold! there the horse stood, uninjured and quite unconcerned.

At sight of Hubert he neighed joyfully, and nothing could exceed Hubert's gladness at finding him.

He mounted, wished his friends good-night and cantered off in the direction they pointed out, as his nearest way, reaching home safely about four o'clock in the morning.

"GOD KEEP MAMMA."

Two dimpled hands are raised,
Enclasped in prayer,
And lisping baby words
Fall on the air;
I hear the voice's gentle swell,
Sweet words I know full well,
Dear words I scarce may tell—
"God keep mamma."

The little rounded face is raised
Upturned in prayer,
The silken lashes fall
So softly there
Upon the cheek's bright glow;
God's angels bend I know,
And hear the sweet words low—
"God keep mamma."

Her fair white shoulders gleam
Among her curls;
From crimson parted lips
Gleam tiny pearls;
Bend down ye angels bright,
Fold in your wings of white
The babe that prays this gladsome night
"God keep mamma." —*Rosella.*

Brother Gardner on Sympathy.

"Am dis a sympathy kentry, or am we a race of inconsistents?" asked the old man as he slowly unfolded his legs and stood erect. "As soon as a murderer am sentenced to be hung, a sheer of de public begin to weep an' to snuffle an' wipe der eyes an' petishun for his pardon, entirely forgettin' de widder an' chill'en of de victim. What do you call dat? Grant had two terms, a big salary an' a good show, an' while 10,000 orfans in America wanted bread, 'public sympathy' raised a quarter of a million of dollars for a man already rollin' in wealth, while 20,000 private sojers, maimed and wounded fur life, have to fight the bull kentry for a paltry penshun! What do you call dat? A good husban' an' a kind father am killed ebery hour in de day in dis kentry, an' a man would have a hard day's work to collect a fund of two dollars to help bury him. If Vanderbilt or Gould war to be be smashed tomorrow, somebody would suggest a testimonial of a milyun of dollars. If twenty honest but poor men were smashed up nex' day it would be nip an' tuck, to raise a fund large 'nuff to pay fur de coffins. We am at fust horrified at a murder, an' den turn around an' weep ober de murderer. We sen' men to prison to punish 'em, an' de judge an' jury turn aroun' an' sign a petishun fur pardon. We make laws one day, an' seek to upsot 'em de nex'. De man who commits a great crime to-day am spoken as a fren' tomorrer. After sleepin on it one night we call him a lunatic and' fin' excuses fur him. Public sympathy has abolished the gallus, an' yet it will suffer women and children to starve an' freze to death. Men rob our banks an' am pursued, not to be punished, but to be given a commishun on deir stealins. Public sympathy, as I see it, am a sort of jar filled with buttermilk, bones, hash, buttons, scrap iron, beer slops and wilted boquets. I don't want any ob it. If I break de law I want de penalty enforced. If I meet wid misfortune I want to borrow instead of beg. If I die I want no eulogies on my varchues or criticisms on my failins."

COMMENTING on the great and almost unprecedented number of office-seekers now in Washington a prominent Senator says that since the beginning of the session he had spent more than his salary in sending office seekers home. Many applicants from his State, some of them utterly unfit for clerical service, had spent week after week seeking an appointment, had become down hearted, some of them destitute, and as charity to them, and in order to get rid of them, he had furnished them with railroad tickets to their distant homes.

HE who commences many things finishes only a few.

A STATESMAN'S HOME.

THE MANSION AND FARM OF CONGRESSMAN HEWITT NEAR NEW YORK.

At Ringwood, in the Wyancokie Valley, is the residence of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, containing 1,000 acres equally divided between bottom lands and mountain pasturage. The narrow valley in which it lies is fertile and beautiful. The mansion occupied by Mr. Hewitt stands on an elevation in the midst of a beautiful park of elms and maples, and is further adorned by fine shrubbery and by a number of acres in a well-kept lawn. Here are also a valuable grapery and hothouse, and a large number of fruit trees and choice plants, the verandas, which are very spacious, being filled with rare plants and flowers. The house itself is built of wood in the architecture of the Elizabethan period, and is recognized as one of the finest country residences in the United States. There are residences in the country built of stone that have cost more money, but none can present a more beautiful architectural picture or be more perfect in its interior arrangement. The main hall resembles that of Warwick Castle, England. It is 28 by 40 feet, finished in hard wood. The walls are ornamented with specimens of nearly every description of arms used in the late war. On the left is a capacious open fire-place, with antique and-irons, cushioned settees here and there, unique chairs, tables and other adornments. A staircase of marvelous beauty and elegance leads from the rear of the hall to the upper floors. Opening from the hall, on the right, is an elegant dining room. The music room, billard room, sitting room, school room and library adjoin. On the left are drawing rooms and Mr. Hewitt's study, filled with a great collection of practical and scientific books. The rooms are furnished with every possible article for use and luxury, and the walls of every room in the house are adorned with pictures, steel plates, water colors, or oil paintings. On the first floor are fifteen rooms, the second nineteen and in the attic eight. The older portion of the house is more than a century old. A hundred yards distant from it is a small brick building, still in a perfect state of preservation, which during the revolutionary war was used by Washington as a blacksmith shop, and is still used for that purpose. The grounds surrounding the house are adorned by several small lakes.

Mr. Hewitt owns some carriage and saddle horses of thoroughbred stock, but his chief pride is in the Jersey and Holstein cattle. Of the former he has twenty-four cows, and of the latter four, one Jersey bull and one Holstein bull. The Holstein cows are very handsome, and were purchased from Judge Fullerton's stock. The dairy is a pretty building of Swiss chalet style, and is one of the finest in the country. It is supplied with a large stream of running water drawn from a lake above, entering the building on the second floor and descending to the basement, after supplying power for a water wheel which does the work of the churning. The walls are stone, with a cemented floor, tiled sides, and hard wood ceilings, the room measures 22 by 30 feet. Adjoining is the ice house, by means of which the temperature is kept at the proper point.

The principal production of the farm is butter, of which the most is made in the winter months, when from 575 to 600 pounds of butter are produced each week, and of so excellent a quality that a market has readily been found for it during the past ten years at the rate of ninety cents per pound. The dairy and all its appointments are perfect for the uses for which they were designed, the dairy room being absolutely clean. The cows are kept with the most scrupulous care, being fed with corn and meal in the summer, and in the winter with meal and chopped hay steamed. In the dairy the cream is set about twenty-four hours; and, if it sours, the milk and cream are churned together to prevent loss of cream. The churning is done at 58 degrees in the summer and 60 in the winter. The dairy is managed by Mrs. Hewitt, who is a daughter of Mr. Peter Cooper, and who justly takes great pride in her work, particularly as her mother and mother's sister were experts before her. The practical work is done by an experienced Scotch dairy woman, whose husband, Mr. James Monington, a thoroughly experienced farmer, has the immediate management of the farm.

Mr. Hewitt, it is appropriate to state, is the largest individual employer of labor in the United States, having four hundred families on his estate at Ringwood, and employing three thousand hands at his different manufactories, during the hard time from 1872 to 1879 he never discharged a man on the ground of "no work," although for three years he sunk in his business 100,000 dollars per annum. He kept them employed, when necessary, building stone walls and tearing them down again. He is therefore esteemed by his employees as a most generous-hearted man. His firm, Cooper, Hewitt & Company, own between 20,000 and 22,000 acres of land in the neighborhood.—*Journal of the American Agricultural Association.*

LITTLE THINGS.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautiful expressed than in the following morceau:

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and the little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

"BUT you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son; "you know, pa, ma wants me to marry a man of culture."

"So do I, my dear, "so do I; and there is no better culture in the land than agriculture."

LOVE thy neighbor, but pull not down thy hedge.

CRADLE SONGS.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Your father tends the sheep,
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The sky is full of sheep;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
For whom the shepherd moon doth care;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The Christ Child owns a sheep;
He is Himself the lamb of God,
The world to save, to death He trod;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

DANISH.

Sleep sweetly, little child;
Lie quiet and still;
As sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood,
As the flowers in the meadow,
God the Father has said,
"Angels stand on watch where mine,
The little ones, are in bed."

POLISH.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might;
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

Oh, Lord! Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel Thy might;
Turn Thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good night.

Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of His power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
O stars, good night, good night!

Frost Bites and Chilblains.

Probably no other forms of accident or injury come upon us so unexpectedly as those due to excessive cold. As a general thing we are not aware that a part is being frozen until mischief is already done. This is due to the fact that one of the effects of severe cold is to distroy the sensitiveness of the parts exposed. Surgeons make use of this fact in small operations and cool the parts by artificial cold. The ears, the nose, sometimes the cheeks, and the hands and feet are the parts most liable to be frozen. One of the first effects of freezing is to stop the circulation of the blood, and any part in which the circulation is checked by other means is all the more likely to be frozen. The old-fashioned skates, held on by numerous tight straps across the feet, are dangerous on this account, as to keep them in place the straps are drawn so tightly as to impede the circulation in the feet, and frost-bitten feet are often the consequence. Though the operation of freezing is painless, a sudden thawing is attended with inflamation and great pain. The thawing should be very slow in order that the circulation in the parts may be restored gradually. For this reason it is advised to rub the frozen parts with snow, or in the absence of that, with water made as cold as possible with ice. It is said that in Russia, when one observes that another's nose or face is being frozen, it is an act of common politeness to catch up a handful of snow and apply it to the face of the unfortunate, even if he is a perfect stranger. In cases of severe freezing, besides gradual thawing by the use of snow or ice, a physician should be called, as it may be that proper precautions are needed to prevent mortification of the parts. It is not necessary for the feet to be actually frozen to produce chilblains. The term frost-bitten is applied to such cases. Children often suffer greatly from getting their feet very cold, and then going to the fire to warm them. The circulation is disturbed and the parts remain exceedingly sensitive to future changes of cold and heat. Chilblains vary from a slight inflammation, to severe cases in which the skin breaks and even ulcers are formed. Of course such cases require professional treatment. To allay the intense itching and pain of ordinary chilblains, a great number of applications have been used. An ounce of Sulphate of Zinc) White Vitrol), in a pint of water, or an ounce of Sal Ammoniac dissolved in half a pint each of Vinegar and Alcohol are among the washes often used. It is stated on good authority, though we have not had occasion to try it, that the application of ordinary kerosene oil is very efficacious in allaying the itching and pain.

Gum Arabic.

In Morocco about the middle of November, that is, after the rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days in the furrow down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval or round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg of different colors, as they belong to the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to English and French merchants. The gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey to the ports, the Moors of the desert lives almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum is sufficient for the support of a man for twenty-four hours.

A Will Suit.

An interesting will suit is on trial in Westminster, Maryland, turning upon a postcript to a letter said to have been written by the late John Henry Hoppe to an adopted daughter. He left no will, and his estate has been settled. Suit is now brought upon the postcript written on the back of a letter from him admitted to be genuine, while the heirs claim the postcript and his signature to it to be forgeries. It reads in part:

"Don't worry yourself, but take things easy and do the best you can for the present. I have prospered and have acc