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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:

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No. 1 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN A. MORTON, Prop'r & Manager.
ROOM AND BOARD $2.00 Per Day.
Breakfast 50c., Dinner 75c., Supper 50c., Lodging 50c.
☞ First Class Restaurant attached to the Hotel. Choice Liquors and Cigars always on hand. mh2-y.

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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.
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Baltimore Cards.

JAS. A. MERRITT & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
NO. 23 SOUTH ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Refers by permission to W. B. McAtee, Prest. Corn and Flour Ex.; Gill & Fisher, Grain Shippers, Balto.; J. Q. A. Holloway, Merchant. tf.

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.
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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,
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y BALTIMORE.

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

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.

FISHERMEN, LOOK SHARP!
☞CALL AND EXAMINE THE☜
LUCK BRAND
Gilling Thread!
2 and 3 cord, all numbers from 20 to 60, for sale at Philadelphia price, by
Jan. 19. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Oyster Saloon.
MEALS at ALL HOURS
☞Table Board by the day or week.
☞Oysters in every style, at the old stand of Mr. J. Armstrong, below Bordley's Corner. ☞Ladies' saloon private.
MRS. DAVID A. BENJAMIN.
Dec. 22—3m*

TOBACCO, the best 75c. Tobacco in Town. Try it.
j26. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

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, MARCH 16, 1878. No. 45.

☞The firm of BURNS & SLOAN dissolved Feb. 18, 1878, by mutual consent. The Books of the late firm will be found at the office of GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO., who are fully authorized to settle the same.

—o—

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,
132 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE,
(BURNS & SLOAN'S OLD STAND,)
LUMBER, Sash, Doors, Brick,
&c., &c.
LOW PRICES!
If you need any of the above please write for Prices.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
CHANGE OF LOCATION.
THE FIRM OF **BURNS & SLOAN** having been dissolved February 18, 1878, by mutual consent, the undersigned will conduct the
Lumber Business,
in all its branches, and offer a full and well selected stock of BUILDING AND HARDWOOD LUMBER, SHINGLES, FENCING, &c., in lots to suit at LOWEST PRICES.
SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,
m2-3m. 104 Light St. Wharf, BALTIMORE.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMI... December

ASSETS.

Value of Real Estate and ground rents o pany, (less the amount of encumbran	
Loans on bond and mortgage, (duly re first liens on the fee simple,)	
Account of stocks and bonds of the Uni this and other States, also all other absolutely owned by the Company	
Interest due and accrued on stock and ot	
Cash in Company's principal office and Company, deposited in Bank	
TOTAL ASSETS	

LIABILITIES.

Losses unpaid, (including those resisted)	
All other claims	
TOTAL LIABILITIES	
Surplus as regards *policy holders*	
Total Income	
Total Expenditures	
Maryland business in 1877	
Risks written	
Premiums received	
Loses paid	

State of Maryland,
Insurance Department, Commissioner's Office,
ANNAPOLIS, MD., February 11, 1878.
In compliance with Act of 1874, Chapter 9, I hereby certify that the above is a true extract from the statement of the Kent County Mutual Insurance Company of Dover, Del., to Dec. 31st, 1877, now on file in this Department.
March 2, 1878—4t. JESSE K. HINES, *Insurance Commissioner.*

Drug Store at Sassafras, Md.
J. E. HARTLEY,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
First Class Stock!
Complete Assortment!
No Fancy Prices!
fe9-2m. **J. E. HARTLEY, SASSAFRAS, MD.**

NOTICE.
THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. T. H. Whaland to run his MILL for the present year. She has been in very bad order, but has just undergone thorough and complete repair, and he feels satisfied that soon he will be able to give universal satisfaction. He will think if he fails to do so it must be the fault of the miller.
He wishes every one who feels that he has not had a good turn out, or work done satisfactorily, to inform him immediately, and he will adjust it.
Those in want of FLOUR, MEAL, or Horse Feed, can be supplied at any time. Persons sending Grain should see that it is sent in good order, properly measured, and sent by trusty persons.
Graham Flour constantly for sale.
m2-tf. GEORGE GRIFFIN.

Turner Brothers,
Still Pond P. O., Kent County, Maryland,
LUMBER AND PEACH CRATE MANUFACTURERS,
and dealers in all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES, COAL, SALT, FLOUR and GRAIN.

RECEIVED THIS DAY,
Sugar-cured Canvassed Hams,
" " Shoulder Bacon,
" " Breakfast Bacon,
" " Broiling Beef,
in quantities to suit buyers, at LOWEST PRICES. Call and get some, at
Feb. 23. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FINE Sugar-cured HAMS and Broiling Beef,
fe16. at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

BLACKWELL'S Pure Durham TOBACCO,
For sale by JAS. A. SHAW.

JUST RECEIVED, THIS WEEK
A FINE LOT OF
Dress Goods
And CALICOES,
suitable for Spring wear. We have at all times a full stock. Call and examine goods and prices. A liberal discount is allowed on all cash sales.
J. F. M. WOODALL,
Mar. 2—tf. GEORGETOWN.

TO FARMERS!
Shell LIME!
☞Four and six months credit given when desired on Lime, if applied for before April.
BOWEN & MERCER,
fe16-m. Baltimore, Md.

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,
jan13-3m* JOHN N. DODD.

60 CTS. CASH will buy a Bushel of LIME OR HAIR, and $1.75 cts., cash, will buy a Barrel of Lime, at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

For the Kent News.

THE LAST TOILET.

IN MEMORY OF LAURA DENNIS.

Robe her in simple white,
A long, soft gown—
Whose clinging folds the clay cold feet shall hide.
And as the silent night
Falls fluttering down,
Leave her alone—her waking hour to bide.

A spotless ruffle round
The dainty throat—
A waxen rose, half blown, upon her breast.
Let no discordant sound,
Or jarring note,
Disturb the beauty of her dreamless rest.

Her pale hands clasped as if
In silent prayer;
Her locks arranged as though she still had breath;
Naught that is hard or stiff
Should harbor there—
So shall ye bear to look upon sad Death.

Nor heed the senseless say
Of those who fain
Would take all grace from out the lifeless form,
And stamp upon the clay
Such look of pain
As minds us of a wreck from life's great storm.

No! let her be all fair—
As though she slept,
Dreaming of those she loved while yet on earth.
So may we know her *there*,
The old look kept—
When we in turn shall know a second birth.

Standing Treat.

The Chicago *Post* says no American custom causes more genuine surprise and amusement among travelling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating," consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments, for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism; and all over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute in any day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of Chicago are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have ever exchanged a word together is a signal for both instantly to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterraneous cavity below the sidewalk. The one who speaks first usually insists upon "paying the shot," the "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet the regular thing to say first is "Let's drink to old time," and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the generous and princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances and often as possible, take them to a saloon, and give them a complicated stand-up drink at the bar.

If there is anything absurder than this habit, we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket book on encountering an acquaintance and say, 'Ah, George! delighted to see you; do take a few postage stamps! it's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's board bills? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together.

A traveler may go all over the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee, offer to "treat;" and the French are quite social enough, but when they turn into a cafe to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans, long separated, meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then to turn into an adjacent beer-cellar, sit down and drink lager, and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently. So in Italy. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but every man pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They never go into each other's pocket-books, in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washerwomen's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and as little work for the Good Templers as there is in Germany, France, and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, take it in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable, and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.

Tamerlane and the Ant.

All who have read the history of Scotland know the story of the brave king, Robert Bruce, who, when he was hiding from his enemies, and had almost given up all hopes of setting his country free, because he had tried six times and not succeeded, was comforted and encouraged to try again, because he saw a spider that had tried in vain six times to make her cobweb. He determined that if the spider tried the seventh time and succeeded, he would try a seventh time to drive away the enemies of Scotland. The spider *did* try a seventh time, and succeeded—so did the king. A story very much like that is told of a brave Eastern king called Tamerlane, or Timur Lank, who lived as much as as five hundred years ago. At the beginning of his wars he was so closely pressed by his enemies that he had to hide himself among some ruins. He was making up his mind to give up trying to conquer, when he saw a little ant trying to lift a grain of wheat—perhaps indeed, what Tamerlane took for a grain of wheat was the ant's egg, as those little insects have eggs very nearly as big as themselves, and so like grains of corn as to be often mistaken for them by those who do not watch them closely—as big as herself, up a hillock. Every time the ant seemed to drag her grain up the mound she fell back, and had to begin her work all over again. Again and again did the persevering ant try, and each time in vain, till at last, at the sixty-ninth time she succeeded in dragging her grain to the top of the hillock. Tamerlane was so encouraged by seeing her that he determined to persevere, and he became a great conqueror. A greater King than Robert Bruce or Tamerlane has said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise."

It is said the next edition of Webster's Dictionary will spell chromo with a "k." The "k" will be pronounced hard, while any man lugging home a chromo will be pronounced soft.

Patient Waiters.

"Patient waiters are no losers," for in our patience we possess our souls. Much of our strength is wasted, and we toil and moil and bustle through life, little thinking that all our fuming and striving may make but the slightest difference in the things that most interest us. And many things which we could never bring to pass by our severest exertions, will come themselves if we are willing to wait the proper time. No man has the power to make his corn grow to perfection in a single day. He may plow, he may dig, he may sow, he may cultivate, and he may fret with all his might, yet when he has done all nothing will bring the corn but patient waiting, until God's sunshine calls forth first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear to reward his labors and satisfy his desires. So through patience we win many great and precious blessings. They do not come by calling, they are not gained by striving, our hearts may be hungry for them and our hands may reach out to take them, but we shall never have them unless we wait. The fruit upon the tree of Providence must not be plucked until it is ripe; the things that God has appointed to us will come to us as blessings in their proper time, while if we seek them untimely, we shall find them like the unripe fruit which children steal—not only bitter to the taste, but hurtful when they are eaten. Childhood can never attain to manhood but by waiting. Ignorance will give place to wisdom if we study and wait and watch. The things that grieve us will pass away, and the things that bless us will come; the things that we long for will be granted, or others more precious will satisfy our hearts, but we must wait in patience for the whole to come.

The life that is most fruitful is a life of waiting as well as of working; a life of patient endurance as well as active endeavor; and the hopes that fill the heart with purest joys are those for whose accomplishment we have waited longest, and watched with patient but intense desire. Rnskin has well said; "There is no music in a 'rest.' But there is the making of music in it, and people are always missing that part of the life melody, and scrambling on without counting. People are forever talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too."

We may find twenty persevering persons to one patient one, but it is only the patient one who can thoroughly do his work and enjoy it and reap its full reward, for patience not only helps us to bear our pains, but also to win our choicest pleasures. "My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing!" And remember "that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—*Com. People.*

The Best Evidence.

The best evidence of Christianity is Christianity itself; not the by-gone relics of ecclesiasticism, but the present, living, glowing embodiment of the life of God in the souls of men. There are plenty of proofs of the truth of the Bible, but men are not satisfied with them; there are plenty of evidences which are convincing but which fail to convince.

Men argued that it was not possible for a steamship to cross the Atlantic; the best reply to that was when an American steamship came puffing up the Mersey.—The best proof that Christ is a Saviour is the fact that he saves. It is vain for quarreling sectarians to talk of the peace and harmony which the Gospel of Christ brings; it is vain for religious swindlers and pious skinflints to expatiate upon the sublimity of the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" it is vain for luxurious priests and Levites, who have looked upon the wounded sufferer and passed by on the other side, to talk of the humanizing influences of the Gospel of the Son of God: the best proof that Christ is a Saviour is found in the man whom He saves. And when the infidel is confronted, not with dry disputes and learned disquisitions, but with loving, living, earnest followers of the Son of God, he has an argument for the divinity of Christ's religion which he cannot deny and knows not how to confute. When men show themselves patterns of good works, in uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, and soundness of speech, then he that is of a contrary part will be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of them. This best evidence of all is within the reach of all. Let us prove its power.

A Horse's Revenge.

A cruel, half-drunken teamster in France, not long since, angered at the poor exertions made by one of the horses—a poor black horse which had almost served its time—decided that the animal was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and, making a massive lever used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head until the unfortunate brute sank to the ground insensible. The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day. The horse regained its senses a short time after, found its way home, and entered the court-yard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced showering again upon its head. The act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stable; and presently one of them, a young animal, became so frantic with rage that he broke his halter and, rushing on the man, seized him in his jaws, and after shaking him violently, threw him down and trampled on him with such fury that, had not the man's cries brought some person to his aid, the master certainly would have been killed.

"WHY did my aunt elope?" asked a niece of her uncles. "Because I did not hold a tight rein-dear," he replied.

The Origin of Consumption.

In 1853, when Hanover and other parts of Northern Germany were visited by a very malignant kind of small pox, the great anatomist, Laugenbeck, tried to discover "the peculiarity of organic structures which disposes one man to catch the disease while his neighbor escapes. * * I have cut up more human bodies than the Old Man of the Mountain with all his accomplices," he writes from Gottingen in his semi-annual report, "and, speaking only of my primary object, I must confess that I am no wiser than before.—But, though the mystery of small-pox has eluded my search, my labors have not been in vain; they have revealed to me something else—the origin of consumption. I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance or with erotic excesses, and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from both parents, I say quite exclusively) produced by the breathing foul air. The lungs of all persons, minors included, who had worked for some years in close workshops and dusty factories showed the germs of the fatal disease, while confirmed inebriates, who had passed their days in open air, had preserved their respiratory organs intact, whatever inroads their excesses had made on the rest of their system. If I should go into practice and undertake the cure of a consumptive, I should begin by driving him out into the Deister (a densely wooded mountain range of Hanover) and prevent him from entering a house for a year or two."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Poe Reciting "The Raven."

Once, in discussing "The Raven," Poe observed that he had never heard it correctly delivered by even the best readers—that is, not as he desired that it should be read. That evening, a number of visitors being present, he was requested to recite the poem, and complied. His impressive delivery held the company spell-bound, but in the midst of it, I, happening to glance toward the open window above the level roof of the green-house, beheld a group of sable faces the whites of whose eyes shone in strong relief against the surrounding darkness. These were a number of our family servants, who having heard much talk about "Mr. Poe, the poet," and having but an imperfect idea of what a poet was, had requested permission of my brother to witness the recital. As the speaker became more impassioned and excited, more conspicuous became the circle of white eyes, until at length he turned suddenly toward the window, and, extending his arm, cried, with awful vehemence:

"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!"

There was sudden disappearance of the sable visages, a scuttling of feet, and the gallery audience was gone. Ludicrous as was this incident, the final touch was given when at that moment Miss Poe, who was an extraordinary character in her way, sleepily entered the room, and with a dull and drowsy deliberation seated herself on her brother's knee. He had subsided from his exitement into a gloomy dispair, and now, fixing his eyes upon his sister, he concluded:

"And the raven, never fitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And its eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming——"

The effect was irresistible, and as the final "nevermore" was solemnly uttered the half-suppressed titter of two very young persons in a corner was responded to by a general laugh. Poe remarked quietly that on his next delivery of a public lecture he would "take Rose along, to act the part of the raven, in which she seemed born to excel."—*Scribner, March.*

ARMED TO THE BOOTS.—A young man was arrested in a New Jersey town a few days ago on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. On searching his person a bowie knife was found in each boot leg, a seven-shooter in his hip-pocket, and slung-shot in his inside coat-pocket, a cavalry sword slid down his back, a "billy" in each coat-tail pocket, and a dagger up each coat sleeve. That was all. He was discharged when he explained that he was on his way to Princeton College to enter the Freshman class, and had merely taken some precautions to protect himself from the attacks of the Sophomores.

MRS. DR. MARY E. WALKER'S reasons for wanting to wield the baton of a policeman are given by her as follows: "For several months past I have had a friend with me, Mrs. Mary E. Tollotson, a sister dress reformer. Whenever we have appeared togother on the street we have been annoyed by small boys following after us and calling us all sorts of names and making the vilest insinuations, such as: 'There goes Dr. Mary and her dad,' 'Doctor, give me a chew of tobacco,' 'Take off your pants,' 'Pull down your vest,'" &c. She wants a chance to get even with the boys.

A CHURCH SENSATION.—A sensation was created in a Newport colored church recently by the minister's public reproof of a mischievous sister, who put peanut shells instead of money into the contribution box. His remarks were seconded by an aged woman, who called the reprobate a vain, conceited hussy, and advised her to wash the paint from her face. Then the young woman indignantly replied and hustled out of the church.

WHAT'S your occupation, Bub?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I am running for Congress, sir," he replied. —*N. Y. Commercial.*

SOUND moves about thirteen miles in a minute, so that if we hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash, we may calculate that the discharge of electricity is six and a-half miles off.

JAS. GORDON BENNETT is taking boxing lessons in Paris. The Chicago *Times* thinks it looks as if the French countess to whom he is engaged had some big brothers.

MR. WADE was an implacable enemy of the South, and his death will not prompt many eulogies in this section; but it may be said of him that he was an honest man. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and, when I'm there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them thro' and thro'."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed thro' alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped as you see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion' to cross with you;
You're bound I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree:
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be.
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true;"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seem to speak;
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met:
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alke on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

The Spirit of the Times.

As an illustration of the spirit of the times was the following little family scene, when a bright four-year-old little lady was imitating her elders by playing "make calls."

"Now, mamma, you be Mitheth Dones, an I'll be Mitheth Smith, and make you a tall."

Mamma—"Very well, Mrs. Smith, I'm glad to see you, how do you do, and how are the children?"

Totty—"I'm twite well, I tank you, but the children has all dot the hoopin toff."

Mamma—"I'm sorry to hear it. How many children have you, Mrs. Smith?"

Totty—"Oh, I has ten, and dey is a gate tyal to me wif my housekeepin'."

Mamma—"They must be, indeed. But how does your husband, Mr. Smith, do?"

Totty—"He's very well, tank you, but he's had bad bithness and he hath failed."

Mamma—"I'm sorry to hear that your husband has failed, but you havn't lost everything, Mrs. Smith, for I see you make calls in your own carriage."

Totty—"Oh, yes! I teep my tarriage. We has paid one cent on a dollar and doze right on."

The above is a fact.—*Boston Com. Bul.*

A SYMPATHETIC but inquisitive young man, who was visiting a county prison, asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she with a contemptuous toss of her head, "I stole a watermill, and got off safe, but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The sympathetic young man left immediately.

SHE stepped out of the cars for a few minutes, leaving a book in the seat, but on returning went to the wrong pew and inquired of a placid old lady: "Are you sitting on 'That Husband of Mine?"—"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the old maid, jumping up and scanning the seat with rigid scrutiny.

CROAKING is not confined to the Frog Ponds. At this season almost everybody is hoarse. Why is this, when *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* will cure any cough, cold or hoarseness in 48 hours? Sold by all Druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

AT a Christening, while the minister was giving the certificate, he happened to say: "Let me see—this is the 30th" "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it's only the eleventh."

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 one-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.

Progression.

The theory of the progression of all creatures from the lower to the higher forms of animal life is not only unsustained by facts, but it is actually opposed and confuted by them. However they may improve under culture, they show no signs of changing into other and higher forms of animal life.

"No animal," says a writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, "has ever been so honored, so carefully tended, and so prized by man, as the horse. He has been for many ages the companion and darling of man. Yet is the horse of to-day more exalted than the horse of Job and Homer and Virgil? Do we notice him to be in a course of transition to a higher state of being, accompanied with some change of form, and with a manifest enlargement of capacity? We notice nothing of the kind, and, moreover, expect nothing of the kind. We confidently expect him to remain a horse, he and his descendants, to the last chapter of this world's history. Neither the ants nor the bees are a whit more sagacious than they were in the days of Solomon or Virgil. They are not in course of transition to a higher platform—they are absolutely stationary—their organs in no way either improved or multiplied.

A horse continues a horse, a dog a dog, a cat a cat, and a monkey a monkey. The highest monkey does not become a man, nor does the lowest man become a monkey, any more than a cup becomes a jug, or a tea kettle a steam engine. It is true that a tea kettle is more like a steam engine than a water bucket is; but the water bucket will grow to a steam engine just as soon as a tea kettle will; and so a gorilla is more like a man than a bull-frog, but the bull-frog will become a man just as soon as the gorilla. The lines of life may run parallel, but they do not approach or intersect each other. The different species do not blend, and when man meddles and mingles them the hybrids produced cannot perpetuate. The line ends; and if the experiment were universal it would extinguish animal life.

The Old Deceiver.

It was amusing to see the air of importance assumed by the old fraud as he briskly entered a Woodward avenue restaurant yesterday. He coughed loudly, put his hand to his breast pocket, and said to the proprietor.

"Ahem—ah—I suppose you have some wines?"

"I suppose you have wines fit for my Christmas board?"

"I have."

"And—ahem—you could let me taste a sample, I suppose?"

"I can," said the proprietor, and he handed down a wine bottle which he had filled with beer slop, molasses and buttermilk for just such occasions. The old frand took a deep "swig," set the bottle down, and as he drew his mouth clear around over his right shoulder blade, said:

"That goes right to the spot! I'll call in at noon and have you send up twelve bottles!"

When he got out doors he seemed undecided whether to hold his mouth open or shut, and now and then he indulged in a hoarse like cough. He halted and looked into a candy store for a minute, but his mouth did not water. On the contrary, his scowl darkened, and as he turned away, he said:

"Waugh! I wouldn't even lick a grindstone if it was sugar coated!"

THE SEA OF MARMORA, the ancient Propontis, which has a peculiar interest at this moment, is a little smaller than Lake Ontario. Like its parent body, the Mediterranean, it has no tides. A strong and swift current sweeps through the sea from the northeast to the southwest, carrying the waters of the Euxine to those of the Ægean. It is remarkable for its bold and picturesque shores, and above all, for its depth, which in some places is nearly 2,000 feet. The Island of Marmora—the Proconnessus of the Greeks—which gives its name to the sea, is situated about 40 miles from the entrance of the Dardanelles, and in ancient times was widely noted for the beauty and durability of its marble. Even at this day a large portion of Constantinople is constructed of material taken from the ancient quarries. Mondania bay, in which the vanguard of the British fleet is anchored, is on the Asiatic shore, within three hours' run of Constantinople.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM.—"What becomes of good people when they die?" asked a Sunday School orator who was addressing a crowded anniversary assembly. "They go to heaven," was the prompt reply of a number of the children. The correctness of this answer being beyond controversy, the orator naturally brought on his next, which was, "What becomes of the brutes when they die?" There was a momentary pause, which was broken by the exclamation of a loud voiced youngster: "Make 'em into soap-grease!" The buzz of enthusiastic mirth which followed, punctuated the speech with a full stop.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION ON THE SHERIFF.—A man which was the sherif of a jail his prisoners kep a gittin out nites an steelin hens, cos the jail wasent strong enuf for to em inside. So the man he sed, the man did: "He pet a stop to that little game, my harteys!" and he had a other cote of paint put on the jail. But the artist he had put some salt into the paint and some cows came along and licked the paint ol off, and then the prisoners got out a other time and steeled more hens. Wen the sherif he seen wot they had done he was so angry he sed: "This aint no place for theefs, you bet; so you fellers has got either behave your selfs or lite out, and russele round for your hash the best way you can."—*Argonaut.*

THE Vanderbilts are at it again. It will be shown this week that the old Commodore was Mr. Bender, the long-missing Kansas murderer, and likewise the author of the Junius letters.—*Buffalo Express.*

LIFE is short at most and our duty is to prolong it. Use, therefore, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Price only 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

A TAX of ten per cent. is levied in Paris upon all tickets taken at theatres, public balls, music halls or any other place of amusement, for the benefit of the poor.