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The Kent News:

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CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
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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. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

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

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

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No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &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.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

JAS. H. SMITH,
DEALER IN
CONFECTIONERY, Foreign Fruits,
NUTS, CAKES AND CRACKERS,
Imported and Domestic CIGARS,
TOBACCO, &c.

November 20, 1875.
JUST RECEIVED
NEW FOREIGN FRUITS,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
LEMONS, ORANGES,
CITRON, PRUNES,
FIGS, NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits, Spices,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW
Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, Toilet Soap, Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Toys, Jewelry, Lamp Fixings, Lamps, Glass-ware,
Cocoa, Chocolate and Flavoring Extracts.
TOBACCO from 75 cts. to $2,
CIGARS, from 2½ cts. to 25 cts.
We name following Brands and Prices:
La Angelita Dr A 25c.; Flor Del Fumar 5c to 20c.; Principe Alfonson 9½, 20c.; Keywest Partigas 12½; Rena Victoria 12½; Desfignia 5 to 12½; Partagas 5 to 10c.; La luz de Oriente 5c.; Flor de Alma 5c.; La Carolina 5c.; Flor de Cuba 6 for 25c.; Flor del Fumar 6 for 25c.; Henry Clay 6 for 25c.; Our Friend 6 for 25c.; Joys 6 for 25; Twins 6 for 25c.; Victory 6 for 25c.; Emperor 3c.; Nice and Safe, 2 for 5c.
☞ Give me a call.
Nov. 20, 1875. J. H. SMITH.

☞ COME AND SEE ☜
THE LARGE STOCK
OF
New and Desirable Goods,
AT
F. H. HARPER'S,
IN
Still Pond, Kent Co.

To convince yourself of the shrinkage in the price of Goods, I ask and solicit your examination of my stock bought at bottom figures, which I propose to sell at a small margin.

Lot of Standard Prints, 7c. per yd
Good article of Gingham 8c. "
Mallalieu's Kersey 80c. "
ALL WOOL.
4-4 Appleton A. Muslin 10c. "

In GROCERIES I Quote:
A. White Sugar - 11c.
C. Yellow standard 10c.
C. " - - - - 9c.

Tin Fruit Cans 75c. per Dozen.

I have a large and attractive stock of
Ready-Made CLOTHING.
UNDERSHIRTS
AS LOW AS 37½ CTS. A PIECE,
Not Shoddy stock either.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE: ☜
F. H. HARPER,
STILL POND.

☞ **Special Notice.** ☜
That note now overdue, also that acc't now overdue, PLEASE LET ME HAVE AT ONCE. I must have money. A hint I hope is sufficient.
F. H. HARPER.
Oct. 16—3m. STILL POND.

PERFUMERY.
A nice stock of French and English Perfumery at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del. Heliotrope, Jasmine, White Rose, Jockey Club, Musk, Patchouly, etc.—Also Sachet Powder of the following perfumes: White Rose, Heliotrope, Jockey Club and Violet. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

YOU can find a full line of any and everything at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

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.

Kennedyville Ahead!!
$10,000
Is offered for the arrest of the great criminal, "BOSS TWEED," and although he has fled from justice, I am enabled to offer
Another New Stock
At PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!
PRINTS—Cocheco and Pacific.....10c.
Other do. from 6c. up.
MUSLINS from 6c. up.
CANTON and WOOL FLANNELS,
KERSEYS, &c.,
☞ As low as the lowest. ☜
A full line of BOOTS AND SHOES at bottom prices.
A New Stock of CLOTHING
among which are some OVER-COATS, at PANIC PRICES.
GROCERIES.
Sugars from 9 to 13 cts. Syrups 40 to 80 cts.
Best Mince Meat at 14c, Coffee 25 to 30 cts.
Raisins, Currants and Spices for Mince Pies.
Best Pearl Hominy.
Also a full line of
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
Which includes French and Common Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc., for Christmas.
☞ LARD CANS $1.00.
And almost everything that ought to be found at a country store.
I will also pay the highest prices for GRAIN Dried Fruit, Eggs, Butter, Lard and Bacon.
Also, for well dressed POULTRY in good condition, and—
All this AT THE POST OFFICE AT KENNEDYVILLE.
JOS. E. WEER, P.M.
Dec. 11, 1875.

L. M. Bean. R. J. Foard.
BEAN & FOARD,
MASSEYS, MD.,
GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Coal, Lime, Hardware, Seeds,
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements, &c.
☞ Highest cash prices paid for Grain on Railroads and Sassafras and Chester rivers.
☞ By a strict personal attention to business we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Nov. 10, 1875—3m.

Improved Cucumber-wood Pumps
Coupling Pipe and Extra Bands, Valves, Buckets, Nozzle Braces, Iron Nozzles, and Drop Valve, for sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 9, 1875.

Nursery Stock.
APPLE, PEAR, PEACH and CHERRY TREES, and SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, by the 100, 1,000, or 10,000.
I have for SPRING PLANTING the most extensive, and choicest assortment of Fruit Trees and Plants I have ever before offered to planters.
APPLE TREES.
The growers of this valuable and profitable Fruit in Mayland generally have been sadly disappointed in getting trees from the north; as winter varieties there, when planted here, mature their fruit too early in the fall to keep through the winter with us. For this reason, and to secure reliable winter keeping apples, I grew my Apple Nursery on my farm in Va., 300 miles south of here.
I have a choice selection, which cannot fail to give satisfaction, and have grafted largely of a variety called Smith's Horse (not the old Horse apple.) The fruit can be picked nearly as early as the Early Harvest, and being double its size, commands readily from $5 to $7 per bbl
PEACH TREES.
Almost all my Peach Trees were budded from bearing trees, grown on my own and two adjoining farms, the buds being taken from the trees while the fruit was on them, leaving no doubt in my mind that my stock is true to name
I have not a long list of varieties; have budded chiefly of late, most approved canning sorts, including three very valuable new varieties for canning, very popular in Del., ripening with and after Smock.
I also have a large stock of Early Beatrice. I fruited this variety last summer; several of my friends in Kent saw the fruit, and can testify that it was fully ten days earlier than Hale's; a high colored, showy, firm peach. I think it well worthy extensive cultivation.
PEAR TREES.
I have secured a large stock of St. and Dwf. Pear Trees from a reliable source in N. York, and can furnish in quantities of the most approved varieties. No better Pear Trees can be grown anywhere than in N. York.
CHERRY TREES.
I have but few varieties of this fruit, and the planter wants but few for profit.
Small Fruit Plants.
I have a large supply on hand, and recommend but few varieties. My extensive experience as a fruit grower enables me to judge of the merits of the many kinds in the market. I have rejected two thirds of them as not worthy of cultivation.
Catalogues mailed on application.
N. BARNARD,
Jan. 8, 1876—4m. *Still Pond, Md.*

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
IS MAKING
SPECIAL ABATEMENTS
IN PRICES OF
BLANKETS, CASSIMERS,
AND
HEAVY FLANNELS,
Fruit of the Loom Bleh'd Muslin..... 11½c.
Wamsutta " " ..... 15c.
☞ Special attention is invited to a large stock of Alpacas.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 15, 1876.

1876. 1876.
H. A. SPARKS.
PRICE LIST:
FRENCH CANDIES..... 35c. per lb.
VERY BEST " ..... 45c. "
PLAIN single pound..... 22c. "
" 5 lb. or more..... 20c. "
ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS,
NUTS, RAISINS, &c., &c.,
at the same rates.
TOBACCO, TOBACCO!
AN ELEGANT TOBACCO at 75c. per pound, sells elsewhere at 85c.
TWIST, at 90, sells at $1.00.
EMMA VIRGINIA $1.50, equal to Gravely at $2.00.
CIGARS, CIGARS, CIGARS!
I make a speciality of a
FIVE CENT CIGAR,
and am determined to sell THE BEST.
TRY THE
"Islanita Cubanna,"
for sale *only* by myself. Cigars of various kinds and prices. Pipes, Stems, &c.
Pictures, Frames, Coral,
WAX FLOWERS,
MOTTOES on perforated board, &c.
Come and see them.
☞ N. B.—I challenge comparison with any goods in town, and am determined to keep the best and sell at small profits.
H. A. SPARKS,
Between T. W. Eliason and E. T. Willis'.
Jan 15, 1876

Another Arrival from Philadelphia!
LADIES if you want Cheap Buttoned Gaiters and Balmorals, you can find them at
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S,
Under the Kent News office.
Ladies' Lasting Fox But Gaiters $2 50 to 2 75
" Pebble Goat " " 3 00
" Balmorals " " 2 25
" Morocco Bals " " 2 25
" " Lace Boots.....1 75 to 2 00
" " Grain Bal's.....2 00
Women's A Calf.....1 75
Misses Button Gaiters.....2 25 to 2 50
" Lasting Fox.....2 00 to 2 25
" Lace Boots.....1 25 to 1 75
Infant's Shoes at all prices.
Gents' and Ladies' Gums.
☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 25, 1875. JOS. H. THOMPSON.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!
MY stock is very large and selling much lower than we have since we commenced the Hardware business
Call and be convinced.
Nov. 20. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FARMERS
Save your orders until you go to Middletown, and buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Lamp chimneys, Sponges, Chamois, &c., at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, (Barr's old stand.) Prompt, and polite attention to all. ap18-tf.

YOU can buy any part of Harness separate, from a Hame strap up to a set, at
n20. J. F. HOWARD'S, Cart St.

FRESH BUCKWEAT and HOMINY, at
nov13. *THOMPSON'S, Up town.*

The Departed Year.

O how my memory sadly strays
Back through the just departed year,
And counts the many merry days
That I have spent in pleasure dear!

And now while sitting in my room,
On this, the last night of the year,
Memories spring up amid the gloom,
And steal from me a parting tear.

Memories at one time fraught with joy
Seemed gently whispering as they passed,
"Despond not, you are but a boy,
Life has for you a rich repast."

"Go forward, armed with righteous will,
To be an honest, upright man;
And thus the noble work fulfill,
Appointed all, since earth began.

"Observe how transient joys of earth,
How many a heart is forced to sigh—
There's nothing here but pain and dearth,
The noblest are but born to die."

Chestertown. W. C. C.

ALWAYS CHIDING.

THE QUAKER'S REBUKE—A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

"I am afraid I am late," said John Holden to his wife one morning, as he sat eating his breakfast, "and that won't do. How goes the time? Oh, I have left my watch up stairs; fetch it for me, Eliza Jane, will you?" At this moment a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, good-tempered looking boy of some thirteen years of age started up, saying:

"I will fetch it for you, Eliza," when John Holden with an austere and suspicious look, turned shortly around exclaiming:

"You, sir? Stay where you are; I asked Eliza to bring it to me. You might possibly be saying it was not there."

The boy cast a resentful look at his father—his color came and went, his eyes flashed, then hot tears stood in them, and he left the room.

At this moment the watch was brought by Eliza, the boy's sister. Holden took it, put it in his pocket, and saying to his wife, "send that boy to the shop directly after me," he took his departure also.

"Oh, John, John, sighed the wife, will you never learn to forget and forgive? Where is my dear boy?" she said, turning to Eliza.

"He has gone up stairs, mother; he is going directly."

John Holden was an upright, but stern and relentless man; he was a tanner by trade, and had worked for many years for Mr. Drake, the Quaker, or, as he was generally called, Quaker Drake; for the last eight months the son had found employment there also.

On one occasion, six months ago, Henry Holden had, under the influence of great temptation, stolen a shilling from his father, to go to see some riders who were exhibiting in the town in which they lived. The boy had not been found, but had a few days afterwards, in deep sorrow and true contrition confessed his fault.—John Holden had promised forgiveness; but with such iron nature as his, to forgive is not to forget, and but too frequently the poor boy despite his sorrow and shame, was reminded, taunted, and upbraided with the sin of which he had been guilty, though no repentance, and that, we grieve to say, the father knew full well, could be more genuine. On the present occasion the mother followed her son up stairs; he was in his bed room, weeping bitterly.

"Harry, my boy," said she tenderly, "it is time you went to work."

"Yes," answered the lad, drying his eyes; "but mother, I want to ask you one question."

"Well, my son."

"Did father really think this morning, that there was any danger of his losing—of my stealing—his watch?"

"No, my son, I am sure that he did not; he knows better than that."

"Then, why," said the boy, his lips quivering, and the torrent of tears again bursting forth, "is he always talking as if I were not to be trusted—as if I were a thief? I may as well be one in reality. Oh, mother, mother!" continued he, "let me go away, let me go to sea, anywhere, for I cannot, cannot bear this!"

"My dear Henry, be patient; I will talk to your father."

"You have talked to him, I know you have, and yet he does it; he will always do it. Oh, mother, mother!" The mother and son were weeping together.

"I will talk to him once more, darling; for my sake cheer up. You know how dearly your mother loves you; don't talk of leaving her, of going to sea. Your father loves you dearly, too, I am sure he does; but you know his nature; how long it takes him to forget anything; but you must remember that he is your father, and not to be too much cast down by it.—There, now, good-bye, dear Henry; keep up a brave heart."

The boy kissed his mother and departed.

Mrs. Holden went about her household duties that day with a heavy heart. How she mourned over this trait in her husband's character! She had pleaded with him again and again that he would say no more about the sin which had caused herself and the dear boy so much sorrow, and which had been so truly and bitterly repented of, but as yet without avail.—Again and again it was brought up, and in a nature less hopeful, less akin to her own, the seeds of truth and candor might have been forever destroyed in that young bosom, and distrust, deceit, and the darker passions of our poor human nature reigned paramount instead; but as it was, the mother's tenderness had saved the boy.

Henry was half an hour late at his work—a circumstance which was noticed by his father, which brought upon him a severe rebuke. Presently he was summoned to the presence of Quaker Drake, who was sitting in his office.

"I wonder," said the Quaker, looking at him, "whether thee could do a little errand for me this morning? It is a matter of some importance. Could I trust thee, dost thou think?"

"I will do my best, sir."

"Thou hast been weeping, I see.—Thine eyes are swollen with crying. Thou hast not been doing anything wrong, I hope, and so brought disgrace and punishment upon thyself?"

This was too much for Henry; he again wept violently.

"Calm thyself, Henry, and tell me what is the matter."

"Indeed, sir, I will tell you the very whole truth," sobbed the poor child. "Six months ago, or more, I took a shilling belonging to father; it was very wrong, I know, but I wanted to go to the circus and see the riders. In a day or two afterwards I confessed it, for I was very unhappy and miserable. Father said he would forgive me, but he does not seem to have done so, for he is always chiding me for it, and bringing it up against me even now."

"Was it thy first offence?" asked the Quaker.

"Yes, sir," said Henry, mournfully.

"And has thou sinned in that way since?"

"No, sir."

"What does he say to thee on these occasions when he brings it up against thee? What did he say to thee this morning?"

"That I am not to be trusted, sir, that I am not honest; that I may steal again. This morning he would not let me bring his watch down stairs for him, for fear, as he said, I might say it was not there."

"And thou art sure in thy own mind that thou art honest? Thou hast confessed thy sin, and asked forgiveness of God and of thy father?"

"Yes, sir; I have, indeed."

"Well, Henry, it is very hard for thee; but thee must not be too much cast down by it. It is a cross which thou hast to bear, and thou must take it up until thy father acts differently towards thee; he is a hard man, but a very upright one.—Thou must continue striving to do what is right. I will show thee, in the meantime, that I have confidence in thee—that I can trust thee. Thee shall take this check for me to the bank and get it cashed; it is for fifty pounds. Are thy pockets good? Take care that thee dost not lose the money."

Henry's eyes brightened, as he said "Never fear, sir, I will be sure to bring the money safely back."

Henry was soon back, and the money right and safely deposited on the table.

"Thou art a good lad," said the old Quaker, "and hast been very prompt.—Hadst thou been a long time away I might have been getting anxious and fearing that I had acted imprudently in trusting one so young with so much money; now go to thy work."

Henry's heart was much lighter when he got home to dinner that day; his mother saw the change and was comforted.

"What do you think, mother?" said he, whispering to her after dinner; "Mr. Drake sent me to the bank to fetch him fifty pounds; he said he had confidence in me. Don't tell father, though, for perhaps he will say something unpleasant."

"Husband," said Mrs. Holden, when Henry was gone, "I wish you would promise me never to say anything more about that unfortunate shilling to Henry again, he feels it so much. It is breaking his heart."

"Breaking his heart!" exclaimed John Holden; "nonsense! And as for hurting his feelings, they ought to be well hurt. Is a matter like that to be all hushed up and never alluded to for fear of hurting his feelings? Do you want your son to grow up to be a thief?"

"I am not afraid of his growing up to be a thief, John. You are doing him harm by constantly throwing out hints about his honesty, and bringing the matter before him. You don't know the harm you are doing."

"You are a very foolish woman, and if it had not been for me the boy would have been ruined by your over indulgence.—Hurt his feelings, forsooth? Give your husband credit for a little common sense. I hope I know how to manage boys, well enough. Good-bye," said John Holden, going out at the door.

"Good-bye," said his wife. "And may God soften your heart and give you to see wherein you are wrong," she added.

On Saturday afternoon, John Holden went as usual to Mr. Drake's office to receive his wages. After he was paid, the Quaker said to him:

"Wait a minute, John, I have a question or two to ask thee. Is thy father living?"

"Oh, no sir; he has been dead many years—died when I was a mere boy."

"But then thee has a Father in Heaven—the great God and Maker of us all. Is it not so, John?"

John looked surprised as he answered, "Why yes, sir, I suppose I have; I suppose we all have."

"Assuredly; but I had hoped that thee might have had a more intimate knowledge of thy Father in Heaven; that thee prayed to Him frequently, and confessed thy sins, and asked for pardon, and besought His guidance and teaching, as it is our privilege to do."

"Well, sir, I cannot say but what I do, sometimes more and sometimes less; not as much as I ought to do, I know."

"I am glad to hear thee say that thou dost; that was what I wanted to get at.—Dost thou feel that when thou hast confessed a sin to Him, and hast repented with true sorrow, that he is always bringing it up against thee; always and forever chiding thee?"

John stammered, looked confused, as well as surprised, and then said:

"May I ask you why you ask me such pointed questions?"

"Ask thy own heart, John; if that does not answer thee, I am afraid I cannot do so to my satisfaction; only I would advise thee as a true friend to thee and thy boy, to let 'by-gones be by-gones,' and not to be always chiding him for a sin of which he truly repents and has confessed to thee. Deal with him more as thy Heavenly Father deals with thee, and with all of us; for he is tender-hearted, and the Bible says, 'He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.' I have the fullest confidence of thy son, John. If thou wilt not trust him, and encourage him, and help him to do what is right, I will. Oh, John, John! where is thy father's heart? Wilt thou not take thy poor penitent child to it?"

"I have been wrong, sir, very wrong," said John, with a quiver in his voice. "I will never allude to it more. I thought I was doing right, though I had begun to think sometimes lately that I had said enough. But I thank you much for the lesson you have taught me. I will try to be a tenderer and better father, and that I am sure will comfort my poor wife's heart as well as my boy's, for I saw he was greatly distressed one morning this week, though how you came to know what you do is a mystery to me, sir."

"I am rejoiced to hear thee say so. May God help thee, thy wife and thy children. Good afternoon, John."

The first thing that John Holden did when he got home was to embrace his wife and his son very tenderly; he said nothing, but they both felt, especially Harry, that there was something in him more affectionate than usual; that there was a change in some way that made all of them feel happier. The painful subject was never alluded to again.

Harry grew up to be a steady, high principled man, and as years rolled on he rose to a higher position in society than he ever hoped or expected to have done. In a short time Quaker Drake, who had no children, took him into his office, where by his industry, integrity and general good conduct, he made himself of so much use to the Quaker, that he could not do without him, and gave him a share in the business. At the Quaker's death, which occurred some years afterwards, Henry became master of the establishment.

"He that covereth his sin shall not prosper; but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." "He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever."

Affectation in Society.

Affectation is one of the most glaring evils of the day, permeating, as it does, society generally, and middle-class society particularly, from top to bottom. It is hydra-headed and many-sided, and thus is found tainting people's actions, thoughts, speech and manners, and fostering false morality, sham piety, and a host of noxious evils. Yet it is much cherished by those whom it afflicts. Parents who have allowed it to carry them so far that they have become caricatures of humanity, do ds not hesitate to teach their children that to be natural and transparent on all occasions is simply to disgrace one's self, and wherever people are seen they are found pretending to be what they are not, and avowing a love for what they positively dislike. Nor do they only at its instance sacrifice their comfort and forfeit their self respect, but they also destroy their own comfort. Many a family of moderate means, who might live decently and easily if they would only consent to do so, are in a state of chronic uneasiness and discomfort, because they persist in trying to appear before their neighbors as others than they are. If you go to their homes unexpectedly they will hurriedly throw aside such occupations as they may have been engaged in when your arrival was announced. Mamma will put away the stockings which she has been darning and take in their place some pieces of fancy work, as if it were disgraceful to do what is useful, but highly meritorious to do what is of little service except in an ornamental point of view; the daughters will smuggle their novels out of sight and make weak attempts to look as if they were caught in the act of doing something; and there will be a general dusting and tidying, and putting of unsightly and plebeian objects out of sight. The traces of all that has been done are painfully apparent when you come upon the scene—perhaps you may, for instance, detect mama's stockings peeping from their hiding place behind her chair; or perhaps you may see a novel lurking in an out-of-the-way corner, or perhaps you may hear the scattering of feet and smothered but suggestive ejaculations. Nevertheless, you are let to understand that you are made no stranger of; that in a word, you are of the blessed select few who are permitted to find the family as they are.

A HAPPY CHURCH.

While speaking lately with some gentlemen connected with a very flourishing church, of which they are members, one of them said: "And there is not a grumbler in it!" Everything seemed to suit everybody—pastor, elders, deacons, communicants, Sunday school, prayer meetings, the new and handsome church building just ready to be dedicated—were all right. Bretherly love reigned over the entire community; liberality abounded, and there was the peace of Christian contentment. Happy minister! He would appreciate his seven years of labor in that "field" which the Lord had blessed, for he came to it from another people who were otherwise. Happy church! "without a grumbler in it!"

Grumblers have their uses, like thorns and goads and flies and mosquitoes. They may be even "means of grace" to some ministers who have grace enough to bear with them. But they are so wrapped up in their own discontent and so unhappy, whether they keep them in or let them out, that they have the gift of keeping other people all the time in the same hot water with themselves. We suppose that they must be endured, because they are, as a class, past cure; but they are a hard set to get along with in any church, and if the Lord does not have more patience with them than those whose patience they try so sorely, they will have their reward after their own ways. But happy the pastor and happy the church which have no grumblers to trouble them. How many such are there "among the thousands of Israel?"

The Unremembered Mother.

Unknown, beloved, thou whose shadow lies
Across the sunny threshold of my years;
Whom memory with ever-resting eyes
Seeks thro' the past, but cannot find for tears;
How bitter is the thought that I, thy child,
Remember not the touch, the look, the tone,
Which made my young life thrill—that I alone
Forget the face that o'er my cradle smil'd!
And yet I know that if a sudden light
Reveal'd thy living likeness, I should find
That my poor heart had pictured you aright.
So I will wait, nor think the lot unkind
That hides thee from me, till I know by sight
The perfect face thro' love on earth divin'd.

LOOK OUT FOR THE GREY HORSE, GIRLS!—During leap year the girl who counts all the gray horses she sees, until she has got up to one hundred, will be married within a year, to the first gentleman with whom she shakes hands after counting the one hundredth horse. Every girl in town carries a memorandum book, that she may be sure to keep a correct record. One has already twenty-six, another eleven, and another, who only began last Saturday, has seventeen. If somebody would bring a drove of a hundred gray horses to town to-day, what a shaking of hands would take place to-morrow.

A LADY called upon a milliner the other day to get the character of her servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond question. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner, "I have sent her to you a dozen times with my bill, and she has never yet given me the money."

GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A RURAL HERO.

Some names in history have a peculiar fascination for mankind, and are destined to perpetual remembrance, regardless of all intrinsic merit of their owners. It is mainly the names of men who sprang from the people and lived with the people that will enjoy this immortality. Not that these men are destitute of merit. On the contrary, they are universally men of the strongest native character, more often without scholastic advantages than with, whose heroism seizes upon the imaginations of mankind and makes their lives immortal. Holding no tilted or official station, these men are remembered ages after the horde of Governors and Senators, and Presidents even, may have been forgotten. It is pretty safe to say that five hundred years hence every school boy will know the story of Israel Putnam and the wolf, while as for our Presidents even, excepting Washington, Jefferson, and may be a few others, they will be as indistinguishable almost as the names of unnoted men and women who lived, suffered and hoped five hundred years ago.

Israel Putnam—of whom we give a portrait of some scenes from his active life, was a farmer and the descendent of a long line of farmers in the province of Massachusetts. Born in Salem, January 7th, 1718, he was one of twenty children who crowded the farm house of his father, Capt. Joseph Putnam. The old house is still standing, and the object of much curious interest by numerous visitors. It was a few years ago occupied by the grand-nephew of the Revolutionary veteran. Reared in an era of large families, young Israel could not find much time nor opportunity for school advantages. He distinguished himself instead in athletic sports and adventures, one of which is thus related:

Young Putnam's first daring exploit was in attempting to get a bird's nest attached to a slender limb at the top of a tall tree. He walked out on the limb, below, but just as he touched the nest and exclaimed, "I've got it—it is mine!" the limb broke, and he fell till he caught on another limb by his pantaloons, where he hung, head downwards. Hanging thus, where he could get neither up nor down, in a position where death must come in a few minutes, he called to a boy in the frightened group below to shoot off the limb with his rifle. After some hesitation he did this, and young Putnam fell to the ground somewhat bruised. Determined not to be defeated, a few days afterwards he returned to the tree alone, and with much difficulty secured the nest, which he brought to his companions in triumph.

At the age of 21 Putnam married Miss Hannah Pope, and settled down as a farmer in the newer and more fertile farming land of Pomfret, Conn. In a few years, by good management and hard work he made quite a competence. The new country was, however, much troubled by a wolf, whose depredations none of the townsmen had been able to avenge. Putnam had a fine flock of sheep, and on one night he lost seventy. Starting with some neighbors Putnam tracked the she wolf to a cave in the rocks, followed her, as he saw the beast's eyeballs glaring at him, shot her and dragged her out to daylight. This adventure which, with a less daring hunter, would have been foolhardy and dangerous, seemed to Putnam only a matter of course. It gave him an established reputation among his fellow farmers, and afterwards in the army caused him to be generally known as "The Old Wolf."

Putnam was a man of great personal strength, and on one occasion twisted the tail of a vicious bull around a sapling tree holding it firmly in one hand, while with the other he chastised the animal so that it was ever after submissive.

As a matter of course, Putnam took an active part in the French and Indian wars which preceded the Revolution. His skill in adapting means to achieve his ends seemed almost miraculous. On one occasion, while some English troops were trying to take Fort Oswegatchie, two French vessels blockaded the river and prevented them. Putnam offered to capture the vessels in the darkness of night. Taking a few picked men in a boat, they proceeded with muffled oars, with beetle and wedges, to the vessel. Putnam drove the wedges under the rudder so firmly that it could not be moved, and before the trick was discovered the vessel was drifted ashore and surrendered without firing a gun. The other vessel, seeing the fate of her companion, followed, and became an easy prize.

During the French Wars Putnam went through a multitude of hair-breadth escapes, showing that he bore "a charmed life." During the nine years preceding the Revolutionary War, Putnam was a hard-working and, for those days, very progressive farmer. He paid particular attention to the improvement of stock, and especially of cattle and horses. News of the battle of Lexington reached him when plowing in the field. Leaving his oxen on the furrow for some one else to loose, the veteran of ten years' service mounted his horse and hastened to the front. His beloved wife had died some years before, and with no home ties to interfere with patriotic duties, no man was more enthusiastic or did better service during the years that tried men's souls. He was older than most other Revolutionary heroes, and, crippled by hard service, he retired at the close of the war to spend the remainder of his days on the farm. His military experience and his native force of character brought him rapidly to the front in the Revolutionary War, and he rose to be the Senior Major General of Continental forces under Washington.—For eleven years after his retirement he lived on the farm, and at last died respected by all, and with a name and fame that will grow brighter with passing time.

One incident represented in our illustration, not noticed in the above sketch, is Putnam's celebrated escape when pursued by his enemies—riding on his favorite horse down a steep declivity where none dared follow. The bullets fired failed to injure him, in harmony with the mysterious and miraculous providence which always kept him from danger.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and all Pulmonary Complaints.

A Startling Performance.

Some time ago I gave an account of an accident that happened to Mr. Hammer, the tragedian, at our little theatre in New Castle, while he was representing the "Demon of the Hartz," and was engaged in descending through the stage to the infernal regions. A supernumerary flashed a barrelful of red fire through the hole as the demon was going down, and five minutes later an underdone demon was being carried home on a stretcher. Well, Mr. Hammer has met with another disaster.

Last week the manager put on another piece entitled, "Wild Bill; or, The Scout of the Rocky Mountains," and in this Mr. Hammer was to be tied upon the back of an unbroken horse, and sent hurling over the edge of a precipice. As nobody in town would lend a horse for the purpose, the manager hired a mule from the captain of the canal boat, "Roaring Maria." During the rehearsals the mule did well enough, but on the first night of the play the footlights must have seared it; for as soon as the savages had tied Wild Bill upon its back, instead of charging over the awful lath and canvass precipice, it refused to budge.

And when the Indian chieftain prodded it in the side with a tin spear, it not only let out its heels and kicked that unfortunate brave into the wings; where his spear jammed savagely against the stomach of the prompter, but it reached its head around and made an earnest effort to chew Wild Bill's legs. Failing in this it stood upon three feet and endeavored to reach up to Mr. Hammer and scrape him off with the hoof of its near hind leg. Then the manager came out and tried to start the mule with a whip.

But it merely began to whirl round and round, until the tragedian felt seasick; and then charged up against the scenery, and kicked a brand new sunset to rags, reduced the entire precipice to splinters, upset two muslin trees, and finally brought up with one leg entangled in the Sea of Gallilee, which was pressed into service on this occasion to represent Salt Lake.

This frightened the mule so that it jerked the Sea of Gallilee clear over the stage and went into a fit, during which it tumbled, and after rolling over and over Mr. Hammer three or four times, it plunged into the orchestra, and expired with its haunches in the bass drum and its fore legs tearing the fiddle into kindling wood.

When they untied Wild Bill he arose, wiped the blood from his nose with his sleeve, felt his legs to see that they were unbroken, and then he went around to an alderman's office, registered an oath never to play anything again but low comedy if he should live 9,000 years. "The Scout of the Rocky Mountains" has been withdrawn, and the captain of the "Roaring Maria" is about to enter suit for damages to that mule.—*Max Adeler.*

$100,000 Raised in Phila. Thursday Night by Moody and Sankey.

Mr. Moody said: "You remember that it was announced, last night, that we would have a free-will offering to-night to help pay for the Young Men's Christian Association building. The Centennial is coming on, and that building ought to be finished and paid for, so as to command the admiration of all those foreigners.—Now, to-night, we want to raise $280,000. (Merriment.) Don't you laugh; I'm in earnest. There's men here that could give the whole amount if they wanted to. (Merriment.) Don't you laugh; we mean business. If you don't want to give, don't; the Lord can get along without your money; but if you feel it a privilege to give, why we'd like to have it.—Now let's go to work and pray to God to give us $280,000." Mr. Moody exhibited a diamond ring, which he said had been contributed by the father of a son who had been converted at these meetings, and for which Mr. Moody said he had been offered $500 that day. The ushers at his orders, began going among the audience, hold before each person six-foot poles, from the ends of which hung little bags made of red muslin. Suddenly Mr. Moody's voice was heard above the din, announcing: "Three men have given $70,000." (Applause.) "Seventy thousand a piece?" was asked. "No, no; altogether. We want $210,000 more." A number of ushers having filled their bags, marched up and took their stands around the pulpit, holding aloft before the people their bundles of contribution "boxes," which gave them the appearance of Roman lictors. "A party has offered a thousand dollars for the ring," shouted Mr. Moody, and everybody clapped hands.—The ushers continued describing semi parabolas with their "Mussulman stand standards" for about twenty minutes, and having placed their treasures in security beneath the eyes of the evangelists Mr. Moody said: "Now, if there's anybody been neglected, if they'll only let us know, we'll pass the bags around to them." The choir began singing "We shall meet beyond the river," and had finished one stanza, when Mr. Moody interrupted them, and shouted, five thousand dollars here!"

Over $100,000 had been raised.

THEY HAD ALL BEEN THERE.—At a recent trial in the Elko County Court our friend Bishoff, of the Humboldt brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishoff is one of the "solid men" of Elko, where he he has been in business since the town was started in the winter of 1858. Upon being sworn, Counsellor Rand, one of the attorneys in the case, who, by the way, is also a resident of Elko, said: "Mr. Bishoff, where do you reside?" "Where I reside? What for you ask me such foolish things! You drank at my place more as a hundred times." "That has nothing to do with the case on trial, Mr. Bishoff, state to the jury where you reside." "De shurry! de shurry! Oh, by jimmy! effery gentleman on dis shurry has a string of marks on mine cellar-door just like a rail fence." His Honor here interceded in the counselor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state where he resided. "Oh, excuse me, Shudge. You drinks at my place so many times and pays me notings. I dinks you know old Bishop vot keeps de brewery."—*Nevada Silver State.*

HARD TIMES.—People often complain of hard times from a mere natural tendency to growl, but a Rome (Ga.) darkey, the other day, said, "Nebber seed sich times since I been born. Work all day and steal all night, and blest if I can hardly make a livin'."