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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAMES H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882. No. 48.

"LISTER."

Persons who intend to use FERTILIZERS on their CORN and POTATO CROPS or FRUIT TREES, are invited to an inspection of the samples of the various preparations of LISTER BROS.

m25-10t. W. N. E. WICKES.

1882. SPRING. 1882.

Climax Super Phosphate,

ACME SUPER PHOSPHATE,

HIGHEST GRADE. LOWEST PRICES.

The attention of FARMERS and GARDENERS is directed to the above brands of Phosphate, prepared by us specially for CORN and VEGETABLES, and containing all the elements of plant food required by these crops.

These goods are equal to any in the market and are offered at the Lowest Prices consistent with purity.

Pure Fertilizing Chemicals

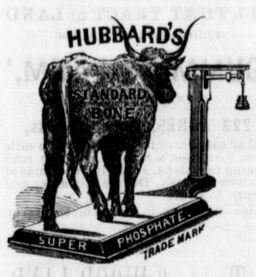
Of all kinds, in lots and at Prices to suit.

Samples, Price Lists, and any other information promptly furnished upon application.

Your early orders are respectfully solicited,

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in FERTILIZERS, CHEMICALS, &c.
Office:—MARKET SPACE, CHESTERTOWN.
Factory:—MASSEYS. March 25, 1882.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF



—AND—

Pure Ground Bone

Chestertown, Maryland.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for CRUDE BONES delivered at our Factory. mh18-10t.

THE CELEBRATED
Hyland & Co.
FARM WAGON.

To Our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula, we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public. It seems to be the unanimous verdict of Farmers that our Wagons track better and run lighter than any others made on the Peninsula. This was the decision of the Judges of the Worton Fair, held in September, 1881. Every piece is carefully selected, and nothing but the best material is used.

Our DEARBORNS and CARTS are

Excelled by None.

We are also selling the celebrated OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, and intend to keep on hand all the Extras. We will sell them for less money than they can be bought elsewhere. We are still making the Concave, Minor & Horton, Wileys and the Two-furrowed Plows. We intend to Grind and Chill the Castings, which will make them equal to any other plows.

And we also have on hand CULTIVATORS and CULTIVATOR TEETH, both the Old Style and the Reversible Tooth. Also, Harrows, Plows, Hames, Single, Double and Three-horse Trees, Door and Gate Hinges, and the best ROLLERS made in the State.

We also sell the

Deering Twine Binder,

which is taking the lead over all others in the West. It name has become the very synonym of a perfect Grain Binder. It is not an experiment to use this Binder; the purchaser is to be his own judge and jury upon its merits. In every field trial it has proved itself Victor. It will save 30 yards of Twine out of every hundred over any other machine. It is from 400 to 500 pounds lighter than any other, and three horses can pull it with ease.

W. A. HYLAND & CO.
CHESTERTOWN AND GALENA
Feb. 11, 1882.

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.

Corn Phosphate!

"OLD KENT!"

"Old Kent!"

The undersigned is still selling the reliable "OLD KENT" CORN PHOSPHATE. IT HAS NEVER BEEN EXCELLED. Parties who used it last year are already handing in their orders for this Spring.

JOHN W. HINES,
mh18-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS
CLOTHING,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries.

Good stock of LUMBER on hand.

Also, agent for
J. J. Turner & Co.'s
FERTILIZERS,
and J. E. TYGERT'S FERTILIZERS.

Please leave your orders for LIME and PHOSPHATE for CORN the

Coming Spring.

Agent for Taylor Bro's PLOWS, Smyrna, Del. Exactly like the Oliver Chilled Plow, except it has the point to turn like the Concave. Guarantee as good or no sale. Less expense for Points. TILE on hand and for sale.

T. J. McWHORTER,
Mar. 11—tf. MILLINGTON.

T. W. WICKES
Has Just Received
FRESH STOCK
—OF—
Landreths' Seeds

Which he asks a comparison of PRICES and QUALITY with other dealers.

T. W. WICKES.
March 4, 1882.

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.

PLOW CASTINGS.
A full line of CASTINGS constantly on hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, by
mh11. T. L. HINES & CO.

To the Youths of Kent Co.

A FRIEND of the Kent County Agricultural Association (through the Society,) offers a PREMIUM of TWENTY DOLLARS TO THE YOUTH WHO SHALL RAISE THE

Best Crop of Corn this Season.

The Association offers a premium of $13.00 for the second best crop, and $7.00 for the third best crop. Competitors must comply with the following conditions, viz:

That the amount of land be one-fourth of an acre; that no fertilizer containing animal organic matter shall be applied; any salt, such as nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia may be used; stable manure may be applied.

2d. That competitors shall be residents of Kent county, and less than twenty-one years of age, and shall give in writing over their true names, the mode of tillage in full, including the time of planting. The crops shall be measured by a committee appointed by the Society, who shall make full report in writing, stating the amount and kind of corn grown, the character of soil, and such facts as may be of interest to agriculturists.

3d. Competitors must report their names to the Society in person or through the Secretary in writing at some meeting prior the First Monday in June next. HENRY T. MASSEY, Sec.
March 18, 1882—3t.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN W. FRANCIS,
late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 21st day of Sept., 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of March, 1882.

HARRY S. FRANCIS,
March 25—4t. Adm'r.

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

JOSHUA WALBERT,
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 3d day of October 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of March, 1882.

ISRAEL F. WALBERT,
March 18, 1882—4t. Adm'r.

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

EMELINE E. FRAZIER,
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 26th day of September, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of March, 1882.

WM. B. USILTON,
March 11—4t. Executor.

Ratification Notice.

H. C. Kennard and J. A. Pearce, executors of T. C. Kennard,
versus
James M. Davis, Hannah Melvin.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, January Term, 1882.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of James M. Davis, made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of May 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 8th day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
March 11, 1882—4t.

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.

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.
jan38-tf. CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

PUMPS. PUMPS.
REMOVAL.

SAMUEL GORMAN, Practical Pump Maker, has removed to Calvert street, opposite Wm. Burke's shoe shop. j7-tf.

BELTING!

WE offer the Farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties,

Rubber or Leather Belting,

as low as can be bought in the city; 2, 3 or 4-ply Rubber Belting, best quality always on hand. Give us a call, and you will find it to your interest.
March 4, 1882. T. L. HINES & CO.

CHAIN and ROPE TRACES, Plow Lines, Plow Hames, Back Bands and Buckles, Plow Shears, Points, Landsides, Mould Boards, &c., by
mh11. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

TRAVILLA
Poultry Yards!

I AM now prepared to furnish EGGS for setting from the following varieties of Land and Water Fowls, and guarantee them as pure as I shall use myself:

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys	$3 per 13 Eggs.
White Holland Turkeys	3 " " "
Light Brahmas	2 " " "
Plymouth Rocks	2 " " "
Houdans	2 " " "
Pekin Ducks	2 " " "

Two settings of Chicken or Duck Eggs for $3.

I shall have no Langshan or Embden Geese Eggs for sale. EDW. SLAUGHTER,
mh18-3m. Chestertown, Md.

LANDRETHS'
GARDEN SEED!
FRESH, GENUINE, RELIABLE.

A FULL STOCK NOW ON HAND.

An examination of our stock is requested. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any one else.—Our long experience in the seed business enables us to select the choicest and most suitable kinds for our climate.

Market Gardeners will find it to their interest to buy from us.

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.

Our prices are very moderate.
March 4, 1882.

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 IDEA

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.

FRESH GROCERIES
UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

SUGAR, COFFEE,

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN
Feb. 5, 1882—tf.

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.

BEST brands of FLOUR, viz: Clifton Mills, White Rose, Snow Flake, &c., constantly on hand and for sale by bbl., bag or lb. R. F. PARKS.

MILLINGTON
BREAD AND CAKE BAKERY.

HAVING located in Millington for the purpose of carrying on the Bakery business, I am thoroughly prepared to supply the public at short notice with

BREAD, CAKE,

and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds, at city prices.

We keep a full assortment on hand at all times. CHARLES CUMMINS,
Feb. 18—6m. MILLINGTON.

TO THE LADIES!

Miss Mamie Nertney & Mrs. Sarah E. Legg,
Will continue
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKING,

at the old stand at Rock Hall Cross Roads.—Thankful for the very kind and generous support we have received in the past, we hope to continue in your confidence and appreciation.
March 25—3t.

T. G. WROTH. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
HAVE OPENED A
NEW STORE
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Next to J. K. Aldridge's.

Everything New,

Bought for Cash at Best Cash Rates, and will be sold accordingly.

We keep a full line of

DRY GOODS,
SHOES, GROCERIES, NOTIONS,

SEGARS, TOBACCO, CROCKERY, and everything usually found in a First Class Store.

A LADY'S nice KID GLOVE will be sold for a dollar. Every pair guaranteed not to rip or tear.

Eggs, Butter, Lard, Poultry and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices. Give us a call.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
Feb. 18, 1882. CHESTERTOWN.

SUITS made to Order
AND
FITS GUARANTEED.

A SPLENDID LINE of SAMPLES.
CALL AT
WHEATLEY BRO.'S, Up Town,
and examine their line of SAMPLES for Spring and Summer wear. They guarantee a fit in every case or no sale. WHEATLEY BROS.
March 11, 1882.

HAND & PRIMROSE
HAVE JUST RECEIVED AT THEIR
New Carpet Store
135 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE,
A FRESH STOCK
of the Latest Patterns of
OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUM,
MATTINGS, &c.
Feb. 11, 1882.

WALL PAPER.
HOWELL & BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
Wall Papers & Window Shades,
260 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Being desirous of enlarging their trade with Country Merchants, are prepared with their large stock to offer goods at prices that defy competition. We will send Sample Books of Wall PAPERS FREE OF CHARGE, to all Country Merchants who will apply to us by letter for the same.

WINDOW SHADES of every quality and variety at lowest prices. mh11-m.

NEW STORE!

HAVING opened a new store at the old stand opposite Voshell House, I am now prepared to furnish the general public with a full line of

GROCERIES,

such as Flour, Meal, Buckwheat, Syrup, Molasses, Meat, Coffee, Sugar, Tea; Salt and Dried Fish, Canned Fruit, Hominy, Rice, Crackers, &c. Also, a choice line of

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

I have also just opened a choice line of Glassware, Queensware and Tinware, all of which I am selling at bottom prices.

I have also good country Lard, and good Cider Vinegar.

BOOTS & SHOES I am selling at cost.

Choice line of Tobacco and Cigars of the best brands A good smoke for 3c.; or 2 for 5c., and other articles too numerous to mention.

Give me a call and convince yourself that this is a Cheap Store, and where you can find everything kept in general stock.

GEO. E. CASEY.

N. B.—Highest market price paid for Country Produce. Lard wanted; cash paid for it if required. fe18.

CLOVER SEED FOR SALE.

Farmers, don't forget this important fact, that in a few days R. F. PARKS will endeavor to show the best Seed for the least money.

Very respectfully, R. F. PARKS.
Jan. 21—tf.

BEST assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Queensware, Glassware, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Carpeting, &c., at R. F. PARKS'.

A FRIEND.

You ask me why my face is sad?
Why my steps are heavy and slow?—
I have lost the truest friend I had:
The truest a man could know.
All the old times are o'er,
Twenty years and more,
Since first I called him my friend; and so
My heart is sick and sore.

Would you know when first we met?
'Twas a day that one does not soon forget.
We had fought through the sultry night,
We had fought through the blazing day,
And over the plains we were speeding away
(Like seabirds scudding before a wind),
With our number sorely and sadly thinned;
Unconquered even in flight,
I on my horse's neck sunk low,
Bleeding and faint from a treacherous blow
Dealt by the deadly hand of a foe.

Those who were with me drew rein
Now and again
To give me water, to ease my pain;
Till one looked suddenly round and cried,
"See, the enemy! There they ride!"
And pointed away to the far hill-side,
Where, in the darkness beginning to fall,
Was a cloud of dust—and that was all.

All? enough, for out of the cloud
A lance's sheen at times was seen,
And some spake low and some spake loud;
"We must not tarry; our force is small;
For the sake of one to surrender all
Were folly and sin." So I rose and cried,
"Linger no more, my friends, but ride!
Save yourselves; why tarry for me?
I will wait for the enemy."
There was no time for more;
I could not say "farewell" before
They had swooped away o'er the barren plain,
And lifting my eyes, I saw again
The horsemen riding silently.

My heart sank, heavy as lead,
When I thought of my lonely end,
How soon I should lie on the cold earth, dead,
Abandoned by foe as by friend!
"The vultures will scream and wait,
The greedy kites hover above me,
And a line in a paper will bear my fate
To the ears of those who love me."

I had stumbled down from my horse,
And watched the riders flee,
When one of them changed his course,
And rode straight back to me;
Then for a moment my heart
Halted and bounded fast
At once with pleasure and pain and smart
Of a hope too bright to last.

Could it be really true?
Was it merely a message he bore to me?
Or could he be going to linger?—he,
Whom only by name I knew;
The bravest man of our company!

With a half-shamed smile he came,
Flung himself down on the sand,
Said—"They are not to blame.

Yet scarce can I understand
How all of them leave you alone to die;
I cannot do it at least, not I.
You would do as much, I am sure, for me;
Let us smoke a pipe together," said he.

With a silent grasp of the hand,
With a stifled sob in my throat, may be,
We sat together upon the sand,
And laughed and chatted right merrily;
Our hearts were never more light,
Even death to us both looked bright,
For I had a friend at my side—and he—
Well! never more happy, I say, were we
Than in waiting for death that night.

We sat and we talked awhile,
And the horses' feet drew near;
Then he rose and said, with his careless smile,
"For our lives! let us sell them dear."
So down in a moment they came,
And the sabres gleamed like flame,
But out of the dust and din had rung
The voice of a friend that called his name
In the kindly English tongue.

All a mistake! for they
Were friends, not traitorous foes.
Some semblance of color—somesun-beam's ray—
How the error befell, who knows?
We were safe, and he, my friend,
He helped me back to life,
And we stood by each other in joy and strife
To his own life's gallant end.

It is nearly twenty years ago
Since we first looked death in the face together,
With sinking sun in our eyes aglow,
Side by side in the tropic weather.
Now he has left me; but well I know,
In my last great struggle with death's cold pain,
He will once more, as he turned before,
And give me his hand again.

—*From Good Words.*

Published by Request.

PASTORS AND PEOPLE.

Loyalty to church and priest is a topic of great interest and importance in these days. When faith burns brightly in the heart, this loyalty is never wanting. Disloyalty indicates a dying out of faith, and often precedes its total loss. This disloyalty is seen in the readiness with which *half* Catholics *take up* and *repeat* any *silly tale* against their pastor, put an evil interpretation on his acts, misconstrue his motives, and seem happy in repeating to his friend and foe injurious insinuations, as well as direct slander and calumny. In all there is proof of want of love, and even of ordinary respect for their priest. While he condescends to the weaknesses of his parishioners and humors their notions of right and wrong, he is acceptable and pleasing to them; when as in duty bound, he opposes their mistaken and erroneous ways of thinking in matters of Catholic faith and morals, this spirit of disloyalty appears.

They forget that the priest is the anointed minister of sacred things; that he stands at the altar to offer up the awful sacrifice of Calvary; that he is an appointed preacher of eternal truths; that, in the tribunal of penance, he pronounces the absolutions over the repentant sinner; that at the hour of death, he stands by the bed of the dying sinner to help him pass from earth to heaven with all the means of mercy and grace belonging to his holy ministry.

All this is lost sight of in the moment of passion because the truth is little known and cherished. Like faith itself loyalty is a tender plant easily dwarfed and destroyed. No one can calculate the amount of harm to religion that is brought about by these disloyal Catholics. A few men in a parish or congregation suffice to stir up troubles, and impede every good work.

They are able to poison some minds, and plant suspicion in others. They furnish arguments acceptable to the passion and prejudices of the people. If the pastor shuts his ear to parish gossip, he is ignorant of the obstacle in his way, but yet realizes that his way is blocked by some unseen force.

The mischief wrought by these disturbers of the unity and harmony of a congregation is beyond calculation. The measure is not to be found in the sin of the disaffected parishioners, but in all its active influence on others, working and moving in a parish for years. The young of the parish hear the talk, imbibe its dangerous spirit and learn to act and speak like their elders. Worse than all, *parents* addicted to this sinful habit indoctrinate their children with sentiments of disobedience and disloyalty to priest and church. These unwise parents know not that the principle underlying God's command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," includes the duty of respect and obedience to all legitimate superiors, and especially to all who hold the sacred relationship of father to their spiritual children.

BREEDERS OF MISCHIEF.—These breeders of mischief—the soreheads and malcontents of a parish—usually seize on some trifling defect, or fancied neglect on the part of their pastor, as the basis of their machinations. The grain of truth, or the *larger grains of supposed truth*, answer every purpose when dealing with the discontented, the ignorant and the young. Before the scandals thus engendered dies out, faith has passed away from many, and others have ceased to comply with religious duties. These croakers become in some measure responsible for the perpetuation of this moral pest. Were they to discountenance the fomentors of ill-will, and impose silence on the ill-natured talkers, the evil would soon come to an end. A CATHOLIC BISHOP TO HIS FLOCK.

THE members of the lower House of Congress who attended the Garfield funeral have put in a bill for "$1,700 paid for champagne, brandy, whiskey, cigars and lunch," the cocktails alone being put down at $300. It is significant that all reporters were excluded from the railroad train on which these law-makers of both parties traveled. What a lot of trouble those fellows with the pencil do preserve us from, to be sure.

BURIED ALIVE.

"I wish I were dead!" exclaimed Jake Porter, in an irritable tone.

"Why so?" asked a cherry voice behind him.

"Because I don't see any use in living if I've got to dig in the mines all my days. Some people seem to have all the good things in this world, and others nothing but hard work. There's Ruff Hare, a lazy, stupid fellow at school, going off now to travel, with plenty of money to spend, and all the airs of a grand gentleman, just because his father had the luck to buy a bit of land with a rich vein of coal in it; while here am I toilin' and moilin' in the dirt from morning till night, when I might be something or somebody if I had a chance'—

"And were selfish enough to leave your mother and sister to take care of themselves. Well, now, suppose like me, you were blind, and had not seen the sun for twenty years; and could only earn enough to keep soul and body together by slate-pickin' in the Breaker?"

"I couldn't endure such a life; and I don't see how you can always be so cheerful and contented," replied Porter, looking at his companion half-pitifully, half-contemptuously, as one lacking the fine nature to feel privations as he did.

"I can hear the birds sing and feel the warm sunshine this bright May morning. I'm not as bad off as poor Jake Fossett, a helpless cripple, on his back, with no end of pains and aches," replied the blind man, in the same cheerful voice. "I tell you, young man, you better count your mercies, instead of bein' allers complainin', or some time you'll find you've less to count."

Here the two parted to go to their separate tasks; but Porter went to work with his heart full of discontent. There were several men digging in the vein of coal beside him. After an hour or two had passed they all noticed a rumbling and creaking which they thought came from the roof, and fearing that would fall, they began examining it to see if any portion appeared disturbed.

But the noise soon became so violent that they ran into the heading. They had scarcely reached it when the floor of the vein heaved up, opened, and a volume of gas rushed out, filling the whole place.

Porter darted into a passage leading inward from the breast. The other men ran forward, and their lamps set fire to the gas, which instantly caused a terrible explosion. Porter being behind the explosion which always takes an outward course, was stunned only, and slightly injured by being dashed against the coal.

When he recovered from the shock, he was in total darkness, but on re-lighting his lamp he discovered that a dense wall of rock and coal had been thrown down, and effectually barred his escape to the shaft.

Still he felt quite sure that he could find another passage out, and turning up the tunnel, he walked on for a long distance, over shattered woodwork and through narrow stoops, hoping at every turn to see light ahead.

It was a part of the mine he had never explored, it having been worked out and virtually abandoned. To his unspeakable horror, the tunnel he had been following led him to a large cell, from which there was no further advance. He searched round and round, but only the cold dripping rocks and black dirt met his eyes.

He turned and began painfully to retrace his steps, thinking he might possibly have overlooked some other passage; but no other passage was to be found, and the fearful conviction was forced upon him that he was buried alive.

The air was so foul near the scene of the explosion, he could not breath there; but he walked back and forth in the dark passage, shouting until he was exhausted, yet hearing only the mocking echo of his own voice. Hope of escape almost left him when he thought how long it might be before help could reach him, for it was impossible for him to make his position known.

How every circumstance of his past life rushed back upon his memory, and especially the feeling with which he begun the day. What would he give now for a gleam of sunlight, one sound of a human voice to break that deathlike silence!

The air was purer in the fartherest cell, and there at last in utter despair he threw himself down, praying that God in mercy would let the end come soon. And unconsciousness did come, but it was the quiet sleep that exhausted nature demanded.

The light of his lamp flickered fainter and fainter, till all was total darkness, yet he slumbered as peacefully as when in his bed at home. But the waking came, and the reality of his position burst upon him with renewed horror. He found his pick was still at his side, and he resolved to grope his way back to the scene of the explosion and work at the wall till he died or escaped; anything was better than inaction.

As he turned to the wall and was feeling for the tunnel, in creaping round a projecting rock, he saw a faint gleam of light that seemed like a glowworm.

He put his finger over the spot and felt cold air coming against it. Was it possible that this was an aperture that might be enlarged? Instantly, yet cautiously, he struck the spot with his pick, and after a few blows, more light was admitted.

Hope now nerved him, and scarcely stopping to take breath, he struck at the rock until the opening was so large he could pass through his hand and feel the warm sunshine upon it.

With a shout of joy he began to pick the earth again, but his random blows brought down more coal than he intened should come. He saw that all danger was not yet over and that he must use caution were he struck, or he might yet lose his chance of escape.

Slowly now, hour after hour he toiled, bracing up the opening he was making as he worked, till it was large enough for him to pull himself thro'.

As his head emerged to daylight, he looked eagerly about him to see where he was. To his surprise he found himself scarcely half-way up a deep hole, where the mine had caved in.

He remembered the spot and wondered how he could reach the top; for there was nothing on the sides of the hole that he could cling to, to draw himself out of it.

Yet to feel the warm sunshine, see the green trees and hear the birds was a pleasure in itself he had not expected to enjoy again, and some one would surely pass the opening ere long. After what seemed very weary watching, he heard a voice whistling in response to the song of the quails, and he shouted aloud for help.

"What's the matter here?" shouted some one, and looking up, Porter saw his blind friend.

"Don't come too close to this cave-in," he cried, to caution him. "But go tell some men to bring a rope and haul me up. I've been buried alive in the mines, but have dug myself out so far, and now want help."

"Why, if it ain't Jack Porter! We thought you were killed in the explosion yesterday, with all the other poor fellows that were workin' in the vein. Any one else with you?"

"No, I jumped behind the fall and that saved me. But you don't mean to say that it happened yesterday? Why it seems as if I had been buried four months."

"Yesterday morning at nine o'clock it burst like an earthquake. An' they's digging down there now, while yer mother an' sister are waitin' at the shaft, with the other poor women, to see yer scortched body brought up, as all that's left of you. But I reckon yer glad you ain't dead, after all. Have you found out yet that there's anything worth livin' for?"

"I don't think you'll hear me complaining again. If I get out of this, I mean hereafter to work above ground under the light of God's sunshine. But please get the men and help me out."

"Well, well, my keen hearin' served you a good turn, now I'll send those who have eyes, to serve you another. It'll be a resurrection to a better life, if you have learned to count your mercies, and not be allers grumblin' over what you haven't got."

AN IDLE POET.

'Tis said that when the nightingale
His mate has found,
He fills no more the woodland deep
With songful sound.

I sing not since I found my love,
For, like the bird's,
My heart is full of song too sweet,
Too deep for words.

A YOUNG man went to a barber shop to be shaved. It was the first time that any other hand than his had performed that operation, and he had allowed his beard to grow for a week in order to appear as if he needed shaving. He sat down in the chair. The barber passed his hand slightly over his cheek and said, "Shaved once to-day, sir, haven't you?"—*N. Y. Post.*

A YOUNG LADY admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" inquired the old lady, in a tone of indignation. "Mother," replied the young lady, "I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other cheek."

THE "INDIA RUBBER MAN."

DOCTORS TUGGING AND WONDERING AT HIS ELASTIC CUTICLE.

From the New York Sun.

The "India Rubber Man," who has been a source of astonishment to medical men in Germany and England, arrived here on Tuesday, and was yesterday afternoon the subject of an examination by physicians and surgeons at the Ashland House where he is stopping. Herr Heinrich Haag, the curiosity in question, is a native of Nuremburg, is a simple-minded upholsterer, innocent of any other language than German. Herr Haag is a lightly built German with reddish-brown hair, sandy moustache and whiskers, and blue eyes, and weighs only 130 pounds. The most critical observer seeing him in a state of repose, would fail to find anything queer about him. But all the medical men gasped when, seizing the skin of his throat, he hauled it up so far as to completely mask his face up to the eyebrows. Then he drew down the skin over each eye so as to lap over on the cheek, pulled the skin at the point of his nose down to his chin, clutched the skin of his breast and hauled it a good seven inches from his body, reached over his shoulder and dragged up flaps of skin that looked from the front as if he was dragging an India rubber blanket over his back and seizing the skin of his knee, drew it out so far that he twisted it up in a knot as one might a wet towel. Whenever the skin was let go it glided back smoothly into place without a wrinkle, and looked like anybody else's skin. The doctors crowded around the India-rubber-skinned man, tugging his cuticle in all directions, held lights behind the broad, loose flaps of it, and slightly scorched it in their eagerness to see the circulation of the blood in the delicate blood vessels of the skin. Mr. Haag showed a large scar on his right arm, where Professor Leube, of Erlangen, cut out a piece of skin to get at the bottom facts about it. The scar has not grown fast to the flesh underneath, but pulls six inches away, as if it was merely a patched or darned spot in a loose garment. Professor Leube found that there was no sub-cutaneous fat, there was a strange lack of tissue between the skin and the flesh, and that the porous processes fixing the skin to the deep fascia are loose and long. Mr. Haag is to be made the subject of a lecture to the students in the University Medical College on Tuesday next at 1 p. m., when a calcium or electric light will be employed to show the circulation of the blood in his skin. The doctors agreed that his is a surprising case of dermatolysis, or "slipper skin."

NOT A MODERN ROMANCE.

Pogama—My dear I must go out on business again to-night.

Regina—My dear, you didn't find it necessary to go away from me on business almost every night before we were married.

P.—No, my dear, but my business then was to marry you.

R.—And you enjoyed my company then?

P.—I did, my dear. I wasn't so sure of you as I am now, my dear.

R.—Well, you are candid enough at any rate.

P.—I am, my dear; let us be honest with each other. You see we've talked each other out. You know me all through, and I know you.

R.—And home is a dull place, I suppose. And I'm not as interesting as before you married me.

P.—You put the case disagreeably plain, my dear. There's no need of serving up the truth raw in that fashion. But that's the size of it when you take the trimmings off.

R.—Very well, my dear, I'm going out too; I may be out till 2 a. m.; possibly till 3.

P.—Where—where are you going, my dear?

R.—To see a person on business.

P.—A person, a man or a woman? But it's a woman of course. And why so late?

R.—It's a person, my dear. And it's business. Business is business, you know.

P.—But a respectable woman has no business to be out with such a person at such an hour. Above all, a wife.

R.—And why a wife any less than a husband, my dear?

P.—Because—because it ain't the thing you know. A man's business keeps him out late. At least some men's business does. Mine does.

R.—And henceforth mine does, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, my dear. I'm going to see something of life. Home is dull. You're right my dear. You were interesting before I married you. But now we know each other all through, you know. Come, let's be honest with each other. Sauce for the gander ought to be the goose's sauce, hadn't it, my dear? Sauce piquante. Good-bye. I'm off for greener fields and pastures newer.

P.—No you don't my dear.

R.—Yes I do.

P.—You go out of that door and you don't come in again, my dear.

R.—I don't want to, my dear.

P.—What!

R.—I don't want to, my dear, I've got $1,000 of my own, and if your door is locked when I return I shall hire a door of my own and lock you out my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

P.—O come now, my dear; this is all nonsense. You won't do any such a thing. Come be sensible now.

R.—I am sensible, my dear. In fact, I've just got possession of my senses, as Mr. Fresh says. I can do it and I will. You know me well enough for that, don't you, my dear?

P.—My dear, I think I won't go out to-night.

R.—Neither will I, my dear.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

JUST THE GIRL.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the ladde-dah young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in the city. He managed, by not paying his washerwoman and tailor, to take her to the theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic known to the genius, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fears of a rival. When the time came and he found himself in the company of his Laura in her papa's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her dimpled little hand used only to tinkle the piano with, and said in a bronze voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed, grandiloquently: "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Court avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No dearest, but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl that is good-tempered, smart, economical, and who loves me! Darling, do you know such a one?"

Laura faintly, "Yes, oh yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my footsteps—who would rise early and sit up late for my sake?"

"O