msa_sc2901_scm1624-0105 ©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. 39. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878. No. 15.

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.

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.

Still Pond, July 25, 1878

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, to take effect from Aug. 1, 1878, under the firm name of

HARPER & WILSON,

for the purpose of conducting a General Mercantile Business at the old stand of Geo. W. Harper, where we propose to employ our time, talent and capital to make it to the interest of all to do business with us.

GEO. W. HARPER,
J. FRANK WILSON.

To my Friends and Patrons:

You will see by the above notice that I have associated with me J. FRANK WILSON, who, with myself, will be found at my usual place of business, ready and willing at all times to wait upon you with that politeness and efficiency which I hope has characterized my previous business. Thanking you for *past* favors, I respectfully solicit a continuance of your patronage to the new firm.

GEO. W. HARPER.
Still Pond, July 31, 1878. a3-3t.

C. H. J. SPARKS. G. T. NEAL.

C. H. J. SPARKS & CO.,

LOCUST GROVE,

ARE now receiving NEW GOODS from Baltimore and Phila. daily, and intend to sell them as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE HAD IN THE COUNTY for cash or thirty days.

You will find our stock complete of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

NOTIONS,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Suits for $5!

HATS and CAPS.

We also have a fine assortment of GENTS'

BOOTS and SHOES,

WHICH WE ARE SELLING CHEAP.

The Ladies will do well to call and examine our new stock of SHOES, SLIPPERS, &c., which we had made to order, and will sell at low figures.

☞ You will find our stock complete of all goods generally kept in a first class country store. Call and examine our stock and prices. *We intend to sell.*

C. H. J. SPARKS & CO.

NOTICE.—All persons who have not paid their bills up to the change in our business (July 1st, 1878) may look for me in a few days, as all accounts must be settled up to that time, either by money or note, 30 days.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
July 20, 1878—3m. *Locust Grove.*

BREAD! BREAD!

Ice Cream! Ice Cream!

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

MRS. D. A. BENJAMIN has opened a BAKERY in connection with her Cream and Oyster Saloon on Queen St., and is prepared to furnish families with all kinds of BREAD and CAKES at the lowest price, such as

LOAVES, RUSK, BUNS, BISCUIT, SPONGE, &c.
POUND, GINGER and SUGAR CAKE

and in fact almost everything found at a first class Bakery.

Don't forget to buy your ICE-CREAM at her saloon, as she always keeps good fresh, pure Cream.

☞ When you want a good Beef-Steak, cooked in the best restaurant style give her a call, as she has always on hand the best the market affords kept on ice ready for use.

Oysters in every style.

☞ By giving personal attention to my Restaurant and Bakery I hope to merit a share of patronage. Thanking the public for past favors, I am, resp'y,

MRS. D. A. BENJAMIN.
Aug. 3, 1878—tf.

Have You Seen It?

If not don't delay any longer, but go right straight to

MRS. E. N. MELVIN'S

Picture and Frame Store, and your eyes will sparkle with delight at the beautiful Pictures and Cheap Frames.

LANDSCAPES,
WATER VIEWS,
MOUNTAIN SCENERY,
SCRAP PICTURES,

and a magnificent Chromo of the SAINTLY BEATRICE.

☞ Splints for Frames, Wall Pockets, Brackets and Picture Card in abundance, and all so cheap you will be astonished.

☞ Give her a call.

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,
May 4. opposite the Bank.

Our Motto:

One Price Strictly! Fair Profits Only!

WITH the above motto we do business, therefore consumers will find it to their interest to deal with us. For the benefit of those that do not know our prices a few are enumerated:

BEST CHEESE only 15c., regular price 20a25c.
2 Cakes good Washing Soap for 5c.
2 Boxes Coffee Essence for 5c.
Rumford's Yeast Powder, 2 bottles 25c.
Corned Shad, Mackerel and Herring at low prices.
Chipped or Broiling Beef 19c. per lb.
Good White Sugar only 11c. "
" Brown " " 9c. "
Coffees at greatly reduced prices.
An excellent Tea for 37½c. per lb.

BUTTER

Kept at all times—It is our Specialty.

VEGETABLES, FRUIT, POULTRY, EGGS, &c., &c.

☞ *Country Produce solicited*, for which the highest prices will be paid in cash or trade. Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Send your orders, we will deliver them.

☞ Store on High St., nearly opposite the Voshell House.

C. W. KENNARD.
July 27.

FINE and Ground ALUM SALT, by the bushel or sack, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR

Soluble Sea Island Guano,

RICH IN

AMMONIA, SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID, POTASH, MAGNESIA, SODA, &c.

Used in Kent Co. several years, and Surpassed all other Fertilizers!

It is the Greatest Wheat Producer Known!

PRICE AS LOW and TERMS AS EASY as any other High Grade Fertilizer.

MANUFACTURED BY

R. W. L. RASIN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE BY **THOMAS DeC. RUTH, JR.,**
jy13-12t. *(Office near the Wharf,)* CHESTERTOWN, MD.

No. 1 AMMONIATED

Super-Phosphate of Lime

AND POTASH,

Manufactured for T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

Containing Dissolved ANIMAL BONE, ACID PHOSPHATE and SALTS OF POTASH AND SODA.

Prepared under the supervision of one of the best Fertilizer manufacturers in the State, and guaranteed not to contain a single pound of adulterating material to the ton, containing no sand or earth to cheapen it, but on the contrary every article used in its manufacture is a fertilizer in itself.

I CLAIM FOR THE ABOVE GOODS:

1st. That it is Well made, being manufactured by the latest improved machinery and methods; it is thoroughly mixed and all the ingredients are well incorporated with each other.

2d. That it contains a much larger per centage of Bone Phosphate than any other compound on the market at the same price.

3d. That a much larger proportion of this Bone Phosphate is available for the use of the growing crop.

4th. That it contains a larger percentage of Ammonia.

☞ In offering the above goods under my own brand to the Farmers of Kent county, I do it with the belief that I am putting upon the market a much more valuable goods for the price asked for it than any heretofore sold in this county.

$33 per Ton, and interest on crop term.

☞ Give it a fair trial and you will be satisfied.

aug3-9t. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

THE POPPLEIN DIATOMS SILICATED PHOSPHATE TRADE MARK Patented March 31, 1874 Reissued Sept. 3, 1878

THE POPPLEIN SILICATED PHOSPHATE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, BALTIMORE.

☞ In 200 lb. Bags, dry, and in excellent condition for drilling.

☞ For sale by THOS. W. WICKES and S. H. BLACKISTON, Agents.
July 27, 1878—3m.

FERTILIZERS

FOR THE

Fall Season of 1878.

THE

Maryland Fertilizing Co.

IN

Five Different Grades,

At Prices to suit the times.

We can confidently recommend this well known Standard article to the attention of Farmers from numerous testimonials from some of the best Farmers of Maryland, as well as from personal knowledge of its beneficial results. All we ask is a trial and you will not regret it.

T. W. WICKES and S. H. BLACKISTON, agents, Chestertown; offices at Wickes' Drug Store and Clerk's office.
Aug. 10, 1878—tf.

We have now on hand a Large Stock of

No. 1

PERUVIAN GUANO,

(LOBOS,)

With the following analysis guaranteed:

Ammonia	6 *per cent.*
Bone Phosphate of Lime	48 *per cent.*
Potash	4 *per cent.*

The Guano is perfectly dry, entirely free from lumps, and ready for the drill without any labor whatever.

Purchasers will please see that the bags have Hobson, Hurtadge & Co.'s name stamped on them, they being the only agents of the Peruvian Government.

VOSS BROTHERS,
42 Second Street,
jy13-8t. Baltimore, Md.

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

SALT FISH by the bbl. and half bbl., at city prices at PARKS BROS'.

To Peach Growers.

I HAVE between 60,000 and 80,000 Peach Seedlings to bud this season; about one-half are from Smock and the balance from Natural seed. I intend to commence budding the first of August; such trees will be ready for planting a year from next fall and spring. I would much prefer planters to give in their orders before budding is done, as it will give them an opportunity to get exactly what they want. Those wishing buds from certain trees will please drop me a card.

Resp'y, ROBT. G. NICHOLSON,
jy29-6t. Hanesville, Kent co., Md.

Low Prices and Good Goods

OUR MOTTO!

AT THE CASH STORE Cor. of Queen and High Sts., Chestertown,

Great Bargains

IN

Summer Dress Goods!

Prices Reduced Ten Per Cent. to Close them out!

2 Button Kid Gloves, all shades, 50c.

Dr. Warner's HEALTH CORSETS, unequalled for beauty, style and comfort; approved by all physicians. We invite the ladies to call and see them.

NOTIONS as cheap as any.

GROCERIES.

FULL STOCK at BOTTOM PRICES!

We carry a fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Soaps, &c.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

At Prices to suit the times.

Kerrey's Everlasting Button Holders, for button shoes, the best thing out. Call and see them.

☞ We return our many thanks to the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and will strive by close attention to the wants of the people, to merit a share of their patronage.

J. STAFFORD, JR.
Aug. 10.

Wesleyan Female College,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

AT the opening of the Fall term, Sept. 9, 1878, there will be a NEW President, NEW furniture, NEW repairs throughout the buildings, NEW pianos, the modern conveniences newly introduced to add to the comfort of the young ladies, both in the public and private rooms, and all this at the old prices. For catalogues address the President, Rev. J. W. WILLIAMS, A. M. jly6-6m.

WILMINGTON
Conference Academy

FULL Corps of Experienced Teachers. Modern facilities. Fine building, furnished with heat, gas, bath, etc.

Board and tuition $200 per year. Heat and gas in private rooms extra. Separate building for lady boarders. For catalogue address the Principal,

R. H. SKINNER, A. M.,
je22-6m. DOVER, DEL.

GLASS FRUIT JARS and JELLY GLASSES, quart and half-gallon, for sale low, by V. BURGESS,
jy13-6t. Chestertown.

WOOL WANTED. For which the highest cash price will be paid. In my absence Mr. R. S. USILTON, at the Market House, Chestertown, will receive same. Also, SCHROPSHIRE BUCK LAMBS for sale.

May 4—tf. JACOB BARKMAN.

TO POMONA, GODDESS OF FRUIT.

Fair Roman nymph, thy beauteous form and face,
Through orchards, groves, and round our homes we trace,
Thou art where healthy peach germs now are found,
And where the apple-blossoms strew the ground;
The berries from thy fragrant fountains sip;
The snowy plum blooms kiss thy virgin lip,
The spicy pear, the yet more fragrant grape,
Like wands of fairies, gems do from thee shake.

Pomona why so coy? Vertumnus waits
To wed thee now beside love's flowery gates;
He has for thee thy bridal robes so fair,
Woven by earth, and water, and sun and air;
Hide in his bosom thy sweet blushing face,
Within his heart thy trembling heart now place,
That spring may blend its arteries through the vine,
Till bough and twig with ripened fruit do shine.

Pomona, in thy temple we will greet
The flowing wine, the nectared fruitage sweet,
With budding spring and flowery summer weave
The untold wealth that autumn will receive;
A crown of plenty doth Vertumnus hold,
Matured from germs he turns for thee to gold,
His flowery girdle with ripe fruit doth shine,
He takes it off around thy form to twine.

Pomona, listen to a mortal's song,
And bear our hopes through summer vales along,
Through rainbow arches let thy chariot pass,
Thy steeds tread lightly o'er the leaves and grass;
Let no rude winds disturb the swelling fruit,
And all the elements to the vintage suit,
Then to thy temple we will haste to bring
Fruit from the blossoms that we hailed in spring.

Wilmington, Del. MATILDA CANBY.

The Ocean Floor.

Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about peris in chambers of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening in coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London in her Majesty's ship Challenger, has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough for drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless water of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to the upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep-sea soundings throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izcalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed this land with its stately cities. De Bourbourg and other archæologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the Challenger corresponds with this theory. What if some keen Yankee should yet dredge out from its unfathomed slime the lost Atlantis?—*Exchange.*

VEGETINE.

I will try Vegetine.
He did, AND WAS CURED.

Delaware, O., Feb. 16, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS,—Dear Sir: I wish to give you this testimony, that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me.—About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover; I consulted a doctor at Columbus; followed his advice; it did no good; I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing humors, ulcers, &c. I said to my family, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could now sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine and doctors before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine. Very resp'y, F. ANTHONI.

Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O.; he settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentleman of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. A. is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.

IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ring worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try Vegetine and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal; its effects are wonderful.

VEGETINE,
CURED HER.

Dorchester, Mass., June 11.

DR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world; it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The *Rheumatism* has pained me to such an extent that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your blood purifier, Vegetine. MARGERY WELLS.

VEGETINE.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

VEGETINE.
Is Better than any MEDICINE.

Henderson, Ky., Dec., 1877.

I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken. THOS. LYNE.

VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks & Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE
Recommended by M. D.'s.

H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction. A. B. DEFIEST, M. D.,
Harlston, Ind.

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

VEGETINE is sold by All Druggists.

BATTLING WITH A SHARK.

A BOY TERRIBLY BITTEN WHILE BATHING IN THE EAST RIVER.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE IN MID-STREAM WITH AN EIGHT-FOOT MONSTER—HOW HE WAS STUNNED BY A BLOW FROM A STONE USED FOR AN ANCHOR.

The New York *Sun* of Aug. 9, says: Last evening at 5 o'clock Charles Gates, aged 14, of 56 President street, Brooklyn, and Arthur Cole, aged 16, of 96 Sackett street, had a novel and exciting encounter with a shark in the East river. They had hired a boat at the foot of Columbia street for the purpos of going on a crab fishing expedition. They embarked at 4 o'clock, and pulled slowly down the river until they reached the breakwater between Columbia and Hicks sts. Here Gates remarked to his companion that he would like to take a swim. Cole replied, "All right; peel off, and I'll remain in the boat until your return."

Gates undressed, plunged into the river, and swam several times around the boat.

Meanwhile Cole was engaged in attaching a rope to a large stone which he had on board, and which he meant to use as an anchor after they began to fish. Cole's attention was soon diverted from this work by a sudden and violent displacement of the water, which almost upset the boat. Almost simultaneously with the shock which was thus given him, he was startled by the screams of his companion, who loudly called for help. Cole concluded that Gates had met with some accident, and was about to leap into the water when, looking over the side of the boat, he saw his companion struggling with a shark.

There was no time to be lost. The cries of Gates were growing fainter, and in a minute more his life must have been sacrificed. Cole bethought himself of the primitive anchor he had been making. He promptly seized the stone and with all his strength hurled it at the shark. Fortunately his aim was good, and the heavy stone struck the shark on the head.

Seemingly stunned by the blow for a second, the shark released its hold upon Gates. Cole seized this opportunity to rescue his friend, whose bleeding and mangled body was about to sink. Cole lay to his oars, and a few strokes brought him along side of Gates, who was being swept along by the tide. He reached out his oar, but the drowning boy was unable to catch hold of it. At last a fortunate wave brought the boat and Gates' body close together, and Cole leaned over the side, and seizing Gates by the the head and shoulder, pulled him on board.

By this time the shark had partially recovered, and he began to plunge violently about in the water. The speechless and almost lifeless Gates was placed in the bottom of the boat, and Cole again lay to his oars, and pulled with all his strength in the direction of the boat house from whence they had started. The shark seemed to have lost its reckoning when it missed its victim, and after making divers manœuvres it disappeared.

On reaching the shore it was found that Gates was terribly lacerated. His body seemed to be bleeding at every pore. He was exhausted from loss of blood, as well as from the effects of the terrible nervous shock he had sustained. An ambulance was telegraphed for. Dr. Cochran and an ambulance promptly arrived at McCuthry's boathouse, where the unfortunate boy had been provided with a blanket, and otherwise temporarily cared for.

After a cursory examination of Gates' wounds the Ambulance Surgeon pronounced him to be in a most critical condition, and directed his immediate removal to St. Peters Hospital, at Hicks and Congress streets. Here the wounds were closely examined by the resident surgeon. It was found that the boy's back and sides were horribly lacerated, and little if any hope is entertained of his recovery.

Cole, who is made the hero of the hour by his relatives and neighbors, is a lad of quiet demeanor, and has unusual intelligence for his age. He says that the shark was at least eight feet in length.

Tolchester Beach.

The Cecil *Democrat* makes the following reference to Kent's celebrated Summer Resort:

At first sight Tolchester Beach does not present a very attractive appearance. The average visitor will feel, as the steamer comes slowly into the wharf, that it is a prettier place under the descriptive pen of a writer or the account of a former visitor, than it seems to be to him.

The tract known as "Tolchester Farm" contains 1,150 acres, and was originally the property of an old English family named Mitchell. Thirteen years ago Able J. Reese, of Delaware, bought it from the Mitchell heirs, and shortly afterward built the present ground wharf at the beach with the view of giving the farmers of that fertile section a point from which to ship their products to Baltimore market. It is now owned by John Ambrewster, of New Jersey. For a long time the beach and grounds about it were familiar places for holding political meetings and oyster bakings in the fall, and in the spring the beach was, and still is, used by the fishermen as a place for hauling their seines.

Last summer the first attempt was made to make it a place of resort, and though unknown to the public and opened under rather unfavorable circumstances, the success it met with was rather encouraging. The country around is fertile and the people kind and hospitable though of an inquiring turn of mind. It is twenty-five miles distant from Baltimore, and two from Pool's Island. The Pilot Boy, a swift and commodious steamer, runs regularly twice a day to and from Baltimore. The Tolchester Beach House, the gentlemanly proprietor of which is Mr. J. A. Skirven, is capable of accommodating about twenty regular boarders.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

If there's anything worries a woman,
Its something she ought not to know,
But you bet she'll find it out somehow,
If she gets the least kind of a show!
Now we wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head!

A WASTE OF MONEY—To put a ten dollar hat on a dime's worth of brains.

IN A TERRIBLE FIX.

"Now, 'Rastus"—and his sister picked a thread or two off his coat and hesitated, as if thinking how to break the news gently—"I want to tell you about a plan I've got in my head."

"I know what it is," interrupted her brother, turning pale. "I knew all about it before I came down here."

"I'd like to know how?" asked Mrs. Green, in great surprise. "I never told anybody except John, and I'm sure he hasn't let it out."

"No, he hasn't," answered Mr. Bangs, "but the minute I read your letter I felt what was in the wind. You didn't say in so many words that you'd got a match planned out, but I understood it well enough. Who is it, Selina? Better get the load off your mind as soon as possible. I'm prepared to know the worst," and Mr. Bangs heaved a sigh of forced resignation.

"It's a widow," answered Selina; "just the kind of woman to suit you, 'Rastus. I do hope you'll be sensible this time, and not let your foolish bashfulness spoil your chance of getting a good wife."

"A widow!" Mr. Bangs turned a trifle paler and shivered. "I—I'm afraid I can't stand this siege, Selina. I came mighty near knocking under to that old maid last summer, but I was helped out of the scrape some way. I've always heard that a man couldn't hold out long against a widow, if she'd got her mind really made up to get him."

"Don't be a fool, 'Rastus," said his sister, tersely. "Maria's too good for you, and if you know when you're well off you'll make sure of her."

"Maybe she won't be made sure of," said Mr. Bangs, to whom this conversation was terribly fascinating.

"Oh yes, she will," aswered Selina, "I've talked with her about matters, and I know she'll have no objections."

"Good gracious, Selina," exclaimed Mr. Bangs, perspiring all over, "you don't mean to say that you've actually talked with this woman about my marrying her, do you? Why, she'll expect me to do it if you have, and if I don't she'll be having me up for breach of promise."

"Of course she expects you to marry her, and so do I," answered Selina, as if that settled the matter. "Be a man, 'Rastus. I wouldn't be afraid of the women if I were in your place."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Bangs, shaking his head dolefully. "You're a woman, and can't be expected to know."

"Well, come down, and let me introduce you now," and she finally got him to consent.

"I feel like a lamb being led to the slaughter," said poor Mr. Bangs, as he paused at the parlor door to wipe his face. "I wish I were home again, Selina."

"Dont be such a fool, 'Rastus," repeated his sister, by way of encouragement, and then he was dragged over the threshold, and he remembered afterward that something in the shape of a woman rose up and said something after Selina said something. But what those somethings were he never knew.

When he came to sufficiently to realize what was going on about him he was alone with the widow. She wasn't a bad looking woman, he had to admit. In fact, he rather liked the looks of her.

Well, the result was he fell in love with Mrs. Smith. He generally fell in love with the women Selina selected as proper subjects for matrimony. But this time he felt so completely done for that he was sure all his capabilities for falling in love were exhausted. He would never love again.

At the end of a week he felt that his love had reached its climax, for he picked up a rose she had dropped and slept with it on his pillow.

"You poor fool," he said to himself the next morning, as he stood before the glass. "To think you've got spooney enough for that. I'm glad no one knows it. But the widow is awfully attractive, and I don't see as I'm to blame. I—I can't help it."

One day Selina and Mrs. Smith went out shopping after tea. As Mr. Bangs was going through the hall he saw that Mrs. Smith's room door stood part-way open, and an irresistible impulse to take just one peep into it came over him. He did so. Hanging over the back of a chair was a crinoline skirt, and that mysterious article of feminine apparel fascinated him so much that he ventured in and began to examine it.

"Well, now, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!" said Mr. Bangs, holding it up. "I wonder how I'd look in such a thing. I'm going to try it on."

Accordingly he got hold of the belt and proceeded to invest himself in it, after the manner of putting on trousers.

"It buckles, I s'pose!" he said, pulling the belt together. "Yes, there it is. Wouldn't I cut a fine figure in hoops," and Mr. Bangs danced a hornpipe to a rattling accompaniment of steel wires and brass fastenings.

The hall door banged.

"Good gracious!" cried poor Bangs. "They've come home!"

Every hair on his head stood up with fright. He grabbed at the belt, but it wouldn't unbuckle. He heard steps on the stairs, and women's voices struck more terror to his guilty soul than the sound of Gabriel's trumpet would have done.

He glanced about him. There was no escape. A closet door stood a little way open. Into that he crowded himself, hoops and all, and pulled the door together just as Mrs. Smith came in.

He could hear her bustling about taking off her shawl and bonnet. What if she were to come to the closet? It was altogether likely that she hung her things there. He felt as if he was going to faint. Then he thought of the ridiculous appearance a fainting man in hoops would make, and made up his mind that he wouldn't faint—he'd die first.

There! She was coming that way! What was to be done? A thousand wild thoughts flashed through his brain. He felt her hand upon the door-knob.

"Oh-h, o-o-ou!" shrieked Mrs. Smith and fled in terror.

"I've got to get out of this before any one comes," said Mr. Bangs, giving a push to the door. Horror! it would not open. There was only one way of opening it, and that was from the outside.

A cold and clammy perspiration covered him from head to foot.

"You stay here, and I'll go in," he heard Selina say in the hall. "I ain't afraid."

He put his eye to the key-hole and saw his sister enter the room.

"Selina!" he called, in a sepulchral tone. "Selina!"

"Who calls me Selina?" demanded Mrs. Green, dramatically flourishing the feather duster, which she had brought along for a weapon of defense.

"I do," answered Mr. Bangs. "It's 'Rastus, your brother. I'm shut up in this closet."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, staring at the closet as if she expected to look it out of countenance.

"Let me out and don't be a fool!" cried Mr. Bangs.

Thus appealed to Mrs. Green ventured to open the door, and out stepped Mr. Bangs, with his crinoline rattling about his legs like dry bones in the valley of death.

"For the land's sake!" cried Selina, with uplifted hands and mouth open. "Why, 'Rastus Bangs!"

"I—I thought I'd have a little sport," explained Mr. Bangs, looking about as foolish as it is possible for a man to, "but you came back too soon, and I couldn't get it off and slipped into the closet. Help me out of the confounded thing, Selina, and keep it to yourself, and I'll buy you the nicest dress in town."

"Selina! Selina!" called the widow from the bottom of the stairs. "Do you want any help?"

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs; "she'll be here in a minute."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Selina. "If you'll promise to ask her to marry you inside of three days I'll help you out of the scrape. If you don't I'll call her in."

"I—I dassent," groaned Mr. Bangs.

"Then I'll call her," said Selina.

"I—I will," said Bangs, desperately.

Mrs. Green gave a peculiar twitch to the strap, the buckle let go its hold, and the terrible thing fell to the floor. Mr. Bangs stood up a free man.

"Now, remember," said Selina, warningly, "if you havn't proposed to Mrs. Smith in three days from this time—at half-past six precisely, on Thursday, the time'll be up—I shall tell the whole story."

"Oh, those three days! They seemed three years to poor Bangs. He tried seven different times to make his promise good, but every time his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was speechless.

Thursday, at six o'clock, Selina came to him. "Have you asked her, 'Rastus," she demanded, solemnly.

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Bangs, "I can't, Selina."

"You've got just half an hour's time left," said Selina, unfeelingly. "Supper will be ready in fifteen minutes. The half hour will be gone before we get through eating, and I shall tell the story the minute the time's up. Maria's in the parlor alone. If you want to see her you'll never get a better chance."

"If you had any sisterly regard for me," began Mr. Bangs, but Mrs. Green cut him short with the remark:

"A bargain's a bargain. Do as you agreed to or I will. Don't be a fool, 'Rastus."

And with that she opened the parlor door and pushed him in.

Mr. Bangs does not know what he said. He never knew. But the widow said he asked her if she wanted to marry him. Being a truthful woman, she said she did, and so the poor man was spared the recital of the story of his terrible fix.

"It was lucky that it happened after all," he told Selina, "for if it hadn't I never would have got courage to propose—never."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—William H. Stout went from Texas to Illinois with a companion, who was soon afterward murdered. Stout was accused of the crime, and his defense was an alibi—that he was in Nebraska at the time of the murder. A tavern keeper near the place of the killing, however, testified positively that the two men slept together in his house. Stout was convicted and sentenced to death, but the punishment was altered to imprisonment for life.—Now, after a lapse of four years, an account book belonging to the tavern keeper comes to light, in which is an entry showing that the date of Stout's lodging was a month earlier than was supposed. There is other proof of his innocence and he has been pardoned.

GOD'S REST.

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, thy weary child
Has come to Thee.
I lean my aching head
Upon thy breast,
And there, and only there,
I am at rest.
Thou knowest all my life,
Each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from Thee,
Without, within;
All that I have or am
Is wholly Thine,
So is my soul at peace,
For thou art mine.
To-morrow's dawn may find,
Me here or there;
It matters little, since Thy love
Is everywhere!

IN an English poorhouse were found several persons who had lived there for thirty years, including one who had been born in the house and had resided there all that time. Three generations of one family were found and an able bodied man had been there for seven years. Pauperism, says an English critic, is hereditary.

A LOVER of old books recently made in London a lucky purchase. Between the pages of a volume costing a shilling was found a marriage certificate of the Earl of Berkeley, which the finder sold to Lord Fitzhardinge for $50, with a promise of $1,000 should the document prove authentic.

HATTIE MOSLER, an orphan, thirteen years of age, being accused of stealing thirty cents, committed suicide by drowning in the Oswego and Syracuse canal. Part of the money has since been found on the floor of the store kept by the man who made the accusation, and the real thief has confessed.

SPEAKING of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more evil with their tongues than with their toes."

A WISH.

O, baby dear!
As yesternight you fondly laid
Upon my knee your little head,
And lifted up your eyes to mine—
Those trusting, childish eyes of thine—
I looked into their depths so deep
And wished forever I might keep
My darling boy as now thou art,
Careless in mind and pure in heart,
My baby dear!

Forever thus!
And yet I know it cannot be,
Life will bring earnest work to thee,
Care and toil will come apace
And steal away thy baby grace,
And thou wilt learn midst blame and praise
More of the world, men and their ways,
Thyself some day a man, ah! me,
And never more, O God, to be
My baby dear!

Poor baby dear!
As time shall open wide thine eyes,
Thou'lt see and learn with some surprise,
The estimate the world doth lay
On men and things beneath its way.
However pure thy heart may be,
However rich intellectually,
Thou'lt pass unspoken and unknown
Lest thou have gold, the wonder-stone,
Poor baby dear!

My baby dear!
I wish these things might be untrue;
That life held better things for you;
But we will pray that God may give
Thee grace, a higher life to live.
A life of pure and lofty, thought,
A life with good deeds richly wrought
True greatness let thy name adorn,
All little meanness learn to scorn
Now, my baby!

If, baby dear,
Thou can'st not live a life like this,
Crowned with the joy of holiness,
And in thy manhood cannot be
A bustling, loving child to me,
Rather than lose thee thus on earth,
Or made to sorrow o'er thy birth,
I'd give my darling back to God
Tho' keen and sharp the smiting rod,
Knowing that safe on the other shore
He would be always, evermore
My baby dear!

A Singular Tradition.

St. Stephen's day, in the Isle of Man, is given over, among a great part of the population, to a cruel custom, that of hunting wrens with sticks and stones; and when they succeed in capturing one, it is tied to the end of a long pole and carried around the country. The custom arises from a superstition, dating far into the past, of a fairy so bashful that all the youths of the island went to look at her, and then she would sing such wondrous songs that they would follow wherever she chose to lead them, which was into the sea, for she was cruel and wicked, and led them, one after another, to their death, until, at length, scarcely a young man was left, and trouble was in every man's home for the brother or son that was missing. At length there came a knight, who vowing vengeance, laid a plot for the destruction of the wicked lady. He seized her by her long hair, but as he stood over her with his drawn sword she suddenly changed into a tiny wren, flying away from under his fingers, and thus escaped with a mocking laugh of triumph; but by some power greater than her own, the wicked lady fairy was compelled once in every year to reappear in the island in her assumed form, and this is on St. Stephen's day, when the young men of the superstitious island hunt after her with a vivid memory of their ancient wrongs.

Sweet Swimmers.

Pretty. Yes. One can say a hearty amen to that as they take a peep into the Chicago natatorium, where forty of the feminine sex may be seen disporting themselves in the soft green water of Lake Michigan. * * * Just then is heard a tremendous splash, nothing is to be seen, but in a moment up crops through the waves, looking with her golden hair and white skin like a great water lily, a handsome blonde. She has jumped the distance of thirty feet plump into the water, and now she swims back like a duck, runs up the ladder and dives down head first; up again in a second, flops over on her back and floats about for rest. Starting from the steps, cutting, cutting the water with long graceful strokes, comes a young married lady, a scholar of last summer. A pair of beautiful arms, white and hard with muscle and perfect limbs, carrying her to the centre of the tank, where a swing is suspended from the ceiling. She climbs into it, and starting it in motion goes on until the long ropes are in a horizontal line. All are wondering what will come, when up goes her heels over her head and like a ball she drops into the green water. A splash, a silence and here she is, an aquatic Johnny-jump-up, laughing and breathless. Then she races through the tank with two other proficients and to the uninitiated it looks somewhat like a game of leap-frog.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Virginia Drill.

Nearly a century ago there lived in the town of Charlottesville, Va., a young man who played a prominent part in society circles. He was an accomplished dancer, dressed in fashionable style, and was the centre figure of balls and parties. Upon one of these festive occasions a wag who was present attached a bundle of rags to the coat-tail of the youth, and with this absurd appendage to his otherwise faultless apparel, he went through the mazes of the dance with the beautiful belles of the day. When he discovered the trick that had been played on him, the young man was to deeply mortified that he ever afterward eschewed society and lived the life of a hermit. Abandoning the gay world, he betook himself to a small building, where he commenced the sale of whiskey. The door of the den was fastened with a log chain and was never opened wider than was necessary to admit the quart-bottle of the customer.

Years ago, one rainy morning, when a customer knocked at the door of this singular individual, then an old man, there was no response. The door was forced open and the solitary occupant was found to be dead. The cellar was well stored with liquor mellow by age, and beneath the ground buried in earthen crocks, six thousand dollars in specie were brought to the surface.

DR BULL'S Baby Syrup is recommended by all druggists as being a purely vegetable and reliable preparation for Bab