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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. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

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ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 37. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877. No. 46.

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. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Call 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.

Corn Planting & Truck Growing!

HUBBARD'S
STANDARD
Bone Super-Phosphate,

Again before the Public at $35 Cash per Ton of 2000 lbs. at the Factory.

Farmers, Read

For yourselves and be CONVINCED, that those who pay CASH for our Phosphate on delivery, or in 30 days from date of bill, will find that money is worth to them much more than legal interest, showing a decided advantage both to the

FARMER and MANUFACTURER

—the latter working upon a small margin above the actual cost per Ton.

The satisfactory results that have been so universally given to our customers can only be attributed to the large percentage of actual Fertilizer, essentially BONE, employed in its manufacture, of which

WE INVITE INSPECTION,

Making it UNDOUBTEDLY

The BEST MANURE for All Crops.

FARMERS will also derive great benefit from its use TO PREVENT FRENCHING IN CORN, and the annoyance of INSECT, relative to which we refer you below to names of a few farmers and others who used our goods last Spring upon Corn and other crops with *profit* and *satisfaction*.

ROBERT S. EMORY,.....Chestertown, Md.
ISAAC PARSONS .....Hanesville.
JOSIAS RINGGOLD.....Chestertown, Md.
ISAAC CORDRAY..... " "
JAS. M. J. BYRON..... " "
VICK. HENDRICKSON..... " "
GEORGE VICKERS..... " "
WILLIAM FORD..... " "
JAS. A. PEARCE..... " "
ROB'T G. NICHOLSON.....Hanesville, Md.
JOHN P. NICHOLSON..... " "
Dr. ALEX. HARDCASTLE, Goldsboro', Md.
JOHN W. COREY.....Hanesville "
THOS. C. PARSONS.....Chestertown, "
OWEN CONNELLY.....Edesville "
STEPHEN LECATES.....Chestertown "
GEO. W. CHRISFIELD.....Galena "
SAM'L J. ROSEBERRY, Lynch's Station "
THEO. DIEHL.....Hanesville "
PETER STOKES.....Chestertown "
CHAS. H. HURLOCK.....Hanesville "
JOHN F. COPPER.....Worton Station "
JOSEPH CORNELIUS.....Chestertown "

See letters of the above named and others in our circulars.

We ask but ONE TRIAL

to convince all of the valuable properties contained in our Phosphate as a CROP PRODUCER, and we pledge ourselves to keep it up to its well known HIGH STANDARD, believing that our success depends entirely upon the QUALITY of our Fertilizer.

In order to avoid disappointment and delay we advise that all orders be sent in early.

Address
HUBBARD BROS.,
Chestertown, Md., and
Wyoming, Del.

P. S.—Send for circulars and certificates.
Feb. 17, 1877.

REMOVED.

Smithing and Wheelwrighting

OPPOSITE THE STAND I FORMERLY OCCUPIED,

and I am ready to do all kinds of work in my line at short notice and moderate rates, and guarantee satisfaction.

Thanking my customers and friends for past patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Jan. 6—tf. Kennedyville, Md.

BOOTS, SHOES,
And HATS.

Henry Allnutt,

192 West Pratt St.

HAVING been for a number of years engaged in the business with John F. Moffett & Co., and lately with E. S. Allnutt & Co., Wholesale Dealers, I beg leave to inform my friends that I have leased the old stand formerly occupied by

J. F. MOFFETT & CO.,
192 WEST PRATT STREET,

Where I will conduct the

WHOLESALE and RETAIL
HAT & SHOE BUSINESS.

With my experience in the Wholesale and Retail business for the past NINE YEARS, I feel sure of being able to make purchases as low as any house in the city.

I shall keep on hand the best Eastern and City made work, also take measures and make to order all kinds of Custom work.

One price to all, and all goods guaranteed as represented.

HENRY ALLNUTT,
No. 192 West Pratt St., BALTIMORE,
3 doors above Maltby House.
Feb. 17, 1877—y.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1877,
A DWELLING and STORE HOUSE at Chesterville, with Garden, Stable and Carriage House. Terms reasonable.
Apply to F. M. GOODING, Agent,
s16-tf. Crumpton, Md.

SEED OATS!

The subscriber has for sale about 400 bus good SEED OATS, which he will sell at 50c per bushel, CASH. JOSIAH LUSBY,
feb24-3t. Fancy Fram

HINES & CO.,
ARE FURNISHING
Cucumber PUMPS
as cheap as they can be had in the city.
Call and examine those on hand.
Warerooms near the Bank. feb24-tf.

STILL IN THE LEAD!

Lister's PURE BONE PHOSPHATE
Is still ahead of all other Phosphates.

Lister's Eclipse Guano,
For CORN, is the best cheap Phosphate in the market. All who used it last fall are willing to testify as to its merits.
We have a number of tons now on hand and in fine order. Call at our place of business and get a circular.
Feb. 24, 1877. HINES & CO.

Seeds! Seeds!

HAVING SOLD
D. M. FERRY & CO.'S
GARDEN SEEDS,
last year, we offer them to the public again this year, feeling confident that they will give the same satisfaction.
Our stock is complete. Call and examine.
Feb. 24, 1877. HINES & CO.

S. Frank. Smith,
HOME AGAIN!
WITH
CHAIRS, TABLES, LOUNGES,
BEDS, STANDS, MATTRASSES,
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS,
CRIBS,
Household Goods generally,
and a Splendid assortment of
Glassware and Queensware
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE.
Also, all kinds CRACKERS, CAKES, CANDY, &c., in fact we flatter ourselves that we know what our people need and try to sell reasonably. Call and see.
S. FRANK. SMITH,
High st., just above the Voshell House.
Feb. 24, 1877—3t.

1877 1877.

J. B. SAPPINGTON
Chestertown, Md.,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Notions, Boots,
Shoes, Hats,
And General Merchandise.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
TOBACCO,
FLOUR,
LARD,
BACON,
SALT,
And SALTED FISH.

Buying largely at MANUFACTURER'S PRICES, we sell at SMALL PROFITS.

Best Brands of Sugar-Cured Hams.

GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING. We will do our best to please in GOODS and PRICES.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken at Market Prices.
CASH paid for FUR and RAGS.

J. B. Sappington,
CROSS STREET,
Opposite Geo. E. Lambert's Carriage Shops,
Chestertown, Md.
Feb. 24, 1877.

Queen St. Green Houses.

I AM still located in QUEEN ST., CHESTERTOWN, with a beautiful prospect for Flowers and Early Vegetable Plants in variety. I shall endeavor to give satisfaction to all purchasers of Flowers and Plants.
feb17-3t. WM. KIRBY.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL
of Women's, Misses' and Children's Pebble Lace Boots,
The best I ever saw for the price, from 1.25 to 1.75, at JOS. H. THOMPSON'S
Feb. 10. Boot and Shoe Store.

Newest Patterns in Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

BY WILL CARLTON.

They've got a brand new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they sed they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In every body's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good and true
For five an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
An' twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays lik'ed that blessed hymn—
I spose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I could'nt catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was stan'lin' near
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
An' boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might,
But though my voice is good an' strong
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse you know
They play a little tune;
I did'nt understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best,
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

An' Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
And never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most come off!

An' Deacon Tubbs he all broke down,
As one might well suppose,
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book thro' and thro',
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
And wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good and true,
For five-an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
An' some day I to church will go,
An' never more come back;
An' when the folks gets up to sing—
When'ere that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me!

A CITY OF MOURNERS.

Perhaps there is not a sadder city in the United States just now than Gloucester, the metropolis of Cape Ann, the little city of fishermen. For something like two hundred and fifty years Gloucester has been a fishing port. Its trade, its domestic life, its every interest, depends upon its fishing fleet. Women and children understand about ships and fishing; the gossip of the street is of some wonderful success or some marvelous escape of the men who brave the stormy sea and the wintry gales. It is not strange, then, when, not long ago, vague reports became certainty, and no doubt remained that the fierce December storms had overwhelmed the winter fishing fleet, and ten of them had been wrecked, that Gloucester became a city of mourning. Ninety-eight men were lost with these ten vessels, and distressed widows and fatherless children refused to be comforted. The fleet that encountered the fatal December gales numbered between thirty and forty vessels. Most of them were bound for the La Have and Grand Banks, and from four to six weeks was the usual time for a trip. The majority of them had sailed from Gloucester during the first half of November, and when, toward the latter part of December, rumors were heard of dismantled vessels in the vicinity of the Banks, the anxiety grew intense. One by one the fleet returned with broken masts and shattered hulls, but eagerly greeted by anxious watchers. But ten were missing, and gradually the conviction was forced upon aching hearts that they were lost. The year 1876 was the most disastrous known in the history of the Gloucester fisheries; during the year twenty-seven vessels were lost and 211 men. A relief organization has been formed in Gloucester for the benefit of the families who are left destitute, and generous contributions have been received from various sources.

OUR West no man's ambition has been fully satisfied until he has been mistaken on the train for a commercial traveler. Then the radiance that streams from a contented soul illumines his grateful, happy face, and as he looks around it seems to him that all the bright world takes its sunlight through blue glass.

IF a Michigan man is a Michigander, then a Wisconsin man is a Wisconsinner, is he not? and a Rhode Island man a Rhode Islandiron? and a Vermont man a Vermonstrosity? and our southern neighbor a Connecticutler? and so on, *ad lib.*—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Do you have mice here?" inquired a visitor in the office of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, as he gazed at a huge pile of exchanges, and listened to a rustle that came up out of the depths. "Oh, no," was the reply, "that's our paragrapher."

THE latest use to which paper is put is that of a protector to ship's bottoms. Experiments show that when a cement of waterproof paper is employed, it is the best and cheapest material for protecting iron.

[For the Kent News.]

PUGWASH PAPERS—No. 3.

The Ancient Mariner.

BY PEREGRINE PEAKE.

Just on the outskirts of Pugwash, and close to the beautiful river that ran by that ancient town, one might have observed a little white cottage half hidden in a dense growth of old English ivy. A vegetable patch bordered each side of a narrow path that led up to the door, with the exception of a small grass plot directly in front of the dwelling. There was but one large square room in the tenement, and it certainly was a curiosity in itself. A genuine repository for everything nautical and submarine. Two rusty cutlasses, crossed, were suspended on one section of the wall; near them a Malay cruse and a variety of spears and other weapons used by the natives inhabiting the islands in the South Seas; close by a harpoon and a lance, and so on all around the four walls. There were stuffed birds from the tropics and the South Pacific, and a walrus tooth or so from the Polar regions. Every clime had contributed its mite towards this museum of wonders, and the collection, in many instances, was noticeable for rarity and beauty. A hammock, of ingeneous workmanship, was suspended from the ceiling; which, together with a camphor wood trunk, a couple of sea chests and a rough table and two stools, comprised the furniture of the apartment. There was one window, protected with iron bars, which looked out on the river. A door at the back communicated with a little cuddy, wherein the cooking of the establishment was done.

The sole occupant of this dwelling was a gray haired and gray bearded sailor, apparently about sixty years of age. He had taken up his residence here about a year previous to the action of this narrative. He had lost a leg at some previous period of his existence, and now hobbled about on a wooden substitute. A black patch ornamented one of his "peepers," as he was pleased to call his organs of vision, and if ever a man was proud of any one thing this old votary of Neptune was proud of that patch. His arms, brown and skinny as they were, showed the impression of many a beautiful design imprinted in the skin by the aid of India ink and a needle. Old Tom Hawser—that was his name, though we boys with our usual precocity had nick-named him the "Ancient Mariner"—was invariably attired in a short blue jacket, white duck trowsers, a wide-brimmed manilla hat, and a black silk cravat, placed once round his neck and fastened together with a section of the back bone of some fish, thro' which a hole had been wrought sufficiently large to admit both ends of his carelessly adjusted neckerchief. He smoked a long stemmed pipe—his constant companion—and from which he puffed forth wreaths of blue smoke, an indulgence which seemed to afford him the most agreeable enjoyment.

The "Ancient Mariner's" brain was stored with some of the most surprising "yarns" that ever emanated from a person's "wisdom box," which he could uncoil—to use his own expression—with the greatest readiness whenever his humor so pleased him. Some of these outshone the most wonderful creations of a dime novelist, and even Munchausen himself, could he have heard them, would have trembled for his laurels. From an adventure in the Arctic regions to a storm in the tropics; and from a set to between an armed schooner and a yacht-rigged sloop with an impossible number of guns and men to a full blown encounter between a couple of frigates, it was all the same to him. I was rather a favorite with the old "sea dog," and, in consequence, was quite a frequent visitor at his domicile. My usual companions on such occasions were Tommy Twitter, Harry Hazel and Peter Bumbletree. Many a tale of sea life had we listened to in open-mouthed wonder; but the "Ancient" had of late been drawing his yarns down to such an impossible state of facts that we were gradually awakening to an idea that his tales were not all based on the Gospel truth. I have since wondered how I came to swallow such large doses of stuff, logically contradictory to the plain dictates of common sense.

One Saturday afternoon as I was amusing myself on our back stoop, and considering how I should employ my spare time, who should walk up to the gate but my three associates whom I have already named.

"Hullo!" said I, "thought you had gone off fox hunting."

"No," replied Tommy Twitter, "we've changed our minds."

"Well," said I, "I'm very glad to hear it; I've been moping about for half an hour thinking over what I should do, and I am just as far off from a conclusion as ever. Can't you think of something?"

"Why, yes; suppose we go out near the station and have a game of ball."

"No, thank'ee," I replied, suddenly bristling up. "And look here, Tommy Twitters, don't you stand there grinning at me either, just as if you were an escaped orang outang!"

The truth was since that unlucky game some six months previous when my personal appearance had been so badly demoralized, I possessed a virtuous horror of a base ball, and could never be induced to take other part than that of spectator. My companions had twitted me unmercifully, and, as a matter of course, it was a tender spot in my recollection, so that any allusion thereto was at once sufficient to put my juvenile soul in arms.

Tommy perceived that he was treading on dangerous ground, so the grin vanished and he said:

"Let's go down to the 'Ancient Mariner;' what say?"

"All right," said I, my angry feeling of a moment fading as suddenly from my mind. "A capital idea, and, now I recollect, the 'Ancient' told me to be sure and come this afternoon."

So I joined my companions, and we started for the little white cottage.

"Do you know," said Tommy, "I think the 'Mariner' was drawing it a little too strong last Saturday in that yarn of his. Ho, ho! the idea of a sea serpent chasing a vessel and getting so excited that he swallowed his own tail by mistake and choked himself, forming a sort of lote in the middle of the ocean, and that it took the sailors six months, sawing as hard as they could, to cut a passage thro' his back to let the ship out. Pooh!" snapping his fingers incredulously, "I don't believe there ever was such a serpent; and if there had been he'd ate the ship instead of his tail."

"Tommy," said I, "we don't know half of the wonders of the mighty deep—neither you nor I have been to sea; the 'Ancient' has—these things seem incredulous to our eyes because we have never had an opportunity to test the fact for ourselves."

"Oh, you be blowed! You're as bad as he is. I do believe if he told you he'd been down to the bottom of the ocean and saw all sorts af curious things, you'd believe it. It's my opinion he's nothing but an old liar."

"Why, Tommy, I'm surprised at you," said I, endeavoring to imitate the example of a good little boy I had read about in a Sunday School book.

"Come, now," said my wordy antagonist, "what's come over you; going to turn parson, eh!"

I was on the point of volunteering an angry reply, when Bumbletree interrupted me with:

There is the cottage, and the 'Mariner' is sitting in the doorway.

So Tommy and I forgot our differences, and, as we walked up the path, a cherry voice sung out:

"Avast! there my hearties! Port your helm and square your yards and don't sail into my cabbage beds. That's right—steady she is; I see you know your bearings, youngsters."

"Ay, ay!" mimiced Tommy, "that we do."

"The "Ancient Mariner" was busily occupied splicing two pieces of rope together, using a small pointed iron to separate the strands.

"Tom," said I, "what do you call that piece of iron?"

"That?" holding it up. "Why, bless your top-lights, that's what we call a marline spike."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, very much enlightened. "And what is a belaying pin?"

"A strong iron pin in he side of a vessel or by the mast round which we fasten a rope. And now, boys, you've just bore round in time; I'm going afloat."

We were delighted, for of course this was an invitation to accompany him on the river—a proposition that never failed to please us.

"Here, you Bumbletree, take these down," pointing to a pair of oars that stood up against the cottage; "and you, Peregrine, follow in my wake."

He jumped up with surprising alacrity and stumped into the cottage, and I followed. Going to a little cupboard he took therefrom a suspicious looking black bottle and a tin cup which he gave me to carry, with an injunction not to drop the former if I wished to avoid having a broadside poured into me than would do credit to an old-fashioned Spanish three-decker. He followed me with the boat's rudder, and we were all soon at the water's edge. We lost no time in embarking. Tommy and I each took an oar. Bumbletree and Hazell took up positions in the bow; while the red face of Tom Hawser looked particularly jolly as he presided at the helm.

"Yo, my hearties! It does my peepers good to clap 'em upon part of Neptune's dominions. I feels uncommon spry whenever I gets afloat."

Afloat! afloat! in a jolly good boat!
Yo ho! there's none so free
As the sailor bold, who in hot or cold
A sails the deep blue sea.

"My tarry toplights! I remembers the days when my voice wasn't so broken up as it is now; when I could take up with the best of 'em and hold my own. Those were the times! Hullo, there, Peregrine, dip a little lower or you'll be fishing for crabs. And you, Mr. Hazel, don't you go for to tip this boat that way again, or I'll throw you overboard to the sharks!"

"Why, Tom," said Harry, "there ain't any sharks in the river, are there?

"No, you swab! And more fool you for believing me in earnest."

'Twas in the good ship Roarer that we sailed
the stormy ocean,
The winds and waters kicked their heels and
raised a great commotion,
And if it had'nt been for bulk I have a private
notion
To Davy Jones' locker we would all have found
our way.

It is many a storm I've been in my lads, but it isn't every capful of wind that swamps a vessel. There now, you may rest a bit on your oars, and while you do I'll just take a swig of this ere, producing the black bottle and the tin cup.

"Tom," said I, "what is grog?"

"It's a mixture of rum and water which they serves aboard ships."

"Is that grog?"

"No, this ere is pure gin."

"Who invented grog?"

"How should I know. All I remember is that I heard our lieutenant say once it was some admiral as did it."

Grog, my mates, is the sailor's joy,
He'll ne'er refuse,
'Tis his just dues,
'Twill hurt no one from man to boy.

"That's a fact, or I would not say it. After a puff or two of my pipe I'll spin you a yarn as will make your mouths water."

"Oh, Tom," said Tommy, with his usual impudence, "that is only an excuse to gain time that you may think up a greater lie than usual."

"Cutlasses and boarding spikes! How dare you say so, you young varmint! Do you mean to say as how I don't allus tell the truth?"

Tommy was much abashed at this sudden exhibition of temper on the part of the 'Ancient,' and repented of his hastiness; but it was some time before the old man would accept his apology that he only did it in fun.

"I won't sail in company with any one as disbelieves for what I says. But it ain't my nature to bear any one a grudge, and as you says as how you didn't mean it, why that's all about it."

Old Tom took another dram from the bottle and his good humor was speedily restored. Tommy and I resumed our rowing. It was a delightful afternoon. Scarce a breath of wind was abroad, not enough to ruffle the calm surface of the river, on which the rays of the declining sun danced and sparkled like thousands of brilliants set in a sheet of pure silver. A few fleecy clouds hung in the sky like tissues of snowy tulle against a blue background. The gentle ripple caused by the bow of the boat as she shot through the water was delightfully musical to our ears, impressed as we were by the beauty of the day and the scenery that everywhere disclosed itself to our admiring eyes.

"Now, mates, if you're willing we'll heave ahead. It was just such a day as this when we lay becalmed off the Bermudas, after weathering the heaviest gale we'd ever passed through, which blew the cook's eyebrows clear off and turned the helmsman's clothes inside out. We had been chased four hundred miles by a big billow nearly one hundred feet high, but it finally gave up in despair and left us alone. Howsomdever, as I was saying, we were becalmed. I was captain of the main top of the Boormeer, a fifty gun frigate, that was when I sarved in the English navy. The Bormeer continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily that their glassy surfaces were not broken by a single ripple. The sun went down clear but red and fiery, and soon after he dipped his jolly red face into the sea, we were piped to duty at the hammolka. The sky, though its blue faded to a duskier tint, still remained without a cloud; but more than one of the crew shook their heads and said that there would be more wind than we wanted before long. Howsomdever, we didn't have long to wait. The storm came on with a suddenness that was reg'lar appalling. The surge was so violent that the Bormeer was thrown on her beam ends, and everything on board which was not secured was thrown in great confusion to the leeward. The sky was black as night, and the air thick and full of foam. The wind howled and shrieked as if Pendemonium had broken loose. Waves two and three hundred feet high rose all abont us, and waterspouts too. But so fast did we scud before the tempest that we passed all the dangers as if they were nothing. Every sail had been closely furled, except, you see, the fore-storm top-sail, which is never taken in; but being hauled well aft with both sheets, it was stretched stiffly amidships, and presented nothing but bolt rope to the wind. The masts and the yards with their snug rolls of canvass met the hurricane and were tried to their uttermost. The topmasts bent and cracked before the blast, and the royal poles of the top-gallant masts, which lie above the cross trees, snapped about like a whip lash. The running rigging lashed against the spars and the shrouds and back stays strained as if they wanted to draw the strong bolts that held them to the vessel. All of a sudden like a terrific wave took the frigate right on the broadside, smashed in the bulwarks of the quarter deck level with the main chains and made a clean sweep of guns, men and everything movable. The fore-mast and mizzen-mast went over, leaving the main-mast standing. Such was the force of the wind that this mast bent down until the truck touched the deck, and when a lull came it snapped back like an elastic band. Once it struck the bowsprit by mistake and broke it off. Fifty of onr men seized hold of the unruly mast, but it flew back and the last was seen of my shipmates they were riding off on a wind cloud waving their hats at us. The storm continued without intermission for sixteen weeks, and what with working the pump and other work we had become pretty weak. In some places we had sailed so fast that the friction set the waves on fire, and for many nights it was as light as day. Finally it eased down and we ran into port. When we came to take the hatches off we found that owing to the swiftness of our passage we had clean sailed our bottom off, so she had to be turned over and repaired before putting to sea again." Here the old prevaricator paused, puffing silently at his pipe and gazing fixedly at the sun as it slowly approached the watery horizon that stretched far away out at the mouth of the river, while we were left to conjecture how a vessel could possibly float without a bottom.

"That's a whopper," said Tommy to me, in a whisper.

The 'Ancient' looked at him suspiciously, as if he divined what was passing in his thoughts; but he turned away without a remark and softly carolled something to himself about Black Eyed Susan who lived on the Downs.

"Hey, Peregrine, look here!" shouted Bumbletree. "Just look at all these little fishes round the bow."

"Can't," said I shortly, "don't you see I'm engaged?"

"There is a lot and the boat cuts right through them."

"That puts me in mind when I was crossing the Atlantic about fifteen years ago," broke in the 'Mariner,' while he emitted from his mouth a ring of bluish smoke that floated heavenward. "Our brig, the Lolly Polly, was a right smart sailer, and not only could sail on the wind but two or three points the other side. I know we once outrid a hurricane though we kept it in sight two weeks. My top-lights! she sailed so fast that many a time we had to put her under bare poles to keep her from running away from us. One day we ran foul of a shoal of porpoises and we slid through 'em like a knife cutting millions of 'em in half; the body going on one side the tail and the other half going the other. The strangest part of the affair was that the pieces all joined, each to the right one, when they comed starn, and the porpoises frisked and gamboled about in the water as if nothing had happened."

Tommy gave a peculiar whistle, and, while attempting to get my handkerchief out of my pocket to put into my mouth in order to prevent myself from laughing outright and thereby calling down on my devoted head the indignation of the old salt, my oar slipped from my grasp and floated away while I received a thump in my back from the handle of Tommy's oar that brought the tears into my eyes. The boat swung around under the impetus given it by one oar, much to the surprise of the "Ancient Mariner" who did not at first perceive my dilemma.

"Avast there! what are you about!" he roared.

He was soon apprised of the situation. After some little trouble the oar was recovered and I was treated to a severe lecture.

"The sun's dipping the horizon, its time, mates, we were about ship," a manenvre which was speedily effected.

The beauty of a sunset on a watery horizon needs no description from my pen. All who have had and possess the opportunity of seeing it under such auspices will agree with me that it is lovely, and, in some instances grand. The varied and ever changing tints makes it a fitting subject for an artist's eye; but who never can hope to do justice on canvass to God's original in nature.

As we rowed slowly back old Tom varied the monotony with a pull at the bottle and a line or two of a song, which was sandwiched in between endless whiffs of the everlasting pipe. It soon became evident that he was getting quite jolly over the bottle, and we feared that he was carrying his excesses a little too far.

"Pass the smiling grog around
Ay! tip the flowing can,
There's never a tar that can be found
Won't drink it like a man,"

Roared he without regard to time or tune. And then he continued,

"Come sling the flowing bowl
Now every jovial soul;
Who hopes to win
Must sip good gin,
And take Dame Fortune on the roll.
And each fond lass
Will try her glass
And foot it to the fiddle,
With a forward and back
Nor hasten to slack,
But up and down the middle.
'Then pass the smiling grog around,'" etc.

"That's it (hic) now, once more with a will." And again we chimed in, more to humor the 'ancient' than for any particular desire we had to exercise our vocal organs:

"I once made love to a little mermaid,
But to come on land she was afraid,
So she dropped me a line by the ocean cable
Said she loved me, but was'nt able
To leave her home in the salt blue sea,
But if to her I'd come, why she'd marry me.
Then I sent to her at once a reply,
If there's green in the sea there's none in my
eye,
If you think to hook this chap you're sadly
mistaken,
So left her alone and so saved my bacon."

True every word of it. It happened on the trip when we met a severe storm which blew all our sails away and we went into harbor under a full press bolt ropes," and as a supplement to the barefaced lie, he took another pull at the bottle which he held up empty, and presently rolled over quite helpless with his hands still holding on to the ropes of the tiller.

However, this was of no consequence as we were close to the landing. We carried the "Ancient Mariner" up into the house, put him into his hammock and covered him up, where we left him, snoring loudly, to sleep off the effects of the liquor. We then started for our homes well pleased with our afternoon's excursion, but inwardly wishing that the "Ancient Mariner" was not such a great liar.

THE END.

Beaten by a Large Majority.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: A boy, aged twelve, whose uncle is a member of the Legislature, was permitted to make a trip to Lansing a few days ago in order to visit the State House. He came home chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate William coldly waved him back and said:

"I refer you to the committee on fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?"

His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked if he had enjoyed himself, he replied:

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now move to strike out all after the enacting clause."

"What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pancakes."

The hired girl came in with the dinner and wanted to know how he liked Lansing. He looked at her with great dignity and replied:

"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration. She got mad and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill. He went to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked him where No. 657 was.

"We'll have a call of the House and see," replied the boy.

"Whose house," asked the painter.

"Or you can rise to a question of privlege," continued the lad.

"I don't wan't no sass," said the painter, who thought the boy was making fun of his red nose.

"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to a third reading, or else go into committee of the whole and debate it.

"I think you need dressing down!" and he banged William into a heap of snow down behind his cellar.

"Have the minority no rights?" yelled the boy, as he kicked the painter on the shin.

He would have been wallopped had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at sight of her, but called out:

"I'll see you again, boy."

"I refer the whole subject to father, with instructions to report a bill to walk you into the police court," replied the representative, and went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules and rushing a bill through on referring it to the committee on cornfields till some one came around with the cigars.

A HAWK AMONG THE HENS.—Gilbert White tells a most dramatic story of a neighbor who had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house, to the place where his coops stood. The owner vexed to see his flocks diminished, hung a net between the pile and the house, into which the bird dashed and was entangled. The gentleman's resentment suggested a fit of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the hens.—"Imagination says Mr. White, "cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired were new, such as had been unnoticed before; the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."—*Scribner's for March.*

WHAT is the difference between an editor and his wife? One sets articles to rights and the other writes articles to set.

A POLITICIAN in Washington has become cross-eyed trying to keep his eye on the main chance.

"WHAT would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

HE ORDERED OYSTER STEWS.

One of those toil-hardened true-hearted chaps, often read of in romance, made his appearance on the Campus Martius yesterday, and his sympathies were at once aroused by the sight of three or four old men standing around with their buck-saws and waiting for work.

"I'll be hanged if it isn't tough," he replied when they told him that they had not had any work for a month. "How would you like some oysters?"

They smacked their lips by way of reply, and he gathered up a crowd of eight, marched them to a restaurant and ordered oyster stews for each one.

"It does my soul good to see them eat!" he said to the owner of the place as the eight got to work.

"Yes it's a beautiful sight," was the reply.

"It makes me feel good in here," continued the stranger, laying his hand on his heart.

"A good deed always brings its own reward," was the soft answer of the restauranter as he calculated his profit.

"I can't rest here—I must do further good," said the big-hearted stranger, and he rushed out and brought in three negroes, a chimney-sweep, two boys and an old woman, and ordered more oysters.

The fifteen people went for oyster soup in a manner to amaze, and their guardian nudged the restauranter in the ribs and said:

"See the gentle lambs! Oh, that I could feed the poor of all America!"

"You are a good man, and Heaven will reward you," replied the proprietor, as he filled the dishes up again.

The stranger said he wanted to bring in just five more, so as to say that he had fed an even score, and he rushed after them, while the restauranter sent after more oysters and crackers. The stranger didn't return. He was last seen climbing into a farmer's sleigh on State street and guiding his team to the west. The fifteen in the restaurant licked their plates clean and departed in joyful procession, and the last one had passed out before the man who furnished the soup had got through waiting for the return of the big-hearted stranger. There were oaths and slang phrases, and watchwords and expressions delivered in the purest of English, but what mattered it to the fifteen soup devourers who drew up in line opposite and

Resolved, That them oysters just touched the right spot.

California Fruits.

The shipments of fruit from California to the Eastern cities are heavily on the increase. The year before last one hundred and fifty carloads were shipped. Last year the number was three hundred and thirty-four. The present year the quantity, it is expected will be doubled. California fruit, shipped through to Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard by rail, brings high prices in the Eastern markets. It must necessarily be so, for the cost of transportation is heavy and the losses on the delicate and finer fruits great. The freight charges on the three hundred and thirty-five carloads of freight sent East last year, and averaging twenty thousand pounds of fruit per car, amounted to the gross sum of $211,500. Nothing can be finer than the appearnce of the California fruit, the pears grown in that climate being remarkable alike for their size and beauty of outline. But many of them lack the delicious flavor of the Eastern grown fruit, whilst the larger kinds are coarse, tasteless and gritty. The plums and grapes are excellent in size, flavor and quality, and quite outvie any fruit of the kind in the open air on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, the choicer qualities of these fruits are scarce with us. Our pear trees are sickly, our plums are infested with the curculio and our grapes subject to the rot. There is, therefore, an open market for the fruits of California, and the demand would be far in excess of the supply if they could be furnished at prices that would bring them within the reach of the generality of households. With increasing competition this will probably be the case in the course of a few years, and whilst nothing will supercede the peach in its season, the California fruits coming in at other times will be welcomed for the change and variety they offer.

Don't Worry About Yourself.

The *Journal of Health* says: To regain or recover health persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that physicians and surgeons who make a speciality of a certain disease are liable to die of it themselves; and the mental power is so great that people sometimes die of diseases which they only have in imagination. We have seen persons seasick in anticipation of a voyage before reaching the vessel.—We have known a person to die of a cancer in the stomach when he had no cancer nor any other disease. A man blindfolded and slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons in health and desiring to continue so should at all times be cheerful and happy, and those who are sick should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith men are saved, and also by their faith that they die. If a man wills not to die he can live in spite of disease; and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as