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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874. No. 1.

Rates of Advertising:

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. 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.

LAW CARDS.

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. ag12-y.

D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. a11y.

MARION deK. SMITH,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. a11-6.

G. W. CRUIKSHANK,
Attorney at Law
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

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

OFFICE in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,
A Graduate of the University of Maryland,

Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged. After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. ap11-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the first day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

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

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.

IF YOU WANT A **Nice Suit** MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on S. MERRITT & CO.

COLIN F. STAM. LOUIS K. STAM.

C. F. Stam & Bro.

Cor. High and Court Sts.,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

APOTHECARIES, BOOKSELLERS,

AND

STATIONERS.

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, and Paint Brushes.

SOLE AGENTS FOR KENT COUNTY FOR

BRADLEY'S

PATENT ENAMEL PAINT,

The Cheapest, Most Durable and Brilliant Paint in the Market It is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best.

GLINE'S

Slate Roofing Paint,

in any quantity. French's Tip Top Iron Paint for Roofs, French, Richard's & Co.'s Tip Top and John W. Masury & Co's Strictly Pure and Pure Colors for Coach Makers' and Painters' use. John T. Lewis & Bro.'s Strictly Pure White Lead.

LUBRICATING OILS a Specialty!

Whale, Neat's Foot, Lard, Sperm, Engine and West Virginia. We buy for Cash, and Sell for Cash at City Prices.

☞ *Do not fail to Call and Examine our Prices before purchasing elsewhere.*
C. F. STAM & BRO.
Chestertown, May 9, 1872.

The Chemical Agricultural Powders
FOR THE
Analysis of Soils.

PROF. HERBERT,
Of Washington College,
having secured a patent from the U. S Patent Office, for his "new and improved method of analyzing soils," is now ready to receive ORDERS for the same from farmers who may wish to find out what mineral plant food their land contains.

The present cost to the farmer will be $10; for which he will receive the Ten Packages of Chemical Powders; a Chart or Plat, showing the manner in which the "experimental plats" of land are to be laid off; and *printed* directions for the use of the chemical powders. So that any intelligent farmer, and even a boy of 12 to 15 years of age, can find out *every* mineral element of plant food that the land may contain, and also everything that is needed to make the soil *grow a perfect plant.*

Address, A. HERBERT, at Washington College; or Messrs. Stam, Apothecaries, &c; T. W. Eliason, Jr., Hines & Burchinal, or T. B. Hynson, Merchants in Chestertown, Kent Co.

N. B.—The usual cost for obtaining the same information (more imperfectly,) from the services and laboratory of an Analytical Chemist, is $60 to $100.
Chestertown, Md., Mar. 28, '74—tf.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL Implements, Seeds, &c.

HINES & BURCHINAL

Have just received a large lot of

GARDEN SEED

Of Very First Quality, from

PETER HENDERSON & CO., N. Y.

We are selling Prime Early Rose Potatoes from Elmira, N. Y., *free from all rot and disease.*

We keep on hand all kinds of

Garden Implements,

such as Hoes, Spades, Forks and Rakes. Also,

PLOWS of Every Variety,

such as No. 4 Wiley, Heckendorn, Acme, and the Farmer's Friend.

☞ Give us a call before buying elsewhere.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Below the Bank, Chestertown
March 7, 1874—2m.

THE DOMESTIC.

WE are pleased to inform the people of Chestertown and vicinity that we have made Mr. J. T. PARKS an agent for the sale of our LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.
DOMESTIC S. M. CO.,
ap25-3t* 14th and Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED, A HORSE to drive moderately, for his feed.
Wanted, also, PASTURE for some sheep and cattle. Address A. B. C.,
May 2—3t. Kent News Office.

A PROCLAMATION!

BE it known to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that JOS. H. THOMPSON, (just what's wanted) has returned to Chestertown, to engage in the

Boot & Shoe Business

and has opened in the room recently occupied by the late Wm. A. Vickers. The patronage of his old friends and the public generally is solicited.

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL VARIETIES,
FOR LADIES and GENTLEMEN, TRUNKS, &c.

French Calf Skin Boots, Scotch Soles, Alexis Tie, whole and Half Box, Creole Gaiters, all custom work.
Ladies custom work all varieties.
EASTERN WORK of all varieties and kinds.
☞ Sold at City Prices for the Money
JOSEPH H. THOMPSON.
May 9, 1874—1y.

Mrs. H. C. Carroll,
Fashionable Milliner

MRS. CARROLL would most respectfully announce to her friends and patrons, and the public generally, that having disposed of her EXTRA STOCK OF FALL GOODS, has just returned from purchasing a Large and varied Stock of the most desirable

Spring Goods,

including in part all the latest novelties in HATS BONNETS, RIBBONS, TURQUOISE SILKS, LACE & SILK TIES, &c. She is now prepared to meet the wants of her customers in EVERY PARTICULAR. She asks but a trial to insure satisfaction.

Thanking her friends for past favors, she respectfully asks a continuance of the same.
May 2, 1874—3t.

☞ To the Ladies ☜

New Spring and Summer Millinery!

MISS LUCY CROSSLEY,

HAVING just returned from the city, invites the Ladies to call and examine her very large and well selected stock of

NEW MILLINERY GOODS
FOR
Spring and Summer

embracing all the styles in season. Also, a

Beautiful Stock of Fancy Goods

and NOTIONS, which will be sold low.
Call and see my goods before purchasing.
LUCY CROSSLEY,
ap25-3t. Kennedyville, Kent co.

TO CASH BUYERS!!

OWING to the demands upon me for money I shall commence THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, and continue until the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, to **sell off my Stock of Goods at Ten per cent. below usual price!**

☞ Buyers are requested to call and examine my goods and prices, and convince themselves that I am selling far below the usual market prices.

S. FRANK. SMITH.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts as I am in need of money.
S. FRANK. SMITH.
April 18, 1874—7t.

Road Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent Co., to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening of

A PUBLIC ROAD,

in the First Election District, beginning at or near the Cold Well, on the road from Sassafras to Smyrna, and running through the lands of Chas. Hessee, Mrs. Staats, Richard A. Frazier, John M. Davis, William Jewell, C. B. Martin's heirs, E. S. Morris, W. H. Blackiston's heirs, Joseph Morris, Samuel Clayton and others, to intersect the public road leading from Massey's to Smyrna,—hereby give notice, that on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th, 1874,

AT TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,

they will meet at the end of the new road beginning on the public road leading from Massey's to Smyrna,—for the purpose of discharging the duties devolving upon them by said appointment and commission.

STEPHEN BOYER,
THOMAS A. JACOBS,
WILLIAM CACY,
April 18, 1874—5t. Examiners.

PRIVATE SALE.

I HEREBY OFFER FOR SALE

Radcliffe Hall,

the Farm upon which I now reside, commonly known as the **"Hanson Farm,"** part of which is now rented and occupied by Mr. John Greenwood, of Wm.

It is beautifully situated on Chester River, about one mile from Chestertown, and

Contains 471 ACRES, more or less.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a

Mansion House,
AND TENANT HOUSE,

in good repair, with the necessary Out-Buildings and offices. The Tenant House is large and commodious, and was built in the year 1871. The Farm is so well known that a full description is not needed.

An early purchaser will have the option of putting in, and making, the corn crop for the present year.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.
Radcliffe Hall, Feb. 28, 1874—tf.

WANTED—Several Good Farms,

UNENCUMBERED, or lightly mortgaged, with, or without, Stock, Implements, &c; in exchange for well located property in New York city and vicinity, paying a remunerative interest. Address with full particulars,
JOHN P. R. POLK, ATT'Y AT LAW,
a25-6t* Wilmington, Del.

WOODLAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale
27 Acres of WOODLAND,
more or less, situated near Chesterville.
Apply to C. C. WALLIS,
ap25-3t. near Chesterville.

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS received this morning. Selling Low at
May 2. J. H SIMPERS'.

MOTHER'S WAY.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cherry,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new fresh courage,
As we rise to prondly say;
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That, at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our mother's way.

Singular Pompeiian Statues.

During the eruptions of Vesuvius, which destroyed the ancient city of Pompeii, those who delayed too long in making their escape fell victims, for the most part, to the pernicious effects of sulphurous and carbonic acid gases, and were rapidly covered with the showers of fine dust following the eruptions, which, gradually hardening, formed perfect moulds of the unhappy beings who so miserably perished, from which admirable casts are taken, showing their forms, features, expressions and attitudes when overtaken by death.

At the beginning of the excavations, little attention was paid to the natural moulds, only a few having been partially cast and preserved, the most remarkable of which were a husband, wife and child—the husband at the moment of death pressing tightly to his breast nineteen pieces of gold and ninety-one pieces of silver, which were found fixed to his ribs. The wife had let fall a coarse linen cover, in which were found fourteen bracelets, gold rings, earrings, and jewels of less importance. It was only, however, in 1863, that M. Fiorelli had the happy idea of filling those natural moulds with a peculiar solution of plaster, by which process the victims are reduced in their integrity.

The first group reproduced was composed of a man, a woman and two young girls, who had remained within doors until too late; when they attempted to escape by the windows or terrace, they were asphyxiated, and covered by the dust, which faithfully preserved the contour of their forms. In 1868, a body thus reproduced was that of a man who had fallen face downwards, whose countenance was the very image of despair and suffering, his clenched teeth and clasped hands eloquently expressing the agony he had endured.

Next in interest is the form of a woman who had fallen on her back, whose right hand leans upon the earth, her left hand raised as if trying to ward off danger. To aid her flight, she had raised her vestments. Her form is tall and elegant, her admirably arched foot encased in strong sandals, being a favorite subject of study to artists. On one of her fingers is a silver ring, while near her were found gold earrings, a silver mirror, and an amber statue representing Cupid. Her hair in the front forms three rows of ringlets, and falls plaited over her back in the manner of the Voltaire *perruques.*

A remarkable group of three persons has been admirably cast, which is in the highest degree interesting. A man of tall statue and powerful build, with strongly marked features, prominent cheek bones, beard and mustache, is the principal figure. He held in his hands the earrings of the two young girls who followed him, and the key of the house, and looks the beau ideal of an old Roman legionary. Over his head he had thrown the corner of his mantle for protection against the noxious gases or the falling dust and cinders, the expression on his face and that of his two daughters being suggestive of suffocation. There is something touching in the spectacle of the two sisters who followed their father in the precise attitude as they fell, supporting each other, breathing the same poison, and dying entwined in each other's arms. Both the figures are of beautiful forms and proportions.—*Appleton's Journal*

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied:

"It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes."

His friend, in suprise, begged him to explain his meaning.

"Most willingly," replied the bishop.

"In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

THE VALUE OF APPLES.—It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work their brain rather than their muscles. They also contain acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matter, which, if retained in the system, produces inaction of the brain, and, indeed, of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvey and troublesome diseases of the skin.

A PRECEPT of the Hindow law says: "Strike not, even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a hundred faults."

The Last Hour of Strife.

BY J. W. LEWIS.

It was a sad hour at Montford Hall when the doctor announced in a low voice, to attendants at the bedside of Joseph Montford, that the poor fellow must die. In that gloomy chamber where death's grim visage played courteously about whispering voices arranged for the last work of a fond husband and doting father.

Joseph Montford was but the father of one child, and for him to get possession of his father's immense estate it was necessary that a will should be signed by the dying man and his wife; both signatures being essential in consequence of the property having been left by the grandfather of the child with a proviso. This whim of the ancestor, which seemed in the execution a mere nothing, now demanded the attention of the dying man, and the fiendish Asa Montford, his discarded brother.

The clock struck nine; and yet no lawyer was at hand to give cognizance to the last testament of the dying father and bereaved mother What should be done? The little child knew nothing of the deep woe which found shelter in that mother's heart, who would soon bid farewell to her dearest friend on earth He could lend no helping hand—could offer no word of consolation to the widowed mother during the hours of her sad bereavement, but would surely be a living monument that would long sustain the memory of her affliction. Mrs. Montford, completely broken down with sorrow, clustered her darling boy in her arms and fell over upon the bedside of her husband, praying half audibly to the God of mercy, for help.

The wailing of Mrs. Montford soon aroused her husband from the stupor into which he had fallen, sufficiently to centre his wavering mind upon his last work on earth; and that was the signing of the all-important document referred to previously.

"Doctor Mansfield," said Joseph Montford, turning over in bed and rising to a sitting posture, "I am ready and willing to meet my fate, and I want to know from you if every hope has faded? Let me hear!" These words were uttered in harsh and broken tones, and was so unexpected to the doctor, who was of a nervous temperament, that he unconsciously left his seat and rushed to the side of the wonderful invalid.

"I've a duty to perform, doctor, and tell me what means all this?" inquired the poor fellow, whese voice in that short time had changed to a mournful song. He extended his hand to the doctor, gazing at the same time at the blood which had already began to settle under his finger nails. He realized the presence of king death.

"I would advise you, my dear friend, to prepare for the worst," respouded Doctor Mansfield, laying his hand confidingly upon the snow white pillow where that aching head had rested so many weary days.

"I thought it—I knew it!" muttered Joseph Montford, whose eyes now fully gazed upon the objects of his love—his wife and little child.

"What do you wish?" enquired the doctor, knowing if the duty was an important one, no time should be lost

"My will has not been signed? The will requires the signatures of Mary (meaning his wife) and I, and that must be accompanied by some legal forms which can be executed by no other person than a lawyer."

All was silent for a moment. Joseph Montford fell back with a groan and turned his head away to think, to wait the action of his only friend, not being able to direct the desired movement.

"Will he live an hour?" These words were whispered in the heart of Doctor Mansfield while marking closely every action of the poor fellow who would soon be engaged in a violent struggle with the dread monster—death. All the while he marked that pallid face thoughts flew rapidly through his mind concerning that all-important "master of the law." He thought of that innocent child who would find no sympathy when dependent upon the charity of envious relatives; the thought of the revengeful workings of a brother who had long sought the golden opportunity in which to make good his maledictions and curses of by-gone days. "What can I do?" queried the doctor of himself. He thought of sending a servant with the fleetest horse to a neighboring village. "That will not do," said he, "that will not do. Bribery! He may waste the golden moment at the request of that vile man who no doubt lurks about the premises somewhere, awaiting the death of his only brother. I have it!" exclaimed Doctor Mansfied, after a moment's reflection.

"Where are you going doctor?" asked Mrs Montford on seeing him turn so abruptly from the bedside and clutch his riding whip and gloves which were lying upon a small table on the opposite side of the chamber.

"I am going to York!"

"To York! and for what pray, doctor?"

"For lawyer Clements!"

"I'll send a servant—remain here!" cried the lady.

"No, no! 'twill leave an opening for the workings of a villain whose purposes would surely be accomplished did you allow a servant to attempt the performance of such an important duty." Saying this, the doctor threw open the chamber door and closed it quickly in the face of the weeping wife.

An hour dragged itself away, though wearily, considering the suspense which mastered the mind of the poor wife whose only thoughts were the fleeting breath of Joseph Montford and the return of the sound of the carriage wheel over the frozen road. She who now stood upon the verge of widowhood bent down o'er the pallid form and breathed softly and maudibly another prayer to heaven for the repose of her husband's soul. Her words were inarticulate, so interested was she in the silence that would usher home to her anxious ear the approach of Doctor Mansfield's carriage. Her little child dropped from her arms to the bed and slept soundly, not knowing the responsibility overhanging that solemn chamber in the event of his father's death before the arrival of lawyer Clements.

The hour, the moment had arrived when earthly life must give way to immortality and the spirit world of God. No duty, no responsibility, no work not finished could ever receive aid from the hand, the brain of Joseph Montford. A few short moments would fleet past and that anxious soul would wing itself away to the unseen land. That wife whose taste had catered to the living and not the dead, knew not the whims of death, and how softly at times he d steal o'er the mortality, leaving but the stammering word, "Good-bye" upon the lips. That word had escaped the lips of Joseph Montford for the last time in this world. There, alone, that wife and death gazed upon what was left to return to the dust of earth, to mingle with the moistened sod until the trumpets of Zion shall awaken the just and unjust to answer to the Maker's call.

Let us return to the doctor and his errand of mercy. While listening along the avenue leading to the mansion he was doomed to bitter disappointment, in the event of being molested by a murderous hand whose daring movements were equal to those of a skilled and experienced highwayman. Clutching the reins of the horses he presented a pistol to the head of Doctor Mansfield, which shone brightly, as the moon had just stepped out from behind the dark clouds to protect the innocent and reveal the secret enemy.

Frank, the driver, carried, luckily, on the evening in question a loaded whip, with which he dealt the villian a terrible blow, falling at full length upon the horses in order to do so, and rolling over upon the frozen earth. Simultaneous with the action of the driver, was heard the sharp report from a pistol in the hands of the would-be-assassin; this naturally frightened the gallant steeds, which dashed away in the returning darkness unmindful of the fearful consequences.—Frank gained his feet as soon as possible and throttling the monster, tore from his face a mask which concealed the image of death. Here he found in its cold embrace the form of Asa Montford, whose desire for fortune had brought him eternal death.

Dawyer Clements arrived on the scene of action in a few moments, who was a a little in the rear, and after a short explanation, with his assistance Frank bustled the corpse into the foot of the buggy, and drove swiftly on in search of the doctor.

They saw nothing of him until reaching the mansion. There they found him in waiting, unharmed, and prepared if any life remained to minister to the wants of the man who had attempted his life.—Alas! no physician on earth could breathe into that unclean dust the breath of life—his work was done. Servants stood in readiness who bore the lifeless form to the same couch whereon lay his dead brother. What was left of their mortality met, but met no more to wrangle over the paltry goods of this life. If ever again they shall greet each other 'twill be beyond the vale of death, and where the true manhood does not bow down to worship the glittering idol whose power in earth has often made the mountain devil in the heart feed upon his nearest kinsman's blood, in order to master fortune and its hellish train of woe. The last hour of strife was over.

How Sea Lions Enjoy Life.

Charles Nordhoff, in the April number of *Harpers'*, has this interesting account of the habits of sea lions:

It is an extraordinary, interesting sight to see the marine monsters, many of them bigger than an ox, at play in the surf, and to watch the superb skill with which they know how to control their own motions when a huge wave seizes them and seems likely to dash them in pieces against the rocks. They love to lie in the sun upon the bare and warm rocks; and here they sleep, crowded together, and lying upon each other in inextricable confusion. The bigger the animal, the greater his ambition seems to be to climb to the highest summit; and when a huge, slimy beast has, with infinite squirming, attained a solitary peak, he does not tire of raising his sharp pointed head, and complacently looking about him. They are a rough set of brutes—rank bullies, I should say; for I have watched them repeatedly, as a big fellow shouldered his way among his fellows, reared his huge front to intimidate some lesser seal which had secured a favorite spot, and, first with howls, and if these did not suffice, with teeth and main force, expel the weaker from his lodgment. The smaller sea lions, at least those which have left their mothers, appear to have no rights which any one is bound to respect. They get out of the way with an abject promptness which proves that they live in terror of the stronger members of the community; but they do not give up their places without harsh complaints and piteous groans.

Plastered against the rocks, and with their lithe and apparently boneless shapes conformed to the rude and sharp angles, they are a wonderful, but not a graceful or pleasing sight. At a little distance they look like huge maggots, and their slow, ungainly motions upon land do not lessen this resemblance. Swimming in the ocean, at a distance from the land, they are inconspicuous objects, as nothing but the head shows above the water, and that only at intervals. But when the vast surf which breaks in mountain waves against the weather side of the Farallones with a force which would in a single sweep dash to pieces the biggest Indiaman—when a surf, vehemently and with apparently irresistable might, lifts its tall, white head, and with a deadly roar lashes the rocks half way to their summit—then it is a magnificent sight to see a dozen or half a hundred great sea lions at play in the very midst and fiercest part of the boiling surge, so completely masters of the situation that they allow themselves to be carried within a foot or two of the rocks, and, at the last and imminent moment, with an adroit twist of their bodies, avoid the shock, and diving, reappear beyond the breaker.

THIS laconic but sensible German ought to be sent out to lecture to the people on temperance: "I shall tell you how it vas. I drank mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vosh von pain. Den I put my hand in my pocket, and dere vas nothing. So I jine mit der demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone avay. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas twenty dollars. So I stay mid de demperance."

SCHOOL "CALLED."

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Don't you hear the children coming,
Coming into school?
Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming
Into school?

Tip-toed figures reach the catch,
Tiny fingers click the latch;
Curly-headed girls throng in
Lily-free from toil and sin,
Breezy boys bolt in together,
Bringing breaths of winter weather.
Bringing baskets Indian-checked,
Dinners in them sadly wrecked,
Ruddy-handed, mittens off,
Soldiers rush from the Malakoff—
Built of snow and marble white,
Bastions shining in the light,
Marked with many a dint and dot
Of the ice-cold cannon shot!
Hear the last assaulting shout!
See the gunners rally out—
Charge upon the battered door—
School is called, and battle o'er!

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in the closet and the man in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting room serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article he is in quest is in her dress pocket in the closet, she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted by a number of dresses all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if *she* had so *many* dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out like the rest—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get into it. Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous moving of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible. H now dives one hand in and the back, and feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels, and is mentally grateful he did not use any offensive expressions. It is all right now. There is the pocket in plain view—not only the inside but the outside—and all has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad. Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little further—now he has got it—he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He had made a mistake. He tries again; again he feels the entrance and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face. He feels of the pocket, pinces it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says "By gracious" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth, goes over them carefully, gets his hand first into a lining, then air again (where it always surprises him when it appears,) and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out with triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket of another dress. He is mad now; the closet air almost stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but "plug" it with clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look around him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim to his Panama hat, which was hanging in the same closet, and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. All this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out, he immediately starts after her, impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profanely intimates his doubts about there being a pocket in the dress any way. The cause of the unhappy disastsr quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why, but this makes him madder than anything else.—*Danbury News.*

PERMANENT WHITEWASH.—With the return of spring comes the usual inquiry after a good whitewash. Take half a bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam, strain the liquid through a sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in water; three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it first, and then hanging over a slow fire in a small kettle, inside a large one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a furnace. A pint of this liquid will cover a yard square of the outside of a house, if applied with a large paint brush.

HOW TO KEEP FURS.—I would say in reply to the question "How shall I keep furs?" that I purchased a set of one of the leading fur houses of Chicago three years ago, and made that inquiry there, and was told that they always sealed theirs up before the first of May (that being the month in which the moth miller commits its depredations.) Put your furs into the box, and with good paste or mucilage fasten a strip of paper over the crack left between the lid and box, and put them in your closet. You need not entertain fears that the fall will find them anything but safe and free from the unpleasant odors that tobacco, camphor, etc., always leave.

FAT IN THE FAMILY.

When Chief Justice Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Picket. The Colonel was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat and high spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkept. Everybody but the Judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going no doubt for liquor.

The Judge called him up without delay: "Dick, what is the reason Colonel Picket's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick not expecting the attack was not fairly posted. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said:

"Mars John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No, said the Judge—"decidedly not."

"Well, look at old Miss," (Mrs. Marshall,) "is she fat?"

"No."

"Den look at me—is I fat?"

"No."

Den look at yo' horses—is dey fat?"

"No."

Now, den, you jes' look at Kunnel Pickett—he fat; his ca'idge driver fat; his horses fat; his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett fam'ly, and it don't in our'n—dat's all."

"Well," said the Judge, after a little reflection; "there's a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before."

THE EFFECT OF WORRY.—That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effect of mental over-strain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE WEIGHT OF WOOD.—The weight of a cord of green wood is as follows:—Oak, 7,000 lb; White Beech, 6,609 lb; Rock Maple, 6,200 lb; White Birch 5,500 lb; Hemlock, 5,200 lb; Pine 4,200, lb; Spruce, 4,000 lb. When dry as possible to get them in open air, they will weigh to the cord:—Oak, 6,000 lb; White Beech, 4,500 lb; Rock Maple, 4,200 lb; White Birch, 2,900 lb; Hemlock, 2,600 lb; Spruce, 2,400 lb; Pine, 2,000 lb. Pine and hemlock shrinking one-half in weight in drying, and beech and maple over one-fourth. The term cord used above is defined thus in chap. 3, sec. 10, New Hampshire General Statues. Surveyors of wood please take notice: "All cord wood exposed to sale, shall be either four feet, three feet, or two feet long, including half the kerf, and being well and closely laid together, a quantity measuring eight feet in length, four feet in width, and four in height, shall constitute a cord."

FLOWERS.—Flowers, that in all our gladness, in all our sorrow, in all events, however incongruous, are always appropriate in the church, as, expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the association of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strange as their freshness contrast with the wrinkles and the gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossoms of immortality, the amaranthine crown. In their presence we feel that when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as winged soul.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST RAT EXTERMINATOR.—For many years past I have used the various poisonous preparations for the destruction of rats with only partial success, and take pleasure in calling attention to an infallible remedy for the sure destruction of these troublesome animals. Crude potash, a powerful alkali, being placed where they frequent, blisters their feet, burns their coat wherever it touches, blinds them, and causes them to vacate the premises, or so enects them that they can easily be killed. Let all who suffer from their depredations try it, and I feel assured that they will never again resort to the dangerous and poisonous preparations now used for this purpose. It should be used liberally, and every part of the premises they frequent should be supplied with it.

SALT PORK.—For the benefit of those who are obliged to use salt pork, the following plan improves it wonderfully: Cut as many slices as will be required for breakfast the evening previous and soak till morning in sweet milk and water.—Then rinse till the water is clear, and fry. It is very nearly as good as fresh pork. For a change rolling it in corn meal is a good imitation of fresh fish.