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Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882. No. 40.

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.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

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

Legal Notices.

Ratification Notice.

Thomas W. Eliason, Jr.,
versus
William W. Cosden.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January 23, 1882.

ORDERED that the sale of the personal property of Wm. W. Cosden, made and reported by THOMAS W. ELIASON, JR., under the power in the bill of sale in the above entitled cause filed, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of March next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $682.22.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 28, 1882—4t.

Ratification Notice.

WM. S. WALKR, TRUSTEE,
versus
ANNIE E. S. RICAUD.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, October Term, 1881.

ORDERED, this seventh day of January, 1882, that the sale within reported be, and the same is hereby ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of March next,—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the seventh day of February next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $2,755.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 14, 1882—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ABRAHAM HURLOCK,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of August, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of Jannary, 1882.

JAMES W. BIRD,
Jan. 21, 1882—4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JAMES L. BOWERS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 18th day of July, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of January, 1882.

SAMUEL F. COOPER,
jan14-4t. Adm'r.

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.

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*

Clothing Made to Order.

WE are now taking orders for one of the most reliable TAILORING HOUSES in Philadelphia.

Call and examine our large and beautiful line of SAMPLES before purchasing. A good fit guaranteed.

WHEATLEY BROS.,
apr23. *Up Town.*

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
CHOICE BRANDS.
No other kept.
aug20. M. A. TOULSON

A LARGE assortment of Coal Hods Shovels and Pokers, at
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

M. A. TOULSON,
Dispensing Chemist,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

I give the business my entire time and attention, and guarantee satisfaction.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED at all hours of the day or night, in the most improved pharmaceutical manner.

Full line of PATENT MEDICINES and FANCY ARTICLES kept in stock.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO a Specialty.

M. A. TOULSON,
CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 28, 1882.

GO TO
N. C. CROW'S
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES
Boots and Shoes, Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.
Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,
Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Peach and Apple Butter, and in fact you can find a little of everything kept in a general store.
☞My motto will be "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and I feel satisfied that I can please you in both goods and prices.
My stock is all new, and bought at bottom cash prices.
Respect'y, N. C. CROW,
Up Town,
Adjoining Mrs. Gruber's bakery.
☞Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. d17.

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.

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable
JEWELRY,
consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.
Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meridan Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

NOTICE!
We wish to call the attention of all to the LARGE STOCK of
Winter Boots
NOW IN STORE AND FOR SALE.
We have them at $2, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $3,75 and $4.25.
Also, a large stock of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.
All of the above goods will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES for cash.
JAMES A. SHAW,
n19. COURT ST.

LAMPS! LAMPS! LAMPS!
Just received from NEW YORK,
VERY LARGE STOCK,
BEAUTIFUL STYLES,
ALL KINDS.
These goods will be sold exceedingly low. I am satisfied if you call and price before purchasing elsewhere it will be much to your advantage.
n26. LOUIS K. STAM.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.
FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.

HAND-MADE
GAITERS,
Both Button and Congress, for Gents' wear; a special stock just opened. Also, full supply of ALL KINDS OF BOOTS AND SHOES for Men, Women and Children in Stock
aug20. J. A. SHAW, Court St.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us!

Good night! we answer back and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise:

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "good night?"

SONNET.

God is with us everywhere we move,
Before us is His kindly smile of love
Treading the future's path in blindness down,
Our way is lighted by His gem-lit crown.
Sometimes we stumble, then we feel His hand
Guiding us over rocks and through the sand;
He bridges all the torrents on the road,
And stairs of rainbows lead us up to God.
In spring He kisses into bud the flowers,
His breath doth perfume all the summer bowers;
He paints the autumn leaves in beauty rare,
In winter clothes the earth with pearls more fair
Than ever slept in shell on Orient coast.
The snow doth warm the seed that flowers the most.

MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, Jan. 24, 1882.

CHEMISTRY AND CRIME.

The recent death in the State Penitentiary of South Carolina, of W. W. Ward, the former sheriff of Williamsburg county, recalls the circumstances that led to the discovery of his crime, which are most extraordinary. At the spring term, 1879, of the court of Common Pleas for Williamsburg county, J. H. Livingston brought suit against Ward to recover the sum of $5,000, loaned on Ward's sealed note. Judge Mackey presided, and by consent of counsel heard the case without a jury. The plaintiff proved the execution of the note, and then closed his case. Ward's counsel produced the receipt of Livingston dated two days previous to the trial, for the whole amount due, principal and interest, and a witness testified that he had seen the payment made in $100 bills and four $500 bills to Livingston himself on the day named in the receipt. The plantiff took the witness stand and on examining the receipt admitted that it bore his true and genuine signature, but solemnly protested that he had not received one dollar from Ward and had not entered Ward's house in his life for any purpose. He declared that he and his wife would be made homeless by a false receipt which he could not explain, but which he never knowingly signed. On cross-examination, Livingston, who is an old man, admitted that his memory was very infirm, and that he had on a previous occasion received $200 from another debtor which he afterward denied receiving, but which he recalled to memory when shown his receipt.

The plaintiff and counsel at this stage of the proceedings were in utter despair, for their case was apparently lost. Judge Mackey, however, whose subtle brain and practiced eye nothing can escape, and who follows crime through all its windings, directed that the receipt should be handed to him. He then ordered the sheriff to proceed to the nearest drug store and purchase a drachm of muriatic acid and a small piece of sponge. On the return of the officer with the articles named, the Judge said to the plaintiff: "Mr. Livingston, did you ever write a letter to the defendant Ward, demanding payment of your money?" The plaintiff answered, "Yes, sir, I wrote to him many letters, but never received an answer from him." Judge Mackey then observed to counsel, "I perceive on the face of this receipt there are several peculiar brown spots and the original surface of sizing of the paper has been removed, except in that portion of the paper where the signature was written. The body of the receipt is in the handwriting of the defendant. In my opinion the defendant has taken a letter of the plaintiff and has removed the writing with muriatic acid, and then wrote the receipt above the signature. I will now apply this acid to the writing on the back of the complaint in this case, and it will be seen that the writing will instantly disappear and the paper will at once exhibit several brown spots identical with these on this receipt." The acid was applied on the paper, and as the writing disappeared, the brown spots were seen upon the surface and the crime of the defendant was revealed. Ward, at this juncture, looked as horror-stricken as Lady Macbeth, when, gazing upon her murderous hand, she exclaimed as she vainly rubbed it, "Out damned spot."

The Judge immediately rendered his decision in favor of the plaintiff, stating that it was the duty of the solicitor to have Ward prosecuted at once for his audacious forgery. On the next morning Judge Mackey left for Georgetown, forty miles distant, to hold court. While there he received a letter from a friend warning him not to return to Williamsburg, as he had promised to do, in a few days, for the purpose of hearing an argument at Chambers, as Ward had sworn solemnly to shoot him down at sight. The Judge's record, however, shows that he is not one to swerve from the line of duty because of an armed enemy in his path. He returned to Williamsburg after an absence of five days, and, meeting Ward upon the street, demanded whether he had threatened to take his life. Ward answered that he had, but that he had abandoned his purpose. At the next term of court Ward was indicted and placed on trial for forgery. When the verdict of guilty was rendered, Ward rose and discharged his pistol twice at Livingston, the prosecuting witness, one of the balls passing through his coat. He was instantly disarmed and sentenced to seven years at hard labor in the penitentiary. Ward was a man of wealth and good standing in his community. He died in the penitentiary, illustrating by his career that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A PUZZLE FOR VENNOR.—It was in the smoking-room of a Cunard steamer that a worthy Teuton was recently talking about weather prediction.

"Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't dake no shtock in dem wedder bredictions. Dose beeble don't know nodding. Dey can't dell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dot ish so," replied the German contemplatively; "but I dell you vat—dat shtorm vould hav come yust de same if it had not been bredicted."

AFTER THE FIRE.

The fire, from which we date in the family, it being the great event therein for years, seemed at the time it occurred the climax of a series of misfortunes that had been falling for five years on our devoted heads.

First, we lost a dear father, who left the family already mentioned—namely, mamma, Meta, Freddie and myself. Meta was but fourteen when father died, I twelve, and Freddie but three years of age. There was no money for us after the business was closed, and mamma thankfully accepted an offer of her uncle Gordon's to be his housekeeper, and so secure a home for all of us.

Such a home! Uncle Gordon Crofts was a man nearly seventy, strong and vigorous, with a most ungovernable temper, miserly and suspicious, who had lived alone for about forty years. What sudden spasm of generosity made him open the doors of the wretched, tumble-down old house to us we never knew; but certainly he repented the arrangement as soon as his proposal was accepted.

Not one meal passed our lips that we were not reminded of its cost; not an article of our poor clothing was renewed without deep groans over our extravagance; and we were put out at once—Meta and myself—to learn trades, I being apprenticed to a milliner, Meta to a bookbinder.

I know now that, scant as our wages were, they really covered the expenses of our poor food and worse lodging. As for poor mamma, with all the housework, sewing, washing, and cooking upon her hands, surely she earned the little she spent.

But, in spite of our poverty and hard work, Meta blossomed into a beautiful, modest and tender girl. I was never even pretty.

When Brent Ellis discovered Meta's attractions, she was eighteen, still working as a book-binder in the place of business which Brent's father owned. Old John Ellis, after storming and raging like a maniac at the presumption of one of the "hands" in daring to be sufficiently attractive to win the love of the son and heir of his magnificence, dismissed Meta at an hour's notice.

As he owned the only book-binding establishment in the town, and Meta knew no other trade, affairs looked black enough for us.

Brent himself was as true as steel, and wanted Meta to marry him at once. But, in spite of her gentleness, Meta had some pride and refused to enter a family where she was not welcome. Mother, too, at this crisis, informed Brent that his visits had better cease, and Meta did not speak one word of dissent.

I stormed, of course, I always do storm when I am angry. But nobody ever came round to my opinion, no matter how I raved—and John Ellis certainly did not. To be sure, he did not hear me, or that might have made some difference.

Midwinter found us in this strait. Meta out of employment, helping mother about the house, and patiently bearing uncle Gordon's protest against her idleness and fine lady airs; I trimming hats and meekly handing over my wages to our uncle; Freddie still at the town school, but with an apprenticeship looming in the Spring.

In January uncle Gordon was taken ill—the first serious sickness of his life. He would have no doctor until absolutely forced to call one in by increasing pain and weakness, and when the long-delayed examination was over it proved to have been too late.

In just one month from his first pain our uncle died, leaving a brief will, conferring all his property—the house included, upon our mother, his "well beloved niece, Sarah Morton,"

But where was the property? Not a shilling was deposited in the bank, not an inch of real estate was held in his name, save the miserable piece of land upon which the house stood, and which barely yielded vegetables for the table.

We turned the house upside down and inside out, but not a coin rewarded our search.

Finally, we sadly concluded that the misery we had seen, the lamentations that we had heard, were the result of downright poverty, and not the mere pretences of a miser.

And we struggled along somehow, mother sewing a little, Meta doing housework, and I still at the milliner's. We did not starve. That is the record of the next four months—a struggle for mere bread, and the saving of actual existence, nothing more. And to cap the climax came the fire.

It was a night in June—a clear starlight night—and I, though weary enough was sleepless. Meta lay by my side, wakeful as myself, and told me in soft whispers, that she had met her lover that day, when on some household errand, and he had urged her sorely to consent to marry him, though his father had not relented.

"I don't know but I would," I said. "After all, he is a man, and must be able to care for you somehow. This life is killing you."

As I spoke, Meta cried, "I smell smoke."

"Smell it!" I cried, starting up. "I see it!"

There it was, coming in at the cracks of the worn out door, little threads at first, but filling the room rapidly.

We caught up some clothing and rushed to the door. As we opened it, the flames burst out on the landing and staircase, forcing us to retreat.

Mother and Freddie slept in rooms beyond ours on the other side, and we rushed across to them, and we all four scrambled half-dressed, from Freddie's window to a shed, and so to the yard.

By this time the neighbors were awakened, and the houses about us were glowing in the flames shooting up from our old house to the sky.

Fancy, if you can, the group we formed, as we stood huddled together in the yard and watched everything we owned upon earth being licked up by the greedy tongues of flame, swallowed in clouds of smoke. Meta and I could see our bedroom closet and the scanty stock of clothing there, and count the dearly purchased articles as they were consumed.

"My poor black alpaca," Meta said as she watched the lurid trimming creeping up the skirt. "We might have snatched that. It hangs on the door."

"See my bandbox toppling over." "The bonnet will have flame-colored feathers in two minutes."

Freddie was trembling with excitement and terror, and mother was too much crushed to share in our grim jesting.

The firemen did their duty bravely, but were too late to save anything, and dawn found us homeless, with nothing left of our house but blackened walls and a tall chimney, clearly defined against the rosy sky of a June sunrise.

Then—I shall love him all my life for that—as we stood utterly desolate and destitute, Brent Ellis, who had worked like a giant at the fire-engines, came, all blackened and streaming with sweat, and said: "Marry me, Meta, this hour so that I may have a right to shelter all of you. I have a little fortune of my own that my father cannot touch, and it will keep us from want if no more."

But Meta only thanked him gently, and clung more closely to our mother. We began to realize the scantiness of our raiment in the daylight, and were glad to accept the offer of a neighbor for temporary shelter. Others came forward, and we soon had an incongruous assortment of cast-off clothes at our disposal, and arrayed ourselves as we best could, presenting a ludicrous appearance enough, if any of us could have raised spirits enough to laugh.

But we were not hilarious. Utter and entire destitution seemed to have fallen upon us at last, after our long fight with that traditional wolf who had prowled so near our doors for the last five years. We salted our cups of charity-offered coffee with our tears and were blind to the charms of hot cakes hospitably pressed upon us.

Neighbors flocked in to offer advice and consolation, and we were touched by most generous offers of home and food from several until we "looked around."

Where? What could we look for? Our only home lay in ashes, our sole possessions were entirely consumed!

For three days we were numbered by despairing sorrow. "We," means the three women, for Freddie seemed to look upon the whole business as a pleasurable change in the monotony of his existence. He had not been so well fed—indeed, I may say well stuffed—in five years, for all the neighbors called him in whenever he passed, to offer tit-bits. He had an entire suit of clothes that were outgrown by one of the richer boys, and fitting Freddie clothed him better than he had been clothed since his father died, and best of all, he took a holiday, nobody having sufficiently recovered their wits to send him to school.

As soon as the ruins of our home were cold enough to admit of visiting, parties of boys began to dig in the ashes for half burned property, and Freddie harrowed our sensitive feelings fifty times a day by rushing in with buttons, scraps of metal and ruined treasures of every description.

Meta and I summoned up sufficient energy on the third day to visit my employer, who agreed to take my sister for a short time as saleswoman. We came back to our temporary home somewhat encouraged, to find that Brent had been there, and fully enlisted mamma on his side.

While she was repeating his arguments, and Meta listening with a smile of quiet happiness at her lover's constancy, Freddie burst in.

"Come quick! quick!" he cried. "We have found a big iron box under the chimney-place. I can't lift it, it is so heavy. Oh, come!"

He was fairly dragging mamma from her seat, and hastily throwing a shawl around her, she followed him, Meta and myself bringing up the rear.

Truly enough, there was a large box under the chimney-place, in a hollow brick opening we had never seen. It was large and heavy, requiring the united forces of the family to pull it from its resting-place and carry it to the barn, where we put it down upon the floor.

There was no key but a strong lock, and after long deliberation we sent for a hatchet and by dint of much perseverance and strength burst it open. Within—as by that time we had expected—we found uncle Gordon's hoarded treasures. Bonds to the amount of ten thousand pounds, one hundred and twenty pounds in gold; a case of uncut gems, not very valuable; a package of private letters; an old-fashioned watch and chain; and a miniature portrait of a lady, opening out a field for speculations as to some romance of the past we had never suspected in our uncle's life.

There was no one to dispute our mother's claim to the property, all safely deposited in bank before sunset, and our troubles seemed at last to be over.

John Ellis, whom I hate most cordially, and shall while I live, called upon mamma in a few days, and most graciously withdrew his opposition to his son's marriage. We took his condescension for exactly what it was worth, but were more than happy at the thought of rewarding Brent's faithful love.

Our new house built upon the site of the old one, is but a roomy two-story cottage, home-like and cozy, and our housewarming was the wedding of Brent and Meta, where Freddie and I officiated as groomsman and bridesmaid, and dear mamma seemed to throw off twenty years of her age when she put a lavender silk coronet upon her head, in honor of the bridal.

Brent would have no part of mamma's money settled upon his wife; but he was a loving adviser as to its investment for our support, and we made occasions for present-giving towards the housekeeping treasures of the young couple, to keep up something of a fair division of the income.

Freddie plumes himself greatly upon the fact that his bright eyes first discovered the hoard that so improved our fortunes; and it has become a habit to date all events in our family history as having occurred "before the fire," or "after the fire."

THERE is a theory among those who make crime a study that there is less of it in winter than in summer. The facts, however, hardly sustain this theory, for December furnished an excess of the average monthly number of tragedies and outbreaks of passion and depravity, and January exceeds that of December.

WHY should Doxology be the name of the last boy in every family? Because it is the the last of the him's.

TRIBUTE TO RELIGION.

The three narratives that follow contain a few of the many tributes that skeptics and men of the world have indirectly and, perhaps, almost unconsciously given to the reality and value of the Christian religion; their practical admission and testimony against their own professed theories as well as their lives, and their virtual confession of the truth and excellence of Christianity. They are well worthy of permanent record, as the names and dates alluded to can be given for each.

Some thirty years ago a young man from Southern Pennsylvania was on his way to college, and entering the stage-coach he found as passengers several men, whose loose talk was chiefly in ridicule of the religion and the Bible. He himself was not a Christian, but was of a Christian family, and he reverenced his father and mother and their piety, which he felt were both the strength and beauty of his early home. Pained and provoked by the blasphemies of his fellow-travellers he was silent till he could bear it no longer, and then he contradicted their statements, denied and opposed their assertions. Amused at his unexpected boldness, and thinking to make short work of the youth, they became more reckless and imprudent than before. He was not then the keen and practiced debator he afterwards became, but by the Christian teaching of his home and church he had been well informed, and with his spirit roused and speaking on the side of truth, he gave them blow for blow and facts for arguments, till soon they were silent and gave up the discussion. At the end of the stage-route they all entered the steamboat which was in waiting, and had not been long on board when one who had been foremost in opposing and ridiculing religion came to the young man and asked:

'Have you a state-room?'

'I have.'

'Will you let me share it with you?'

'Why?'

Because I have a large amount of money with me, and I am afraid to sleep with any one I do not know lest I should be murdered for my money. If you will let me have one of the two berths I shall esteem it a great favor.'

His request was granted. But what a commentary on his previous words and his ridicule of the Bible and Christians!

Some fifty years ago a gentleman from one of the Southern States was obliged on a journey to pass through the then wild region known as West Virginia. He was an avowed infidel, often saying that Christianity was false, and would ultimately lose its influence and die out. He had been advised to make a certain portion of his journey by day, as at night the region spoken of was unsafe. But being delayed he was on his way through this very region when night overtook him. Approaching a small cabin and inquiring where he was, he found to his dismay that he was in the very neighborhood he had been warned to avoid; but thinking it as dangerous to go back as forward, he determined to stop where he was. He entered the hut, in which there was only a woman and among the rude furniture saw knives that to his eyes looked very large and guns enough for many assailants. Before long the cottager came in, a rough mountaineer, and in a frank but uncouth manner welcomed the stranger, who quietly took a seat. When supper was ready they asked him to draw up and eat with them; but as his appetite was spoiled by anxiety and fear, he declined, saying that he was not hungry. After supper and a long silence, as he expressed a desired to rest, the cottager replied:

'You can lie down wherever you like on the floor there. I am sorry I havn't anything better to offer you. But we always, before we go to sleep, read a chapter in this book,' taking down a Bible, 'and ask God to take care of us through the night.'

The stranger's relief from anxiety and fear was instantaneous. The book which he had often ridiculed and opposed he at once felt was the guarantee of his safety during the silent watches of the night, and he lay down as securely and quietly to his rest as if he had been in his own home, and with a lesson to his conscience and sober judgment that made him a wiser and *better man*.

The third case is that of a well-known Judge in one of the Southern States, a memoir of whose life has lately been published. The Judge himself, speaking of his younger days, says that at this time (some twenty years ago) he had become skeptical, and that Mr. H., a noble, whole souled man, whom he revered almost as as a father, but who was a confirmed deist though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out and endeavored to instill into his mind his own deistical notions.

'But he charged me,' says the judge, 'not to let his wife know that he was a deist or that I was skeptical. I asked him why. To which he replied that if he was to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious woman. Again I asked why. 'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error she is a thousand times better off than we can be.' I asked him if he knew of any other error, or system of errors, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself. And I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully and to examine the evidences of the Christian religion for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in the Saviour.'

Similar facts and testimonies might be multiplied by the score, but these three are most striking tributes from the world to the reality and value of religion.

AT a camp-meeting last Summer a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise!"

She began in a shrill quaver, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand—ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5,000!" cried a converted stock-broker.

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I saw him standing in the crowd,
A comely youth and fair;
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair.
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there so young;
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And know of none that one could say
"He never told a lie!"

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong.
And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say,
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son, what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand—
My words with praise were rife:
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life:
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that* boy was dumb
Who never told a lie.

At a Yucatan Ball.

A BOSTON MAN DESCRIBES HIS INITIATION INTO THE MYSTERIES OF DANCING.

The same dazzling array of beautiful, jewel-bedecked *mezitza* girls beamed upon us this evening, as at the first dance, and soon all my friends were busy filling their books for the dances. There was no prescribed style of dress for the men; some wore their shirts outside, fluttering in the evening air; some wore them inside, and some of the more aristocratic even wore coats, but all wore their hats. Unobserved in a corner, I was watching the strange costumes, when the sharp eye of the general espied me, from his chair of state beneath his own portrait, draped in Mexican colors.

"Hi, Tenor Frederico, why are you not dancing?"

"Senor General, I don't know how."

"Yes you do; you've got to dance, anyway."

With that he approached me, and when I tried to dart through the crowd, caught and led me sternly back.

"Here," beckoning to a lovely girl, "come, my darling, and dance with *el senor estrangero*."

The girl came and stood in front of me, smiling.

"That is my niece, the prettiest girl in the room and the best dancer in the canton. Take her, now, and the Lord help you."

Then I explained that I never danced; that a lame duck in a ten-acre lot could waltz all around me. It was of no use. He repeated, "There's my niece; look at her!"

"True enough, there she was, waiting for me to take her out. Oh, she was a handsome girl, with regular features and shapely shoulders, and hung all around with gold ornaments.

Now, that girl couldn't understand a word of my language, but she must have seen that I didn't want to dance with her. But when the music struck up she merely smiled and said, "*vamonos!*"

Vamonos is "come along!" but I wouldn't go. I commenced to explain: "Senorita, yo no se this kind of a dance, you know; it's all Greek to me; a Virginia reel, now, or a sailor's hornpipe, for instance, but this——" I never finished that sentence, for she advanced with fire in her eye, and seized me about the waiste and said, in a decided manner, "*Vamonos!*" and I *vamoused*.

Well, that young lady sailed all about me like a swan. While I hopped up and down, stepped on her skirt, trod on her toes, and she remained as serene as a summer sky, pulled me this way and that, whirled me round and round till I was giddy, and ended by flinging me into a seat, while the whole audience, who had remained thunderstruck with awe and amazement at my war dance, burst with loud cries of "*Viva el Americano!*"

About Love.

Mrs. FactandFancy has noticed:

That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corralled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their old love.

That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys—some of them never.

That the women love the men because they love everything that they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men.

That the husband loves his wife so that he loves all women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-killin' among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliments paid them by their wives for accepting them. That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries young does better.

ETIQUETTE.—Is it a young lady's place to invite a gentleman to call whose acquaintance she has recently made, or should she wait for the gentleman to ask to be allowed to call? Rules of etiquette may always be tested by sound common sense, and when they become fetters should be thrown aside. It is primarily the duty of women to be the keepers of the home and to offer hospitality to those whom they desire to receive there. One who calls uninvited takes the chance of being unwelcome. Primarily it is the duty of the woman to invite, and it is always her right to do so. It is neither necessary nor any sign of wholesome delicacy to hide a frank liking for an acquaintance, new or old. If you want your friend to come, indicate it by saying so, and then he is free to come, or not, as he chooses.

DEATH IN A TOMATO CAN.

A SINGULAR EXPLOSION—ONE BOY KILLED AND TEN CHILDREN INJURED.

An entirely unexplained explosion occurred on Jan. 27 in East Ninety-ninth street, New York, between Second and Third avenues, by which one boy, aged 14, was killed, and nine other persons, mostly boys, were more or less injured. At the place of the accident the lots are fifteen feet below the street grade, and are used as a dumping ground by the street cleaning department. The only dwellings in the vicinity are a few poor cabins. A number of children during the afternoon had been playing in the lots, and had started a bonfire with the material they could collect around the place. An ash cart was unloaded, and Benjamin Burns, a lad of 14, picked up from the debris what appeared to be a tomato can filled with grease. He threw it into the fire, when the explosion immediately occurred. A dense black smoke and a cloud of ashes obscured the scene of the disaster. When it drifted away ten persons were found lying in the lots injured, and the neighbors flocked to their rescue. The names of the unfortunates are: Benjamin Burns, aged 14, internally injured and face lacerated beyond recognition (died within ten minutes after being brought to the hospital); Mary O'Keefe, aged 15, cut about the head, face and neck, but not dangerously; Wm. Jones, aged 7, face lacerated and left eye destroyed; Eliza Jones, age 13, cut about face, hands and body; John Ross, age 5, eyes and head badly injured. The four last were taken to a hospital. Joseph Jones, aged 4, injured in the hands and arms; Albert Jones, age 14, hurt on the head; Catharine Miller, age 29, slightly injured on the head and side; Michael Palerno, age 35, shoulder injured; Thos. Ward, age 16, slightly injured on the cheeks. The four Jones children are of one family, and Benj. Burns, the dead boy, had lived with them, Mr. Jones being his uncle. The police think the can must have been picked up by an ashman in some place where blasting was going on, nitro-glycerine being used for that purpose.

Jay Gould as a Speech Maker.

Imagine a mite of a man, listless and shaken in appearance, weighing but little over one hundred pounds, with no particularly intelligent expression, and, in fact, with hardly a manifestation of any kind of power or force in his whole showing. Physically, indeed, he is weak and it is said of himself and another distinguished New York capitalist that they have but one lung between them. Mr. Gould came into the New York and New England meeting and took his seat upon a front settee near the platform. He slouched down upon the bench so that his head rested upon the rail of the settee back and he entered into the proceedings very much as a stunted farmer's boy is wont to do in a country church, so far as position and apparent interest in the exercises are concerned. During the routine he was thus partially hidden from many would-be inspectors who were peering anxiously in his direction, his neighbors on either hand overtopping and outbulking him. When the formal business was over and speeches were in order, cries of "Gould! Gould!" filled the hall, and the little great man worked himself into a standing position. If he had been a country bumpkin essaying a first speech in a village lyceum he must have been laughed at as he stood there. His face was wreathed in simpers and his whole manner was an exaggerated simper.—When he at last did speak his utterance was labored and hesitating and still simpering, his voice light and with no talking quality, and there was not a sympathetic or winning feature about him. Involuntarily his critics—viewing him now for the first time—said to themselves: "This is not the mighty Gould of the Stock Exchange; the dictator, almost absolute, of railroads worth $60,000,000." Yet this was, indeed, the very man, this slight-built, apparent body of 45 years' continuance. His reply to the calls of the assemblage, so far as his words were concerned, were: "I will make you a speech, gentlemen, after our first dividend is declared."—*Providence Journal.*

IT'S queer what a trivial thing will collect a crowd on the streets of a great city. Yesterday a man stopped on School street to stare through a window in a tailor's shop at a man who was being measured for a pair of trousers. Within three minutes over twenty men had collected round him, staring intently at the man having his measure taken, and who must have felt mighty comfortable in view of the interest the public seemed to take in his getting a pair of trousers. The crowd increased and blocked up the sidewalk and became a nuisance. We were bothered to get through it, and in our wrath exclaimed that we wondered if the men in that crowd so seldom had a new pair of trousers that seeing a man measured was a novelty to them. Nobody replied, but there was a movement in the crowd. Everybody looked annoyed, and in less than twenty seconds the assemblage had melted away like snow before a south wind.—*Boston Post.*

RIDICULOUS SAYINGS.—Gen. Taylor was made ridiculous for a time by the sentence which occurred near the beginning of his message to the Thirty-first Congress, December, 1849, as follows: "We are at peace with the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relation of amity with the rest of mankind." Mr. Buchanan almost matched it in a speech which he made at the South, in which he said: "I do believe, gentlemen, that mankind, as well as the people of the United States are interested in the preservation of this Union;" and John C. Calhoun, in commenting upon the clause in the Declaration of Independence to the effect that all men are created equal, remarked that "only two men were created and one of these was a woman."

"MY mother is going to get a new piano," said one little girl to another, the other day. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the other. "My mother's going to get a divorce."

"ARE you dry, Pat?" "Dry's not the word; shake, and ye