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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1884. No. 34.

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.

$16,872.13 worth of CLOTHING

And NOTIONS

AT YOUR COMMAND!

BORDLEY BROS.,

FULL STOCK OF CLOTHING

Will be CLOSED OUT at and BELOW COST!

In order to give us room for Improvements!

This stock of Clothing will be offered to the people at Manufacturers' first cost up to March 1, 1884. We are determined to sell the full stock if we have to sacrifice it as the season has been remarkably warm, and we have too many goods on hand.—Among this large stock of Clothing will be found the most useful and valuable CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and those who come first will secure the most desirable goods, and at such prices as to astonish all who give us a call.

Below will be found an inventory of stock as taken up to Dec. 5, 1883:

593 Overcoats,	all Descriptions, valued at	$ 4,376.50
472 Men's Suits	" "	3,924.85
216 Youth's Suits	" "	2,007.60
197 Boys' Suits	" "	1,576.29
268 Children's Suits	" "	1 030.00
137 Odd Coats	" "	529.38
437 Odd Pants	" "	1,213.50
103 Odd Vests	" "	175.00
		$ 14,833.12

Actually $14,833.12 of Clothing that MUST BE SOLD or SACRIFICED.

Unquestionably the largest, best and cheapest stock ever presented to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

INVENTORY OF NOTIONS:

Am't stock of Shirts—Laundried, Unlaundried, Percales, Chevoits, Blue Shirts,		$ 533.22
" " *Undershirts and Drawers*		627.37
" " *Handkerchiefs—Linen and Silk*		112.60
" " *Gloves—all descriptions*		239.40
" " *Hosiery—plain and fancy*		213.75
" " *Neckwear—all kinds*		175.86
" " *Suspenders*		136.75
		$ 2,039.01
Stock of Clothing	$ 14,833.12	
Notions	2.039.01	
		$ 16,872.13

LOOK! — $16,872.13 of CLOTHING and NOTIONS, MUST BE SOLD, and if you want Bargains now is your chance.

REMEMBER!—This is no bait, but actual facts, and as we propose to enlarge our store room we must get rid of this large stock of Goods, and in order to do so, we have marked them at actual cost of manufacture.

Resp'y,
Chestertown, Dec. 8, 1883. BORDLEY BROS.

15,000 Yards of Carpet!

Our Carpet Trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department.

We have now a beautiful Carpet Room filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS that the market can produce. Our stock consists in

Tapestries, Body Brussels, (with borders to match), Ingrains, Persian Damasks, Rags and Hemps, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired.

We have also a line of Floor Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Feltings, Window Shades, &c.

Remember you have FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS OF CARPET to select from, therefore come where you can get just what you want.

W. H. MOORE & Co.,
Oct. 20-3m. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

W. P. PATTERSON,
RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF

Breech and Muzzle Laoding Guns

RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

COMMISSION CARDS.

ESTABLISHED 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. R. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE FIRM OF BARKMAN & LAWDER was dissolved Dec. 17, 1883, by the death of JACOB BARKMAN. The business will be continued by the undersigned, under the firm name of Samuel M. Lawder & Son.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER,
R. FRANK LAWDER.
j5-3t.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,
For the Sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-y.

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Fruits, Produce, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Fish, &c.
Correspondence cheerfully answered.—Reference, Citizens' National Bank.
No. 2 BOWLY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, Md.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel, Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. jy26.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered. y

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO,
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
No. 92 *Lombard, and 5 Water Streets,*
BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

HUTCHINSON & HILL,
Commission Merchants,
(Of 324 N. Del. Ave., Phila.,)
HAVE OPENED A BRANCH HOUSE AT
183 Reade Street, NEW YORK,
which will be managed in person by WALTER S. HILL, formerly of this county. ag4-tf.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
112 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,
For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.
All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

THE OLD PLACE,

Opposite court-house between J. K. Aldridge's and T. W. Eliason is still in the lead in the

Confectionery Line.

We have by far the largest assortment in this line in town, and many goods that cannot be found elsewhere. We buy the best and sell as low as inferior articles are sold.

Try our CIGARS and be convinced that we are selling as good, if not better, than many others. Our 2 for 5 cannot be surpassed by any.

We have Chow-Chow, Pickles, Sauces, Catsups, Mustard, Cloves, Tamarinds, Canned Goods, Jellies, Sardines, Cocoa, Chocolates, Corn Starch and a great variety of goods which we cannot enumerate. Come in and see us,
SPARKS' opp. Court-House

Time! Time!! Time!!!

WE have just opened one of the largest and cheapest assortments of

CLOCKS

to be found in the county. We can sell a good striking Clock for $2.50.

We shall also open within the next few days the largest and most comple stock of

LAMPS

we have ever had. We intend to maintain our reputation for selling the cheapest and prettiest lamps in town.

We have a few Fine and Common

TEA SETS

which will be sold very low as we do not intend buying any more, unless by specipl order.

Our LINE of
GLASSWARE

is fuller than ever, and we can certainly please you in prices and quality. Be sure and come in and look at our goods before buying.

SPARKS'
Sept. 29. opp. Court-House

1884. THE DAY. 1884.

MORNING and EVENING.

ALL THE NEWS.

THE DAY for 1884 will embrace a Morning and Evening Edition.

THE MORNIMG EDITION will be an eight-page paper, cut and pasted, thus giving the most convenient form for perusal of a large newspaper, and enabling a better distribution of news and other reading matter, while allowing to advertisers the most attractive display possible.

THE Day will aim to be the very best vehicle of news and Organ of opinion. Its resources for gathering news are thorough, and it will not stint the account of matters of importance to a mere mention. It will gather its items from the whole world, and present them promptly and clearly, while it will give special attention to subjects of home interest.

The industrial resources of Maryland and the entire South will claim thorough and intelligent discussion, with a view to the promotion of whatever will tend to their healthiest development.

In its EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, THE DAY will expound Constitutional Democratic principles, promote the policy of the Democratic party, and foster the political interests of the entire people. To that end, it will speak the truth fearlessly and candidly in abiding conviction that whatever is clearly right cannot fail to be politic.

It will not, however, be confined to the domain of Politics, but give ample attention to Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Commerce, Mechanics, Manufactures, Agriculture, and every industrial sphere.

Its MARKET REPORTS, Domestic and Foreign, will be the fullest.

Its SHIPPING NEWS will be the freshest and most accurate.

PRICE TWO CENTS. Served by Carriers at twelve Cents a week. Mailed, postage paid, for Six Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents a month in advance.

THE EVENING EDITION of THE DAY will lose none of the vitality, force and energy that have made it a fireside companion in thousands of homes. It will have fresh Telegraph News, Local Reports and Editorial Matter, and will still commend itself as the VERY BEST ONE-CENT PAPER to be found. In price it will remain as at present—Six cents a week, served by Carriers. Three Dollars a year, or Twenty-five Cents a month, postage free.

Send in your subscriptions promptly.

ADDRESS—
"THE DAY,"
142 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

LOWER THAN EVER!
LOWER THAN EVER!

JUST RECEIVED a Lot of All-Wool INGRAINS, worth 75c., which I am offering for 55 and 60 cts. per yard.—Sales of Hundreds of Yards per day show that people are beginning to realize the fact that I mean everything I say, and that they can save money by buying of us. Very truly,
Dec. 8-tf. R. F. PARKS.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS!

CARPETS of Rags. CARPETS of Jute.
CARPETS of Cotton & Wool Mixed.
CARPETS of all Wool.

We invite the inspection of those intending to purchase carpets this fall and winter to the largest stock that has ever been kept in this market and at City Prices.

We have a large stock of floor and stair

OIL CLOTHS

5-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4, and also a variety of Stair Carpet.
Sept. 8-4m. J. B. BURCHINAL.

CARPETS!

GEO. E. CRANE. CURTIS E. CRANE.
CRANE BROS.,
Formerly of Queen Anne's County,

HAVE opened a NEW CARPET HOUSE at 67 W. BALTIMORE ST., opposite the DIME MUSEUM, and are showing the FINEST LINE of CARPETS ever offered in the City. They ask their friends to give them a call. Their expenses are small, and they guarantee to sell from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other house in the City.

CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS, &c., &c.,
all of the newest styles.

CRANE BROTHERS,
67 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Oct. 13-3m. opp. Dime Museum.

Fall & Winter Millinery
—AND—
Fancy Goods.

MRS. KATE GILL
Takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally that she has opened a full and complete assortment of new FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

HATS and BONNETS,
The Latest Styles Out.

Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Edgings, Tuckings, Ruffings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets and a complete line of Zephyr Knit Goods always kept on hand.
nov3. MRS. KATE GILL.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and Liver Pills,

For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch

Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice,
Headache and Constipation.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

Showing that Even When a Burgling, his Lot is Not a Happy One—Autobiography of an Artist—A Bit of Characteristic Nonsense by the Author of "Pinafore."

W. S. Gilbert in the London Dramatic News.

When I became eighteen years of age my father, a distinguished begging letter impostor, said to me: "Reginald, I think it is time that you began to think about choosing a profession."

These were ominous words. Since I left Eton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly and very idly and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge (Cambridge was a tradition in our family), but business had been very depressed of late and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straightened my poor father's resources.

It was necessary—highly necessary—that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much.

"If you like," said my father, "I will take you in hand and teach you my profession and in a few years, perhaps, I may take you into partnership; but, to be candid with you, I doubt whether it is a satisfactory calling for an athletic young fellow like you."

"I don't seem to care about it, particularly," said I.

"I am glad to hear it," said my father; "it's a poor calling for a young man of spirit. Besides, you have to grow gray in the service before people will listen to you. It's all very well as a refuge in old age, but a young fellow is likely to make but a poor hand at it. Now, I should like to consult your own tastes on so important a matter as the choice of a profession. What do you say? The army?"

"No, I don't care for the army."

"Forgery? The bar? Cornish wrecking?"

"Father," said I, "I should like to be a forger, but I write such an infernal hand."

"A regular Eton hand," said he. "Not plastic enough for forgery; but you could have a writing master."

"It's as much as I can do to forge my own name. I don't believe I should ever be able to forge anybody else's."

"'Anybody's else,' you should say, not 'anybody else's.' It's a dreadful barbarism. Eton English."

"No," said I, "I should never make a fortune at it. As to wrecking—why, you know how sea-sick I am."

"You might get over that. Besides, you would deal with wrecks ashore, not wrecks at sea."

"Most of it is done in small boats, I'm told. A deal of small boat work. No, I won't be a wrecker. I think I should like to be a burglar."

"Yes," said my father, considering the subject. "Yes, it's a fine, manly profession, but it's dangerous—it's highly dangerous."

"Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more."

"Well," said my father, "if you've a distinct taste for burglary I'll see what can be done."

My dear father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articled to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.

I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh.

"Burglary is a jealous mistress," said he. "She will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshippers."

And so I found it. Every morning at ten o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New-square, Lincoln Inn, and until twelve I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At twelve I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh and from two to four I had to devote finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglary in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me off to a house of which he knew all the particulars and order me to ascertain all about that house and its inmates—their coming and their going, the number of their servants, whether any of them were men and if so whether they slept in the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts and compliment or blame me, as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just and courteous, as became a highly polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore hessians.

After a year's probation, I accompanied him on several expeditions and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for the master of a house into which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern) and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments be conveyed to me.

I now set up on my own account and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money—about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda and papers generally he bequeathed to me.

As the chambers required furnishing, I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through his books for a suitable house to begin upon and found the following attractive entry:

Thurlow Square—No. 102.
House—medium.
Occupant—John Davis, Bachelor.
Occupation—Designer of Dados.
Age—86.
Physical Peculiarities—Very feeble; eccentric; drinks; Evangelical; snores.
Servants—Two housemaids, one cook.
Sex—All females.
Particulars of Servants—Pretty housemaid called Rachel; Jewess. Open to attentions; goes out for beer at 9 P. M.; snorer. Ugly housemaid called Bella; Presbyterian. Open to attentions; snores. Elderly cook; Primitive Methodist; open to attentions; snores.
Fastenings—Cubb's lock on street door, chain and bolts. Bars to all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but bar has no catch and can be raised with table knife.
Valuable Contents of House—Presentation plate from grateful æsthetes. Gold repeater. Mulready envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw" from 1834 to present time, 588 vols., bound limp calf.
General—Mr. Davis sleeps on second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at ten. No one in basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for purpose.

This seemed to me to be a capital house to try single-handed. At twelve o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a centre-bit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life preserver and a knife, and I set off at once for Thurlow Square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground and there was more to come. Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground floor without the least difficulty and made my way into the dining room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough—about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up so that I could carry it without attracting attention. Just as I finished I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver.

My first impulse was to rush at and brain him with my life preserver.

'Don't move,' said he, 'or you're a dead man.'

A rather silly remark to the effect that if I *did* move it would rather prove that I was a live man occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview.

'You're a burglar?' said he.

'I have that honor,' said I, making for my pistol-pocket.

'Don't move,' said he; 'I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar in order to test a favorite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move.'

I replied that I should be happy to assist him if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety.

'Promise me,' said I, 'that you will allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end?'

'If you will obey me promptly you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house.'

'You will neither give me into custody nor take any steps to pursue me?'

'On my honor as a Designer of Dados,' said he.

'Good,' said I. 'Go on.'

'Stand up,' said he, 'and stretch out your arms at right angles to your body.'

'Suppose I don't,' said I.

'I'll send a bullet through your left ear,' said he.

'But permit me to observe—' said I.

Bang! A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear. The ear smarted, and I should have liked to attended to it, but under the circumstances I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes.

'Very good!' said he, 'Now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I'll cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life-preserver.'

'But——'

'Ah, would you?' said he, cocking the revolver.

The 'click' decided me. Besides, the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far it would carry him. So I tossed my life-preserver to him. He caught it neatly.

'Now take off your coat and throw it to me.' I took off my coat and threw it to him diagonally across the room.

'Now the waistcoat.'

I threw the waistcoat to him.

'Boots,' said he.

'They are shoes,' said I, in some trepidation lest he should take offense when no offense was really intended.

'Shoes then,' said he.

I threw my shoes to him.

'Trousers,' said he.

'Come, come, I say!' exclaimed I.

Bang! The lobe of the other ear came off.—With all his eccentricity, the old gentleman was a man of his word. He had the trousers, and with them my revolver, which happened to be in the right-hand pocket.

'Now the rest of your drapery.'

I threw him the rest of my drapery. He tied up my clothes in the tablecloth and, telling me that he wouldn't detain me any longer, made for the door, with the bundle under his arm.

'Stop,' said I. 'What is to become of me?'

'Really, I hardly know,' said he.

'You promised me my liberty,' said I.

'Certainly,' said he. 'Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the window, you will have no difficulty in clearing the area railings.'

'But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?'

'No,' said he, "nothing at all; good-night.'

The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led up stairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody in the morning. For some time I looked in vain for something to cover myself with. The hats and great coats were no doubt in the inner hall, at all events they were not accessible under the circumstances. There was a carpet on the floor, but it was fitted to the recesses of the room, and, moreover, a heavy sideboard stood on it.

However, there were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a good way towards covering me, and that was something.

I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. They certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 A. M. dressed in nothing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me?

I grew very cold.

I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him.

'Policeman,' said I, from the window, 'one word.'

'Anything wrong, sir?' said he.

'I have been committing a burglary in this house and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody.'

'The street door's open,' said he.

'Yes,' said I. 'Come in.'

He came in. I explained the circumstances to him and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest. The good fellow put his own great-coat over me and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton street police station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude.

I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton Cemetery.

For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have been relating and for a long time I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lovely evening last May I found to my intense delight that I had absolutely forgotten all about it.

TO GRANDMA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHANITA.

Eighty long, weary years, have dawned upon
thee today, grandma,
Eighty years of life-bound pleasures and its
pride,
Bravely, calmly thy bark has drifted o'er life's
troubled waters,
Without broken spar or scar, slowly, gently
heaven-tide,
Afar off down the stream, yet steadily gliding
up the harbor.
Small white sails now and then come to view,
And thy mother-heart beats fast and quick when
a little storm comes by,
Lest her children's barks be whirled into a course
not true.

Today the sun no brighter shines, the sky bears
no rosier hue, grandma,
The same mild zephyr greets us from the West
That first ruffled those silken locks o'er that calm
and peaceful brow,
Where eighty years ago a mother's first fond
kiss was pressed,
Many clouds have dim'd the sky since then, oft
and loud the tempest blast
Has roared and pitched and tossed the boats at
sea,
And still it roars; onward, onward the ocean
torrent pours;
Day by day souls are born to live and die, and
pass to eternity.

Life is but a span within the mighty bond of
time, grandma;
Only a short brief while to us for earth is given,
Yet with every fleeting moment comes its duty,
pain and sorrow,
Are only sent if rightly met to prepare us for
Heaven.
Yes, God has given to each on earth a life-bound
duty to fulfill.
Thine has been long, but 'tis not yet o'er;
When thy mission here is wholly wrought, He
will reward thee,
And call thee hence to toil no more.

TO OUTSHINE THE VANDERBILTS.—The New York *World* states that Mrs. William Astor will celebrate the centennial of the departure of the original Astor from Holland on January 21, at her home, No. 350 Fifth avenue, by a grand ball, for which invitations are about to be issued. It is said that socially it will be the finest ball ever given in the city. The silver service which will be used at the supper will cost $175,000, being of sterling silver and coin gold. The supper will be continuous. Mrs. Astor's wine service will be given in the dining-room on a table of repousse silver which cost $30,000. Dancing will take place in the picture gallery. The first refreshment will only be a lunch, as the supper after the German will be served en famille. It has been asserted that this will be the finest service ever seen in America. A feature of it will be the refreshments provided, which will consist of English grouse and pheasants, which have been imported alive, and will be killed the day before the ball; prairie chickens, quail, wild turkeys, venison and bear meat from the West. To give a representation of an old-fashioned ball the heaters in the chimney will be removed, and a great log fire substituted. It is expected that about 900 guests will be present.

A RIGHT mind and generous affection has more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides, and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates or preferments; for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knaves.—*Shaftsbury.*

Hair'em-scare 'em—Bangs.

THE DONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at Rev. Simeon Slide's.

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even Aunt Betsey had washed and ironed her French cambric dress, which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh frillings into the neck and sleeves; while the 'Squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box wagon which stood out under the shade of the old apple tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that," said the 'Squire, "I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken food, a firkin o' first-class butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf o' plum-cake, made arter Grandmother Field's Revolutionary receipt; and besides all that——"

"Good gracious, pa;" said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gypsy hat, "how are Aunt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the 'Squire, with a little chuckle, "you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter firkin, and sort o' study it, and there's plenty o' room for the other along side o' me on the seat, and hold the plum-cake on your lap. And comin' back, I ain't no way disturbed that you'll get plenty o' beaux. Gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there and——"

"Don't talk nonsense, pa," said Jessie, laughing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as Aunt Betsey glanced over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face, and sighed softly.

Ah, the sad, sad difference between 18 and 36.

"I was pretty, too, when I was a girl," said Aunt Betsey to herself; "I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone, and the smooth, velvety curves of cheek and chin; and there are incipient crows-feet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead and when I go to parties I am left to sit among the old ladies by the wall."

Peter Peck, who lived upon a comfortable farm on the mountain, had shot a deer in the woods—like Nimrod of old, he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth—and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party; but old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself," said Granny Peck. "But I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and apple-sass. Be sure and carry 'em careful, Peter, and——"

"Granny!" suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborious fingers, "how many years is it since grandfather courted you?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said Granny Peck, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

"Because I want to know what he said. I'm goin' a courtin' myself, granny, and I ain't had no experience, and I don't know how to go to work."

"Well I never!" said Granny Peck.

"Try to remember, there's a good soul!" urged Peter.

"It's so long ago," said Granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eye-balls. "Times is changed now—"

"But human natur' is human natur', just the same," said Peter. "How was it granny?"

"He took me out a ridin'," said the old lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose-colored snuff.

"That's it exactly," said Peter. "I've harnessed up Red Robin and washed off the buggy wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donation party."

"And it was a dreadful moonshiny night—" reflectively added the old lady.

"Moon's at the full," exultingly muttered Peter. "I believe there's a fate in it."

"And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he' ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's Farm. And I said I didn't exactly know, but he might ask father. And we were married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!"

"It sounds easy enough," said Peter, despondently. "But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afeard, Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. "If she's a gal wuth havin', she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I only wish I could think so, granny," said Peter, with a sigh.

"Is it Kate Lanney?" said Mrs. Peck, "or Mary Elsley?"

"'Tain't neither one," said Peter, sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field."

"Land o' massy!" said Granny Peck, elevating her withered hands. "What on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?"

"She's as smart as a steel trap," said Peter.—"Don't you worry granny! Once I get her here you'll see that she'll be all right."

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens and jar of apple-sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl.

But when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the village store clerk, enter all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

"I hain't no chance at all," he thought.

"Jessie," whispered Aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining-room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, "do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you.—And you've hardly been decently polite to him!"

"Peter Peck, indeed!" said Jessie, radiant in the consciousness of being the prettiest girl in the room. "I couldn't possibly be bothered with him, Aunt Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for me! You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please!"

But Aunt Betsey, shyer than any child, shrank blushing away.

"No," said she, "I couldn't do that. I—I am so little acquainted with him."

Half an hour afterward Peter Peck unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with old Robin and the buggy, sidled up to the 'Squire.

"'Squire," said he jerking the words out with an effort, "can I take Miss Field home?"

"Much obleeged, I'm sure," said the 'Squire. "I had the box wagon here, but I don't mind riding home alone, if so be as you'd like company."

Peter drew a long breath.

"It's as good as settled now," said he to himself.

His heart beat high when, in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out under 'Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled against the chill, fresh air of the cool autumn evening.

"It's a nice, shiny evening," said he, sheepishly, after they were out on the road.

"Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he hazarded.

"Oh, not in the least!" responded his fair companion.

And then followed an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

"It ain't no use my skirmishin' 'round like this!" said he. "It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's chokin' of me all the while! I love you, Miss Field! I can't live, nohow, without you! There it's all out now!"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!" faltered Miss Field.

"Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, "you could be happy at Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!"

"But say yes or no!" pleaded Peter. "Will you be my wife, Miss Field?"

And the word which floated upon Peter's ears through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him, was "Yes!"

"I never was so happy in all my life!" said Peter, rapturously.

"Nor I," whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree stump, and then, all too soon, appeared 'Squire Field's square red house behind the apple-trees. And Peter helped his fiancee out as tenderly as if she were a bar of gold and he a miser. Up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road-wagon, and turning around, Peter saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witchcraft? Nothing of the sort; for there, close to him, smiling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside, was Miss Betsey. And it was Miss Betsey to whom he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had accepted him.

Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath; what was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was a mistake—that he had taken her for her niece? or should he——

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jellifer's, and it was like a revelation to him.

'Hang it all!' groaned Peter to himself; 'that other fellow has been ahead of me! And I don't care a copper cent—she's only a feather-headed little coquette, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't keep his word when once he had said it.'

So taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the 'Squire's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer; and when at last she came up stairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together, she looked earnestly at her companion.

'Aunt Bess,' said she, 'what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?'

'Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him,' replied Aunt Bess softly, 'and I have answered, yes.'

'Well if that isn't strange!' cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. 'And I have engaged myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this is!'

'It is—it is!' answered Aunt Bess, and then strange to say, they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire, when at last Peter came home.

'Well, Peter,' said she, 'what luck?'

'It's all right, granny,' said Peter, 'I've asked her and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months!'

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around.

'Well,' said she, 'I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a little afeard all these homespun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field.'

'Jessie!' echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. 'It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field, the 'Squire's sister, as I've proposed to.'

'Well, I never!' said Granny Peck. 'How could I have been so mistook?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Peter, stolidly.

A DUDE AT THE OAR.

How the Golden Gate Navy Had Some Fun With a Greenhorn.

Last Tuesday, while five of the Pioneer Club six-oar crew were sitting in their shell and swearing vigorously at the non-appearance of the sixth man, who was half an hour late, a well-dressed and modest young stranger strolled into the boat house and began inspecting the equipments with great interest.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, fellows," said the stroke. "As No. 4 isn't coming, suppose we coax that dude there to take a row and bust him all up?"

The perpetration of this time-honored joke upon a "softy" was received with approbation, and the newcomer was, with a grand show of hospitality, invited to take the vacant oar.

"Well, I don't know, gentlemen," said the young man, looking at his watch doubtfully.—"I'm a stranger here. I do [illegible] a little exercise though."

"Oh, get in," said No. 2, winking at his companions; "a little spin will do you good," and they finally persuaded the victim of their kindly scheme to take off his coat and assume a club cap.

"Now, keep your eye on me and try to keep time," remarked the captain. "You'll never, never make an oarsman unless you watch the stroke."

"I'll do the best I can, gentlemen," said the guest, meekly. "I'm always willing to improve."

The boat went down towards Hunter's Point a couple of miles at an easy, three-quarter stroke, the newcomer pulling away manfully with the rest, and when they eased off to turn back they were surprised to observe that the stranger did not appear to be quite so much blown as they expected.

"Now, then, young feller," said the stroke, with a grin, "try to keep up with the procession. Hit her up, boys. Hard all!"

But somehow the stranger scratched along with the rest, and though the pace was something like forty-six as they passed Butchertown, the victim serenely sawed away, and the bowman even imagined that he splashed less than any oar in the boat. When they finally drew up to the float, and while the crew were panting for wind, spitting cotton and wiping their dripping faces, the "passenger" looked around, with a childlike smile upon his unflushed face, and remarked:

"Why didn't you spurt her?"

"Spurt h—l!" panted the stroke. "Why—er—what the—er—I say, young feller, where did you come from?"

"From New York, gentlemen," replied the stranger, modestly, as he slipped on his coat and started up the wharf. "My name is Hanlan—Edward Hanlan."—*San Francisco Post.*

A WINTER EVENING GAME.

Something New, by Which Young New Yorkers are Having Fun.

Medina Letter in the Buffalo Express.

The new game of "Bean bag" is becoming very popular among our socially inclined young people, and "Bean-bag" parties are all the rage. The game is quite a novel one, and considerable skill can be developed in playing it. One of the best features is that it can be home made without expense. For the benefit of those who would like a new game to help pass away the winter evenings the following directions for manufacturing the apparatus may not come amiss: First, a board three feet long and one and a half feet wide, smooth on one side (if a board of the desired width cannot be found two can be cleated together on the under side). One end of the board rests on the floor and the other is raised about nine inches by means of a prop, so it presents a sloping surface to the player. Nine inches from the top a hole six inches square is cut. Next make five cloth bags six inches square (when finished) and loosely fill them with beans and one bag called ("Jumbo"), size six by ten inches.

Each player stands five to eight paces from the board and throws all the bags, trying to make them go through the hole. Every bag going through the hole counts the player ten; those landing on the platform count five each, and all falling on the floor discount ten. "Jumbo" must be thrown last and counts or discounts twice as much as one of the smaller bags. Any number of persons can play, but if the party is a large one captains may be appointed and sides chosen. The limit of the game is usually five hundred.

"She gave Him a Piece of Her Mind."

Girl in a blaze,
Man in a-maze.
Man repents(?),
Girl relents.

Girl accusing—
Man confusing.
Girl cries,
Man lies.

Girl storms,
Man warms.
Girl beams—
Man schemes.

Girl forgives,
Man—still live.

And with two Irving tickets, an opera promise and a pound of caramels, makes himself as solid as the Democratic platform.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*