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# Kent News.

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

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**The Kent News:**

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
*PLUMMER & USILTON,*
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

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HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.



*Baltimore Hotels.*

**Northern Central Hotel,**
*Opposite Northern Central and Baltimore & Potomac Depot,*
125 NORTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.
Terms, $1.50 per day.
Accommodations first class. Clean Beds, nice rooms and plenty good to eat.
n24-3m. H. P. READING, Pro.

**PEPPER'S NEW HOTEL**
*On the American and European Plans,*
HOLLIDAY ST., opp. Main Entrance to City Hall,
(One Square from Baltimore Street.)
BOARD per day - - - - $2
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper 50c. each. Rooms 75c. to $1. Permanent Boarders according to room. First class Restaurant attached.
y. W. S. PEPPER, Prop'r.

**MALTBY HOUSE,**
BALTIMORE, MD.
C. R. HOGAN.....PROPRIETOR.
Reduction of Fare.
$2.50 PER DAY.
Being determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city—a liberal share of public patronage is solicited. j22-y.

**MANSION HOUSE,**
N.E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
I. ALBERTSON.....PROPRIETOR.
ROOMS FIRST CLASS
*With GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD*
At $1.50 PER DAY.
apr21y.

*Baltimore Cards.*

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
*Manufacturers of all styles*
CHEWING TOBACCO,
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
*No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets,*
*BALTIMORE.*
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

JAS. A. MERRITT. N. A. GASSAWAY.
**MERRITT, GASSAWAY & CO**
*Commission Merchants*
For the sale of GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 8 SPEAR'S WHF.
y. *BALTIMORE, MD.*

JESSE WILSON. G. W. WILSON.
**J. WILSON & SON,**
Commission Merchants
For the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Grain, Peaches, Apples, Canned Goods, Vegetables, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fish, &c.,
*Corner of Light and Camden Streets,*
y BALTIMORE.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. WM. H. RUTTER AND. W. WOODALL.
**GREENWOOD, RUTTER & CO.,**
Commission Merchants
*And General Produce Dealers,*
72 SOUTH ST., Corn Exchange Building,
y BALTIMORE.

ALONZO P. CREW. JAS. W. JEROME.
**CREW & JEROME,**
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
92 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered. y

*Medical.*

**W. Frank Hines, M. D.**
*OFFICE ON COURT ST.,*
Near C. F. Smith's Drug Store.
May be found at office when not professionally engaged. de8-3m.

*Educational.*

**Wilmington Conference Academy.**
FIFTH YEAR opened in new building September 3d. Prepares for Business, Teaching, College, or the study of a profession. Send for a catalogue. Address the Principal.
REV. J. M. WILLIAMS, A. M.,
oc20-3m. Dover, Del.

*LAW CARDS.*

**C. T. WESTCOTT,**
*Attorney & Counselor at Law*
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent Cecil Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

**HINES & SMITH,**
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
*New Office Court St., 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,
y MARION deK. SMITH.

**SURVEYING.**
THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent. Orders left with C. H. Baker, Esq., Chestertown, will be promptly attended to.
Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
sep22-6m. Chestertown.

WINDOW SASH—
7x9 12 lights. 10x12 12 lights.
8x10 12 " 10x14 12 "
3x12 12 "
On hand and for sale low by
Nov. 24. T. W. ELLASON, Jr.

YOU can buy nice Brown SUGAR at 10c. per lb. at *Thompson's*, up town.

TO BE SOLD at a *BARGAIN FOR CASH:*
**2600 Standard Pears,**
2 years old, from 4 to 6 ft. high, fine stock of the following varieties: 490 Clapp, 275 Seckel, 345 Lawrence, 830 Flemish Beauty and 680 Bartlett.
LEVERETT GROVER.
FRANK H. RIVERS, Agent, Chestertown.
Dec. 15—tf.

CHOICE
**PEAR TREES!**
From the Well-Known Nurseries of
HERENDEEN & VANDUSEN,
*GENEVA, N. Y.*
THE undersigned has about 20,000 of the above Choice Fruit Trees of different varieties, on the premises of Mr. George E. Leary, at Grey's Inn Wharf, and some 10,000 at Mr. J. Wilkinson's, at Centreville, which he will sell at
**$35 Per HUNDRED,**
—OR—
$250 per Thousand.
This Fruit is guaranteed *TRUE TO NAME* and of the very best quality.
The Agent is now canvassing Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and hopes that none will purchase elsewhere before seeing him or the trees.
GEORGE NOBLE,
Foreman of the above Nursery.
Dec. 29, 1877—5t.*

**Fruit & Ornamental Trees**
*FROM THE RELIABLE*
**MORRIS NURSERY,**
Of West Chester, Pa.
The subscriber will furnish to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties
**Apples, Pears, Plums,**
*PEACHES, CHERRIES,*
Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees of every variety, including an extra fine lot of EVERGREENS, Shrubs and Roses.
Our aim is to please and give our patrons the worth of their money. Will refer to Dr. Maxwell & Son, James H. Baker, Josiah Lusby, Bartus Trew, and many others, who have purchased of us in Kent County.
MR. FRANK H. RIVERS, Chestertown, is duly authorized to take orders. The sooner orders are received the more accurately we can give varieties.
dec8. LEVERETT GROVER.

**TO THE LADIES.**
MISS MARY R. BENJAMIN
Has just returned from the city with a complete assortment of
**NOTIONS, DRESS TRIMMINGS,**
Children's Colored HOSE,
*Handkerchiefs, &c.*
She also has quite a variety of new styles for making and trimming Dresses, and will guarantee entire satisfaction, both in fit and price.
She has also combined MILLINERY with Dress-making, and has a varied and carefully selected stock of HATS, BONNETS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, &c., and is confident that from her experience in that trade cannot fail to please, and will be thankful for your orders.
Respectfully, M. R. BENJAMIN.
Oct. 27—tf.

**NEW MILLINERY!**
*FANCY GOODS!*
**DRESS MAKING!**
M. ALICE LAMBERT & SISTER
Have just opened a new Stock of fresh and most fashionable styles. In *BONNETS, HATS, Laces, Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Toilet articles, &c., &c.,* we cannot be undersold.
DRESS MAKING of all kinds, done in best manner at low prices.
Ladies' and Children's CLOAKS of any style furnished on short notice, at the lowest city prices.
Give us a call. Store one door above J. H. Simpers & Bro's.
M. ALICE LAMBERT & SISTER.
oc27-3m.

*To the Ladies.*
**NEW MILLINERY**
And FANCY GOODS.
MRS. KATE GILL,
On Queen St., Chestertown, has just opened a new stock of
**Millinery and Fancy Goods**
of the latest Fall and Winter styles. She has made her selections with great care and made her purchases at the lowest cash prices, so that she is sure of her ability to please, both in style and price.
BONNETS, HATS, Ribbons, Flowers, and a full line of all such goods as are usually found in a first-class Millinery store. A full line of ZEPHYR Goods always on hand.
Call and see. oct20-3m.

**MILLINERY**
JUST OPENED.
*BEAUTIFUL, GOOD and CHEAP!*
MRS. H. USILTON,
Adjoining Wickes' Drug Store,
has just received and opened a well selected stock of NEW and BEAUTIFUL
**Millinery and Fancy Goods**
of the latest and most fashionable styles. In HATS, BONNETS, LACES, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments, she is satisfied of her ability to please, both in quality and price.
ALSO IN STORE A FINE STOCK OF NOTIONS, to which she invites special attention.
STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.
The Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. No effort will be spared to give full satisfaction to all who favor her with their patronage.
MRS. H. USILTON.
Oct. 27, 1877—tf.

**REYNOLDS & Co.**
No. 3 COCHRAN SQUARE,
Middletown, Delaware
DEALERS IN
**CLOTHING**
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
AND
Gents' FURNISHING GOODS
which they are selling at *prices lower than were ever before known on the Peninsula!*
**Overcoats $4.50 to $13.**
MEN'S SUITS from $7 to $16.
YOUTH'S SUITS from $6 to $10.
BOYS' (5 to 10 yrs.) $4.75 to $7
Men's Merino Underwear.....35c. to $1.75
White, Chiviot and Percale SHIRTS 45c. to $1.50
4 Ply Linen Collars..... 2 for 25c.
" " Cuffs .....pr pair 25c.
NECKWEAR in great variety.
**Stiff & Soft HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS**
VALISES, GUM COATS, LEGGINGS and CAPS, &c.
**SUITS made to Order a Specialty.**
We keep a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of Beavers and Chinchillas for Overcoats, and Cloths, Cassimeres, and English Worsteds for Suitings. None but the best workmen employed, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Our prices are at least **25 per cent. lower** than those of City Merchant Tailors.
Sole agents for the Celebrated *SINGER Sewing Machines.*
GEO. W. ERNEST, Salesman.
FRANK L. NOWLAND, Assist.
dec15-tf.

**New Winter Clothing**
**ABE SCHWARTZ,**
*Merchant Tailor,*
FROM PHILADELPHIA,
Respectfully invites his friends and the public to call and examine his
***Winter Goods!***
Receiving daily from Eastern markets.
FINE GOODS a SPECIALTY.
BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and IN ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.
*Also, READY-MADE CLOTHING,*
CLOTHS and Cassimeres by the yard or in quantities to suit, at the lowest prices.
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
of the BEST QUALITY for sale at low prices.
Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.
We guarantee a fit in every case.
Oct. 13, 1877. ABE SCHWARTZ.

**HERE WE ARE!**
**J. M. Vandyke & Sons**
HAVE this week opened
A NEW STORE
with New Goods, in the old Canady stand, between Bordley's Corner and Wickes' Drug Store, and will be pleased to have our old friends and the public generally call and see us, as we think we can please you. Our Goods are selected with care and consist of
**DRY GOODS,**
NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,
QUEENSWARE,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS, &c.
Also a good variety of
*MEN'S CHEAP CLOTHING.*
All these goods will be sold for the Cash at a small profit. Come and see.
We would say to those that owe us, don't pass us by. Come and see us, we will not be hard on you. Don't spend your cash with others when you owe us.
As we have a good deal of money out for goods we must sell now for cash or its equivalent.
J. M. VANDYKE & SONS,
Adjoining Wickes' Drug Store.
Dec. 22, 1877—6m.

**NEW SHOPS!**
**Wheelwrighting and Blacksmithing.**
HENRY S. DEFORD,
HAVING erected convenient buildings on Cannon st., near the M. P. Church, Chestertown, and having employed competent workmen, is prepared to do
*WHEELWRIGHTING*
*And BLACKSMITHING,*
of all kinds, at short notice. Particular attention given to REPAIRING.
HORSE-SHOEING a Specialty.
My constant personal attention will be given, and no effort spared to render perfect satisfaction, both in work and charges, to all who favor me with their patronage. A trial solicited.
d1-tf. H. S. DEFORD.

A NICE lot of Cranberries for sale at SHAW'S.

S. MERRITT & CO. are *Selling Off* at very low prices for the cash.


## A GLIMPSE OF YOUTH.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Maiden, I thank thee for thy face,
Thy sweet, sly glance of conscious eyes;
For, from thy beauty and thy grace,
My life has won a glad surprise.

I met thee on the crowded street—
A load of care on heart and brain—
And, for a moment, bright and fleet,
The vision made me young again.

And then I thought, as on I went,
And struggled through the thronging ways,
How every age's complement
The age that follows overlays.

The youth upon the child shuts down;
Young manhood closes over youth;
And ripe old age is but the crown
That keeps them both in changeless truth!

So, every little child I see,
With brow and spirit undefiled,
And simple faith and frolic glee,
Finds still in me another child.

Toward every brave and careless boy
Whose lusty shout or call I hear,
The boy within me springs with joy
And rings an echo to his cheer!

What was it, when they face I saw,
That moved my spirit like a breeze,
Responsive to the primal law
Of youth's entrancing harmonies?

Ah! little maid—so sweet and sly—
Building each day thy fair romance—
Thou didst not dream a youth passed by,
When I returned thee glance for glance!

For all my youth is still my own,—
Bound in the volume of my age,—
And breath from thee hath only blown
The leaves back to the golden page!

## The Stinging Tree.

A STRANGE PLANT OF QUEENSLAND.

Though the tropical shrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire, as, if a certain proportion of any one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, and, having a point at the top, is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveller, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree till warned of its close proximity by its smell and have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and then very slightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward, the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, &c. I have seen a man who treated ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles. This shrub is usually found growing among palm trees."

## The Boy Just Out of School.

Did you ever pause and contemplate that particular and peculiar phase of human nature developed by the anxious school boy when released from the study and discipline—when "school is out," and he is on his way home? Ordinary humanity, when released from the toils of the day, is prone to seek rest and relaxation. The boy scorns all such effeminate ideas. He is composed of but three parts—legs, arms and yell, and the yell is the biggest part of him. His legs and arms have been kept in irksome, compulsory quietude all day, and must now be exercised. His voice has been seething and swelling in him for hours, and now must have vent. As soon as he is clear of the school house steps he stops and deliberately yells a yell that is ear-splitting, but which has no more object, meaning or direction than the midnight vociferation of a mule; and yet it appears at a full run, with his arms flying about the scintillations of a pin-wheel. He is no respecter of persons, and is utterly indifferent as to whether he runs down a smaller boy, spins an aged citizen three times around, or mashes a girl's hat over her eyes in his headlong career. "Mercy on us! If that boy were only mine, I'd—" but just then her own boy flies past, falls over a dry goods box, bounces up, kicks at another boy, and is chased across the street and around the corner before she can get the "You Robert!" with which she intends to annihilate him, out of her astonished throat. There is but one thing that has the slightest soothing effect on the boy when he is on the way home from school. He can see the old man farther than Prof. Hall can see a haystack with a telescope, and the moment that parent dawns upon his vision he becomes as proper as a model letter writer, and the neatly modulated voice with which he wheedles the author of his being out of five cents on the spot is a lesson for future ambitious savings bank and passenger railway presidents. The amount of racing, jumping, pulling and hauling and howling that a school boy can concentrate into a transit of two squares is perfectly astonishing, and the preternatural coolness and the quietude with which he takes his red face and panting breath into the kitchen and asks if supper ain't most ready, is a human conundrum that calls for unqualified admiration.

A SPECIMEN ILLINOIS JURY.—A jury at Shawneetown, Illinois, has invented a very simple method of bringing about an agreement. A man was on trial for murder, and the jury stood three for hanging and nine for imprisonment, there appearing to be no doubt of guilt. The trivial difference of opinion about the punishment was settled by lot. The jurors pulled straws for the man's life, and the nine were out-pulled by the three, when the murderer was sentenced to be hung. The secrets of the jury-room leaked out, however, and a new trial has been granted.

## THE STORY OF A LETTER.

BY A. KEES.

"Any letter for me to-day?"

The old postmaster took down a bunch of letters from "Box A," and looked them over slowly. He always did when Maggie asked for letters, although he knew well enough—sympathetic old man that he was—that there was none for her, and that "no" must be the answer, let him defer it as long as he could. Hadn't she come regularly every day, rain or shine, for the last six months, with that same question upon her lips, that question to which a negative reply was always given.

Poor Maggie Austin! Every one said two years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin led her to the altar, that the young scapegrace only married the girl's property, and when he had obtained that would not hesitate to cast the sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his convenience. Hugh Austin was poor—Maggie was an orphan and rich. Hugh embarked in an unsuccessful speculation, and lost all—Maggie said, "Never mind, Hugh, we can work." And she smiled just as sweetly as when she said a year previous, "I am yours, Hugh."

But poverty was stinging, and the cry of "gold, gold," came from the far off mines of California. Hugh Austin went. Every one said he meant to desert his young wife and baby; that he had left them unprovided for, and what would they do? Every one said that handsome and winning and pleasing as Hugh Austin was, he was a rascal after all—"every one" said so and "every one" believed it except Maggie, who with a noble woman's trust, scorned alike the imputation and its supposed fabricators.

* * * * * *

"Writing home, eh?"

Hugh Austin yawned, wiped the ink from the pen upon his black curls, and then replied:

"Yes."

"To that dear little wife of yours, eh Hugh?"

"Yes again, you inquisitive Charlie."

"Inquisitive, am I? Well, I'll earn the cognomen, then. Pray, how many letters have you written the charming little lady since you've been here?"

A crimson flush crept up over the handsome face.

"I'm ashamed to own it, Charlie, but this is the first."

"First!" Charlie Summers brought his hand down emphatically. "First, why, you're a wretch, a most unpardonable wretch, *mon cher!*"

"If it wasn't you, I'd strike you for saying that," replied the handsome Hugh Austin. "But I'll tell you how it was; when I arrived here I was so busy, and hated letter-writing so much, I kept putting it off day after day, week after week, until I was ashamed to write without sending something besides words—they won't always pay the baker and butcher, you know. Well, so I waited and waited, and all I could do was to run clear myself; board high, and the miserablest luck in the world."

"And yet at a single stroke you made five thousand dollars."

"I know it—wait, Charlie—I am a wretch—I know it! As you say, I made at a single stroke five thousand dollars. In one night I lost it all. I was going to write to Maggie the very next day. Then I was passing a gambling-hell—went in, drank, played, lost and was beggared! Could I write to Maggie then? Dared I write her after I had been in California six months, and not send her a cent? So I waited, and kept waiting until just now. But when she gets this letter she'll be a hundred dollars richer, poor little puss—and then she'll forgive me for my long silence, I know she can't help it."

"She ought not to forgive you, Hugh."

"No, I know it; but, dear child, she loves me so devotedly—and I, well I believe I worship the very ground she walks on, Charlie."

* * * * * *

"MRS. MAGGIE AUSTIN."

A California postmark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well known hand. Was it possible? The little old postmaster read the address over and over—there was no mistake, the letter had come.

"Won't she be glad—won't her eyes shine? O, it will be worth a hundred dollars to give it to her," said the old postmaster to his wife.

"I don't see why she don't come," said the little old postmaster, as the afternoon wore away and the evening came on.—"You take the letter over, Hannah—poor thing, maybe she or the baby's ill."

* * * * * *

Rap, rap, rap.

The winds were whispering softly among the lilacs in front of Maggie Austin's window. The stars were up in the sky, and the moon looked down with pale, sad face upon the little lame postmaster as he stood at Maggie Austin's door.

Rap, rap, rap.

But there came no answer. "It can't be that she's asleep—"

Ah, but Maggie was asleep! Heaven forgive her—for those who sleep thus never waken. Life had been too weary. O, Maggie, with your dead baby clasped upon your breast!—O, Maggie, if you had but hoped one day more!

* * * * * *

"Any letters for me to-day?"

Hugh Austin asked the question.

"A strange hand-writing—ha! my own letter and two locks of bright hair!—What can it mean?" Hugh Austin's face was very white, as he read in the handwriting of the postmaster:

"Take back your letter—it came too late; they are both dead! Heaven forgive you; your negligence killed them! Here is a lock of your wife's and baby's hair. They are buried in one grave.—Heaven forgive you! O, if your letter had come one day sooner, or if Maggie had but hoped and waited one day more!"

A BROOKLYN girl who supposed she had caught a rich husband, found, upon inventory, that he wore hired jewelry, owed for his clothes, was behind on his board, and that he couldn't lend her five dollars to consult a lawyer about a divorce.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEWSPAPER in recording a wreck on the North river, says: "While the storm was at its height the vessel keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

## The Most Remarkable Instrument yet Discovered.

*From the Atlanta Constitution.*

But it has been reserved for an Atlanta man to discover a possibility beyond all these. We are not permitted at this time to state specifically all the points belonging to the invention in question, but we can say that an examination of the working model leaves no room to doubt of its successful application for the purpose designed.

The gentleman of whom we speak has carefully watched the progressive movements heretofore mentioned, and from them he conceived the combination (for that is what he claims his instrument to be) whereby sound could be telephonically transmitted and phonographically registered in visible signs capable of certain and prompt translation into written language. This seems at first glance, an almost inconceivable achievement, a slight reference to the method employed should dispel all doubts. "The telephonograph" is the name of the new combination, and its points are as follows:

First—Telephones, as in common use, for the transmission of the sounds of the speaker's voice.

Second—A telegraphic instrument of the same nature as the printing telegraph, whereby the sounds may be registered by phonographic signs upon slips of paper, as in the printing telegraph.

Third—A delicate and ingenious instrument which indicates the slightest or loudest tones, and produces currents that open the precise key that would indicate them.

Fourth—An alphabet of sounds arranged upon phonographic principles, by which every combination of sounds and inflection in language can be fully indicated.

The entire machine is electric and automatic, and the phonographic combinations, made in much simpler shape than in most primary stages of phonography, are easily made by electric action and as raipidly as the sounds are uttered. The main value of this instrument is that it will do away with all necessity for telegraph operators, requiring only one man in an office, and abolishing a vast amount of intermediate redtapeism in the telegraphy. Its greatest advantage, however, will be to the newspaper press of the country, for with one of these simple instruments in the composing-room, copy from the instrument can be furnished to the printer, whose only previous preparation will be a day's study of the phonographic alphabet, in order to become familiar with the sign. Once familiar to the printer, he can take a piece of copy and set it up in type as readily as reprint. A person to whom a message is addressed, understanding the signs, could read it as easily as though printed in Roman type. The instrument is being rapidly perfected, and the inventer has no doubt of its great success and usefulness in the world's affairs.

## THE CLOCK OF CLOCKS.

A PENNSYLVANIAN OUTDOES THE WORK OF HABRECHT, OF STRASBURG.

In Mengal's building is now on exhibition in all probability the most wonderful clock in the world. It was built by Stephen D. Engle, a watchmaker, at Hazelton, Pa. He is about forty-five years of age and was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid paid Eagle $5,000 for it. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock. In fact, he has not traveled more than two hundred miles from home at any time. This clock stands eleven feet high. At its base it is about four feet wide and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top. Its colors are dark brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate nor has it as many figures as the Hazelton clock. The Strsburg clock's figures are about 3 feet high, and the American clock about 9 inches. Three minutes before the hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck double doors in an alcove open and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left then open, and the apostles appear slowly, one by one in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus they turn towards him. Jesus bows, the apostle turns again and proceeds through the double doors in an alcove on the right. As Peter approaches, Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him. Five times he appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the cock flops its wings and crows. When Judas appears Satan comes down and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back up to his place to watch Judas appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear and the doors are closed.

The scene can be repeated seven times in an hour if necessary, and the natural motion of the clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day at 12 o'clock. Below the piazza is the main dial about 13 in. in diameter, to its right a figure of Time with an hour-glass. Above this is a window, at which appears figures representing Youth, Manhood and Old Age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing Death. When the hour hand approaches the first quarter Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds; then Childhood appears instantly, when the hour hand approaches the second quarter or half hour there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears and the organ plays a hymn. After this Time strikes two and reverses his hour-glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in the upper porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard walking back and forward. As the hours advance Manhood, Old Age and Death take part in the panorama.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

WE are glad to hear it. Our druggist inform us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always give satisfaction.

## For the Ladies.

There are twelve lady notaries public in Chicago and twenty-five in Illinois.

Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins makes the point that the Bible never granted men the ballot.

Oliver Logan says no English home servant will do the washing and ironing herself.

Anna Murat, wife of the Duc de Mouchy, is the only American girl who ever got to be a princess.

Silk handkerchiefs are no longer in style except for little folks.

For evening toilets the elbow sleeve is still the rage.

Fancy bows for the neck are more in vogue than neckties.

Worth says that few women can sit down properly.

"To this complexion must we come at last," said a faded actress, speaking, as it were, cosmetically.

The service of women on the Boston School Board is said to have been thoroughly efficient.

All dress sleeves are worn closer than ever, and some are so close that it is difficult to bend the arm. Kid gloves are cheaper than at any time since the war—probably because mitts are coming into vogue.

Circulars of South Shetland seal and Sicilienne, lined with sable, cost from $700 to $800.

There are ten women in the regular college classes of Colby University, Maine.

Mrs. Swisshelm now comes out boldly in favor of a half-dress for school girls.

Fur linings and borderings are having a decided run just now.

Phœbe Cousins is lecturing in Wisconsin on "Women Without a Country."

In Southern California men outnumber the women ten to one. Women servants there get forty dollars a month.

Camel's hair shawls are made of the wool of the Thibet goat.

Only one woman in five hundred knows how to dust a room properly. The others leave dust on the chair rounds.

Ruskin's lectures at Oxford this year are attended chiefly by ladies' schools, which crowd out members of the University.

Plain glass bottles, covered with silk, upon which the monogram is embroidered, are among the novelties for the toilet.

"A painful feature in London," writes Julia Ward Howe, "is the rudeness shown to women in the streets."

There is little or no change in the shape of collars and cuffs, only the points of the former flare a little more.

A German woman in Meriden, Ct., belongs to the corps of laborers who ditch the streets for gas pipes, and she handles the pick and shovel as skilfully as the best of them.

It is suggested that some of the grumbling lady contributors to the *Atlantic* will own up to being seventy years old the publishers will give them a banquet.

The rage of the moment in Paris is Japanese jewelry. Fancy jewelry of olive brown metal, with designs in gold, chatelaine vinaigrets, belt buckles, agraffes for cloaks—in a word, everything is Japanese'.

A Spanish illustrated newspaper is threatened with prosecution for publishing a portrait of the Princess Mercedes, the destined bride of King Alphonso, the portrait being by no means flattering.

THEY ARE ALWAYS AT THE GATE.

They are always at the gate
Are the poor,
And at early morn and late
Come these beings, desolate,
Seeking more.
Freely as God gives to you
Give the poor.
Trust Him, for He shall restore
All you give to them and more;
Never close to them the door,
To the poor.

## A Body that was Really Petrified.

It is a fact not generally known that the cemetery of the Methodist church in Hendersonville, N. C., contains a petrified human body. About the year 1836 Miss Adeline Byers lived with her father, Francis C. Byers, fifteen miles south of this place, in Henderson county. She was a bright, sweet girl, much beloved by all who knew her, and her hand was won by William Pinkney Murray, whom she had known long and well. Soon the nuptials were celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom at once set out in search of a new country, following the setting sun to the Mississippi valley. There they located and began the journey of life together in real earnest. Prosperity and happiness came to them, until at an unexpected moment death cut down Mrs. Murray in the very prime of life. The disconsolate widower, consigning the body of his deceased wife to the tomb, as he supposed, "sought surcease of sorrow in the wilds of Texas. A few years afterward Dr. Josiah Johnson, intending to return to North Carolina, whence he had removed with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray disinterred the body of Mrs. Murray for the purpose of carrying it back with him. Imagine how amazed he was to find it in the coffin just as he had seen it three years before! The same features—almost the very same expression! But what he saw was not flesh—it was solid stone! The whole body had petrified. In that condition he carried it to North Carolina and delivered it to the aged father, Mr. Byers, who could hardly doubt that his daughter had come back to him asleep! The news spread that Adeline's body had been "turned into a rock," and great was the desire of everybody to see it. Attempts were made, it is said, to steal it out of the cellar where the old gentleman had carefully concealed it, but they were unsuccessful. All through the war it was guarded by the father as the most sacred trust, but few persons being allowed to see it. About six years ago, however, it was quietly buried in the Methodist cemetery in Hendersonville.

THE old custom of making a calithumpian serenade at weddings, has happily gone out of fashion here; but in Ohio, where it still remains in vogue, tragedies are sometimes enacted. A few evenings ago one Martz, a bridegroom, fired a volley into a crowd that was "belling" him, and wounded nine persons. This was a bad way to begin the honeymoon, but still it has a tendency to discourage the old practice of "belling" newly-married couples.

## LIVING ON A FARM.

How brightly through the mist of years,
My quiet country home appears!
My father, busy all the day
In plowing corn, or raking hay;
My mother, moving with delight
Among her milk-pans, silver bright;
We children just from school set free,
Filling the garden with our glee!
The blood of life was flowing warm
When I was living on a farm.

I heard the sweet church-going bell
As o'er the field its music fell;
I see the country neighbors round
Gathering 'neath the pleasant sound;
They stop awhile beside the door,
To talk the homely matters o'er—
The springing corn, the ripening grain
And "how we need a little rain."
"A little sun would do no harm,
We want good weather for the farm."

When autumn came, what joy to see
The gathering of the husking bee,
To hear the voices keeping tune,
Of girls and boys beneath the moon,
To make the golden corn-ears bright,
More golden in the yellow light!
Since I have learned the ways of men,
I often turn to these again,
And feel life wore its highest charm,
When I was living on a farm.

## Waste on the Farm.

The greatest of wastes on the farm is in the not using brains; the greatest, because at the bottom of all the other wastes. A little thinking often saves much labor. After accomplishing any piece of work, the most of us can look back and see how we could have improved on it, if we had but thought. As we review our crops of this year, we see how easily they could have been increased had we only thought. The ditch we dug through our meadows was not done in the most economical way. We dug too deeply at first and did not allow for the settling of the land. Hence a waste of labor. We omitted buying an implement that would have saved nearly its cost in this one year's use until we have spent much in trying to accomplish our work without it. Here was another waste. We carry a waste-pipe too near the surface to save expense of digging a trench of safe depth, and the winter's frost necessitates a replacement of the pipe, and an additional digging. Certainly a waste here. We allowed the weeds to grow in our piece of land, not thinking to what proportions they would grow by the time the crops were so far advanced to admit the hoe. A waste here which might have been obviated. And so on, wastes little and big everywhere, all arising from our not thinking sufficiently—waste, because not necessary and easily obviated. We admit the ordinary wastes from neglect, from laziness, from want of appreciation of cleanliness—the wastes from our stock, from our many manure heaps, from our household. Verily a little thought will save to the farmer much; and the saving through this means, even on a small farm, will represent the interest on a considerable capital. The wastes arising from ignorances can very readily be diminished, and are in a large part inexcusable, those arising from carelessness are not deserving of sympathy. The farmer, as well as the business man, must use business principles to secure the largest success, and the one should be as careful of the outgoes as the other.—*Scientific Farmer.*

## A Lady's Name.

NEVER use a young lady's name in an improper place, or in mixed company.—Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. Where you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner shun them. They are the worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor; every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villian, and repeated when it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report.

## He Came Back.

Governor Duval, of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a huge youth of fifteen. At the cabin fire, at bed time, according to the custom of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe:

"Tab, go out and bring in that gum back log and put it on the fire."

Tab went out and surveyed the log.—He knew that it was of no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gun and powder horn, as a possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gun and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into Kentucky in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength he started for Washington, going by way of his old home to see the folks, who had long since given him up as dead. Entering the little cabin door near bed time, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the latch string and with his load stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, quiet as usual:

"Here is the gum back log, father."

"Well, you've been a long time getting it—put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.—*San Antonio Herald.*

HIS wife caught him with his arms around the hired girl's neck; but his courage even in this trying extremity never forsook him. "I suspected some one of stealing the whiskey on the preserves, Jane, for some time, and of course you know her breath would have told if she was the guilty party."

AT a time when Jenner's discovery formed a fertile theme of discussion, a certain town councillor presided over a rather unruly meeting. He lost his patience at last, and rising with all due solemnity said, "Gentlemen, if you don't keep quiet I'll vaccinate the chair!"


"A STITCH in time will save nine." So will *Leary's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar* save you a Doctor's bill if taken in time; it is a sure cure for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung diseases. Only 35 cents, sold by all dealers. j12-2t.