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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

Notice

—TO—

FARMERS

Important Announcement

HUBBARD'S STANDARD BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE TRADE MARK

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO,

FOUND IN LARGE CAVES IN THE WEST INDIES.

The deposits were discovered some two years ago by the owners, who last Fall sent samples to this country by a sea captain, which we obtained, and by analysis found it to be very valuable, containing all the elements of plant food—being a complete fertilizer without manipulation. The Island was visited by our senior in December, 1882, for the purpose of exploring and contracting with the natives, the original owners, for the entire deposits, which arrangement has been effected. Samples, with full analysis made by Dr. G. A. Liebig, can be seen at our office, and the goods now in stock at our Factory *WILL BE PUT ON THE MARKET THIS SPRING* in connection with **Our STANDARD and EXTANT BONE SUPER PHOSPHATES,** at prices based upon cash value, adding interest upon all bills sold on time. Will also furnish the "O. B" from warehouse in Baltimore City to any parties desiring, large lots of which we propose to sell very close above the price of importation.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Feb. 17, 1883—13t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALES!

Entire Stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

WILL BE SOLD AT A **GREAT REDUCTION** FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY in order to make room for Spring stock. We mean business, and guarantee GREAT BARGAINS to EVERY BUYER. For want of space we can only mention a few articles and prices:

GOOD MELTON OVERCOAT .....worth $2.75 selling for.....$2 00
HEAVY CHINCHILLA " ..... " 5.00 " " 2 75
FINE " " ..... " 8.00 " " 6.00
" Double Bo. P. Overcoat, light and dark 6.00 to 12.00, selling for 4.00 to 8 00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Overcoats worth 2.50 to 3 50, selling for 2.00 to 6 00
All other fine Overcoats reduced in like proportion
MEN'S GOOD SUITS worth $7 00 ..... selling for $5 00
BUSINESS all-wool Suits " 11.00 ..... " 7.50
FINE DRESS " 15 to 18 00 ..... " " .....11 00 to 13.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits reduced in like proportion.

We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine. You will see for yourself that

The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Under the KENT NEWS OFFICE,

is the place to buy your Clothing.

Feb. 3, 1883. A. FRIEDMAN.

READ! READ!

The People Shall Know!

NEW BUSINESS DEPARTURE

J. B. SAPPINGTON

Has determined to offer GOODS at the following prices until further notice. He will sell

10 lbs. Standard Fine Granulated Sugar for $1.00.
10 lbs. good, clear Green Coffee for $1.00.
11 lbs. Ext. a C. (nearly white) Sugar for 99 cts.
10 lbs. Enterprise Roasted Coffee $1.40.
One pound fine R. A. Jah Tea for 60 cts.
8 lbs. good Roasted Coffee for $1.
4 lbs. pure Java Roasted Coffee for $1.
Genuine Gravely Tobacco 85 cts a pound and

ALL GOODS in the GROCERY LINE

EQUALLY LOW.

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS

AT

HARD PAN PRICES!

Lot of Boys' Shoes at HALF PRICE!

FLOUR.

We offer Clifton Mills F. F. F.
Kirkwood Mills Good Family,
Patapsco Superlative Patent,
Patapsco Family,
Patapsco Extra,
Orange Grove Extra
and other grades of Extra and medium brands. *We guarantee our Prices the LOWEST in Kent County.*

Glassware, Queensware, Stone and Woodenware. Oils. Molasses, Syrups. Bacon, Lard, Hams, Canned Goods, Dried Fruits, Hominy, Beans, Mince Meat, Fruit, Butter, Mackerel, Herring, and a general line of goods suitable to the people's wants.

We herewith tender our sincere thanks for past patronage and respectfully solicit a continuance of your favors, promising our best efforts to please.

Respectfully,

JAS. B. SAPPINGTON,

LEADER IN LOW PRICES,

Opposite Hodgins' Bakery and Confectionery,

Jan. 13, 1883. CHESTERTOWN.

SPORTSMEN, LOOK!

Guns, Shot by the lb. or bag; Caps, Shells, Wads, Shot and Powder Flasks, Breech Loading Implements, pat. Cleaning Rods, &c. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

WE PROPOSE TO KEEP A FULL LINE OF

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

and will be glad to supply Farmers with their PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, REAPERS, HORSE RAKES, SPRING TOOTH HARROWS, GRAIN DRILLS, &c.

Call and examine our stock.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

PLOWS! PLOWS!

The New REMINGTON CLIPPER

(CARBON METAL,)

is now acknowledged to be the culmination of Plow improvements. All we ask is for the farmer to take it home and try it before purchasing any other. He will say he has never seen its equal.

We respectfully refer farmers to J. Z. Clark, Fletcher Melvin, Lewis C. Justis, and others, as to the merit of the above Plow. For sale at city prices.

Hines & Clements

CHESTERTOWN.

Feb. 3, 1883—tf.

HAIR-DRESSING.

TO THE LADIES.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the Ladies of Chestertown and Kent county that Mrs. LIZZIE PRICE, of California, a First-class HAIR DRESSER, is stopping at Mr. William Perkins' Rising Sun Saloon—and will be glad to do any work for the ladies in her line. Calling when notified at their residences, or will do any work sent her.

I also manufacture Ladies' Switches, Hair Braids, Ventilated Front Waves, Rings, Chains, Breast-Pins, Shades all colors of hair, Bleach and Clean Gray. Hair of bereaved friends made into Flowers, Crosses and Wreaths.

All work promptly done.

She has worked at Cambridge, Easton, Oxford, Centreville, Queenstown and other places on the Shore — coming well recommended from the above places. Respectfully,

jan6-tf. LIZZIE PRICE.

CANNED MACKEREL and Cooked Corned Beef, at LAMBERT'S.

TREES! TREES!

A general assortment of NURSERY STOCK for sale:
20,000 First Class PEACH TREES;
10,000 Second " " " "
The late yellow canning varieties predominate.
10,000 Apple Trees, largely of Laukford's Seedling and Gresham.
6,000 Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees.
200,000 Strawberry Plants and a quantity of Raspberry and Blackberry Plants are specialties.

We will be pleased if customers will visit our grounds and view our stock.

Two Young Horses taken in exchange.

Catalogues now ready.

N. BARNARD,

fe10-10t. STANLEY P. O., MD.

WANTED!

3,000 LBS. Country MIDDLINGS,
3,000 lbs. " SHOULDERS,
2,000 " " HAMS,
2,000 lbs. LARD, 1,000 lbs. JOWLS,
2,000 lbs. Printed BUTTER,
2,000 doz. EGGS, for all of which we will pay good prices.

J. B. BURCHINAL.

We have a good article of New Orleans Molasses. J. B. BURCHINAL,

fe17-tt. Chestertown.

EGGS WANTED

I am paying the highest market price in CASH for EGGS.

Those having Eggs to sell will find it to their interest to call and see me.

A. SCHWARTZ,

fe10-tf. opp. Voshell House.

Travilla Poultry Yards!

FOR SALE:

20 Pairs Light Brahma Chickens, J. K. Felch's stock.
20 Pairs Plymouth Rocks.
5 Dark Brahma Cockerals, of Hulcome stock.
5 Trios of Pekin Ducks.

EDWARD SLAUGHTER,

jan6-3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

GO TO

J. W. BIRD'S

New Flour & Feed Store

(Nearly opp. the Voshell House, adjoining Mrs. L. J. Davis') to buy

ALL KINDS OF FEED,

such as FLOUR, MEAL, CORN shelled or in the ear; Oats, Bran, Chop, Ship, Middlings, &c., &c.

The best Cecil county HAY, in bales, kept constantly on hand.

Give us a call and be convinced that *our prices are the Cheapest in Town.*

Feb. 10—tf. J. W. BIRD.

BOOTS and SHOES

—AT—

LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF

James A. Shaw,

COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.

He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.

aug12. J. A. SHAW.

Don't You Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,

GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,

Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.

1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.

11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.

Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

THE PLACE

To Buy Harness.

MY WHOLE STOCK AT

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES!

Great reductions have been made for this Spring's trade. I can suit all, and guarantee satisfaction. After 14 years' experience in the harness business I feel that I can and will give satisfaction in all dealings.

Call and examine my stock of

COLLARS,
BRIDLES,
HALTERS,
HARNESS,
SADDLES,
WHIPS,
BITTS,

TRUNKS, and a full stock of everything in my line. Be sure and call at

J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.,

next door to C. F. Stam's drug store, if you want anything in the Harness line. I can accommodate you at lowest prices.

REPAIRING

of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD,

March 1. Court Street.

"SYLVY'S PIANNER."

BY MRS. DENISON—AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE," &c., &c.

"Abner, I do think now you're prospering real well, you might git Sylvy a pianner."

This was said by Mrs. Dow, on a Monday morning, to Abner, her husband, as he finished his second cup of coffee, and gave a little cough, preparatory to moving back his chair. Abner Dow was a thin, wiry man, with a not very prepossessing countenance save when he smiled.—That smile always made mother and daughter ready to condone many an offense thoughtlessly given.

The room was the large kitchen of a farmhouse, scrupulously clean, and full of sunshine.

Outside—was it the song of some strange bird, carroling? No, only the musical voice of "Sylvy," as they always called her, singing beside the morning glories, as she swung and rubbed and wrung out the clothes of the day's wash.—It was a voice utterly untrained, yet sweet, ringing, vibrating—trilling like the canary, warbling like the nightingale.

"Ma, now don't bring that up again. Sylvy is the daughter of plain farmer folk. I don't want no notions put in her head of that sort.—Besides she'll marry some good man a little forehanded, I hope, and then she don't want no pianner. I wouldn't hev one in the house."

"Seem's if she might have somethin' she wants," said his wife.

"I d'no; I guess she has everything she needs. Didn't I git her two bran new dresses, last week? Don't she look's well as any of the girls about here? Don't she sing in the choir? What else does she want?"

"Well, 'taint quite that," said the mother; "she ain't like the other girls, not most-ways, Sylvy ain't. And you ain't a poor man, nather. You could afford a couple o' hundred dollars or more, for what would give her so much pleasure. She's savin' up herself, poor child, and she's got more'n fifty dollars just on the eggs and garden things. I s'pose by the time she's thirty she'll have money enough to buy one herself;" said the woman with a dreary smile. "She works hard enough, if that's all, and she's willin'. If I was her father, 'stead of her mother, she should hev it; but I don't hold the purse-strings," and she sighed again.

The voice and the sigh followed the man all that day. Abner was what is called close—"Yea," said his Quaker neighbor, "friend Abner is a very 'near' man."

"Why, mother, what is the matter?" queried Sylvia, standing back among the morning glories, a happy light in her laughing gray eyes, as her mother took her place at the rinsing tub.—"You look for all the world as if you'd been crying."

"It's the smoke, I s'pose;" was the quick reply, as the woman's gray head bobbed up and down. "It allers reds my eyes;" and Sylvy, satisfied, went on singing. What mattered it to her that every minute of her time was filled up with homely duties? She had her voice, sweet, clear, electrical, and it obeyed all her moods.—Some time she would have the dearest wish of her heart gratified—if she lived long enough, she could buy a piano for herself, no thanks to anybody. She knew her father was considered a rich man, but some way it never seemed to enter her mind to ask him for a piano. If only there were fairies now! she sometimes thought; if only some wonderful thing might happen!

Meantime, Abner, tired with his morning's work, sat down under the shade of a fine chestnut tree, and the subject uppermost in his mind was Sylvy's pianner. It had been rung on so many chances by his wife, the last three or four years, that it came to be the last thought at night and the first one in the morning.

"I don't see what the girl wants of it," he muttered. "A new pianner 'll need new carpets and cheers to keep it comp'ny, and lots of other things we don't need. The idee of a pianner! it's a piece of extravagance!"

Still his wife's sad face haunted him, and Sylvia's sweet face and glorious voice and dutiful ways all seemed so many incentives pressing him toward his duty. He saw the very place where the piano would stand between the little old cabinet, brought from abroad by his Swiss grandfather, and the cupboard in the corner, made and carved by his father; two veritable works of art, of which he hardly knew the value. Taking an old letter and the stump of a pencil from his pocket, he began to fill the former with figures, and then, smiling and frowning together, he got up and went in to dinner.

"I'm goin' to the city to-morrer, Liddy," he said that night: you kin git out my best things, for I s'pose I must call to Sam'ls."

"How I'd like to go there!" half sighed Sylvia; "and I wish you would buy me a little red feather—just one. The girls will tell you what kind, if you ask them. They know all about such things."

"Yes, I reckon, they do;" said her father, grimly. "They show what dressin' to kill, and pianner playin' an' all that brings gals to—" he added with an attempt at severity. "I don't want you to be like them Sylvy. I don't hanker to go there either, but Sam's my brother, and though his wife ain't to my notion, nor his daughters ither, still I s'pose I must do my dooty."

Abner went to the city, feeling very uneasy in his high hat, and pulling off the gloves Sylvia had coaxed him to wear, the minute he reached the cars. From one music store to another he plodded his weary way, mentally enraged at the prices asked.

"Why, I could buy Joe Stoddard's twenty-acre piece for less'n that money," he muttered again and again. "That's common sense, for I shall leave it all to Sylvy. I ain't a goin' to listen to no more of their nonsense, that's all about it."

With slower steps he approached the palatial mansion of his merchant brother, a splendid house, beautiful without and within.

"Uncle Abner! good gracious!" exclaimed Rosa, the eldest girl, as she rose from her seat in the up-stairs sitting-room. "Well, I suppose we must make the best of it—he is such a country gawky. I hate to have him to dinner. I know Hawkins will laugh at him."

Hawkins did laugh at him in his sleeve, as the saying is. Hawkins was one of the most aristocratic of serving men, and the whole household stood in awe of him. And not only Hawkins, but Mrs. Dow, resplendent in diamonds, Lily, the beauty and youngest of the family, and the superb Miss Rose, all laughed at their country relative. His mistakes were many, and some of them ludicrous. He would eat with his knife, and scrape the crumbs up, and ask what the finger bowls were for, and all with such utter unconsciousness of wrong doing that intensified the absurdity.

Of course he talked of pianos.

"The idea of getting a piano for that mean little house!" said Lily, *sotto voce*, to her sister.

"I wish he would buy ours," was the response; "then paps would be obliged to get us a new one, and I'd coax him for a grand."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dow after dinner, "and there's that lovely Swiss cabinet that I have always coveted so, and it is utterly out of place in that country house. Mrs. Jenks gave two hundred and fifty for hers—not half as valuable, for we know where this one came from, and it has a veritable history. If they could only be exchanged! We've had twelve years' wear out of the piano—and twelve years from now that cabinet in our family would be well nigh priceless."

The idea was broached to the merchant, who seized upon it at once. Then and there the old piano, magnificent as to polish and proportions, but sadly wanting as to its interior arrangements was exhibited: the farmer brother appeared delighted; the matter was talked over.

"I guess I'll do it," he said; "and as for the cabinet—as you call it—I call it a closet—why I don't set all the world by it, though Sylvy does. She reads all the magazines, you see, and she's got some queer notions about the value of old things, and rubs it an' polishes it as though it was gold. Yes, I guess I'll do it—but I'll sleep on it a night; that's my way, you know, Samiwell—an' I'll let you know in a day or two."

"*Any old thing will do for her.*"

These were the talismanic words that did the business for Sylvia. Why Abner should suspect what and whom they were meant for, as they came on the echo of a laugh down the wide staircase, when he was just leaving, who can tell? But all at once he felt his blood on fire, as he stopped on the steps of marble, and looked about him. He thought of the airs and graces of his nieces, their quiet, almost studied contempt of him and his homely manners.

"Any old thing'll do for her, will it? Not if you know yourself, Abner Dow," and without waiting for his indignation to cool, he went into the first music store he came to and paid four hundred dollars in cash for a new, and fortunately good, instrument.

"They wanted the old cabinet, did they?—to brag over, 'cause it come from a foreign country; well they can't have it," he muttered as he entered his own sunny parlor—"to him that hath shan't be given this time, nor with Abner Dow's consent."

Not a word did he say to the women folks about his purchase, but when the great van drove up to the door the day after, a happier girl or more delighted woman than Sylvia and her mother it would be hard to find.

"I knowed it," said Mrs. Dow, the tears running down her cheeks; "I felt it in my bones. Abner ain't the man to do things by halves—he's got something you may be proud of."

Abner was somewhere in the background, rubbing his hands and smiling grimly to himself, but when he felt two soft, round arms about his neck and such sweet kisses on his tanned cheeks, he hardly knew whether the tears he wiped from his old eyes were his or Sylvia's, but he did feel that he had never been so happy in his life.

Sylvia made the most of her charming gift. It was not many years before she was able to impart to others the instruction she had gained.

One morning Miss Rose Dow read the following from the city paper:

"The dwelling, barn and outhouses of an estimable farmer in Brairville, Mr. Abner Dow, were destroyed last night by fire, the inmates barely escaping with their lives."

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Dow, the brotherly instinct rising in the crisis to a clear sense of duty, "I must have them all here at once. What a loss it will be to Abner! He must come here till he gets on his legs again."

"If he ever does," muttered Rose, under her breath.

Protest was useless. In affairs of moment Sam Dow was master in his own house, and by night the sufferers were lodged beneath his roof, and his women folks made the best of it. As for Sylvia, she, at least, entered upon a glorious campaign. Neither of her cousins could play as she did, and her voice made her hosts of friends.—Her mother kept in the background, but Sylvia, with her youth, and something better than beauty, her grand voice, that needed now but little cultivation to insure her a competence, captured hearts wherever she went.

Even her simple dresses, chosen with consummate taste, always set off with roses instead of jewels, made her the more the rage.

Before many months had gone by, she had accepted a situation as leading soprano in one of the best churches, at a salary that soon placed Abner and his wife in a home of fairer proportions than the old farm-house.

And the farmer was wont in after years, when Sylvia's fame became almost world-wide, and he, through her care, lived surrounded by comforts and even luxuries, to say with that smile that so rarely lighted up his homely face, that the best day's work he ever did for himself, was when he bought "Sylvy's pianner."

Lines on the Death of Sally—Brother James Kendall's Mare.

Sally is dead! Alas, poor Sally!
She fell sick and did not rally;
So the breath
Left her frail and suffering body—
(True, good stuff was she—not shoddy)—
A prey to death.

Her age was more than one and twenty,
Thro' all these years she had great plenty
Of hay and stuff;
But spite of oats and corn and fodder,
And the friend who oft had shod her,
Life fled at a puff.

No more with slow and steady tread
Wilt thou the funeral cortege head
Demurely.
Nor yet with livelier, gayer carriage
Hasten to the merry marriage
Securely.

Farewell, Sally! Thy days are over,
For thee no more may bloom the clover
Faithful friend!
Thy worth no poet's pen may tell,
Thy work is done, and done full well
Unto the end.

May we who knew thy gentle ways
Give thee the meed of honest praise,
Tell we too bow
To death's inexorable decree;
For even so we all must be
As thou art now. FAIRLEE.

"WASN'T THAT CLEVER?"

There is a story told to illustrate the ruling passion of the parrot, which may or may not be true, but it is as follows:

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, interspersed with acrobatic feats. At the end of each trick the sailors said:

"Now isn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

With each act of the performance their astonishment increased, and they kept muttering, "Wonder what he'll do next?" The parrot heard this exclamation so often that he picked it up.

Presently the Japanese tried to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks ignited at both ends, but, having his attention distracted, he allowed one of the sticks to drop.

Unfortunately, it fell upon a heap of fire-crackers, bombs, etc., which exploded, blew out the walls, blew off the roof, scattered the audience in all directions, and sent the parrot, minus one eye and its tail feathers, about four hundred yards.

As the bird came down with a flop, it shrieked, "Wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

WHY is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-plainer.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Wandering Woman and a Man With a Great Heart.

Mt. Hamilton Letter in San Jose Mercury.

On a recent Wednesday, at 10 A. M., Mrs. Ruger, who, with her husband and two children, lives near the summit of Mt. Day, the highest peak which lies to the north of Mt. Hamilton, left her home in search of her cows, which were but a short distance away. It was a cold, freezing day, raining and snowing alternately. The woman was slightly near-sighted and the stormy weather assisted in confusing her and she became bewildered and instead of going home, as she thought, she took the opposite direction and soon was hopelessly lost. About noon her husband became alarmed at her prolonged absence and went in search of her, and at night not getting any trace of her, aroused the neighbors, who are cattle-ranchers and wood-choppers, who live in the adjacent hills, and soon a dozen sturdy mountaineers were searching the rough mountain sides and deep gorges of Mt. Day.

Camp-fires were built all along the mountain sides, and the lurid glare shot up towards heaven, lighting up the deep gorges to guide the wanderer home. At daylight the following morning a systematic plan of search was arranged and each party took its course with the understanding that three signal guns should be fired in case she was found. Like all persons who are lost she crossed and re-crossed her tracks so that it was almost impossible to get a "hot" trail, owing to the rough nature of the ground. The party searched faithful till late in the afternoon, when one after another dropped and returned home, worn out with hunger and fatigued, to recuperate before renewing the search. No person thought it possible for the woman to live through the night, as she was thinly clad and bare-headed.

But there was one man in that crowd, an old mountaineer, who determined not to quit the search while a ray of hope remained of finding her alive, and, most wonderful to relate, he was successful. About 3 P. M. of the second day of search three signal guns were heard booming up the deep gorge through which Smith creek runs, proclaiming the glad tidings that the lost was found. I don't know whether there was "joy in heaven" or not, but I do know there was joy in this neighborhood, and many an eye glistened with tears of gladness. The man of whom I speak is J. R. Kincaid, or "Bob" Kincaid, as he is known all over the mountains, poor in this world's goods, but with a heart as big as Mount Hamilton, whose latch-string always hangs out, a hair for every tramp, dead-beat and sponge of the mountains, who never miss a meal and never pay a cent.

With the instinct of an old hunter, he divined her course and followed it to a successful end. He followed her for miles from her home, thro' the deep and almost impassable gorge below the junction of Smith creek with the San Isabella. Many places she had slipped and rolled twenty or thirty feet and one place three hundred. Yet, strange to relate, not a bone in her body was broken. When found she was just sinking into an insensible sleep, which would have known no waking. Kincaid took off his shoes and covered her naked feet, and his clothes and wrapped her in them, built a fire and rubbed her into semi-consciousness and with the assistance which the signal guns had brought he carried her to her home, which she reached at 10 o'clock P. M., just thirty-six hours from the time she left it, in an insensible condition, but in a fair way for recovery.

A FLOATING PALACE.

The Steam Yacht of a Railroad Magnate Approaching Completion.

Jay Gould's steam yacht, building at the shipyards of William Cramp & Sons, is rapidly approaching completion. At present the framework and deck, entirely comp sed of iron, are almost finished. Over the iron flush deck a wooden flooring will be laid. The frame is 225 feet long, 205 feet at the water line, with a 26-feet beam. Ordinarily loaded the yacht will draw about fifteen feet of water. The shape of the frame being well pointed at the bow, clean cut at the sides and nicely rounded at the stern, gives every promise that the desires of the owner and the expectations of the builders to make this the most complete and fastest sailing yacht in existence will be fully realized. Her rig will be that of a three-masted schooner and she will be provided with electric lights and carry a Herreschoff steam launch.

The cabins will be located in the forward part of the boat and the crew's quarters aft, after the model of James Gordon Bennett's yacht. The cabins and state-rooms will be ventilated by an improved steam fan, worked from the engine room. The cabins and nine state rooms will be furnished in the most magnificent style before the yacht leaves Cramp's yards. The floors of the state rooms are to be finished in hard and fancy woods, with porcelain bath tubs under them, containing fresh and salt water, which may be made hot at the occupant's desire.

The floors are to be movable and so arranged that a bath may be indulged in without the necessity of the inmate leaving his room. The upper wood-work of the state rooms will consist of satin wood, French walnut and mahogany, inlaid with various designs, specially made for the purpose. The furniture of each room will be distinct, one in scarlet and yellow, another in blue and gold, a third in ebony and so on. The upholstering of the apartments will be in tapestry, with embroidered needlework of various colors, so designed as to be in harmony with the general character of each room. There will be additional accommodations for thirty officers and room to carry coal sufficient for a trip of eighteen days' duration. Altogether it is estimated that the yacht will cost not less than $150,000.

HOT AND COLD DRINKS.

A correspondent of *Knowledge* calls attention to some of the disadvantages of hot drinks. Cold drinks, he says, are natural to man, though most people now-a-days are so used to hot drinks that they do not feel satisfaction—really stimulation—unless they have them. Hot drinks are injurious to the tongue, for they deaden its sensation, and, after taking hot soup or drink, the tongue becomes quite numb, and unable to taste the finer flavors of a dish. The teeth are greatly injured by them, and many dentists say caries (decay) is due to them alone. They crack the enamel, and thus allow caries to set in, hot drinks are a common cause of neuralgia.

Hot drinks are specially hurtful to the stomach. They cause irritation of the nerves of the stomach and consequent mild inflammation of that organ, so that after a hot drink the stomach is red and congested; in time a debilitated condition is set up. A temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit also destroys the active ferment of the gastric juice—pepsin—and so leads to indigestion. If the stomach is at all disordered, hot drinks give rise to much griping pain, and in many cases to vomiting.

In cases of diarrhœa, too, hot drinks only increase it, while cold ones tend to lessen it. Thirst is not common in winter, unless sugary, salty or hot-spiced foods have been taken. In cold weather the air contains more moisture than in hot, and in cold weather there is less perspiration. Hot drinks increase the volume of heat in the body, and if that is not required, it is quickly got rid of by the skin. Water is the best thirst quencher, but if simple food be taken the need of drinks will be small. Many vegetarians drink nothing from month to month, the only fluid they get being the juices of the fruits which they eat. But pleasant drinks, like tea, coffee, etc., may be taken lukewarm for a long time with little apparent damage. The least injurious is cocoa, made with plenty of milk, and allowed to stand until nearly cool. A good test is to apply the little finger to the drink, and if it be not hot to it, then it may be safely taken.

A CONSIDERATE SCHOOLMISTRESS.—Although happening some time since, it will bear repeating even at this late day: A schoolmistress in a neighboring township, who had long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen years, on one of the closing days of last term, kept him in, and undertook to whale him. He, however, disarmed her and returned several kisses for each blow. The schoolmistress unable to forgive this breach of discipline, looking him sternly in the face, and shaking her forefinger at him in a menacing manner, said solemnly: "William, I will give you precisely fifteen minutes to stop hugging me; and if you disobey me I shall punish you very severely!"

AN agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them at his residence. The German gave him the following directions: "You shoost goes behint de church; den you turns up de right for a vile till you come to von house mit a big hog in de yard. Dat's me. You forstein?"

EXAGGERATIONS.

"I'm almost dead! It is as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after the colt."

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" asked his father.

"I went over to Brigg's corner and back by the bridge."

"That is less than a mile and a-half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful. I don't suppose, if I'd taken it moderate, but I ran like lightning and got heated up."

"You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir, just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father, but I ran all the way, because the whole town would be here to-night to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew, reluctantly.

"Whom did you expect, Andy? I was not aware such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy and Tim told me they'd be round after school, and I wouldn't wonder if like came, too, that's all.

"The population of the town is five thousand, and you expect three of them; well as you are very sick, I'm glad no more are coming. You couldn't play with them at all."

"Sick?" cried Andrew, springing to his feet! "Who says I am sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking! I don't exactly mean what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running, you bet! There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them. Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep dog, and Rush's store dog, and two or three more, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"There looked to be fifty, any way," replied Andrew, somewhat impatiently, Carter's tenacre lot was full of dogs just making for me, and I guess you'd thought there were fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousand; have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know no better way to break you of this foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one and a-half miles in a straight line, expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home was nearly dead."

"Please don't, father, the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death, and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methusalah!"

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not. But that it will rather set them to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes, in time, so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit you indulge in every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales.

ATTACKED BY DOGS.

The Frightful Experience of Martin Meyers with a Pack of Famished Dogs.

From the Louisville Courier Journal.

A strange accident happened to a countryman named Martin Meyers last night. Nearly every one of the flooded-out houses in Portland and Shippingport have dogs hanging about them. These poor creatures, whose lives are at all times hard, have suffered very much during the past week. Their owners have found it as much as they could do to find food for themselves, and have paid no attention to their wretched followers. A great gang of half-starved curs of low and high degree have banded themselves together in the outskirts of Shippingport, and, seeking strength by union, are devouring whatever they can seize. Several children have been attacked and bitten severely in the last few days, but last night was the first time they made bold enough to attack a man. The frozen ground covered with snow, which hides their food, seems to have driven them to desperation. Martin Meyers, who has a little farm out on Eighteenth street road, five miles from the city, was coming in with a wagon loaded with hay last night, and to keep himself warm walked beside the wagon. He had just got beyond Broadway, when he heard a storm of snarls and growls, and then a long, hungry-looking brute pushed out of the darkness and sprang at his throat. He knocked the animal off, but a moment later a dozen shadowy forms were about him. His horses became frightened and dashed out Eighteenth street at a dead gallop, scattering his hay at every jump. The whole gang of wolf-like, half-starved creatures was now upon him, and Martin fought away desperately. He yelled for help, but the locality was a lonely one, and no help came to him. He began to think his last hour had come when he suddenly remembered what he had been too frightened to think of before, that he had a pistol in his pocket. He reached back for it and fired at a gaunt skeleton of a dog that was hanging to his right leg. The creature fell dead, and the rest of the pack, probably twenty-five in number, slunk off. Meyers was in an exhausted condition and could not have lasted much longer. His clothes were in tatters, blood was flowing from his arms and legs, and his body contained the imprint of a dozen voracious teeth. He found his horses about a mile from home, trembling and dripping with perspiration. Martin says he will never forget his night's experience.

"THINK OF THE DOG."

At Cassville, Ga., we had just taken seats on the veranda for the usual smoke and talk when up came two colored men who were evidently greatly agitated. One of them made inquiries for the justice of the peace, and, being told that he was out of town, he turned to the other and said:

"I'll leave dis case to any of dese gen'lem to decide on. What do you say?"

"I'll do the same."

It was a case where one owned a dog and the other owned four sheep. The sheep didn't care for dog meat, but the cur hankered after mutton and got it, killing the whole four. It was now a question of damages, and when a referee had been chosen the owner of the sheep remarked:

"De value of dem sheepses was three dollars apiece jist as they stood, sayin' nuffin 'bout de increase for next yeah."

"Yes; I reckons dey was wo'th all of dat," replied the dog owner.

"Then why don't you settle at that figure?" asked the referee.

"Bekase, sah, bekase ize got damages, too. I own up dat de dog killed de sheeps, an' I allows dat $12 am a fair price, but you oter seen dat d g when he cum home! Why, he was all over blood an' wool an' mud an' hurts, an' de hull fam'ly had to work over him all night to pull him frew. I claim, sah, dat he should knock off fo' dollars for de way my dog had to cripple hisself to git at de mutton!"

The referee couldn't see it in that light, and the dog man turned away with the remark:

"Werry well, sah, dis case will be tooken into law, an' if de law of Georgia doan' sympathize wid a dog who had fits an' shakes an' shibbers fur eighteen straight hours, den ize gwine to pack right up fur Tennessee."—*Free Press.*

He is a very small boy, just beyond the limits of babyhood. His precociousness is well recognized by those who know him, and sometimes people try to corner him in a logical way.

The other day some one took him up and asked him if he was not papa's boy.

He answered, "Yes."

"And are you mamma's boy, too?"

"Yes," replied Charlie.

"Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy both at the same time?" was asked him.

"Oh," replied Charlie, indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

"POET: "Well, how do you like my poem, which you ordered for your daughter's wedding?" Cobbler: "Admirably; I could have hardly done better