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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.

Kent News.

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

VOL. 38. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878. No. 39.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries ne-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:

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

Great Slaughter

IN

DRY GOODS!

Having taken the Store formerly occupied by CHAS. ROLPH & Co.,

BORDLEY'S CORNER,

We are now prepared to

SELL CHEAPER

THAN

Any other House in Town!

As we buy strictly for cash, and consequently defy competition.

We shall also add to our stock of DRY GOODS a FULL LINE OF

LADIES', MENS and CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK before purchasing elsewhere, as we are confident

WE CAN SAVE YOU

25 Per Cent.

IN BUYING YOUR GOODS OF US, the *LEADER OF LOW PRICES,*

At the Cheap Corner!

We will enumerate a few articles:

LADIES' HDKF'S 5c. worth 15.
" CUFFS and COLLARS 15c. worth 35c.
TOWELS 5c., worth 10c.
CALICO 5c., worth 8c.
CANTON FLANNEL 7c., worth 10c.
Ladies' and Gents' HOSE, 4 pair 25c., worth 50c.
2 Papers PINS 5c., worth 15c.
CLARK'S COTTON 6c., worth 7c.
200 Yards SPOOL COTTON 5c. worth 8.
The BEST BALMORALS 50c., worth 75.
2 BLANKETS $1.25, worth $1.75.
TABLE LINENS VERY CHEAP,
and many other articles too numerous to mention, at

No. 1 CHEAP CORNER.

JOSEPH ROSE,

Proprietor.

BRANCH OF 54 Hanover, Baltimore.

A CARD.—To my friends and acquaintances I will state that I have associated myself with the above at the CHEAP CORNER, No. 1, where I will be pleased to see them all, and endeavor to give them satisfaction. Call and be convinced.

CLARENCE DYOTT.

Adj. T. S. Bordley's Clothing Store.

Jan. 5, 1878.

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.

REMOVED.

Main St., opp. Kent Nat'l Bank.

FOR SALE;

Cranberries, Apples, Sweet Cider, Hominy, Buckwheat, Beans, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Powder and Shot.

d15-tf. ALONZO MING.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between S. Merritt and Wm. J. McFeeley, under the name and style of S. MERRITT & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The books and papers belonging to the said firm are placed in the hands of C. H. BAKER, Esq., for settlement.

S. MERRITT.
WM. J. McFEELEY.

Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1878.

S. MERRITT, successor of S. Merritt & Co., will continue at the same place in the Clothing business, where he will be pleased to see all of his friends. He has on hand a large assortment of Men and Boys' goods, which he is selling at low prices.

Jan. 12, 1878—4t.

The UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Is still continued, and I hope by *personal* ATTENTION and supervision, added to practical experience, to give *entire* satisfaction to those who favor me with any business in this line.

Also, Broken or Defaced Furniture will be repaired, cleaned or varnished at short notice.

My charges for all work will be as low as possible, and I solicit a liberal share of patronage. My best reference will be with those who have employed me in the past. Respectfully,

JOHN N. DODD.

jan13-3m*

C. F. STAM

Begs an examination of his LARGE STOCK OF GOODS suitable for Old and Young.

FANCY ARTICLES.

BOHEMIA VASES,
TOILET SETS, beautifully decorated with Gold and Silver Flowers.
Boquet Holders, Card Receivers, Cigar Cases, Japanese Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Cuba's Ladies' Companions, Satchels, Pocket Books, Albums and Gold Pens and Pencils, the finest display ever saw in Chestertown.

Books! Books! Books!

The Gems of ENGLISH and AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Scott, Bulwer Dickens, Moore, Byron, Bobby Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow and the venerable but majestic Bryant.

Juvenile Books,

Chatterbox, Wide Awake, Peep Show, Little Boy Blue, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, Santa Claus, Camptown Races, Mulligan Guards, and Mother Goose's Rhymes and Chimes and Jingles.

RELIGIOUS.

Hymnals, Prayer Books, Bibles, Methodist Hymn Books, Gospel Hymns, Moody and Sankey, Changed Cross and Shadow of the Rock.

GAMES! GAMES!

Parcheesi, Checkers, Chess, Picture Puzzles, Acrobat Shows, Ambuscade, Toy Soldiers, and others too numerous to mention.

STATIONERY! STATIONERY!

The Largest and most Complete Stock in Town, embracing all the novelties of the season.

Foolscap, Letter and Note Papers, by the Quire and Ream.
Envelopes, by the Pack and Thousand.

A Full Assortment of Choice PERFUMERIES.

Lubin Extracts, French, German, English and American Cologne Waters. Also, Soap, Tooth Brushes, Hair and Cloth Brushes and Combs.

Cigars! Cigars!

would call the attention of the Gentlemen to my Stock of Cigars, which is composed of the FINEST BRANDS, both Foreign and Domestic.

An examination of our Stock will well repay you.

COLIN F. STAM,

CHESTERTOWN.

Dec. 22, 1877.

THOS. W. WICKES

DEALER IN

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

NOTIONS, &c.

STANDARD And ILLUSTRATED WORKS, embracing all the Novelties of the season.

Large and Elegant assortment of

English BOOKS,

In FINE and CLOTH BINDINGS.

Family Bibles, Small Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and the Favorite "CHATTER BOX," an excellent Present for Children.

WALL POCKETS, Photograph Albums, Backgammon Boards, Games, Toilet Sets, Diaries for 1878, Card Cases,

The universal Favorite CLARITA CIGAR, for 5 cents, and other choice brands; Cigar Cases, Holders, and many other articles.

Be sure and call at WICKES' DRUG STORE before making your purchases.

THOS. W. WICKES.

d15-4t.

BARBER SHOP.

THE undersigned has again taken the Barber Shop in the shed room attached to the Masonic Hall building in Chestertown. It is neatly fitted up, with new Chairs, and everything nice and clean. Gentlemen desiring a good shave can get it here.

HAIR CUTTING done in the latest style and neatest manner.

Custom respectfully solicited.

R. M. WOOLFORD.

mh3-tf.

VEGETINE.

An Excellent Medicine.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 18, 1877.

This is to certify that I have used VEGETINE, manufactured by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend VEGETINE as *an excellent medicine* for such complaints. Yours very truly,

C. W. VANDEGRIFT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Huffman, is a well-known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, O.

Our Minister's Wife.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 16, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir: Three years ago I was suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to take VEGETINE. After taking one bottle, I was entirely relieved. This year, feeling a return of the disease, I again commenced taking it, and am being benefitted greatly. It also greatly improves my digestion. Respectfully,

MRS. A. BALLARD,
1011 West Jefferson street.

Safe and Sure.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me; and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified indorsement as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,
120 Monterey street, Alleghany, Penn.

VEGETINE.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince everyone who reads his letter of the wonderful curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood:

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir: About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid-fever in its worst form. It settled in my back, and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations by the best skill in the State, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times, and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you of the virtue of VEGETINE. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients &c., by which your remedy is produced. By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine. I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefitting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured; and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health. I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now. During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body. I took Vegetine faithfully, and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects. Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases; and if they will patiently take Vegetine it will, in my judgment, cure them. With great obligations I am yours very truly,

G. W. MANSFIELD,
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE is sold by All Druggists.

It has gained a Great Reputation!

J. F. LEARY'S

Compound Syrup OF Wild Cherry AND Tar

COMBINED WITH GUMS AND BARKS *Obtained from Germany.*

J. F. LEARY, after much labor and expense, has succeeded in preparing a *pure medicinal compound* for promoting appetite, facilitating digestion, strengthening and building up weak and Nervous Systems, and *CURING ALL*

LUNG DISEASES!

such as *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma,* and for relief of *Consumptive patients* in advanced stages of the disease.

Sold by all Country Merchants and Druggists at 35c. If they have not got it get them to get it for you, and take no other until you have tried it.

J. F. LEARY, PROPRIETOR,
Rock Hall, Md.

CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,
Wholesale Agents,
Cor. Light & Lombard sts.,
Baltimore, Md.

Dec. 1.

WANTED,

EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT

WM. C. A. THOMPSON

HAS REMOVED

To the CORNER STORE Up Town,

lately occupied by Mr. James Wood, where he will be glad to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
NOTIONS, &c.

Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICE for cash or trade.

Remember THOMPSON's object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

Country Produce wanted for the cash or trade.

Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Up Town.

Jan. 12, 1878.

TO RENT,

For 1878,

HOUSE cor. Cannon and Cross sts., belonging to Chapman & Lambert; and a HOUSE on Bridge st., above Queen, Chestertown. Both good size and comfortable.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney.

d8-tf.

FOR SALE,

A DWELLING and LOT on Cross St., Chestertown; very desirable property. Terms easy.

Apply to C. H. BAKER, Att'y.

Nov. 24, 1877—tf.

STILL POND VILLAGE AND CHURCH-YARD.

STILL POND: thou dost seem to me Memory's Urn,
In whose depths the dearest affections do burn,
Shining always so brightly from ashes that lay
Covered over with garments of grass and of clay.

Like those gem heated mines far deep under ground
Where mingling with earth, purest diamonds are found,
'Tis thus in thy Church-yard lay hidden untold
The wealth and the mystery God shall unfold.

Down thy streets I have ridden, a hearse moved before,
Since then the new-years have numbered threescore,
'Twas my dear baby brother, the first to be laid
Beneath the green sod, in his small lonely grave.

And now who can number the graves thronged around,
Where angels keep guard without making a sound
'Tis only the weepers that wail as they pass
From their dear ones when torn from their innermost heart.

Up and down in rotation are row after row,
Where all sizes and ages in silence do go,
There to wait in calm slumber, the Archangel's song,
Like the saints neath the altar, who are singing "How long."

But too sad is my harp for the living to-day,
From the grave-yard and church I this moment will stray,
And enter the village, where warm hearts do dwell,
And joy and contentment entwine with a spell.

The wide world might envy, in the mirth of the year,
Men, women and children all children appear,
But Christmas has been, is o'er, and past,
Leaving memories new that will evermore last.

MATILDA CANBY.

JAN. 18, 1878.

An Impressive Place.

Dr. L. W. Bates, well known in Kent, has been "touring" out West, and in his "Notes of Travel," published in the *Methodist Protestant*, tells some of his experience as only a *Bates* can. For instance, in his last letter, he thus describes his stay at Clyde, a village on the Lake Shore Railroad, Michigan:

"About 3 o'clock, however, I landed at Clyde, with three and a-half hours on my hands. Clyde is a very impressive place to a waiting passenger. Looking about from the platform I saw three hotel signs, but one of the houses having such a sign looked as dull and solemn as a tombstone, and I failed to get in; another had two rooms, in one of which I found a woman, a man and a child, and a bar well filled with bottles. The other hotel, so called, seemed to be much the superior of the three, and entering it I inquired if I could have dinner or supper or any other kind of a meal, or even half a meal. The gentleman in attendance replied that it was out of the question, as the girls were washing up the floor, but I could get some good oysters in the bakery next door. I went into the bakery—a queer place to keep oysters—with many misgivings, and asked for oysters. The genius of the establishment inquired whether I wished them raw or stewed. Afraid he would spoil them in cooking I said raw. But I needed not to be alarmed, for they were already spoiled. Fortunately, however, he commenced to sweep the floor as I commenced to eat, and possibly that is what made them stick. Let me say to your Western readers, never buy oysters unless the liquor is clear. If the liquor looks milky they are not fit to eat. I found a gentleman at the depot who lived nine miles distant, and inquired what valley we were in. "No valley," said he, "that I know of." I then inquired how far the mountains were off. He said they had no mountains. Hills, then, said I. We have do hills. What then? Nothing but mud. Clyde is a wonderful place.

"A GREENHORN."

At Benwood a young man came rushing into the Pullman car saying he was sick and wanted to lie down, and they told him that was a sleeping car. He looked up to the roof then at the seats, and then at the floor, and said: "I don't see any place to sleep here; I guess it must be in the hind car," and he bolted for the rear. Our car was the last in the rear, and the conductor walked briskly after him, saying: "I shall have to lock that door, for he has about sense enough to step off looking for another car." He must have been born at a much later date than his appearance indicates, and if his father keeps cows he had better keep his son fenced in till the spring grass appears.

Weight of the Human Body.

There are few people but like to be weighed occasionally; some do it regularly at certain hours, before and after meals, etc. Yet there are few things so changeable as the weight of the body; indeed, it is rarely the same for a few minutes together, and if a man were to sit on one of the plates for a whole day, the other plate would be constantly oscillating within certain limits. The state of the weather and time of the year influence our weight. In summer we grow fatter than we are in winter, such is the general rule; yet most people believe that hot weather makes us leaner. It is true we eat less and perspire more; these are certainly two causes of loss; but, on the other hand, we expend less to keep up the temperature of the body, and moreover we drink more, and our beverages possess the curious property of increasing our fat. Beer, and even pure water, are great fattening agents. Cattle reared for slaughter get a great deal to drink, which increases their bulk considerably; the tissues are gorged with liquid, and so the weight iecreases, but the system is weakened. In winter the organism has to be provided with heat; we eat more, but also expend more to keep up the temperature of the body; then also we drink less, so that on the whole the loss is greater than the gain, and we grow lean. In short we fatten when, under ordinary circumstances, we burn more of the food we have, and we, therefore, in breathing exhale carbonic acid in proportion. We begin to emit less of the latter in April; its amount diminishes considerably in July, August and September, and attains its minimum about the autumnal equinox. It then goes on increasing from October, and we begin to lose the substance gained during the summer. From December to March we remain nearly stationery.—To conclude, as we consume less in summer than in winter, all other circumstances remaining the same, we are heavier in hot weather than we are in winter.

Letter from Hanesville.

HANESVILLE, Jan. 22, 1877.

Messrs. Editors:—What wet, gloomy weather we are having this month. One would suppose such weather would tend to increase the monotonous isolation of the farmer. So it would if there existed no sewing circles at which they can come together, interchange opinions, lay plans for building churches, smoke cigars, play croquet, and eat the turkey. Seems odd that cigars should be smoked at a sewing circle, as they are supposed to be composed of ladies. They ladies, however, don't do the smoking. The allow their escorts to do it, however, provided it is done out of doors. By the way, these smokers should be fined for smoking at the sewing circle's meeting. These fines would help pay expenses.

There is good news afloat in Worton that also relieves from weather depression. There has been an advent into our midst of a son and heir to one of Worton's sons. Not since the day when the world was apprised that the Prince of Wales had an heir has there been so much greeting and so pleasant a topic for conversation. Why, this infant man has by its existence alone created a grandfather, two grandmothers, and two great-grandfathers. It is without parallel or precedent in the history of Worton. Our Kent historian should not fail to note the important fact.

Then again, we have the club as a resort, where farmers may meet and discuss matters relating to agriculture, etc. But what has become of the Grange?—the grange that promised so much for the farmers and that has so many attractive and improving features connected with its organization? Is it dead? Some, whose wish is father to the thought, have said so, but if they had been to the public installation of officers of Fairlee Grange on the 16th instant they would have discovered a fact that would have caused a different thought. They would have concluded that if there had been death it was like the death of the seed in the ground, only to arise with new beauty and greater force and more vigorous life. There was quite a large meeting and a goodly number of visitors. A lecture on the educational advantages of the Grange, an impressive and instructive installation of officers, an address by the retiring Master, and instrumental and vocal music of an entertaining and elevating character, were features of the occasion. The meeting was altogether one of the very pleasant ones—pleasant in itself and promotive of pleasant after thought. It was also an evidence of the progress made by Fairlee Grange in making the facilities of the Grange accomplish what they were designed to do.

There will be another public installation of officers at Hope Grange next Thursday, Jan. 31, at 2 o'clock P. M. It was postponed from the time advertised, on account of the weather. The public are cordially invited to attend and hear the lecture on the educational advantages of the Grange, witness the installation of officers, have a pleasant time generally, and go to their homes satisfied that Hope Grange has life, vigor and efficiency. Come one, come all! HOPE.

Going Courting.

One of the chief compensations of a woman's life is found in the fact that she does not have to "go a courting." It must be confessed that in these days the modern belle does her share of the wooing; but she does not have to dress up in a stiff collar and a pair of boots a size too small for her and walk up to a cannon's mouth of her inamorata's family, consisting of father, mother, grandmother, a maiden aunt and perhaps half a dozen brothers and sisters and inquire, in a trembling voice:—

"Is Miss Arabella at home?"

Whenever a man goes a courting everybody seems to know all about it. His demeanor tells the observant spectator the business he is intent upon. He might just as well placard himself, "I'm going a courting." Everybody is cognizant of it, and looks knowingly, and asks him if the "northern light were bright last night about one o'clock," and "how the market is for kerosene oil up at Daddy Brown's," and a score of other questions equally out of place.

We know a young man who is deeply, and we trust successfully, engaged in going a courting, and our warmest sympathies have been extended toward him. When Sunday afternoon arrives it is plain to see that something is about to happen. He is fidgety and non-communicative and cannot sit in one place half a minute at a time. He is continually interviewing his watch and comparing it with the old eight-day, coffin-shaped clock in the corner. He looks in the glass frequently, and draws his forehead locks first back then forward, and combs them up and pats them down, and is unsatisfied with the effect throughout.

The smell of bay rum and bergamot is painfully apparent. When he shakes out his handkerchief musk is perceptible. His boots shines like mirrors, and there is a faint smell of cardamont seed in his breath when he yawns. He smooths his budding little mustache with affectionate pats, and feels his invisible side whiskers continually to make sure they are still there, a fact which is not established to outside observers by the sense of sight. He tries on all his neckties without finding just the thing he wants. Then he has spasms of brushing his coat, that commences with violence and lasts until one grows nervous for fear the broadcloth will not be able to stand the friction.

He declines soup that day at dinner. He says it is because he is not hungry, but he knows it is because there are onions in it, and onions, as every one knows, do not sweeten one's breath to any great extent.

If spoken to suddenly he starts, blushes and looks as guilty as if caught stealing something, and directly one does not speak to him he goes back to the delightful occupation of stairing at nothing and waiting for the hour hand to creep round to seven.

At seven he sets forth, clean and tidy from top to toe, looking precisely as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

OVER 500,000 bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are sold every season, and thousands of persons saved from an untimely grave.

How a "Surprise Party" Ended.

A MINISTER'S BOY WREAKS VENGEANCE ON HIS FATHER'S PERSECUTORS.

The funny man of the New York Times relates the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, a Methodist minister and wife, and Master Sawyer, in West Brookfield, Vermont. He says:

In Northern Vermont that peculiar form of social outrage, known as a "surprise party" but of late called a Bulgarian atrocity, is still lamentably frequent. On a cold evening in the first week of the present month, Mr. Sawyer and his family were seated quietly by their social hearth enjoying one another's society.

The clergyman was reading aloud the Bishop's pastoral letter; his wife was busily calculating how to cut up her husband's old overcoat, so as to supply him with a new waistcoat, herself with a new overskirt, and master Sawyer a new pair of trousers, while that excellent small boy was reading the improving adventures of an eminent pirate, and wondering if he would ever be able to emulate them.

Not one of them was prepared to receive visitors. Mr. Sawyer had on his dressing gown and slippers; Mrs. Sawyer had let down her back hair to give freedom to her mental processes, and Master Sawyer had temporarily slipped off his trousers to supply his mother with a pattern, while he wrapped the hearth ruff about him.

Suddenly, and without the least warning, more than four dozen people of all kinds and sexes, including theological students, burst into the room, carrying cake and devastation with them. The marauders conducted themselves after the usual custom of their kind. They conversed with one another with great hilarity, ignoring the sufferings of the clergyman and his wife. They spread their cake upon the table, and, devoured it without plates, scattering the crumbs over the new carpet.

One young man, having laid a large piece of jelly cake on the sofa, subsequently sat down on it, and Mrs. Sawyer felt that she would gladly join the Church of Rome on condition that the medieval tortures of the Inquisition should be revived, and she delegated to apply them to that particular young man.

After having reduced the furniture to that state of grease that it was no longer safe to sit down, the miscreants gathered around the piano and sung, 'What shall the Harvest be?' until Mr. Sawyer, mild as he was, regretted he could not take a sharp scythe and reap an immediate and bloody harvest.

While these blood-curdling outrages were in progress in the parlor, the small good boy kept himself carefully out of the room. He was not, however, wasting his time in idle rage. He too heard the melodious inquiries as to the harvest, and remarked that they would find out all about the harvest if they would only wait a few minutes. Meanwhile he was busily engaged in carrying pails of water and emptying them on the front step and along the walk leading from the front gate.—The night was cold and the water froze rapidly. Under his admirable management the ice acquired an unusually smooth and slippery character, and when the work was thoroughly done the small boy retired to the second story front window and awaited for the surprise party to break up.

The moon was at its full, and shown brightly when the first pair of miscreants—the young man who sat on the jelly cake and a heavy young lady to whom he was engaged—issued from the front door and sat down with tremendous emphasis! Close behind them came the rest of the raiders, who with one accord strewed themselves over the ground, until in some places they were collected three or four deep! The shrieks of the ladies and the stronger remarks of the gentlemen filled the air. No sooner would a struggling wretch regain his feet than he would sit down again with renewed violence!

The affrighted clergyman and his wife gazed with wonder at the appalling spectacle, and the good small boy never ceased to sing "What shall the Harvest be?" at the very top of his lungs—interspersing that beautiful hymn with a wild whoop whenever a particularly brilliant pair of stockings waved in the air. Although no one sustained fatal injuries there was scarcely a member of the party who escaped without more or less serious wounds, either of body or clothing.

The icy pavement was strewed with fragments, spectacles, coats and skirts.

It is generally believed that there will never be another surprise party in Brookfield, and it is under contemplation among middle aged householders to present Master Sawyer with a handsome testimonial for his eminent services.

Cured by Dog Liver Oil.

A jolly old German, while suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two bottles of cod liver oil, received his fee of $8, and was told by the German, who disliked the size of his bill, that he need not come again. The German, who had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed that he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of the patient for some time; but one day, riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtue of cod liver oil, that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well" said he, addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well," responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"Oh, yaw, I have used many as four gallions of the dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"The dog liver dot you say I shall take I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver have cured me. It is a great medicine, dat dog liver oil?"

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away.—*Investigator.*

HORSEFLESH is now becoming so common an article of food in Paris that a thousand beasts are consumed every month. They are not killed until they become useless for work through age or lameness. The meat is but half the price of beef.

The Lake Without Bottom.

A WONDERFUL SHEET OF WATER HIGH UP AMONG MOUNTAINS.

Pyramid lake is nearly forty miles in length, by from fifteen to twenty in width. It is but 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, while Lake Tahoe is 6,216 feet above the sea level. The lake contains many islands, several of which, near the middle of the lake, rise to the height of some hundreds of feet, and are pyrimidal in form and light gray in color. One tall spire, seen far down to the northward, where the lake seems shorceless, is perfectly white. A large island, probably the largest in the lake, contains five or six square miles of comparatively level ground, and is covered with vegetation. Upon this island a number of goats were turned loose some years since, and they have increased at a wonderful rate, so that they may now be seen feeding upon every hill. They need no care, winter or summer, and are about as wild as the goats found by Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez. The lake is of immense depth; it is said that near the centre 600 fathoms of line failed to find bottom. The waters of the lake are brackish, except immediately about the point where the waters of the Truckee river flow into it.

Owing to the brackishness of its water, to its great depth, or of both depth and brackishness, the lake never freezes.

Although the lake is generally very rough, owing to its being exposed to sweeping westerly winds, the Piute Indians fearlessly navigate it in all directions and almost at all times on their tule rafts. These rafts are often nothing more than a single bundle of tules, but when the raft is intended to accommodate more than one person two or three bundles are lashed together and drawn into the shape of a clumsy boat. Near shore they generally pole the crafts about, but they frequently hoist a sail made of a blanket and fearlessly steer away so far out upon the lake that only their sails remain visible. These tule boats very closely resemble the catamarans used by the natives of some of the islands of the South Pacific. They are so buoyant that it is impossible to sink them. Far out in the lake among islands they set their long lines, strung full of hooks. These they visit on their rafts, and sometimes bring in not less than 300 pounds of trout at one trip. The trout are sold at ten cts. per pound at the lake, therefore it will readily be seen that fishing is a profitable business.

At the north or lower end of the lake are a dozen or more islands of rock of peculiar and picturesque form. These are of solid rock, and are from 300 to 400 ft. in height. At a distance they look like monster mushrooms or eggs standing on stems—such eggs as might have been produced by the roc, that bird of ancient times, one wing of which, according to Ibn El-Wardee, was 10,000 fathoms in length.

It is impossible to climb these rocks, as, while their stems form perpendicular walls, it is beyond the power of man to ascend those parts where they begin to swell out into domes. Mr. Stiles says he has sounded the lake at the base of some of these fantastic islands, and, with the longest line at his command, was unable to find any bottom.

One of the largest of these islands, the tall white one seen from toward the head of the lake, is not wholly perpendicular on all sides. On one of its sides there is a steep slope which it is thought might be scaled in some way. A story is current at the lake that John C. Fremont, the great "Pathfinder," found a path to the top of this rock. It is believed that he left his field glasses and some other instruments of value on the summit of the rock, and many attempts have been made to climb it in order to secure these articles.

The last attempt to scale the pyramid was by a sailor, who used a long rope, throwing it upward till it caught upon a projecting point of rock, then drawing himself up and again throwing his rope to a rock above. He reached a height of about 150 feet, when he was unable to find any more projections over which to throw his rope, and came near never reaching level ground alive. He was obliged to descend in the same way as he made the ascent, and when he finally got down he was completely exhausted; his hands were bleeding and he was cut and scratched from head to foot. The fishermen have now concluded that the only way in which the field glasses and other plunder can be secured is by attaching a line to a rock and then firing it over the top of the pyramid from a mortar.

One of the small rocky islands of the lake is alive with rattlesnakes. It is supposed that the first of the stock was wafted to the island on a raft of tules or driftwood. Doc. Wood, who has visited the island, says there is "millions in it." The reptiles have their homes in the rocks and live on the eggs and young of waterfowl, and upon the dead fish that are cast ashore upon the island. Mr. Wood says that the stories that have been told of the snakes rushing in a body, hissing and rattling, to attack any man landing on the island, is untrue. He found that whenever they were disturbed they ran away and concealed themselves in the crevices of the rocks, just as would have been done by any other snakes.

THE GIVERS' REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

LOVING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends, if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop through inattention, or let one push away another or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedlees slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one.

Shooting at a Stuffed Man.

A BLACK HILLS TRAGEDY.

A correspondent who seems to have nothing else to do but travel tells us that he was on his way up a short time since from the "Black Hills country," and as the train started from a station a stalwart Missourian came into the car with a swinging gait, and took a seat beside him, and began to talk:

"The hills are full of gold," he said, by way of introduction. "I reckon you think different."

"Not at all, sir," I replied, shortly.

"Have you been there?"

"Yes."

"Then you know about it."

He buried his face in his hands and sighed heavily.

"What troubles you?" I asked.

"Troubles me," he repeated, starting up, and looking at me sharply with his large gray eye; "it's no trouble at all, sir, but disgrace; pard, don't you forget it, disgrace!"

He sighed again, and pulled his long yellow whiskers with a nervous hand.

"Well, sir," I said, with more curiosity than is usual with me, "disgrace is bad enough, but when coupled with defeat—"

"Cheese it, pard," interrupted the stranger; "you strike heavy, and, somehow, I tumbled to you at once. 'Disgrace coupled with defeat!' That's good; I like it. I've been thar myself. It's rich. That's why I left the hills."

"No?"

"It is, for a fact. I left all of a suddint. I skipped out."

"And yet the hills are full of gold?"

"Sartin. But I couldn't stand the racket; so I left. You live thereabouts, I s'pose?"

"No; I'm a traveler. I've lived in the Black Hills, though, a short time."

"In Deadwood?"

"Deadwood."

"Then you know Stumpy Jacobs, I reckon? He's boss of the Dew-drop."

"O, yes; I know Stumpy; a fancy beer-jerker is he."

"True. Wall, you see, Stumpy an' I war chums, mighty big friends; but it's all over now."

"Impossible," I cried.

"Yas," said the stranger, "we could't agree on the gal question."

"Hum, any girl that I know?"

"Maybe. She did the dance biz at the Variety Theatre. They called her Sprightly Nell. She went for me and I tumbled, and then——"

"Stumpy——"

"Went for her."

"And she——"

"Tumbled. In course that settled it 'tween Stumpy an' I. So I told him we'd separate for a while, an' p'rhaps take a little rifle practice to see which could get in his work. Thar wasn't much preparation necessary; we jist took down our shooters, mounted our hosses, an' struck for the bush. Then he hunted for me, an' I hunted for him. But we war both tolerably shy; jist kept circling 'round shootin' at one another 'ithout doin' any harm. But the third day I fetched him."

"What! Stumpy?"

"I should remark. Listen."

"It was about noon; I had been sneakin' around for an hour or so, an' no Stumpy. Then suddenly I came on ter him; he was sittin' on his hoss, not more than fifty yards, away, sittin' straight an' kind o'thinkin' like, for he didn't see me."

"'Stumpy! Stumpy,' I yelled, not wishin' to shoot him 'ithout his knowing of it."

"He turned his head, I thought, an' I blazed away. Did I hit him? Don't you forget it, I did. He kind o' threw up his hands, an' went off his hoss all of a heap."

"'The longest pole knocks persimmons,' I said, and rode slowly down to whar the boys whar at work; then, after awhile, I went back to town."

"You kept clear of the Dew drop for a while," I said.

"Not much, stranger. I rode straight up to the door, got off my hoss, went in and called for whiskey straight; and will you believe me? thar, jist as natural as ever, in his red shirt, before the bar, was Stumpy Jacobs! And what is more, Sprightly Nell was with him, an' they both larfed when they seed me.'"

"I thought I killed you," I said lookin' at the little chap, with bulging eyes.

"But it wasn't me," said Stumpy grinning 'it was a stuffed man on horseback. I got tired of foolin' wid ye, and so manufactured a man to take my place. I tied a string around his ne