msa_sc2901_scm1624-0033 ©Maryland State Archives

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, APRIL 13, 1878. No. 49.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

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.

Hotels—Baltimore.

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.

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.

Hotels—Philadelphia.

ARCH ST. HOUSE,
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.

Baltimore Cards.

W. H. RUTTER,
Late of the firm of Greenwood, Rutter & Co.,
Commission Merchant,
For the sale of GRAIN and PRODUCE,
No. 96 Light st. Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
Consignments solicited. a6.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH ST., Corn Exchange Building,
y BALTIMORE.

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.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

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.

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.

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.

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, at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.
fe16.

THE
Sterling Reputation
THAT MARKED SUCH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER FOR THIS HOUSE
From the DAY IT OPENED BUSINESS
FOR
Fine and Perfect Fitting CLOTHING.
THE SAME KIND CAN NOW BE HAD
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT
That MEN and BOYS may rely on.

☞A cordial invitation to all.☜

NEW YORK LEADING ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE.
No. 184 West Baltimore Street,
(*Opposite Light,*) **BALTIMORE.**
BRANCH OF 503 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
SAMPLES sent on application. mh30-3m

STANDARD! DURABLE!
STYLISH and CHEAP!
The NEW and IMMENSE STOCK
OF
SPRING CLOTHING
JUST OPENED AT THE
LEADING ONE PRICE CASH
CLOTHING HOUSE,
230 W. Pratt Street,
NEAR HANOVER.
Chas. N. Oehm & Son,
PROPRIETORS.
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞**Also, SUITS TO ORDER**
$15 to $40.
PANTS TO ORDER, $3.50 to $12.
A Saving of ONE-THIRD from former Prices!

A MAGNIFICENT Line of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS to Select from.
March 30, 1878—6m.

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.**

We have again added largely to our Stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
&c., &c.
Dress Goods,
Latest styles PRINTS & CRETONNES, WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY, &c.
We always give close attention to our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, that we may at all times be prepared to furnish what is desired.
ALSO,
Clothing, Hats & Caps,
BUILDING HARDWARE,
Floor, Stair and Table OIL CLOTHS,
Woodenware, Collars, Bridles, Groceries, &c.
Call and see us, that we may show you our goods and prices.
J. F. M. WOODALL,
apr6. **Georgetown.**

Business Notice.

THE Firm of W. W. PARKS & SONS having been dissolved by mutual consent, the undersigned will conduct the
Dry Goods and Grocery BUSINESS,
at the stand of the late firm as before. They are thankful to the generous public for such liberal patronage as was extended the late firm, and hope by undivided attention to business, integrity of purpose and due manifested interest in their customers' welfare, to merit a continuance of same. In consideration of these former favors pledge themselves ever to protect their customers' interest.
Our aim shall ever be to purchase goods at the closest figures and sell at a small profit, so as to give the purchaser the most value for the least money possible.
Don't forget to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods. Come one, come all! for we intend to be
Truly, the purchasers' friend,
PARKS BROS.

To my Friends and the Public
Thankful for the liberal share of patronage received during the last ten years, I solicit a continuation of the same for my sons, who will deal justly with you in every respect, and will not relax any effort to please. All accounts will be left with my sons for settlement, which I hope will be at your earliest convenience, either by note or cash.
Yours, respectfully,
apr6-4t. WM. W. PARKS.

Ladies' Trimmings!
NEW STOCK!
MISS MARY R. BENJAMIN
Has just opened a new assortment of
NOTIONS, DRESS TRIMMINGS,
Children's Colored HOSE,
Hamburg Edgings, Handkerchiefs, &c.
A complete stock of BUTTONS, Neck Ties, Kid Gloves, Italian Lace, &c.
PLAITING, knife, box and space, at 6 cts. per yard.
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.
Store next door to T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Respectfully, M. R. BENJAMIN.
March 16—tf.

New Grocery Store UP TOWN!
WHEATLEY BROS. Have opened a New Grocery Store up town, and are prepared to supply all persons wanting goods in their line at prices that will compete with the cheapest in market.
☞We solicit all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE in exchange for goods at the highest market price.
Store adjoining Dr. Johnson's office.
☞Give us a call.
Mar. 9. WHEATLEY BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE!
COME AND SEE!
MY large and well selected stock of COLLARS, BRIDLES, HARNESS, and the best WHIPS in town.
☞Full stock of everything in this line. Hard times has made low prices. Harness of all kinds made to order.
I invite those who need anything in my line to call and examine my stock.
Thankful for past favors.
Mar. 9. J. F. HOWARD

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.

Hair Cutting & Shaving.
HAVING re-papered and newly fitted up the Barber Shop on Queen street, near the Post Office, I am prepared to do work in my line in a satisfactory manner. A call is solicited. JNO. B. JONES,
mh30-3t. TONSORIAL.

A CARD.
I am prepared to BREAK YOUNG HORSES TO HARNESS: also, Horses of vicious habits.
Horses taken on livery by the month, day or meal. The best attention given.
mh2-tf. JAS. A. RUSSELL.

BLACKBERRY Plants *Wilson's Early*, and other Small Fruits, at bottom prices. Price list free. R. S. Johnston, Stockley, Del.

OSAGE ORANGE Hedge Plants in large or small lots. Prices on application.
m2-8t. R. S. JOHNSTON, Stockley, Del.

LADIES' CLOAKS—large assortment at T. W. ELIASON, JR'S.
n24.

FISHERS OF MEN.

Down in the calm river they leisurely floated;
There, in a nook that was shady and cool,
They brought out their lines, and their hooks were all coated
With bait well adapted the fishes to fool.

Mabel was with them, and Lizzie, and Laura,
Maidens light hearted, and merry, and fair;
Each bestowed smiles on her favored adorer,
Destined, perchance, to fall into her snare.

Idly they played with their lines, in the river;
Little they cared tho' no fish should be caught;
Fondly each hoped that the fates would deliver
Into her keeping the lover she sought.

Lightly they talked upon themes with which Cupid
Had lavishly filled both their hearts and their brains,
And laughingly said that the men were all stupid
The while they were artfully weaving their chains.

The day passed away and the fishing was ended;
Pleased with themselves the fair innocent looked;
They gazed on their victims and each comprehended
The fish she had angled so long for was hooked.

Then back to the town the young men rowed lightly,
Their baskets all empty—the fishing was tame;
While on each other the maidens smiled brightly,
The fishers of men had won at their game.

DASHAWAYS.

Messrs. Editors:—The stigma of all past temperance movements has been their ephemeral character. They have sprung up almost as by magic, and, like the peach trees of a few weeks ago, have presented the bud and bloom of promise, but have gone down before the cold, bleak winds of neglect and indifference. Why is this? Are we hopelessly a spasmodic people? Why is the temperance lute so soon put out of tune? Another temperance spasm is upon us. Is it to be only a fit, a jerk, a puff of wind? We trust not. A brother Dashaway in toil and hope does not want to see this a temporary shaking among the dry bones, but a permanent movement, as there always will be need of temperance work and workers, and he therefore suggests that a county temperance alliance be organized at an early day, to embrace all whose life of sobriety is the best pledge, and to hold four public meetings a year; and to appoint a live vice-president for each election district, who shall hold meetings in his district and report to the county alliance. Now this indicates work, and that is just what we need to keep life in the temperance body. Idleness is not only the very rust and canker of the soul—the devil's cushion and pillow—but it is the death of all good societies. Somebody has said that "King Clog does'nt like King Jog." It is not only time to dashaway evil habits that hinder our development, but it is time to grasp with a firm will the instrumentalities of our upward and onward advancement. Idleness is rust in any respect, while diligence and industry impart brightness. "Occupation is the armor of the soul." The devil has been represented as saying that, in his fishing for men, the idler gave him no trouble, as he bit at the naked hook. Sirs, there is as nice a generation of young men and women in Kent county as can be found in any land; but at the same time it cannot be denied that there is an awful amount of mental and spiritual idleness which, if not corrected soon, will be the bane of their declining years. There are many that would dread the thought of throwing away life at once yet they are throwing it away by piecemeal and parcels.

Young people of Kent county go work in the temperance vineyard, and if you utterly fail to do any good, you will feel all the better for having tried to do something for your tempted brother. It is said God reaches us good things by our own hands. Wesley, when asked what was the secret of the efficiency of his followers, replied that they were all at it, and always at it. This is the rule for all reformers of society. If Dashaways will observe this rule with the same faith in God that John Wesley had, they will gain in numbers and strength, and liquor selling would become so unprofitable that few would pay for the privilege. We once asked a liquor seller in Jersey if his business paid him; he replied, "if I had no other means of support I should starve." The reason of this was that nearly all the inhabitants belonged to the temperance society in the place, and about all he sold was to tramps. DASHAWAY.

THE WOMAN'S HOTEL in New York, founded by the late A. T. Stewart, and which was opened last week for occupancy, covers 200 feet square, has 502 bed chambers, more than 1,700 gas jets, 14,000 yards of carpet and refined lodgings for more than 1,000 women only. Since the most extravagant periods of conventual devotion no such monastery as this has been erected or patronized. It is the equal, for its purposes, as an institution, of Harvard College. Indeed, it compares with Oxford University as to accommodations, which has seldom more than 1,300 students in all its colleges. Oxford supports 557 "fellows," or pensioned graduates. The Woman's Hotel can bed, feed and amuse, while at occupation of any and all sorts, twice as many "fellows" as Oxford suckles.

Whether this hotel be a success or not, it is a great fact in the progress of woman. It shows that a shrewd, observant man of business believed that there were 1,000 women in New York whose labor supported them so respectfully that they could sustain an institution in which two or three million dollars had been invested; that there was so much activity and freedom abroad among women that they would replenish the hotel, find their way to it, travel and experiment, and become self-sustaining as a sex. Finally, it was Mr. Stewart's obligation to women. He felt a sense of gratitude to them for long and liberal custom, appreciating his work and enterprise, from the time when he opened a little store near the City Hall Park in 1823, at the age of 21, down to his death, at the age of 72.

Two friends were dining together, one of them remarked, "As I am going abroad, I have made my will, and have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence." The other replied, "You are generous as well as kind; you have bequeathed to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

THE proudest day in the life of a baby is when his mother takes him home from the show and whips him for not receiving the first prize.

Realization of a Dream and Vision.

Messrs. Editors:—As extraordinary dreams and visions and their fullfilment frequently form the topic of conversation, and various theories are offered in explanation of them, it might not be uninteresting to your readers to reproduce the account of the curious vision and its terrible realization that happened to the younger Lord Lyttleton in the latter part of the last century. It possibly may not be out of place to premise the story of the vision with a brief reference to his Lordship's character and history. During our Revolutionary struggle as member of the House of Lords, many of his votes were recorded on the side of ministers, against Chatham and the Americans. He led a grossly licentious life, and gave a loose rein to his passions, till not a woman of reputation would dare be seen in his company, or permitted him when he waited on her—heir apparent as he was to a fine estate and a fair title—to do more than leave his card. He had been married to a lady, of whom nothing worse has ever been said than that she accepted his hand. Her, however, he had early deserted. Among the females who had been the objects of his temporary attachment and had fallen victims to it there was a Mrs. Dawson, whose fortune, with her honor and reputation, had been sacrificed to her passion, and who, on being deserted by his Lordship for another, did not long survive. She died broken-hearted, bankrupt both in means and character. But though she perished without friends, she was yet fully avenged on the seducer. Ever after he believed himself haunted by her spectre. His celebrated vision, the particulars of which, as gathered from the authorities of the times and commented on from Boswell to Sir Walter Scott, are as follows:

"His Lordship on Thursday, November 5th, 1779, had made the usual opening address to the Sovereign the occasion of a violent attack on the administration. In the evening he set out for his house at Epsom, carrying with him a 'caravan of nymphs.' He sat up rather late after his arrival, and on retiring to bed was suddenly awakened from brief slumber a little before midnight by what appeared to be a dove, which, after fluttering for an instant near the bed curtains, glided towards a casement window in the apartment, where it seemed to flutter for an instant longer and then vanished. At the same moment his eye fell upon a female figure in white standing at the bedfoot, in which he at once recognized, says Warner, 'the spectre of the unfortunate lady that had haunted him so long.' It solemnly warned him to prepare for death, for that within three days he should be called to his final account; and, having delivered its message immediately disappeared. In the morning his Lordship seemed greatly discomposed, and complained of a violent headache. 'He had had an extraordinary dream,' he said, 'suited, did he possess even a particle of superstition, to make a deep impression on his mind;' and on afterwards communicating the particulars of the vision he remarked, rather, however, in joke than earnest, that the warning was somewhat of the shortest, and that really, after a course of life so disorderly as his, three days formed but a brief period for preparation. On Saturday he began to recover his spirits, and told a lady of his acquaintance at Epsom that, as it was now the third and last day, he would, if he escaped for but a few hours longer, fairly jockey the ghost. He became greatly depressed, however, as the evening wore on; and one of his companions, as the critical hour of midnight approached, set forward the house clock, in the hope of dissipating his fears by misleading him into the belief that he had entered on the fourth day, and was of course safe. The hour of twelve accordingly struck; the company, who had sat with him until now, broke up immediately after, laughing at the prediction, and his Lordship retired to his bed room, apparently much relieved. His valet, who had mixed up at his desire a dose of rhubarb, followed him a few minutes after, and he sat up in bed, in apparent health, to take the medicine; but, being in want of a teaspoon, he dispatched the servant, with an expression of impatience, to bring him one. The man was scarcely a minute absent, but when he returned, however, his master was a corpse. He had fallen backwards on the pillow, and his outstretched hand still grasped his watch, which exactly indicated the fatal hour of twelve.

"It has been conjectured that his dissolution might have been an effect of the shock he received on ascertaining that the dreaded hour had not yet gone by. At all events, explain the fact as we may, ere the fourth day had arrived Lyttleton was dead. It has been further related, as a curious coincidence, that on the night of his decease one of his intimate acquaintances at Dartford, in Kent, dreamed that his Lordship appeared to him, and drawing back the bed curtains said, with an air of deep melancholy, 'My dear friend, it is all over; you see me for the last time.'

"We find Dr. Johnson, whose bias, however, did not incline him to the incredulous side, thus referring to it in one of the conversations recorded by Boswell: 'I mentioned,' says the chronicler, 'Lord Lyttleton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death, and its exact fulfillment.' Johnson—'It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day; I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have evidence of a spiritual world that I am willing to believe it.' Dr. Adams—'You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs not such support.' Johnson—'I like to have more.'" B.

Chestertown, April 1, 1878.

THE short walking dress for ladies is rapidly coming into use. Aside from giving its possessor an opportunity to show a pretty foot without making a show of it, this sensible fashion gives them the full use of both their hands while walking, and enables them to go home with decently clean underskirts.

The human voice is its sweetness and purity is deliciously musical; with throat affection and coughs it loses all attractions. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup restores it when failing through coughs, colds, etc.

SPRING poetry may be written on both sides of a sheet of paper. The waste-basket is not particular.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Telephone and Its Uses.

One of the most surprising inventions of the age is that of the telephone. Its very simplicity adds to the wonder that the discovery of its properties in carrying the sound of the human voice or of musical instruments to long distances had not been made long before. Many persons have doubtless seen a child's toy composed of two small tin cylinders, each opened at one end and clossed at the other, the two cylinders being connected with each other by a long string thrust through the center of the closed ends. That toy represents the telephone in its rudest and simplest form. A child standing on one side of the street and speaking into the open end of one cylinder to a child standing on the opposite side of the street with his ear pressed close to the open end of the other cylinder, with the connecting string stretched between them, conveys accurately the working of the telephone. The difference between the two lies in the uses of the telephone by calling into service the wires of the telegraph, or independent wires similarly stretched between two points, and transmitting the sound of the voice or the notes of music by electric currents. For ordinary purposes a simple electro-magnet is all sufficient to carry spoken words a distance of several miles, and so distinctly that the listener at the other end of the wire, with his ear at the open end of the tube of the telephone, can distinguish who it is that is speaking, and by replying in turn through the same aperture can carry on a conversation of any length. So little complicated are the parts of the apparatus that "good results," it is said, "have been obtained by means of a magnet only an inch and a half long, whilst the working instrument need not be too large for the waistcoat pocket." There is no difference between the receiving and the transmitting telephone, each in turn assuming the offices as the conversation is kept up alternately from the telephones at opposite ends of the wire. For ordinary purposes the electro-magnet and its simple apparatus are sufficient; but where the conversation is to be carried on over long distances—for hundreds of miles, for instance—the battery and wires commonly used for telegraphy are substituted for the small electro-magnet and independent wire. To what distance can spoken words be conveyed by this means? Mr. Bell, the inventor, states that he "carried on a conversation without any difficulty between Boston and New York, 258 miles apart, through an ordinary telegraph wire. A man's breathing was distinctly heard 149 miles away." These are of themselves astonishing results, and tests made with resistance coils would seem to indicate that audible words may yet be transmitted for a distance of 3,000 miles. For local business purposes, for keeping up oral communication from the open air into the remotest depths of mines, between the town offices of manufacturers and their mills and factories, and in a multitude of other ways the telephone, it is conceded, may be made extremely useful, and the appreciation of its value is already bringing it into extensive use, not only in the United States but abroad.

A New Way to Retain Subscribers.

An indignant subscriber to a New Jersey paper went into the office a few days ago and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed with the editor in his views of subsoiling fence rails. The editor conceded the man's right to stop the paper, and remarked, coolly, as he looked over his list:

"Do you know Jim Sowders, down at Hardscrabble?"

"Very well," said the man.

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours."

"Lord! is that so?" said the astonished Granger.

"Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?"

"Well, I've heard of him."

"Well," said the editor, gravely, "he stopped the paper because I said he was the father of twins, and congratulated him on his success too late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There's lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color on your nose."

"See here, Mr. Editor," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll just keep on another year, because I always did like your paper; and, mister, since I have come to think about it, why, you're a young man, and some allowance orter be made;" and he departed satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

LOVE ALL.

Love all! there is no living thing
Which God hath not created.
Love all! there is no living thing
Which God hath ever hated;
His love sustains the meanest life,
What'er doth live or perish;
And man may not disdain to love
What God doth love to cherish.

Love all! for hate begetteth hate,
While love thro' love increaseth.
Love all! for hate shall faint and fail,
While love, like God, ne'er ceaseth.
Love is the law—the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending;
The hate shall die—the strife shall cease,
But love is never-ending.

A DANBURY boy of a pugnacious turn was taken to task by his mother for striking a companion. She told him he must ask the forgiveness of the wronged one. He went up to him, having his back to his mother, and whispered through his clinched teeth: "I've got to ask you to forgive me for hitting you, and you'd better speak right up at once that you do, or I'll give you something to remember." The victim spoke up.—*Danbury News*

IT was about this time of the year that Eve made the remark which has been handed down through so many generations: "We can never be anybody if we don't go to some watering place, and you know it, Adam; yet you have the audacity to sit there and talk of the hard times."—*Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

A GREATER than Daniel Lambert has appeared in England. He is not yet twenty-one, but stands six feet four inches in height, and weighs 730 pounds. He measures eight feet around the shoulders, seven feet around the waist, and three feet around the calf of his leg.

Dogs in the Great Storm.

ALTHOUGH STARVING, THEY CARRY MEAT GIVEN THEM TO THEIR STARVING MASTER.

The recent storm upon the plains was, perhaps, the most severe ever known. On the morning of the storm two freighters, Mr. James McDermott and companion, started from camp Robinson for Sidney with their teams. They soon were lost and became separated, and on last Saturday Mr. McDermott was found under the following circumstances: He had wandered for twelve days, accompanied by two dogs, without food of any kind, exposed to the storm day and night, sleeping without shelter or covering on the cold ground, and had wasted away to a mere skeleton. To add to his sufferings, one day he saw near him some cow boys, but was too weak to call loud enough to attrack their attention, and like a shipwrecked seaman who sees a sail approach, but before it comes within hailing distance bears away again and disappears, he saw them pass from him. On last Saturday these same cow boys heard a faint barking or yelping like that of dogs, and following the sound they came to them. The dogs were also reduced to skeletons, and scarcely had strength to stand, being in the last stages of starvation. The cow boys threw them some meat, but instead of eating it themselves, they picked it up in their mouths, got on their trembling limbs and tried to carry it to their master. And thus he was found. The fact that the dogs refused to eat the meat given them, although they were dying of starvation, but attempted to carry it to their famishing master, is testified to by men of unimpeachable varacity.

Mr. McDermott was carried to Sidney, where he is under the care of the Post Surgeon, with fair prospects of recovering, although badly frozen, while the dogs have been cared for at a camp near where they were found. McDermott in his weak state talks constantly of his dogs, and begs for them to be brought to his bedside, which wish will be gratified soon. Many things connected with the great storm will doubtless long be remembered, and the stories told around many a camp-fire; but we predict that the one longest remembered and oftenest repeated will be the story of the two dogs, who, when dying with hunger, and the food in their mouths, refused to eat, but tried to carry it to their starving master.—*Omaha Herald.*

Women as Stone-Throwers.

The practice of a whole life, says an observant philosopher, will not enable a woman to throw a stone with grace and accuracy. It was one of the first and most knotty physiological problems which presented itself to our youthful mind—why our big sister, when she tried to throw a snowball at us, almost invariably sent it careening over the top of the house, while we, in turn, could pop her in the ear almost every time. It way be that we took a mean advantage of this discrimination of nature in our behalf against our sister, and it may be that we improved the opportunity to rake her fore and aft whenever she came within firing distance. But that is neither here nor there. As the time passed on and we increased our stock of observation, we saw the other fellows' sisters labored under about the same disadvantages that ours did in the matter of throwing any kind of missile. Why this marked and unmistakable difference existed we never learnt until, at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a book of physiology, and learned that the clavicle, or collar bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone. The design of this sort of thing is still unexplained to our entire satisfaction. We have developed a pet theory of our own, however, that an all-wise and beneficent Providence, foreseeing that there would be rolling-pins, and stove-hooks, and pot-lids, and hot water in the world, set the woman's clavicle down a hitch or two for the safety of men. It's lucky for all of us that women cannot throw stones.

How Long will the Forrests Last.

Under such a tremendous yearly drain, the question naturally comes us, how long will our forrest trees hold out at the present rate of manufacture? It is really an important question, upon which follows the inquiry as to what we are going to do for building material when this magnificent wood—pine—is exhausted. One authority after another has entered formally upon its solution, with satisfactory results in local instances, but very vague ones to the field at large. At the rate we are cutting it to-day, from thirty to fifty years seemed to be agreed upon as about the limit. Twenty years ago there was apparently no limit, for the consumption was not only less, but the means for its manufacture were primitive, and accomplished much smaller results then now. It seems as if it were impossible to improve further the machinery of saw mills; but the near future may for all that see sawing machinery in comparison to which that of the present may be contemptible. So, although twenty years ago there was no foreseeing the end of the timber, now, with the modern mills myriads of them we are beginning to calculate with dire certainty as to the time when the "Wooden Age" will be a thing of the past.

CONGRESSMAN WOOD's new tariff bill imposes a tax of thirty-five per cent. on "matches of all kinds." Young persons about to enter the matrimonial state should remonstrate at once. The tax is enormous. What is needed is a tax of about ninety-five per cent. on long engagements.—*Norristown Herald.*

A YANKEE judge recently stated, in behalf of a female witness whom a lawyer was cross-questioning as to her age, that a woman had a right to be of any age she pleases, because, if she stated her real age, nobody would believe her.

A SUBSCRIBER asks us, "what is good for warts on horses?" We don't know. We never owned but one pair of horses—a wood horse and a clothes horse—and they were never troubled with warts.

OMAHA has noticed that when her river is muddy her milk and beer are the same, and she calls it a curious dispensation of Providence.