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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, MARCH 4, 1882. No. 44.

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.

GLORIOUS NEWS! GLORIOUS NEWS!

NEW STORE!

New Goods!

AND

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES!

I take pleasure in informing the inhabitants of Chestertown and vicinity, that I have opened in the large and handsome store, opposite the Post Office, under the name of the

NEW DEA

with a large and well selected stock in the latest styles of

LADIES' FANCY GOODS,

OF ALL KINDS,

Notions, Hosiery, Gloves,

Embroidery, Corsets,

Handkerchiefs, Jewelry,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

MILLINERY GOODS,

of all kinds, and many more articles too numerous to mention, which I will sell cheap, as I buy all my goods for cash and sell for cash, which enables me to sell cheaper than those who buy on credit.

Give me a call and be convinced of my LOW PRICES. Respectfully,

J. CANTORWITZ,

opp. Post Office,

One of the "New I Dea,"

Feb. 18. CHESTERTOWN.

BARGAINS

—IN—

WINTER GOODS

—AT—

J. H. SIMPERS'.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES,

FLANNELS, DRESS GOODS,

BLANKETS, &c.

LADIES' COATS, SHAWLS,

SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR,

HOSIERY, GLOVES. &c,

Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace SHOES. Special low prices on Men's and Boys BOOTS.

HATS AND CAPS,

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTH,

at low prices.

QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARE,

Full Line of GROCERIES,

SUGARS, COFFEES,

TEAS, FLOUR.

SPICES, TOBACCO, &c.,

as cheap as can be found.

☞I have a full stock in all lines, and will certainly make it to the advantage of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.

☞COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Feb. 4, 1882.

Take Notice

After this date, for a time, I intend to sell all WINTER and OUT OF DATE GOODS, such as

Kerseys, Cassimeres, Dress Goods,

BLANKETS, LADIES' COATS and SHAWLS, HATS and CAPS, and HEAVY BOOTS and SHOES,

Regardless of Former Price

As well as their intrinsic value,

FOR CASH.

Very respectfully,

R. F. PARKS.

Jan. 21, 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.

"TRAVILLA"

POULTRY YARDS.

I am now prepared to furnish a few very fine PLYMOUTH ROCKS of Stoddard's strain; LIGHT BRAMAS, Felch's strain; and PEKIN DUCKS, which I will sell low if taken before the holidays. EDWARD SLAUGHTER.

d16-tf. Chestertown, Md.

IF you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on J. K. ALDRIDGE.

NOTICE.

WE deny Advertising RAMBO LIME for sale since the advertisement in the "Kent News" and "Transcript" in the Spring of 1880. Will Robert McCoy or William B. Rambo inform us the name of the paper or papers in which they claim I have advertised this Lime for sale? I advertise and sell MOGEE'S SCHUYLKILL LIME.

B. F. FLEMING.

Feb. 11, 1882.

NOTICE

TO FARMERS

H. E. COOPER,

Has been appointed our ONLY AGENT on this Peninsula for the sale of

Genuine Rambo Lime.

This lime will slack more, act as quick, weigh less, and last longer than any lime on the market. This lime will weigh 20 lbs less to the bushel by running measure and we guarantee 60 lbs. to equal 80 lbs. of other limes. We challenge all tests.

ROBERT McCOY.

H. E. COOPER,—Dear Sir: The Lime I bought of you last fall slacked better than any lime I ever used, and I have used a great deal.

THOMAS MASSEY.

H. E. COOPER:—I am well pleased with your lime, and believe it to be as good as I ever used.

W. W. PARKS.

NOTICE.—Mr. Fleming advertises Rambo Lime. He cannot furnish one bushel of Rambo Lime from me. ROBERT McCOY.

☞ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his life-time.

f4-4m. NATHAN RAMBO.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. A. CATLIN,

(GRADUATE UNIVERSITY PENNSYLVANIA,)

respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity, that he has removed to Chestertown and is located opposite Stam's drug store, where he may be found when not professionally engaged. The Dr. begs leave to state that he has practiced medicine very successfully for the last eight years in the adjoining county and has removed to Chestertown for the purpose of attending more faithfully to the duties of his profession.

Jan. 14, 1882—3m.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON

Takes this opportunity to inform his numerous patrons and friends that he is prepared to DIG WELLS and put in PUMPS at the shortest possible notice, and as low as it can be done by any one in the county. All work in this line guaranteed. Can be found at residence, when not at work, corner Cannon and Cross sts., Chestertown, opp. Geo. E. Lambert's factory.

jan28-tf. CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

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's at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,

aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

PIANOS! ORGANS!

PIANOS $160 up (Stool, Cover and Book.) Elegant Square Grand, 3 strings, full Agraffes, every improvement, only $245. Cabinet Grand Uprights $210 and $250. Other grand Holiday Bargains. JUBILEE ORGANS $50 up, Stool and Book. Excelsior style 42, five sets of Reeds, 15 stops, only $87. "Oriental," style 103 ten sets of reeds, 20 stops, only $125. No bogus sets of reeds, or "dummy" stops. All sent on 15 days trial, freight free if unsatisfactory. Fair and honest dealing guaranteed. Sheet Music ½ price. Piano, Organ, or Music Catalogue free.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.,

fe13t. Box 2058, N. Y.

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*

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.

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.

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.

MARCH.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

March! march! march! flowers begin to rise!
Hyacinths of every hue;
Sweet violets, soft as the eyes
Of one who dreams of you.
Since flowers are strewed
Upon the road,
To tempt our feet,
We'll march and meet
The welcome of the earth and skies.

March, march, march, bright skies overhead,
To the marriage altar.
Snow-drops with the snow-flakes wed,
Why should lovers falter?
Though cold the air,
No coldness there,
The heart can chill,
It blossoms still
A palpitating rose of red.

March, march, march, along the upward way,
Of honor and the right;
The glory of the golden day
Is its golden torch of light.
The colors lift
Above the drift
Of stainless snow:
That all may know
There comes a better, brighter day.

March! march! march! the earth that's been
Shrouded so long in snow,
Under the sun is growing green,
And streams unhindered flow.
Snow-white snow-drops
Heralds of crops,
Ye come to cheer
A happy year,
Bride blossoms smiling on the scene.

March! march! march! the seasons in their round
Will bring us flowers and fruit,
And great abundance will be found
For man and bird and brute.
Here will be heard
The sweet song bird,
And shouts and songs
Of myriad throngs
In anthems of harmonious sound.

March, march, march, joyous little ones,
Responsive to the bells,
Bright daughters fair, and gallant sons,
In paths where wisdom dwells.
As bees in flowers
Fill busy hours,
So fill the day
With work and play,
And broaden life's blue horizons.

Home and Society.

The words home and society frequently appear as head lines in magazine articles, just as though they were interchangeable terms, as one included the other. Do the facts bear out this assumption? Not exactly, for society is not the best promotive of home comforts, nor have those who have these in charge much time for visiting and entertaining. From this it follows that none but very rich people can keep up with the requirements of fashionable circles, and what it costs to go to a party is often a bar to participation.

The great complaint of the present day is the lack of sociable visiting. Few really care for it in reality, doubtless arguing that if there is no special attraction at another house, there is quite as much comfort at home. All this may be wisdom for the mature, but it is to be regretted for the sake of young people, who, if they have not the resource of gay circles or public amusements, lose all the reviving influences of social intercourse. Besides, this growing isolation of families and individuals has a deteriorating effect upon society, for by too much indulgence one grows indifferent to social criticism, and relapses into the independence of semi-barbarism.

Circumstances first force isolation upon women. The habit grows, and after a time it is supposed that they are indifferent to diversion, and they drop out of everybody's memory. Then as years advance, they find themselves cut off from opportunities which they might have had by making a little effort. It is well to remember this and though home may present manifold attractions, extend one's sympathies beyond its circle before that is broken up, so that new interest may come in to fill up the old ones, and the heart be kept perennially young.

On the Subject of Roads.

The public roads of a county show the spirit and enterprise of the people in the county to a certain extent, and all will admit that good public roads add to the value of the land as much, if not more, than anything of equal cost. A bad road means a small load with great wear and tear to a wagon and team, and bad roads is the complaint generally. An exchange, in asking "why is this?" answers its own interrogatory very sensibly by remarking: First, they are badly drained and not enough work done on them; second, there is but little thought given to making roads, and the work is often done late in the fall; third, men plow and scrape more than there is need of, and make a narrow poor road when they get through. It is cheaper to make a good wide road when the land will permit, than a narrow one, from the fact that in making a wide one you simply bring the dirt from the ditches upon the road bed, which should never be plowed up or disturbed. A public road should be 35 feet from outside to outside of ditches, highest in the centre, and curving gradually to the outside of ditches. The road bed (that is, the part between the inside of the ditches) should be 35 feet wide. The ditches should be 5 feet wide and one foot deep on the outside, and deeper, if necessary, with sufficient grade to draw off the water, otherwise there will be a bad, muddy road. Now with such a road the bed is solid, and the soil scraped on top will soon pack and become hard. There is no danger of being tipped over, and travel is not obliged to follow in a single rut, as it must in a narrow road. Dry roads mean good ditches. To fill up mud holes without draining, is simply putting in more dirt to make more mud.

A CRUDE old farmer living on the line of one of the recent railroad surveys, and who is owner of a barn of large dimensions with huge swinging doors at both sides, observed a posse of surveyors busily driving a row of stakes through his premises that extended to the very centre of his big barn. He addressed the leader of the gang as follows: "Layin' out another railroad?" "Surveying for one," was the reply. "Goin' threw my barn?" "Don't see how we can avoid it." "Wall now, mister, I calkerlate I've got sumthin' tew say 'bout that. I want you tew understan' that I have got somethin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wants to go threw."

THE love of a bonnet is the root of considerable evil.

IN MY ENEMY'S HOUSE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN RUSSIA, TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Traveling once near Moscow, I chanced to meet N. Petrovitch, an old college chum. After some merry talk over our scrapes and adventures of former days, he entreated me to accompany him to the house of his friend, Baron Staloff, at a place about ten miles distant, adding by way of persuasion: "Staloff is a fine open-hearted generous, hospitable fellow, just such a man as you would like to meet; he told me to bring as many friends as possible. Come, we will be there about a week. I can promise you a very agreeable visit."

Although a stranger to the Baron, as I then thought, I yielded to my friend's request, and we took the afternoon train, arriving at Staloff late in the day. The Baroness received us graciously, regretting that the Baron was unavoidably absent until dinner.

Punctually at 7 o'clock, my friend and I entered the magnificent dinning-room. There was just time for a hasty introduction to the host before we took our seats; we were about twenty at the table.

"What is the matter with you," whispered Petrovitch, "you look so frightened; have you seen a ghost!"

"Frightened!" I may look so indeed! I am frightened. Your fine, generous, open-hearted Baron is my deadly enemy, than whom I would rather encounter a thousand ghosts. I will tell you all about it after dinner."

After an uncomfortable dinner, I succeeded in finding an opportunity to speak to Petrovitch in private.

"That man and I were once friends," said I, "but the old story, we both admired the same girl. That made the first breach between us. He proposed to settle the matter by the sword. I easily disarmed him. She jilted both of us for it and married Pavlovski, of the dragoons. Two years later the same thing happened. We fought again. I wounded him severely and he swore fearful vengeance upon me. But she married him and is his present wife. * * * But how has he become "Baron Staloff?" When I knew him he was merely Gregorei Altoff."

"His uncle left him his property last year with his name. He wisely took both."

"If I had only known it! The man hates me to present myself at his dinner table. How soon can I get away?"

"Not to-night, I am sure. If you fear any tragedy come spend the night in my room. But, really, the common rules of hospitality—"

"Oh, I don't believe in hospitality when it comes to a man of his nature. He has heard "Macbeth," and may imitate him—not for ambition, but to satisfy his cherished revenge."

"Well I will speak to the servant and have your bags removed to my room before bed-time."

"Thanks, old fellow."

The evening passed pleasantly by means of music and cards. The Baroness was charming, the Baron did not appear. Late in the evening my friend left on receiving a message from the Baron to join him. Half an hour later, a lackey made a sign to me from the door. I turned to him.

"I am come, sir, to hand you this key."

"I am to spend the night in my friend's room."

"Yes, sir, but a larger room has been prepared for you two gentlemen whenever you are ready. Sir, I am at your service to show you the way to it."

"I am ready now; go on, I will follow."

I followed him, as lamp in hand he went up a long, winding staircase, and along a narrow corridor, until he reached what seemed to be a sort of tower. Here, in a broad space, there were several doors, he stopped. I suppose this part of the house is not occupied."

"Oh, yes sir, it is all occupied. Your room is one of the best. This is it."

He opened the door of a large bare apartment. On one side, near a large, old fashioned bed, I saw my traveling bag. "Your friend is here, sir, probably," and he left me.

With the key in one hand and the lamp in the other, I advanced to the fire-place. There was no fire, but one single candle stood on the mantle. This I lighted, but the darkness and gloom seemed impenetrable. "Petrovitch is not here," thought I, as I threw myself into an immense arm chair to wait for him. "What can delay him?"

I sat there until midnight. Still he did not come. Rousing myself then, I thought I heard the rattling of a chain. "The fellow is somewhere here. Who else could make a noise?" Then I distinctly heard a regular breathing. "So, lamp in hand, I proceeded to explore the room. It reached further away than I had thought. * * * I heard the chain again. * * * What was my horror to behold, stretched at full length, fast asleep, beside his open cage, a splendid tiger. The chain attached to his collar hung loosely to the ground; he was free!

I rushed to the door. It was locked on the outside! to the windows, they were enormously high from the ground! There was no escape for me. There was the treachery I feared. This must be the trap of the generous, hospitable Baron. To call or make a noise might be useless, and would certainly arouse the animal. I had no pistol with me. I carefully, and without any noise, piled the chairs in one corner, to serve as an ambush, reserving a stout little one as a weapon of defense. Then I sat down, keeping my eyes on him. He lay cat-like, opening occasionally his drowsy eyes, sometimes giving his enormous head a shake. By degrees his sleepiness seemed to pass away, and with a fearful yawn he raised himself up and advanced toward me.

He paused for a moment, and, raising his head, he sniffed the air as if suspicious of the presence of an intruder. With a growl, he continued to advance cautiously, as if on his guard against a foe whose strength he was ignorant of. A few steps discovered me to him, and, with a growl of rage, he crouched for the fatal spring. While I waited in terror the fearful fate, which would be on me in a few seconds, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty of the animal, whose splendid stripes of black on his brown and orange skin, and glaring eyeballs, as he lashed his sides with his tail, made him a perfect study. The quivering movement of his body told me that in a moment I would be torn to pieces without a chance of escape or defense. I closed my eyes for a second, and as I opened them he suddenly raised himself and stood with his head turned towards the door. Was anyone coming to save me? I listened in vain for a footstep. Suddenly the soft music of a guitar broke upon the stillness. My first impression was that it meant another trick of the witty Baron, but to my intense relief the tiger with a yawn of satisfaction, laid himself down against the door in an attitude of attentive and delighted listening. Hour after hour passed away as the music continued without a moments cessation, and his highness the tiger remained subdued and quiet in his evident enjoyment of the sounds. This lasted until daylight, when the door suddenly opened and a man entered, armed with a heavy whip and a carbine. This was the tiger's keeper. At sight of him it crept lazily into its cage.

The man's surprise at seeing me was very great.

"The secret of this door," said he "is known to the Baron and myself."

I lost no time in escaping from my prison and soon reached the outer part of the house. I found Petrovitch wandering about in search of me. I told him what had happened. "I must leave this house at once," said I.

"Stay to breakfast. Let the Baron see that you are alive and well. I shall so enjoy his surprise."

I did stay to breakfast. The Baron's yellow face turned green at sight of me. The Baroness did not appear. After a month I heard of the Baron's sudden death. I called on the Baroness. She had known of the horrible design on my life. It was by her influence that the servant who confided his suspicion to her was induced to spend the night playing on the guitar, she having known that wild animals are tamed by musical sounds. She is now my wife. The tiger has been placed in a menagerie. I hope they will be as good to him as he was to me, and will feed him well, as I escaped doing!

Fighting Trifles.

THREE SHORT STORIES.

What a world of trouble, time and nerve irritation, would be saved, if boys, and men too, would learn to never mind trifling annoyances. Only the other day we overheard one boy telling another what a third boy had said about him, and urging him to "lick him." "Oh," said the second boy, "tisn't worth minding. He knows it ain't so, and I won't stoop to his level by taking any notice of it." We inwardly thought, "that's a very wise head on young shoulders."

It reminded us of two men, one of whom started on a foot journey of 150 miles or so. Two days later the other man followed in the same road, and on the fourth day overtook the first one. The latter remarked: "This is the worst and slowest road I ever traveled. There is the greatest lot of snarling, barking little dogs I ever saw, and it has taken half my time to drive them off." "Why," said the second man, "I didn't pay any attention to them, but came right along as if they weren't there." Half the time of many boys and men is wasted in fighting trifles.

A certain circuit judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remarks from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge why don't you squelch that fellow?" The Judge, dropping knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows upon the table, remarked: "Up in our town a widow woman has a dog that whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks, and barks away all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time, it was asked: "Well, Judge, what of the dog and the moon?" "*Oh, the moon kept right on.*"

A Model Love Letter.

To Miss ——: The great love I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you, the more you appear as an object of contempt. I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had any intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy; and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not desire you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to any one more inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and less capable to do honor to my choice and my family. Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely, and you will do me the favor to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not a shadow of wit or good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me so adverse to you, that it is impossible for me even to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant. L——.

[We would like some ingenious young lady to take this letter and mark out enough of the words to make it a genuine love letter. Send it to us and we will publish it next week.]

A HORNET'S nest is said to be the best polisher in the world for glass lenses. But you want to do your polishing when the hornet is not around to help you. For what shall it profit a man if he polish a thousand glass lenses in one day, and one hornet catch him at it.

"CAN you trust me, darling?" murmured Spilkins to the daughter of old Moneylender. "Not without real estate security," replied Isabella, absent mindedly.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A PROF. GUNNING, up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, rises to remark that it is generally the sheriff or some woman.—*Hawkeye.*

Dead-Alive Man in Hagerstown.

An incident is related in the experience of a clergyman at Hagerstown, Md., that suggests strongly some of the weird sketches of Poe. The only difference is that this is true, a plain recital of what actually occurred. Amongst the flock of the minister referred to was a family of foreigners, and the father of the family was stricken with a fatal illness. One night the pastor received a message summoning him immediately to the bedside of the sick man, the messenger stating that "he was dying." Some time elapsed before the arrival at the scene, where the attending physician was found surrounded by the sobbing and shrieking family. To his great regret the doctor informed the minister that he was too late; that the sufferer had died fifteen or twenty minutes previously. And, in fact, there on the bed lay the stark and rigid form of the departed, the lower jaw fallen, the ashy pallor of death on the face, and the body stiffened with the rigor mortis. With the demonstrativeness of their nation, the family gave full sway to their feelings, making no effort at self-control. A son, in particular, was more demonstrative and inconsolable than any of the rest. He called on his father, begged him to come back, and with difficulty could be kept away from the body. Hoping to comfort the grief stricken family by spiritual consolation and sympathetic conversation, the clergyman remained on the scene till near 2 o'clock in the morning. At this time, when the pastor was thinking of leaving, the son, who seemed to take the death so much at heart, was seized with another paroxysm of grief more violent than any preceding it. He tore himself from those who sought to restrain him; threw himself on the body of his father, embraced him, called him, bathed the cold face with tears, shrieking that he would not let him go; that he must say one word, look at him just once more; that he must not leave him without just one more word and one more look. As if the agonized voice had penetrated the silence of the other world and had reached the "dull, cold ear of death," the lips of the father moved, the eyes opened and cast a sad reproachful look at the weeping son, and in a well-known voice came distinctly these words: "Oh! why did you bring me back?" As soon as the awe-stricken group could regain their presence of mind, after the appalling scene, they immediately administered restoratives to the patient, when the minister left him, very weak, but still alive. He was sent for by the father the next day, who gave him an account of his death (as he evidently believed it had been) and his experience to the time when he was apparently recalled to life. He said: "When I died I first felt a sinking, going sensation, knew everything going on in the room, but I could not speak or move my lips—then all was a blank. The next thing I remember was being in a dense darkness, seemingly in a tunnel, through which I was being pushed; there seemed to be two forms, one on each side, pushing me along through the tunnel, and I appeared to move as if I was floating, touching nothing above nor below. At last it appeared to get lighter, as though we were nearing the end of our passage. It grew brighter every moment, and then I seemed to observe two shining, beautiful forms on each side of me. At last we seemed to float out into a lovely space of rosy brightness, like the sky of summer sunrise. I had a feeling of perfect peace and well-being, and heard as though it was a part of the space I floated in the most soothing and delightful music. I remember it afterward took the sound of an old familiar hymn I used to hear in my native land. I have been a great sufferer, and the feeling of rest and freedom from pain was the thing I noticed most in my new state. I remained a short time in this blessed state, when it seemed disturbed by a voice of pain calling me. I felt a thrill of regret and then all became black and I seemed to be back in the old pain-racked body again, and opened my eyes to find my son and family crying and calling on me to come back. If they had known how much better I was they would never have wanted me back in this weak and suffering body." The man lived several days and then died, as his family sincerely believe, a second time, and, remembering his solemn words as to his first experience, did not call him back.

Whether the man was in a syncope from which the piercing lamentations of the family aroused him, or whether he had indeed been permitted to return after a glance at the glories of the great unknown, none can answer. But one thing is certain, that for the space of several hours, to all intents and purposes, so far as the doctor, the pastor and family were concerned, and so far as all outward indications are a guide, the man was dead.

Hypocrisy at Public Dinners.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the Century Magazine, says: "I once attended a dinner given to a great State functionary by functionaries—men of law, State, and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country, and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgement of distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold hurrahs. There was the vicious superlative. Then the great official spoke and beat his breast, and declared that he should remember this honor to the latest moment of his existence. He was answered again by officials. Pity, thought I, they should lie so about their keen sensibility to the commonplace compliment of a dinner. Men of the world value truth in proportion to their ability, not by its sacredness, but for its convenience. Of such, especially of diplomatists, one has a right to expect wit and ingenuity to avoid the lie, if they must comply with the form. Now, I had been present a little before in the country at a cattle-show dinner, which followed an agricultural discourse delivered by a farmer; the discourse, to say the truth, was bad; and one of our village fathers gave at the dinner this toast: 'The orator of the day; his subject deserves the attention of every farmer.' The caution of the toast did honor to our village father. I wish great lords and diplomatists had as much respect for truth."

IN all things there are two ways. When one does not know which to take, it may be best to attempt neither.

INCOMPLETE.

There's a song that I never could sing,
Though its notes in my memory ring,
And its measures are full of the sweets of the years,
Of voice of children, and laughter and tears,
And the whirr of the summer bird's wing.

There's a picture I never could paint,
Sweet and fair as some aureoled saint;
Like a dawn on the ocean, where no eye can see,
In wild, fitful splendor it burneth for me,
And I mourn as its colors grow faint.

There's a dream—ah! I never could tell
What my own bosom loveth so well;
Yet how sweetly it comes in the depth of the night,
Like a message it comes, like a message of light,
From the land where the sun-children dwell.

For I gather the thought and the tone
From the wreck of bright hours that are flown,
And I hold to my heart, in my foolish despair,
A trifle—a nothing much lighter than air—
Lifeless leaves of a love I have known.

Protective Effect of Vaccination.

Dr. Henry Tomkins, medical superintendent of the fever hospital belonging to the Manchester Royal Infirmary at Monsall, in a paper which he read recently at Owens College, said: "The most striking of all evidence is, perhaps, that derived from the smallpox hospitals themselves. Here the protective influence of vaccination is seen and proved in a manner beyond all cavil. At Highgate, during an experience of forty years, no nurse or servant, having been revaccinated, has ever contracted the disease, and evidence of the same character I can bring forward, for during the whole time that I have had charge of the fever hospital, more than a thousand cases of smallpox have passed under my care, yet no servant, nurse, porter, or other person engaged there has after revaccination ever taken it, though exposed daily to infection in its most concentrated form. One woman, a laundress, who escaped vaccination, took the disease and died; one nurse, who suffered some years before from smallpox, and was then considered protected, had a very mild attack; and last Summer a workman, who did not live on the premises, but came in to work as a painter, was not vaccinated, and had rather a severe attack; and still more recently a servant, who by an oversight was allowed to go about her work three days before being vaccinated, had, before the latter had run its course, a slight abortive attack. Again, among all the students who, during the past two years, have attended the hospital for clinical instruction, not one has suffered, all having been revaccinated before being permitted to enter the smallpox wards. And in their case the false argument which opponents of vaccination have brought forward to explain the immunity enjoyed by nurses and others in attendance on the sick, viz., that constant intercourse and exposure to infection renders them proof against it by the system becoming inured to the poison, cannot be applied, as these gentlemen attend the hospital only a few hours once a week. I defy the most enthusiastic or conscientious of anti-vaccinators to produce evidence like this on his side of the question, or to bring forward even half-a-dozen persons, choose them whence he may, who have not been protected against smallpox, and expose them as the students are exposed, without more or less of the number taking the disease. Facts such as these should convert the most ardent anti-vaccinator from his folly, and convince him that a weapon of defense so powerful as vaccination should not be left to the pleasure of the individual, but that the State has the right and duty to look after its most thorough performance. —*London Times.*

All Have Faults.

I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. The old saying if—"Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less, with the black brush and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots and skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bell's jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. Men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see it she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint as cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will not remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*John Ploughman.*

IT WAS AN AWFUL THING TO DO.—A young farmer of Clintondale, Ulster county, became deeply enamored of a young lady, a stranger in the neighborhood, who was temporarily stopping in the village, and, after courting her assiduously for several days, popped the all important question, received "yes" for an answer, and insisted on the marriage ceremony being performed the following evening. Accordingly a large number of friends were invited, and the couple were made one by a justice of the peace of the neighborhood. Immediately upon the conclusion of the ceremony the bride was surrounded by her gentlemen friends, all of whom insisted upon kissing her, greatly to the displeasure of the jealous groom, whereupon she made her escape to an adjoining room, and the bridegroom has not seen her since, or at least has not been able to recognize her. The truth of the matter is that the bride was a pretty boy, and that when he left the room he changed his garments and mingled with the crowd and enjoyed the fun. The groom will never get over the rather practical joke which his friends played upon him.

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.

Literature for Boys.

The old-fashioned stories which the unhappy boys of the last generation read have been succeeded by the manly and fascinating criminal novel. In the old story books it was assumed that truthfulness, honesty and obedience to parents were virtues, and the Christian religion was not wholly devoid of merit. If these views were not directly taught in the juvenile literature of our fathers, they were never directly or indirectly attacked. Boys could learn nothing from their story books except preposterous platitudes—nothing that was of any practical use, or that tended to develope in them manly and brilliant traits. No such complaints can be made of the dime and half-dime novels of the criminal school which are now read by all our boys, either openly or secretly. In these delightful stories new forms of profanity and slang are taught in the most effective way. The pleasures of burglary and highway robbery, the manliness of gambling and fighting and the heroism of successful lying are set forth in what is regarded by youthful readers as glowing eloquence, while the great truths that all parents are tyrants, that all religious people are hypocrites, and that disobedience to fathers and teachers is obedience to the nobler instincts of juvenile nature are sedulously taught. Such stories as these develop all that is manly and lawless in our boys, and teach them lessons that cannot fail to be of immense use to them in whatever criminal career they may adopt. There are a few old-fashioned people who denounce the new juvenile literature in unsparing terms; but that nearly all fathers approve of it is self-evident. They know that their boys are reading novels illustrative of the excellence of crime, but they make no effort to suppress that sort of literature, as they certainly would do did they disapprove of it. Nothing would be simpler than to drive those novels out of existence. All that it would be necessary to do would be to "Boycott" the news-dealers who keep them for sale. The truth evidently is that fathers either do not care what their boys read, or that they have no fault to find with "Jack Harkaway" and the "Boy Burglars." It cannot be that respectable gentlemen who dislike crime, profanity and vulgarity wilfully refuse to know what their boys are reading, or weakly hope that by some happy chance their reading will do them no harm.

Coming of Age.

It is common to say that a man "comes of age" at one and twenty. This means that he is old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made do as agreed; also to vote. Before he is twenty-one, if he has any property his father or guardian takes care of it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account, and if he makes foolish bargains he can say, "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important—indeed a person may be said to be "coming of age" four different times in his life.

From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At seven he becomes of age to be punished for crime, if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he is fourteen. From and after fourteen it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, setting a house on fire, or things of that kind. At fourteen, also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian, and of age to marry. This last does not mean that it is right or wise for a young man only fourteen to marry, but that, if he does so, he cannot retract afterwards and say he was too young.

At eighteen he is of age to be a soldier; at twenty-one he becomes independent of his father and votes. These things are so much more important than all the others, that reaching twenty-one is commonly called "coming of age," as it were a magic date for everything. At twenty-five he is of age to be a Representative in Congress—that is, the people can elect him if they choose; before that they cannot. At thirty he can be elected Senator, and after forty President. At forty-five he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.

A Good Story.

If editor Lamar, of the Macon Telegraph, will give us his attention for a few moments we will give him a story which will convict Grady of æstheticism without more ado. A few days since an Atlanta gentleman, lingering around the office of a taxidermist in Palatka, discussing stuffed birds and the business generally, became engaged in a conversation with the proprietor, and registered his name and address upon the taxidermist's book.

"Ah, you are from Atlanta?" said the bird-stuffer, with interest.

"Yes."

"Then you must let me show you a magnificent order I am filling up for a hotel keeper in your city. The gentleman came through here himself, and with a very princely air selected those decorations for his dining room. I have already expended $1,500 upon them, and have not nearly gotten through. He must be your leading hotel man." [The Atlanta man was here shown a really superb game collection of ducks, grouse, quail, woodcock, doves, etc., handsomely mounted on plush velvet, and very costly. In much astonishment he asked who the hotel man could be.]

"Henry W. Grady was the name he left with me," said the proprietor.

"Henry W. Grady!" said the Atlantanian. "Why, he is one of the proprietors of the Constitution and the greatest correspondent in the South."

"Well, by George!" said the bird man, "I didn't think that there was a newspaper man in the South that had that much money, or that anybody but a hotel man would be reckless enough to buy so large a collection at one time."

Later reports agree