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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, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874. No. 43.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three time for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & CO.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

☞ Pennsylvania Railroad Dividend Script bought and sold on commission.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.

Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES!

"The Family Friend."

FOR SALE BY
WILLARD MELVIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.

☞ OIL, NEEDLES and ATTACHMENTS for sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Druggists, Chestertown, Md. n8y.

The New American
Sewing Machine
IS THE BEST.
Self-Threading Shuttle — Simplicity.

IT IS A SIMPLE MACHINE, having but few working parts, and always ready to work. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it easy of accomplishment by the most inexperienced. There being NO HOLES to thread either above or in the Shuttle.

The Shuttle requires no threading, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally turns backward, it does no harm and breaks no threads or needles.

SAMPLE MACHINES may be seen at the Millinery Store of Miss MAGGIE J. WYATT, Chestertown, and all orders addressed to the undersigned at Hanesville, Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN BELL, Agent.
Oct. 18, 1873—y

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF

BUILDING
LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
DOORS,
SASH,
BRICKS,
OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

June 28, 1873.

A LOT OF CHOICE
GREEN, BLACK and JAPAN
TEAS,
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

NOTICE
TO THE
TAX-PAYERS of SECOND DISTRICT.

Those in arrears to me for Taxes must come forward and settle, or I certainly shall collect the same by law. Money I need and must have. A word to the wise is sufficient.
C. W. WARREN, Coll.
Jan 3, 1874—tf.

SALT by the bushel or sack.
H. P. READING,
n23-3m. Kennedyville, Md

LEASEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned as Attorney for Mrs. Mary E. Hartt, will on

TUESDAY, the 17th of March, 1874,
At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

Offer at public sale at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, Kent county, Md, the life estate of the said Mary E. Hartt in her leasehold property, it being

ONE-HALF OF A
DOUBLE FRAME HOUSE,
AND ABOUT
Two and a half Acres of good Land,

on the back road leading from Chestertown to Washington College. The lease expires Jan. 1, 1884. This property is the same which was devised to the said Mary E. Hartt by Capt. Thos. Taylor, by his last will.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-half cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six months. The credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned. Purchaser to pay for drawing and recording of Deed. Possession within ten days from day of sale.

D. J. BLACKISTON, ATTORNEY,
feb21-ts. Chestertown, Md.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

UNDER a Bill of Sale from John W. Morris to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale at the Market House, in Chestertown, on

SATURDAY, March 7th, 1874,

THE FOLOWING PROPERTY, to wit:

1 SORREL HORSE and 2 COWS.

☞ TERMS, CASH.
feb21-ts. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Middletown Nursery
AND
FRUIT FARM,
Situated at MIDDLETOWN, New Castle Co., DELAWARE.

EARLY BEATRICE and all the leading and staple varieties of PEACH TREES.

Also, APPLE, PEAR, PLUM, CHERRY, QUINCE, APRICOT, and other Fruit Trees.

MAPLE, HORSE CHESTNUT, and other varieties of SHADE TREES.

IRISH JUNIPER, AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ, and other EVERGREENS.

A general assortment of BERRY PLANTS, ASPARAGUS, OSAGE ORANGE SEED, POTATOES, &c., &c.

☞ Catalogues free.

Address E. R. COCHRAN,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE
Jan. 24, 1874—3m.

EARLY BEATRICE PEACH.

Ripens fully two weeks earlier than any other known varieties of Peach.

This variety has been well tested in large orchards and hundreds of bushels of this variety put on our market in 1872 and 1873, and on this, the severest test it could have, it has proved even better than all that has ever been claimed for it. It is full two weeks earlier than Hale's Early, and free from rot, and the Commission Merchants of Philadelphia and New York not only say it is one of the earliest and best peaches, but one of the best shipping peaches that goes on these markets, and brings more than double the price of any other peach.

I also offer ten other new and well tested early and late peaches, which will make the season for shipping some four weeks longer. By new late varieties the canning houses can run from one to two weeks longer.

Price List sent free with testimonials and description, showing exact rotation in the ripening of all the new and popular kinds from early to late so that all can plant, that they may ship every day from first to last of ripening. Address

RANDOLPH PETERS,
Great Northern and Southern Nurseries,
jan17-3m. Wilmington, Del.

Land Must be Cleared!

To make room for my immense Spring planting. The best opportunity ever offered to those who want to plant apples. I now offer

200,000 No. 1 APPLE TREES,

three years old, 6 to 8 feet high. Thrifty stock, all warranted, true to name. This stock must be sold, as above, to clear the land. I therefore offer it as follows, at one-third the usual price: 12 cts. each, $10 per 100.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Catalogue of Apples, and all other fruits, sent free on application.

RANDOLPH PETERS,
Great Northern and Southern Nurseries,
j17-3m. Wilmington, Del.

REMOVAL!

MRS. S. S. JOINER,
Would inform her friends and the public that she has removed to the store room recently occupied by Mrs. A. M. Smith, opposite the Voshell House, where she will continue to give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
DRESS MAKING,

and keep on hand a general variety of FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

Also, a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Meal, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Tobacco and Segars. CONFECTIONERY, &c., all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for cash.

☞ Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

jan10-3m. MRS. S. S. JOINER.

Mill Notice.

THE undersigned, having rented Mr. Wm. Bacchus' Mill, where he has been employed as Miller for several years, is prepared to grind Grain of all kinds at short notice.

FLOUR, MEAL and FEED

kept on hand at the Mill, and sold at the very lowest prices for cash, or delivered in Chestertown per order.

CHOPPING done for one-tenth.

The Mill is in good condition, and he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all (both as to quality and quantity of grist) who may favor him with their custom.

jan24-3m. B. R. CROUCH.

MASSEY & HUDSON'S
AND
LANDRETHS' WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS

All the new varieties of Vegetable Seeds, and the old STANDARD FAVORITES.

Trophy Tomato Seed — from fruit grown by Messrs. Massey & Hudson, such as was exhibited by them at the Agricultural Fair last Fall, and averaging over a half pound each.

Canada Victor — by same growers; the earliest and smoothest Tomato grown.

Also, the **Arlington** and **Early Richmond,** new Tomatoes of last year.

Conover's Colossal Asparagus — from Massey & Hudson's Extra Stock; by the ounce, pound, or ten pounds.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
Landreths' Seeds,
Put up in their usual neat style.

Landreths' Seed are too well known to need any recommendation but a trial, and we flatter ourselves that with them and the seeds grown by MASSEY & HUDSON, which for the past few years have given so much satisfaction to the people of Kent county and elsewhere, we are able to supply as good seeds as can be had anywhere.

WE ALSO OFFER

Osange Orange Seed,
EARLY ROSE,
PEERLESS, and
WHITE PEACH BLOW
POTATOES.

PEAS! PEAS!

Landreths' Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, McLane's Little Gem, Tom Thumb, Daniel O'Rourke, and all the Standard varieties.

Also, a great variety of String, Stringless and Lima Beans.

Market Gardeners, desiring Seed in large quantities, will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

C. F. STAM & BRO.
CHESTERTOWN:
Feb. 28, 1874.

TEN BARREL OF
EARLY ROSE POTATOES

HINES & BURCHINAL, owing to the extensive Potatoe Rot in this section the past season, have just imported from New York State Ten Barrel of

EARLY ROSE POTATOES,

with which they propose to accommodate the public this Spring for planting purposes.

They have also a large supply of

Fresh Garden Seed,

from New York and Philadelphia Seedsmen.
Feb 21, 1874—4t.

UNTIL THE DISCOVERY
OF THE
"AMAZON" RED RASPBERRY,

There was a necessity of having many varieties of Raspberries and Blackberries. The AMAZON covers the entire season of Small Fruit, both Raspberries and Blackberries, and does away with the necessity. It also gives a good crop the next season after planting, which no other variety does. The pickings are as frequent, and the yield at each picking is 300 per cent. greater per acre than any other variety. This is our experience for four years. One acre of Amazons *will pay as much as three acres in any other kind of small fruit.*

This Berry commands the highest market prices on account of its fine size, firmness, flavor and beauty. A stand of plants guaranteed to every purchaser. Agents wanted in every section—liberal commissions and long credit allowed. Send for circulars with strong testimonials. Address

J. & W. K. JUDEFIND,
je10-2m. EDESVILLE, Kent Co., Md.

Removal--New Goods.

MRS. A. M. SMITH,

HAS removed to the store room, up town, lately occupied by B. Strauss, adjoining S. S. Usilton's, and has now in store and will keep constantly on hand a general variety of

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY and NOTIONS,
Consisting in part of
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR,
BACON, LARD, BUTTER,
SALT FISH, VINEGAR, MOLASSES, SOAP, BUCKETS, BROOMS,
Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes,
COAL OIL, LAMPS and CHIMNEYS,
Notions, Nuts and Candies

of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.

jan3y. MRS. A. M. SMITH

REMOVAL.

I HAVE taken the store room adjoining the "Transcript" office, formerly occupied by Wm. F. Baker, where I would be glad to see my old friends. I have now in store a fine assortment of

Dried Fruit, Cranberries, Essences,
Extracts, Sugar, Coffee,
TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Bacon, Hams, Lard,
OILS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CRACKERS, LIME BRUSHES,

and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Family Grocery.

ALONZO MING.
Chestertown, Jan. 10, 1874—tf.

FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS,
&c., &c.

MRS. HESTER E. USILTON would respectfully inform her friends and the public that she has opened a stock of

Fancy Goods, Notions, Groceries,

&c., in the store room in Chestertown, occupied by Miss A. E. Middleton, next door above Dr. Holton's, and solicits an examination of her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Her goods will be sold very low for cash, or to prompt paying customers on short credit. d20.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surges,
The sailor sails over the sea;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempered in strife;
Strong hands, that go lightly to labor,
True hearts, that take comfort of life.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs,
The centre of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fishes,
The sailor is dropped in the sea!
The soldier lies dead by his cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In manly achievement unseen,
But lengthens the day of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished,
That the selfish a profit may find;
But God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to His wisdom are blind.

YOUR WORK OF LIFE.—In a recent speech on self culture, Lord Derby, the great common sense statesman of England, expressed the opinion that talent is not the first qualification for a successful career, and mentions particularly two men who rose to fill some of the highest offices in England, and who filled them well, too, and who yet were at college constantly ridiculed for slowness of comprehension, and he goes on to speak of those first-class men at the universities who are now struggling hard for mere bread and a roof. Touching on the mental restlessness, the inquiry, the doubt of the times, he says most simply and naturally what it will not harm the modern American to read again and again, "Right and wrong, honor, duty and country, benevolence toward men and responsibility toward the unseen power by which human actions are guided and controlled— these are not idle phrases. They are realities which correspond with the deepest wants and feelings of our nature; and no man will feel himself utterly cast down who can say in his heart what the wisest and best of the human race have proclaimed in the whole tenor of their lives. Whether I am happy or unhappy is not my chief affair; what most and first concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it, and to do it." The last clause of this last sentence is a volume of truth and wisdom condensed in two lines. Many of the failures in life occur from men not finding their proper vocation, or if they have it, not being willing to accept it. Every man who has succeeded signally has discovered and adopted what he was fitted for, and pursued it with perseverance and energy.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.—Rev. John Hall, in his sermon preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, Sunday night, incidentally made the following allusion to the daily newspaper:

"I do not suppose but that a man and his family will be greatly influenced by the newspaper which comes to them, not so much by what the editors write in their own columns, but very largely by the facts which are presented in the reporting columns. They can show what they please, or keep out what the please. According to a man's knowledge of facts he will be influenced, and he will take for fact what he sees in the newspapers. Now, the church has no quarrel with this; she is not content that it should stop here, that the people should receive only secular knowledge. She must take care that the people in these daily processes of education should know something of spiritual and religious things. It is no fault of the daily press that it does not present the spiritual and moral side of things. When it does do so it very often blunders and presents the wrong side. There has been a meeting out West. If they had spent two days in prayer the press would have given them little notice, but they fell to wrangling and all the papers have it. The Church owes much to the press, and we should take pains as churches therefore to use this very same agency, which has such a mighty power, for the diffusion of the truth."

MEMORY OF FACES.—When a man has the painter's faculty of recollecting faces, and with it a quick and retentive memory of small facts, the combination gives him great social power. This was Macaulay's case. He never forgot the face of a man whom he had met in society, and with the face he remembered all the salient facts connected with the owner of it. Few things are more flattering to an ordinary mortal than being thoroughly remembered by a great lion with whom he has perhaps had a brief interview several years before. I doubt if this faculty exists to any great extent among our public men; indeed, I have often been surprised at the absence of it. A Russian baron, of the true divine-right school, once maintained to me that this was an effect of Republican institutions, or, what came to the same thing, that the opposite was the result of monarchical institutions. He said that kings and princes were obliged to see a great many persons, wherefore Providence had conferred on them various means of being gracious to those persons, of which prompt recognition was one.—*Galaxy.*

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing occupation is for the human heart? Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.—When troubles flow upon you hard and heavy, toil not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

WHY are the young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

Only a Little Child.

Of all poor men the most poor to be pitied is the poor rich man. The man in absolute poverty can be helped, but for the man who is poor with his coffers full of gold there is no earthly help—none unless something can get down into his heart and open the way for the incoming of sunlight and warmth. Such a transformation I once knew, and I will tell you how it was wrought. It was by only a little child.

Rufus Grote was really and truly a miser, though he had probably never acknowledged that fact to himself. At the age of sixty he lived in a close, small, shabby house in a narrow street, though where the streets were broad he owned a whole row, the rental of which yielded what might have been a munificent income to any man.

In early life Rufus Grote had been disappointed, so, while yet a young man, he had shut himself up in his shell, and through all the years of his manhood he had neither asked nor given love and friendship. He took his usance, even to a pound of flesh, if it was due him by the bond, and he was as ready to discharge all bonded obligations.

When people knew who Rufus Grote wished to point to a man without a heart they pointed to him. They declared that he loved no human being—not even himself. That he did not love himself was evident to them from the fact that he gave to himself not a sinple comfort of life which he could avoid giving, and at the same time live.

One evening, just at dusk, a coach stopped at Rufus Grote's door, and a lady dressed in black, and accompanied by a child, alighted therefrom and plied the rusty iron knocker.

The miser answered the summons, and demanded to know the business of the applicant.

"Uncle Rufus," said the woman, "I am Mary Sanford, and this is my child. Will you give me shelter until I can find work?"

Mary Sandford was the only daughter of Rufus Grote's dead sister. He heard of her husband's death, and he had shudderingly asked himself more than once if it might not be probable that his widowed niece would call upon him for assistance. And now that the dreaded blow had fallen, what was he to do? Had he followed the first impulses, he would have turned the woman and child away with a word, but that would have been inhuman. He was caught in a trap. He had to open the door wider and let them in, and when they were in, he was forced, in common decency, to go out and buy a loaf of bread and some cheese.

Mary Sandford was over thirty-five—a slight, pale-faced, pretty woman—and what of beauty she possessed was due more to the reflex action upon her face and manner of her native goodness than to any outward form of feature.

Her child—a girl of nine years—was called Flora. She was a plump, dimpled, sunny-faced child, with the light of a tender, loving heart sparkling in every feature. She was really and truly a thing of beauty, and a perfect joy.

After eating the bread and cheese, and drinking cold water with it, Mary Sanford told to Rufus Grote the story of her husband's death—how he had suffered long, and how he had left her in destitution.

"But," she continued, as she saw a cloud upon her uncle's face, "I am not come to be a burden upon you. Mrs. Maynard will be in town in a few days, and will give me work."

"Ugh! What kind of work?" growled Rufus.

"I shall keep house for her."

Later in the evening, by the dim light of a single tallow candle, little Flora crept to the old man's side and climbed up into his lap. For a moment he had thought of putting her away, as he would have put away an insinuating cat, but he did not do it. So she kept on until she had both hands upon his shoulders.

"You are my uncle Rufus," she said with a quivering and eager smile.

"I suppose so," answered the man, forcing out the reluctant words.

"I haven't got a papa any more. Can I kiss you before I go to bed?"

The little warm arms were around his neck and the kiss was upon his cheek. The child waited a moment, as though for a kiss in return; but she did not get it, and she slipped down and went with her mother to the little dark room where Rufus Grote had given up to their use his own hard, poor bed.

For himself, the host had planned to spread a blanket upon the floor in the living room. He had slept so before, and he could sleep so again.

The soil of Rufus Grote's heart was like the soil of other hearts. A seed, once forced through the crust, would find root there, either good or evil. In all his manhood's life so bright a thing had not crept upon him before—so warm a thing as that childish kiss had not touched his cheek. He did not think of it so much until he was alone in the dense darkness. And then, when he could see nothing else, he could see that sunny face, and the musical chirrup sound again in his ears. At first, he would have been glad to believe that the child's mother had instructed her in this, but when he looked over all the circumstances, he knew that it could not have been; and, in the end, before he slept, he was glad that the little child had come to him of her own sweet impulse.

Upon that hard floor, with only a single blanket for bedding, Rufus Grote did not sleep as soundly as he was wont. He dreamed, and in his dreams he saw a cherub, and felt cherubic arms about his neck, with kisses upon his cheek. And he said to himself in his dream:

"Surely I cannot be such an ogre if these sweet beings can love me."

In the morning Rufus Grote was up very early. He had thought, the night before, that he had bread and cheese enough for breakfast; but after the night's rest—perhaps after the night's dream—he took new thoughts. Without exactly comprehending the feeling, the sense of utter loneliness and selfishness had given place—just the glimmering of a place—to a warmer sense of companionship and fraternity. He put his hand up to his cheek where the impress of the child's kiss had fallen, and a new resolution came to his mind; he went out to a neighboring street corner and purchased tea, and sugar, and butter, and new warm breakfast rolls, and a small can of milk. He had just deposited these articles upon his own table, when Mrs. Sandford made her appearance.

"Good morning, uncle Rufus," she said.

Had the host caught that sound when he arose it would have startled him, but it fell very softly upon his ears now. He had been exercising, and had learned the salute.

"Good morning, Mary," returned Rufus; and so exceedingly odd was it that the very tones of his own voice surprised him.

"What can I do for you this morning, uncle? May I get breakfast for you?"

"I will light a fire," said the man, "and then, if you please, you may make a cup of tea."

The fire was lighted, and then he showed her where his dishes were.

Mary Sanford was an accomplished house-keeper, and she could accommodate herself to circumstances very narrow. While she was busy, a ray of fresh sunlight burst into the room, lighting up the dingy walls, and gladdening with its light the atmosphere of the place. It was little Flora, bright, joyous and jubilant, thinking only of love, in this first hour of her waking from sweet, refreshing sleep. Without a word, only a ripple of gladness falling from her lips, she went to where the old man had just sat down in the corner and crept up again into his lap.

"I can't reach your cheek, uncle," she laughed, "without getting up, you are so big and I am so little."

And then she kissed him as she did the night before; but not as on the night before did Rufus Grote.

With a movement almost spasmodic—so strange was it for him—he drew the child back to him and imprinted a hearty kiss upon the round cheek.

And the words—"Heaven bless you, little one," fell from his lips before he knew it.

Verily, the crust was broken. But had any good seed fallen upon the heart?

What an odd scene for the miser's home! a really good breakfast, a table tastefully laid, the fumes from the tea-pot fresh and fragrant and the surroundings cheerful.

After breakfast Rufus Grote was forced to go away on business. And on that day he made arrangements for the leasing of a building which was to return him a thousand a year: and he meant when the business was done that he would be poorer than ever, and live on less than heretofore, so that he might lay up more and more.

On this same day one of the houses was vacated—a dwelling in one of the broad streets.

He saw his agent and ordered him to let the houses as quickly as possible.

That evening, while Mrs. Sanford was out, Flora came to Rufus Grote's side, and looked earnestly in his face.

"Uncle," she said, with quaint seriousness, "don't you want me to get into your lap?"

"Why do you ask that?" demanded the old man.

"Mamma said I mustn't. She said you wouldn't like it."

"What made her think I didn't like it."

"Because she said you weren't happy and she cried when she said that her little girl musn't make her Uncle Rufus dislike her."

"And what did you say to that?" asked Rufus Grote, with awakened interest.

"I told mamma that I would put my arms around your neck, and hug and kiss you, and see if I couldn't make you love me. And if you loved me you would let me sit on your lap."

When Mary Sanford came in, half an hour later, she found her child in Uncle Rufus' lap, her sunny head pillowed upon his bosom, and his strong arms entwining her.

The good seed had fallen and had taken root.

Three days afterwards Rufus Grote saw his agent, and told him he need not be in a hurry about letting the empty house.

On the evening of the same day Mary Sanford came in with a letter in her hand, and found Flora nestled away in her uncle's arms.

"Uncle Rufus," she said. "I have received a letter from Mrs. Maynard. She will be home day after to-morrow."

"And she wants you to take charge of her house?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Wait till she comes."

And the old man held the child in his arms until it was time to go to bed.

On the following morning Uncle Rufus told Mary he wanted her to take a ride with him during the forenoon, and she said she was at his service.

And later a fine coach drew up before the door, and Uncle Rufus came and bade Mary get ready, and to make Flora ready also. They rode along, and when they stopped, Uncle Rufus handed them out before a house, with great chestnut trees growing in the yard and up the foot-way.

And he led them into the house.

And in the broad, handsome parlor he turned and spoke, holding Flora by the hand.

"Mary," he said, "this little child has promised to make her old uncle happy; and I will not give her up. This house is mine. If you will help me take care of it, I will live in it. What say you?"

What could she say?

She saw the new light upon her uncle's face, and when he took the child in his arms, and held the sunny head close upon his bosom, she saw the blessing of the coming time. She said with a burst of tears: "Dear uncle, if Flora and I can make you happy, you may command us."

There was a great wonder when Rufus Grote appeared a well-dressed, happy man. And in the mansion beneath the shade of the great chestnut trees, were peace and joy.

An angel, in the shape of a little child, had touched a human heart long buried in cold darkness, and brought it forth to love and bliss.

THE retort of a little boy to an attorney in a justice court, not long ago, created some amusement. The lad, being on the stand as a witness, was questioned concerning a certain dime novel alleged to have been stolen. "What was pictured on the cover?" asked the attorney. "Two Indians," was the reply. "What were the Indians doing?" "I didn't ask 'em," answered the boy. The attorney suddenly discovered that he had no further use for the young witness.

MARCH.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer: "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she answers: "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you,—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last!"

—*St. Nicholas for March.*

ULLMAN'S EDUCATED DOG.

A SAGACIOUS ANIMAL THAT DESERVES A GOLD MEDAL FROM THE LIFE SAVING SOCIETY.

There are few travellers on the Harlem Railroad who have not heard of the educated dog at Scarsdale depot. His name is Knapp. He is the property of Mr George Ullman, the station master.—Knapp is a shepherd dog, about two feet high, and is covered with a dark-brown shaggy coat of fine hair. He was born in the Scotch Highlands nearly four years ago. In his infancy Knapp was imported at considerable trouble by a gentleman of Scarsdale, who, being suddenly called to Europe shortly afterward, gave him to Mr. Ullman. Noticing genius and intelligence in Knapp, Mr. Ullman began to train him. Now Knapp can perform many wonderful feats. He has been taught to assist his master in the performance of his duties around the depot. Knapp has learned to tell by the clock when a train is due; and at night when the hands point to the proper hour Knapp takes a lantern in his mouth and stands on the platform with the light guiding the engineer to the stopping place. Knapp knows an express train from a mail train, and a mail train from a way train. In day time when an express train approaches the station and the track is clear Knapp shows a white flag, which signifies all is well.

SAVING TWO CHILDREN'S LIVES.

Not many days ago Knapp appeared with the white flag as an express train hove in sight, but seeing two small children going down the wagon road ignorant of the approach of any train, he saw that the children would reach the crossing simultaneously with the train, Knapp dropped the white flag and seizing the red flag in his mouth, he darted toward the crossing. The engineer saw the red flag and shut off steam before the animal reached the children. Arrived at the crossing he stood there and prevented the train from crossing until the children were safely over the track, then he laid the flag down and the train went on.

On another occasion Knapp snatched a child from in front of a way train just as it was stopping at the depot. The child's clothing was torn by the wheels of the locomotive, so narrowly had it escaped death.

Knapp consults the clock every day for the arrival of the mail trains. A few moments before the mail is due Knapp stations himself at the mail rack, and when the bag is thrown from the car he carries it to the post office, and if it contains any letters for his master he takes them back to him.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ACCIDENTS.

When freight trains begin to switch cars at the depot Knapp always takes a red flag and trots up or down the track, as the case may be, and flags any train that heaves in sight. Knapp always keeps his position faithfully until called in by signals, just as any other flagman is. Engineers all know Knapp, and faithfully act upon his signals. After the departnre of freight trains Knapp often walks down the track and carefully examines the switches to see that the brakemen have left them all right. Satisfied that no blunders have been made, he walks back to the depot, and if the clock shows him that he has a few leisure moments he signifies to his master a desire for a pipe. Mr. Ullman has taught him to smoke, and he always keeps Knapp's pipe ready for lighting when he calls for it. The pipe being lighted, the animal sits on a chair and smokes with as much apparent ease and comfort as his master.

Mr. Ullman is a good musician. He has a piano in the ladies' room of the depot, and often performs on it. Knapp has been taught to sing or whine the tunes which Mr. Ullman plays. The dog often perches himself on a chair beside his master with his fore feet on the piano frame, and accurately turns the sheets of music with his tongue. Knapp can waltz, dance a schottishe or a polka as well as any one can on four legs.

RESENTING AN INSULT.

Of late some of the mischievous brakemen have thrown snow balls at Knapp just as the trains started, or have made ugly faces or stamped their feet at him. He seemingly took no notice of these insults, but on Monday one of the brakemen went into the depot to get a drink of water. When he started out Knapp stood in the door and would not allow him to move. He made a movement as tho' about to administer a kick, and Knapp opened his mouth and uttered a growl, which convinced the brakeman that such a proceeding would be dangerous. Knapp kept his prisoner in the room until the train had gone so far that the brakeman couldn't catch it, and then releasing him Knapp walked away as unconcernedly as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Since that time the brakemen have been exceedingly civil to Knapp, but he treats them with lofty indifference.

A CROSS-EYED man cast a gloom over a Detroit street car, recently, by asking one of seven men and strangers, on the opposite seat, "If he had any chewing tobacco handy." First the seven strangers looked at each other; then the seven hands went pocketward; and, observing this motion, each of the seven supposed his neighbor the one spoken to, and the seven hands returned empty. The cross-eyed man cast a ricochet glance of indignation along the line, and, with the remark, "A sweet-scented lot of generous roosters," took a chew of his own tobacco.

A DELICIOUS DISH.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the place with stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yelk of an egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and it is often useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

Cheese for Cannon Shot.

The queerest ammunition that we have heard of lately was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidian navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buernos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant. "We've not a single shot aboard, round, grape, cannister and double headed are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir; got lots of that yet."

"We had a darn'd hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for desert at dinner to day—do you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen. We took them from the droger."

"Will they go into the eighteen pounder?"

"By thunder commodore, but that's the idea; I will try 'em!" cried the first lieutenant. And in a few minutes the fire of Santa Mara (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely was reopened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head.—Directly one of them struck the mainmast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the devil is that which the enemy is firing?" asked Brown.

But nobody could tell.

Directly another came in through a port, and killed two men who were near him, and then striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinders.

"By Jove, this is to much! This is some new fangled paixhan or other. I don't like 'em," cried Brown; and as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the orders to fill away, and actually back out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheese.

This is an actual fact; our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.

MOTHS.

WHERE THE BLUE CLOTHING COMES FROM.

The report of the Quartermaster General shows that on December 30, 1873, the United States had on hand $23,435,-821 27 worth of clothing and tents, principally the former, besides 42,000 blankets, worth $120,000. Hon. S. S. Cox, in his humorous speech on the 6th instant, on the appropriation of $50,000 for a preparation to preserve these woolens from injury by moths, showed that the government has on hand, for an army of less than 30,000 men, $8,000,000 worth of coats, jackets and trousers; and that it cost $350,000 during the last two years "to protect them from moths;" that $100,-000 more is asked for; that the clothing condemned and sold during the years 1868, 1870 and 1871 at Jeffersonville and Philadelphia alone, brought $1,450,028-49; and that army clothing is being manufactured by somebody who has a fat contract. Mr. Cox's speech was a very humorous one, and attracted more attention than any similar effort of the kind since the great speech of Hon. J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, on "Duluth." When all the facts he proves are considered it is not strange that army overcoats, blouses and trousers, for which tax-payers have paid high prices, are daily sold for almost nothing by dealers in cheap clothing.—*Reading Eagle.*

MANUFACTURE OF ICE.—Mr. C. C. Fulton, editor of the Baltimore *American,* in a letter to his paper from New Orleans, gives the following account of an ice manufactory in that city:

I paid a visit this morning to an extensive ice manufactory situated on the northern limits of the city, which is a great curiosity to those who are accustomed to look to the laboratory of nature for a bountiful supply of the useful article. I had heard of such establishments, but deemed them more experimental than practical. Here, however, was not only the reality of manufacture, but also the ice-house where was piled away several thousand tons of as pure crystal ice as Jack Frost ever manufactured, each block weighing precisely one hundred pounds, and as perfect an oblong as if it had been cut with geometrical precision.

The machine house was close by, and contains six separate machines, in which these blocks are manufactured from the water from the Mississippi, which runs close by. It is boiled and filtered, and distilled, before it goes into the ice machine, and sixty tons per day of pure crystal ice is turned out and packed in the ice-house. It was explained to us that the heat was expelled from the water, until it froze, and that the only chemical used in the process was ammonia, which of course does not come in contact with the waters. The chief expense of running these machines I was assured was the cost of the coal, and the wear and tear of the machinery, as when the pipes are once charged with ammonia it needs no further supply. I did not understand anything but the result, and had that before me in the blocks of ice which the attendants were constantly drawing out of the tin cases and piling on the car on the tramp-way to be conveyed into the ice-house. The next questions asked were, "Does it pay?"—"What do you charge for the ice?" To the first question the answer was—"We have just enlarged and increased the power of manufactory, and regard it no longer as an experiment." The price at which their ice is sold at the manufactory is $15 per ton, or $16 delivered in any part of the city. This is pretty nearly as cheap as good ice can be bought in Baltimore by the ton, and cheaper than it can be exported from the North and sold in New Orleans. The company have had considerable prejudice to encounter, under the supposition that chemicals were used in its manufacture, but soon expect to have the whole New Orleans market to themselves.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—The following receipt for the cure quinsy, was handed us by a friend residing in this place. The remedy is a simple one, and has two qualities independent of its efficacy, viz: cheapness and harmlessness. Our friend informed us it was recommended to him to be used in a case of quinsy in his family recently, and upon its use, the quinsy immediately followed:—Take the gall of a barn swallow; heat or roast it until you would brown coffee; then put it in a cloth and place it on the outside of the throat affected, and leave it on till cured, and the cure is evident.—*Hanover Com.*