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J. C. SMITH & BRO., [LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.] Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

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Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, Light and German Sts. Baltimore Maryland. Rates Reduced to \$3.00 and \$2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlor, Bath and Double Room according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors. All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

THE "Clarendon." COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS. BALTIMORE, MD. \$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day. Table board \$4 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts. to \$1.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates. J. F. DARROW, Proprietor. [LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY] 12-3

The New Year. I know not how the dead may rise, When all the years are done; I know that unto loving eyes They come, they come, and come. It may be Swedenborg and Paul Are both a little wrong; But that God's love embraceth all My sight is clear and strong. Perhaps the ancients caught a ray From nature's setting sun; Perhaps the life of this new day Has many races run. Perhaps we all do greatly err, Nor know the heart of May, Or how his hidden pulses stir His resurrection day. It may be through the present strife A larger truth shall win Its way through universal life Till all shall live in Him. FOR DEAR LIFE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY. Winter again, and land is once more wrapped in the same spotted mantle, locked in the same icy fetters, as was that memorable winter so long ago when Eric and I had a fierce, wild struggle "for dear life." At this season of year the nerve quiet dormancy of the mercurial through these long hours of the fair. I, blue-eyed, golden-haired Ella Bicorn, was the acknowledged belle and queen of the party, and Eric, my lover, the most stalwart youth of the country-side. But all things, even the pleasantest, must come to an end. So when the shades of evening began to fall heavily, merging earth, sky and water into one gray, laden cloud, we began our journey homeward. "Tired out with my exertions, as soon as we started I nestled down amongst the soft furs in the sleigh, and, rocked by its easy motion, soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept I know not; but when I awoke it was snowing fast, and the darkness so intense that we could not see a hand's breadth before us. I called to Eric, who was driving, and asked if all was well. To which the answer came back half denuded by the thick atmosphere: "All well, but for God's sake try to keep awake."

I so aroused myself and sat up, knowing that sleep in that bitter night air might mean death. Of any other fear I had no thought, for my driver was skilful, and the reins and reins, our two sturdy little mountain ponies, knew their way home almost unguided. Suddenly, as I listened vainly for the echo of our companions' bells, I heard another sound come up with the wind, a long-drawn, hollow moan. Twice or thrice it came at intervals, this weird noise, its time nearer and more distinct. The third time the ponies also heard it, for they sprung forward with an impetus that almost shook me out of the carriage. Frightened, I said to Eric, "What, O, what is that?" And the answer came back short and stern: "The Salten hounds."

Then began that terrible ride "for dear life," which, though we should have lived twice our allotted span, we never could forget. Swiftly we sped along, our steeds impelled by a terror as great as our own, until they appeared almost to fly. Breathlessly we hearkened, hoping even yet to leave the enemy behind. But no; they traveled with us, gained upon us, neared and yet neared—their cry growing perceptibly from an uncertain, vague voice of the darkness into the unmistakably wailing note. We knew from the direction from whence it came that they were tracking us by scent; so now our last poor chance lay in the darkness of the night and our nearness to Stor Aswan. Eric still held the reins, and I cowered down at the bottom of the sleigh and prayed more earnestly than I had ever yet done in my life "for an increase of the snow-drift, or ought, even a miracle, if it might only save us."

On and on, for a time that seemed interminable, yet might in truth have been but a few moments. Then the storm ceased, the moon emerged from her shelter, and we saw half a mile in our rear a dark line coming swiftly and steadily down upon us. In the middle of the white plain, with no nook or corner visible wherein we could take refuge, and still nearly a mile from home, our case looked hopeless enough. So our pursuers seemed to think, as they now caught sight of us for the first time, and lifting their black muzzles from the ground gave vent to a howl of savage exultation. A glance at Eric, so calm and steadfast, gave me new courage. I felt that, come what might, we should at least die together. Faster and faster we flew, like hunted animals, death behind us coming apace. A few yards more, and I would claim us for my own. Already I could hear the rapid breathing of our foes, see their fierce eyes and white teeth glittering and gleaming in the moonlight. Prompted by Eric I threw out a bear-skin rug which protected me from the cold. For a moment they paused, smelt it, then on with fresh fury after us. One by one, cushions, wrags, all went over to the hungry pack, each giving us an instant's priceless advance. As the last fell from my hand the foremost wail bounded forward, just missing my arm, whilst his strong jaws met with a painfully audible snap. Then Eric turned and looked at me a long love glance—and began snooting the reins to the iron side of the driving seat. Instinctively divining his purpose of giving his life to save mine, I sprang forward, and clinging to him frantically, whispered: "Dearest, remember, we stand or fall together."

A sudden thought, justified by our dire extremity, flashed through my brain—it was at best a forlorn hope. Quickly I bent over Eric, snatched the hunting-knife from his belt, and cut

lose the nearest pony. With an almost human cry of pain the poor animal golloped off, with the ravenous pack after it. A few strides only, and it was surrounded, overpowered, down; and the last sounds we heard ere the welcome lights of Stor Aswan came in sight were our baffled enemies growling and fighting over the remains of our gallant little steed. It was a cruel sacrifice; but necessity knows no law, and by it we were saved. In years after, as we sat around the fire at "New Year's Eve," with the storm beating wildly, as now, against the casement, and the wintry twilight closing in, our children would ask to hear "once more" the oft-told tale of the "Salten hounds," or our "fight for dear life."

SENATOR GORMAN.—A good thing was in progress, and Senators were weary and worn out, Senator Beck said too good a thing to be lost. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was in the chair, and at the time the venerable Captain Bassett, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, and who for a score of years was captain-general of the Senate pages, was leaning over to receive some instructions from him as presiding officer. Senator Beck was hungry and thirsty, and wanted Senator Voorhees to go down to the restaurant with him for refreshments. The Indiana Senator was a little tardy in responding, when Mr. Beck said, "Oh, come on, Voorhees: never mind that civil-service reform talk, it is all humbug; what do we want with it? We have good enough civil-service reform now. Look at Gorman sitting in that chair, presiding over the Senate, and he used to be a page running around this floor. And look at old Bassett, bowing scraping to him, when he used to lead him by the ear. Ain't that civil-service reform enough? Come on, now?" Mr. Beck's argument was convincing. Mr. Voorhees yielded without a word, and the two went down stairs, and over Kentucky's famous and favorite Bourbon doled civil-service reform.

APPLES AS FOOD.—Apples have always been used for desert. Pliny tells of 22 varieties cultivated by the Romans; now we possess over 2,000 kinds. As an article of food they rank with the potato, and on account of the variety of ways they can be cooked, are preferred by many to the potato. As a substitute for pastry they are invaluable, feeding the brain as well as flesh-producing, preventing constipation and acidity. A ripe, raw apple is digested in an hour and a half, while a boiled potato takes three hours. Sweet apples baked or stewed should be used instead of the sour varieties. Every meal should have apples cooked in some form or other, and children should be allowed to eat as many as they want. Instead of using the quack nostrums sold for the blood and other patent medicines, use apples freely as food, and as far as possible in the place of potatoes, and the testimony of the medical profession goes to prove the healthful qualities of this excellent fruit.

HE WAS JUST OUT.—Some of our stores are constantly annoyed by children coming to the door and asking for cards, empty boxes and that sort of thing. The clerks are, of course, down on the youngsters, and the warfare never ends. The other day a little girl opened a store door, and sticking her head in called out: "Say mister, have you got any empty boxes?" "No," said the clerk, not very politely. "Got any cards?" "No." "Got any almanacs?" "No." "Got any empty bottles?" "No." "Got any pictures?" "No." "Got any sense?" "No—yes—no—yes—you miserable little wretch," and the clerk flew out of the door, but the youngster was in the next alley making faces at him.

ONE of the most prosperous and thriving of all the new industries of this country is the canning of fruit and vegetables. The figures given in a recent census bulletin show how fast this important industry has grown within the past decade. In 1870 there were 97 persons and firms engaged in the business; in 1880 the number had increased to 511. The value of the products of these establishments has increased from \$5,400,000 in 1870 to \$17,000,000 in 1880. Every year shows a considerable increase in the number of articles to which the canning process is made applicable. Nearly every sort of fruit, vegetable, meat and fish are now the subjects of the canning method of preservation. There is one improvement very much needed in connection with this industry, and that is a can that will not be effected by the acids contained in the fruit. Cases of poisoning from this cause are quite frequent, and it will be of great advantage to the parties interested in this industry to find some substitute for tin which shall be both cheap and proof against the action of the various fruit acids. The prophet who thinks everything will turn out according to his expectation should try turning out molasses from a cold jug.

A Woman's Love-Letters. There is little variety in love-letters. For the most part they appear hopelessly silly to all except those concerned in their production. My first love-letters, says "Lady Beatty," were written when I was 10 years old, and were inspired by a page boy in my father's service, whose buttons made an indelible impression on my already susceptible heart. The page boy was a victim to the charms of a housemaid fifteen years his senior, and spurned my advances. This revolved into a heartrending epistle above mentioned, which, however, were intercepted, while the unlucky writer was rewarded by being sent to bed for spoiling the contents of a new desk. Since that time—a period of nearly fifteen years—I have, if not written, received quantities of love letters in many languages, from people of all ages and nationalities, and have not yet lost my interest in them. As a study they are amusing, not to say instructive. As letters they are flattering to one's vanity, which is not inconsiderable. The most impassioned letters are usually written by men from 40 to 50 years, if the writer be an Englishman. Attachments at that age are deeper, and less anxiously not to compromise one's self is shown and felt. From 26 to 40 they are anxiously worded, and even occasionally signed with initials. Men between these ages, besides being desirous to avoid committing themselves, are more or less ashamed of any display of sentiment. A young man from 18 to 26 will inundate the object of his affection with letters full of the most fervent protestations, as evanescent as they are ardent. After 50, men are often wise enough to write the writing of letters to an unprofitable occupation; but some carry on the occupation to a very advanced age. Their protestations are then ingeniously flavored with touches of the paternal, which sometimes entirely mislead the unsophisticated recipients.

"Bless His Dear Heart." In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman; they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, and the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!" And we, too, said: "Bless his dear heart!"

Oysters and Piety. An exchange says: In Connecticut the relations of oysters and religion are said to be intimate, and therefore oyster suppers at Church meetings are fashionable. They exercise a very important influence upon revivals. By oysters the road to salvation is made safe. By oysters the strayed sheep are gathered into the fold, and original sinners made to shed tears at the mourners' bench. Oysters on half shell are a type of those who have a flavor of righteousness, but are not finished in the faith. Oysters stewed represent the sinner in an advanced state of regeneration, dissolved by a sense of his wickedness, and softened to a degree that affects even the hardest sensibilities of his own companions, while oysters fried of that crisp and savory virtue which he enjoys as the highest return to the sheep and reconciliation with the shepherd.

An Acrostic. Many days and hours repeating Your sweet name with fond delight; Humbly praying—God bestoweth— Unceasing care both day and night. Sometimes late prevents our meeting, But your image remains in sight; Never will love leave me increasing, Never fears with hopes so bright, Dismal hours without love's greeting.

The Sleep of the Just. I slept in an editor's bed last night, When no other chance was to be nigh; How I thought as I lay on the editor's bed, How easily editors lie. THE EDITOR. If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed, When no lawyer chanced to be nigh; And thought as I lay on the editor's bed, How easily editors lie. How easily editors lie, He must then admit, as he lay on that bed And slept to his heart's desire, What'er he may say of the editor's bed, Then the lawyer himself was the liar.