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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

Terms of Subscription:

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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.

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,

HAS RESUMED his Profession, and offers his services to the public. Office in 'Transcript Building,' facing the Court House, Chestertown, Md. 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.

Educational.

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.

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.

Baltimore Cards.

THE GRAIN
Commission Business
OF THE LATE
WM. K. MERRITT

will be continued under the same style and title as heretofore by Mr. JAMES A. REA, who has been with him for nearly sixteen years. Mr. Rea is thoroughly conversant with the business and expects to conduct it satisfactorily as heretofore.
nov30-6m. MRS. WM. K. MERRITT.

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.

JAS. A. MERRITT
WITH
I. M. PARR & SON,
Commission Merchants,
And Proprietors of the Canton Elevators
BALTIMORE, MD.

Possessing unsurpassed facilities for the proper handling of Grain, consignments are respectfully solicited and liberal advances made. o19.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,
Grain, Fruit and General Produce
Commission Merchants,
92 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
ag24-tf. *BALTIMORE, MD.*

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. *x*

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.

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.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Atty'y at Law, Chestertown, Md., will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.
Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
apr13. Chestertown, Md.

JOS. H. THOMPSON
has just opened a large stock of new BOOTS & SHOES, which he will sell at very low prices. Attention is called to his Improved "Patent Kip Boot" for Men and Boys; from $1 75 to $2 25 for boys, and $4.25 for Men. Other make of Boots from $2 to $3 25.
Ladies' Button Gaiters $1 25 to $2 75.
Women's Lace Boots from $1 to $1 25.
☞ Don't forget the place:
THOMPSON'S,
sep28. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

NEW assortment of SHAWLS, just received at
n16. J. H. SIMPERS & BROS.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for CORN, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.
n23-tf.

SOMETHING NEW!

I HAVE determined to establish at my Store, a
News Depot,
where may be found ALL THE LEADING PERIODICALS OF THE DAY, viz: Harper's Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, Atlantic Monthly, New York Nation, North American Review, Waverly Magazine, Baltimore Saturday Night, New York Weekly, New York Ledger, &c., &c.
COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

New Year Announcement!

LARGE STOCK OF
BLANK BOOKS,
of all descriptions;
LEDGERS, JOURNALS,
DAY-BOOKS, TIME-BOOKS,
POCKET MEMORANDUMS,
DIARIES for 1879,
and PASS BOOKS,
ALL VERY CHEAP!

☞ This stock has been selected with great care and with a view of supplying the wants of all.
COLIN F. STAM,
Jan. 4, 1879. DRUGGIST.

Cassimere Clothing!
IN FULL SUITS,
Gotton up in unusually good style, and to our own special order.
Medium and
Low Priced Clothing
A FULL LINE ON HAND.

Parties about buying garments for the Winter months may find it to their advantage to look at our goods before making their selections, as our business facilities enable us to challenge any sort of decent competition in quality and prices, which latter are now ruling lower than have ever before been known in the history of the Clothing Trade.
WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, December 2, 1878.

New Goods! New Goods!
CHEAP GOODS!
Call and examine our large assortment of
COOK
And HEATING STOVES.
We are selling at *Bottom Prices.*
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A LARGE assortment of POCKET CUTLERY, TABLE CUTLERY, Knife, Fork & Spoon for little folks; Christmas Tree Holders; Scissors, Skates, Sleigh Bells, &c.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TRIPLE-PLATED CASTORS, Butter Dishes, Pickel Dishes, Ice Pitcher, Tea and Table Spoons, Mugs, &c., &c., purchased at Receiver's Sale, and for sale very cheap at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A Large assortment of TIN-WARE on hand at prices to suit the times.

TOILET SETS, MONEY BANKS, CAKE PANS, GEM PANS, COAL HODS, SHOVELS, POKERS, &c., at *J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.*

☞ Call and purchase a good Revolver. Cartridges, Breech Loading Shells, Shot, Caps, Wads, &c., at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.
Dec. 21, 1878.

NEW GOODS
ARE BEING RECEIVED WEEKLY
by
R. F. PARKS.
A call from the public solicited.
Nov. 2, 1878.

SPECIAL NOTICE to the LADIES!
DRESS MAKING,
Plain and fancy, done in the latest styles and neatest manner.
MISS LUCY PARSONS, having had considerable experience as a Dress maker, is prepared to do work at shortest notice.—Will be found at her home opposite Catholic Church. Prompt attention given to all. oc26-tf.

SEWING.
MISS ANNIE CRADDOCK and MISS MARY M. ZIESEL beg leave to inform the ladies of Chestertown and the public generally, that they have engaged rooms at Miss J. E. Redue's on Water st., where they are prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy Sewing, promptly and at the lowest prices. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Oct. 19, 1878.

MRS. S. C. JOINER continues the MANTUAMAKING business in all its branches. Store on High street, adjoining Wickes' Drug Store.
Oct. 19, 1878—tf.

NOTICE!
We have purchased our stock of *FALL & WINTER BOOTS,* at lowest cash prices, and are prepared to offer inducements to buyers. We guarantee every pair of our best Boots. Call and see them at
aug24. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FINE SALT—full weight, best quality save Ashton's, $1.60 per sack.
Ground Alum Salt, full weight, $1 per sack, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

MEN'S BOOTS $2, $2½, $3, $3½ and $4½. Boys' Boots from $1 12 to $2 25, at
n2. THOMPSON'S, up town.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to growl and fret
When fortune is our foe;
The better bred will push ahead,
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work, and those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the pay, and clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander time in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In time of want or woe.
The noblest worth of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain.
A conscience clear, a household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
Or cater to a friend;
To fawn and whine, much less repine;
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe;
For feuds and debts and pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain;
And he is sold that thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
An humble lot, a cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings;
For station high that wealth will buy,
Not of contentment brings.

It never pays!—a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn the truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure alone are sure
To bring prolonged success;
While what is right in Reason's sight
Is always sure to bless.

A Mystery—a Woman's Ears.

Why is it that a woman's ears do not get cold? Let a man be out of doors for a few minutes in this crisp, sharp weather, and his ears begin to tingle. But a lady will stand the same exposure, and never even once think of her ears.

There is not much apparent difference between the auricular appendages of the two sexes. They appear to be about an average size, they are located about the same part of the head, and, if anything, the female ear is the most delicate and shell-like and sensitive. Men cover their ears. A woman does not comb her hair over her ears, she has no beard to protect them, not even a ribbon covers them, and her hat sits upon a high knob, at least a foot above, and yet nobody sees a lady slapping the circulation into her ears, or holding one in the palm of each hand as she runs, or even hears her blast the blasted weather for cutting her ears off. Neither do we ever hear of a lady's ears being frostbitten.

Considering how much more rugged is the life and rough the training of the average male and how delicate and tender we have been accustomed to regard the gentler sex, there appears to be a mystery here which should be looked into.—For it strike us that a reform is needed, since the men should have the tough, impervious flanges, and the ladies the sensitive, delicate members in keeping with their dainty complexions. Let the scientists wade in and tell us why it is that these useful organs have become transposed, and why a man's protected ears ache so much more bitterly in the cold than does that of the fair sex.—*Balt. News.*

Cured by Prayer.

Mrs. L. H. Davis, a former resident of Chester county, Pa., has just been miraculously cured by prayer at Brattleboro', Vt., of a long-standing affliction which has baffled the skill of the best physicians. She is a lady of excellent standing in that town, and, with her husband and daughter, a member of the Baptist Church. Of her case she says: "After suffering eighteen months, and not having been dressed during that time, and believing that all had been done that could be done, I began to inquire what I must do for relief. I saw clearly that if God did not send relief immediately, I must perish. On opening my Bible, which was lying on my bed, I read, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." I immediately asked to be raised from the bed of sickness and languishing where I had lain so long. Seven days I prayed for the blessing, setting aside all medicine. I continued in a believing and expectant manner until nearly the close of the week without any answer to my prayer. Before I closed my eyes to sleep on Saturday night, I asked that the blessing I so earnestly desired might come in any way, still I pleaded that it might come while I slept, and that I might be able to rise and dress myself and meet my physician at the door when he came. I then fell asleep and slept soundly until 4 o'clock, then I awoke. I was perfectly well! The pain and soreness from which I was suffering when I fell asleep were gone! I made no unusual stir, and at the regular hour for rising I arose and dressed and told my family that I was well. I walked all around, and met my physician when he came. As it was Sunday morning, I sent a note to my pastor saying I was well, and requesting him to give thanks in the presence of the congregation for what had been done for me."

Please Stop my—What?

An exchange says: "Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty; please stop my"—whiskey? "Oh no; times are not quite hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save; please stop my—" tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere, please stop my—" ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? "Not at all; pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction; please stop my—" teas, coffee and needless unhealthy luxuries?" "No, no, no, not these. I cannot think of that sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me not quite four cents a week; two dollars a year; I must save that. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains?"

JOSH BILLINGS suggests that many a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look into an editor's waste basket early in the morning.

"BE careful how you punctuate the stove," is the latest. It means not to put too much colon.

Leprosy in Chicago.

A LEPER WHO IS KEPT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Several physicians witnessed yesterday what was agreeable to them, but the contrary to one with a sensitive stomach. The object was a leper, and he was put on exhibition at the rooms of the Medical Press Association by Dr. J. N. Hyde, for the benefit of his professional brethren. The patient, a man of 42 years of age, was born in Oswego, N. Y., of French-Dutch parents, and has been a sailor. All his relatives are healthy. The disease made its first appearance in 1874, and has gradually increased in virulence. His present condition is this: The general color of his skin is a yellowish bronze. All over his body are whitish patches, which are totally insensitive to touch and to the deep prick of a lancet, there being an entire loss of sensation in the legs up to the knees, in the larger part of his hands, and in nearly all of the trunk. His eyelashes and eyebrows are gone, his sight is impaired, his toe and finger nails are changed, and his lower limbs covered with large crusted ulcers, covered with black scabs. The patches were preceded by the formation of large blisters on the surface. He walks with a painful limp, but, when dressed, no one would imagine he was a victim of this terrible malady, or of any other, except for the color of his skin and the loss of his eyelashes and eyebrows.

The disease is absolutely incurable and its treatment is hygienic—good air, nutritious food, baths, etc. This patient sleeps well and digests his food, but he has the characteristic apathetic look. His sufferings at present are more mental than physical, since, as stated, a large part of his body is insensible. He walked along Clark street yesterday, by no means warmly clad, and he wouldn't have known it was winter if he hadn't seen the snow on the ground. Although people would run if aware of his presence, there is really no danger, as the disease is neither hereditary nor contagious. The best evidence of this is that leprous husbands have had healthy children, and their wives were never tainted. This is the fifth case that has appeared in Chicago, and there are about one hundred in the United States.

A Mean Advantage.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was appealed to donate a few dollars as foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:

It would be so pleasant in after years, for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor in foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Mr. Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook stove and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson."

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him," they exclaimed, looking at each other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of theis pants, this X goes to the society," said Mr. Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member. I beg that you withdraw and let us proceed with routine business."

Very Lively Connecticut Cider.

A Norwich man put up twelve bottles of cider against the no-license law this season, and when he went down the cellar to get a bottle for a friend, the other night, he found that five of them had burst. He picked up a sound one and returned above stairs. He held the bottle at an angle of 62½ degrees north latitude, between his knees and cut the wire that girt the cork. There was a flash and a report, and the cork struck the northern brink of his wife's left ear, while the entire pint of cider, making nearly as good time as the cork, struck the expectant friend full in the mouth. Never having accustomed himself to drinking cider in this way, that is, on the fly, he reminded the dejected possessor of the bottle that he had been enabled to get only a smell of the liquor, and advised him to open another bottle. The request was complied with, and the host brought up another bottle, and in order to avoid accidents and also save the cider, he turned the neck of the bottle into a pitcher before he cut the wires. Then he severed the cords in the presence of a small but highly appreciative and attentive audience. The second manœuvre, as far as getting the cider out of the bottle and into the pitcher was concerned, was a complete success, but the idea that it might refuse to stay there, does not appear to have struck him half so forcibly as did the cider when, with unimpaired agility and strength, it shot forth and raked him from the bottom button of his vest to the back part in his hair. About a thimbleful of the liquid remained in the bottom of the pitcher, and this was drank in solemn silence by the guest, who pronounced it to be exceedingly good, but nervously muttered something about setting the children a bad example of extravagance and waste when the opening of a third bottle was suggested.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE POCOMOKE CITY TRAGEDY.

FEELING IN THE COMMUNITY—A LETTER BEARING ON THE EVENT.

[Special Correspondence Baltimore American.]

POCOMOKE CITY, MD., Jan. 11.—Right at the foot of Willow street, in this town, almost under the shadow of the steamer Tangier when she makes her landings on her trips to and fro between this place and Baltimore, stands a house in which was enacted one of the most peculiar tragedies that ever occurred on the Eastern Shore, and perhaps in the State of Maryland. It was the shooting of Miss Ella Hearn by her constant companion and apparently cherished friend, Miss Lillie Duer, which occurred on the 5th of last November, and was followed a month later by the death of Miss Hearn.

Your readers have already been made acquainted with the particulars of this affair, and with the fact that Miss Duer has been placed under bonds of $2,500 for her appearance at the next term of court, which meets at Snow Hill on the third Monday of May next

The excitement produced by the shooting has died out, and but little reference is made to it now in this place. Public opinion has undergone no change since Miss Hearn on her death-bed gave her story of the affair. The majority here are of the belief that the shooting was probably intentional, and done under the impulse of jealousy, occasioned by the belief in the mind of Miss Duer that Ella had transferred her affections to another young lady.

Miss Duer is slightly eccentric, and is what might be termed a "strong-minded" young woman, evincing more partiality for the society of particular members of her own sex than for those of the opposite.

Miss Duer asserts that the shooting was accidental, and on the trial her evidence will have a telling effect upon the jury. The two girls were the only witnesses of the scene that occurred on that November day, and one is beyond the jurisdiction of earthly courts. It is true that there are plenty witnesses who heard Miss Hearn's version, and who will be summoned, but, in the absence of any sworn dying deposition on the part of the victim, when there was plenty of time to procure one, this testimony will lose considerable of its force.

It is the general belief that, even if the Grand Jury find a true bill, Miss Duer will be acquitted, and not upon the plea of insanity. Her counsel are said to be Geo. W. Purnell, Esq., a prominent member of the Worcester bar, and Hon. Henry Page, State's Attorney of Somerset co.

Miss Duer visited Miss Hearn once after she was shot, but finding that further visits were objected to by Mr. Hearn, left the following note with a mutual friend of both, to be delivered to Ella. It was never done. I have seen the original, which was in Miss Duer's handwriting, and which has since been destroyed. It read as follows:

ELLA, DEAREST ELLA—You say we shall never again see each other. That must not be. Ella, I love you yet—love you better than I ever did. Forgive me for shooting you. God knows I did not mean to do it. I had not the slightest intention of doing such a thing. I had no cause. But get well, that is all I care for. I am sorry to have caused you so much suffering. I have suffered all that anybody's mind can.

Ella, do not forget me. I shall never forget for an instant, I don't believe. Think of me kindly. Good-bye, my soul's Ella. Good-bye darling.
Yours till death, A. L. DUER.

P. S.—Keep everything that I ever gave you. I want you to keep them. Dont send them home. If you don't want them, burn them up. Tear this up.

Miss Duer heard of her friend's death a few moments after it occurred. She was greatly affected by it. She paced her apartment on that night in an agony of sincere grief. Turning to a friend who was present she said: "Do you believe that Ella has gone to Heaven?"

"Yes," was the reply, "don't you?"

"Unless she has repented since this thing occurred, I do not believe that she has gone to Heaven, and, oh, my God!" she exclaimed, in a passionate outburst, "it is horrible to think that I may have sent her to hell!"

Miss Duer has not appeared in public much since the occurrence of the tragic event. During the recent snow she was out sleighing with a companion, but beyond this she has rarely left her home.

A Chinese Military Review.

The men, clad in uniforms of red and blue, were ranged in two ranks, every tenth man holding a bright scarlet flag, while a sergeant in the middle gave the time to the advance by waving a huge crimson standard. At the sound of a horn, which resembled the humming of a gigantic bee, the battalion prepared to receive cavalry. Out popped a soldier brandishing a pike, which he poked at an imaginary assailant, then, uttering a shriek like an owl, he flourished his shield, turned a somersault and trippingly retired to the ranks. When everybody had popped out, brandished and poked his pike, shrieked like an owl, flourished his shield, thrown a somersault and retired, the big horn hummed once more, the soldiers formed in a square and one of them danced gravely but energetically forward, throwing out his right leg with a graceful lerk; then bounding backward he again danced forward, this time throwing out his left. Then he jumped, he waltzed, he capered, he pranced, he turned head over heels, rolled himself well in the dust (which rose in clouds,) stood on the back of his neck while he flourished his legs in the air, recovered himself, grasped wildly with his arms at nothing in particular, made a grotesque courtesy to the viceroy and retired. With this martial spectacle the review concluded.

A widower of sixty-five, with countenance serene,
Under the marriage altar leads a miss of sweet sixteen;
The priest steps down, in stole and gown, with grave and solemn air,
And to the font, without a word, he leads the blushing pair.
"Why bring us here?" the groom inquires. The sober priest replies:
"I thought that thee had brought to me this infant to baptize." *Chicago Tribune.*

A LAZY physician, who had been out shooting, on coming home complained that his luck had been very bad, and wound up by saying:

"I didn't kill anything"

"That's because you didn't stay at home and attend to your legitimate business!" spitefully retorted his wife.

Edison's Courtship.

The story of Edison's courtship, while it lacks the roseate tinge of romance, illustrates the man's faculty for going to the heart of things with the smallest possible amount of circumlocution. When he was experimenting, some years ago, with the Little automatic telegraph system, he perfected a contrivance for producing perforations in paper by means of a keyboard. Among the young women whom he employed to manipulate these machines, with a view of testing their capacity of speed, was a rather demure young person who attended to her work and never raised her eyes to the incipient genius. One day Edison stood observing her as she drove down one key after another with her plump fingers until, growing nervous under his prolonged stare, she dropped her hands idly to her hips, and looked up helplessly into his face. A genial smile, such as irreverent paragraphists have referred to as "the Edison grin," overspread Edison's face, and he presently inquired rather abruptly:

"What do you think of me, little girl? Do you like me?"

"Why, Mr. Edison, you frighten me. I that is—I—"

"Don't be in a hurry about telling me. It doesn't matter much, unless you would like to marry me."

The young woman was disposed to laugh, but Edison went on:

"Oh, I mean it. Don't be in a rush though. Think it over; talk to your mother about it, and let me know soon as convenient—Tuesday, say. How will Tuesday suit you, next week Tuesday, I mean?"

Edison's shop was at Newark in those days, and one night a friend of his, employed in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Co., in New York, returning home by the last train, saw a light in Edison's private laboratory, and climbed the dingy stairs to find his friend in one of his characteristic stupors, half awake and half dozing over some intricate point in electrical science which was baffling him.

"Hello, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerfully, "what are you doing here so late? Aren't you going home?"

"What time is it?" inquired Edison, sleepily rubbing his eyes and stretching like a lion suddenly aroused.

"Midnight, easy enough. Come along."

"Is that so?" returned Edison, in a dreamy sort of away. "By George, I must go home then. I was married today."

Marriage was an old story to him—he had been wedded to electrical hobbies for years. But in spite of his seeming indifference on "the most eventful day" in his life, he makes a good husband, and the demure little woman of the perforating machine smilingly rules domestic destinies at Menlo Park, and proudly looks across the fields where the chimneys rise and her husband still works on the problems that made him a truant on his wedding day. A swarm of children pluck her gown to share their mother's smile, and lay in wait to climb into their father's lap and muss his hair with as great a relish as if he were not the greatest genius of his time.

"I'LL TRY."

You will? Well, that's a good resolve:
Now keep it, little man,
In everything you undertake—
Just do the best you can.
One never knows what he can do
Until he sets to work.
If you should try, and sometimes fail,
'Tis better than to shirk.

All honor to the earnest boy
Who tries to do his best:
A heart of principle may beat
Beneath a time-worn vest.
Not always does the outward man
Reveal the hidden worth
That goes to make up character,
And form the brave of earth.

"THE DANCE OF DEATH."—Under this title a book has been written, by a Mr. William Herman, understood to be an assumed name, which is the most powerful protest ever brought before the public against the modern waltz. As a literary production, the work deserves high praise, but it is far more worthy of the consideration of every father, mother and daughter in the land, for its honest exposure of the shameful and shameless facts and tendencies of the waltz in modern society. It is this dance especially, and the close and intimate personal contact which it necessitates, that Mr. Herman especially stigmatizes, and most justly condemns. He shows, too, with great truth and force, how seriously the danger is enhanced by the ignorance and failure on the part of women and young girls to realize the moral, or rather immoral effect of their indulgence in this amusement. Could American girls and women once know what the direct results are, they would shrink from it as they would from personal pollution; and we wish sincerely that the impression could be made upon their minds with a strength that should prohibit the first beginnings of so dangerous a pastime.

WHOLESOME ADVICE.—Here is a bit of wholesome advice from a famous authoress that ought to be posted up in some place where it could be daily read by every workman in the country: "The way to become independent is for every man to live on half his wages, or less, if possible, until he buys and pays for an acre of ground, fences it, builds on it a house large and close enough to shelter himself and family from winter storms. This is his fort. Then let him take all the time he now spends in taverns and other lounging places to lay in stores of ammunition and provisions, in the shape of useful knowledge gleaned from books and papers, with grape vines, trees, potatoes and cabbages growing in the enclosure. If he plants every foot of it with something pleasant to the eye and good for food, no tyrannical employer can starve him into any degrading submission."

S. W. RILEY contributes to the Toledo *Blade* a poem entitled "The Song I Never Sing." Whereupon the Albany *Journal* remarks: "If the song you never sing, Riley, is 'My Grandfather's Clock,' may Heaven bless you, and your aunt in the country leave you all her property."

EVERY time a man inserts an advertisement of his business in a good paper, he puts his business sign into hundreds of households, and secures attention that he could not in any other way.

IF.

(AN ALMOST UNPATRIOTIC SONG.)

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea;
Were shiny summers
Perpetual comers—
What a Utopia this would be!

If life were longer,
And faith were stronger,
If pleasure would bide, if care would flee;
If each were brother
To all the other—
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were greed abolished
And gain demolished,
Were slavery chain'd, and freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

Not Generally Known.

Frogs live from twelve to fifteen years (if not eaten).

Ducks can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

The crow can fly at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The sparrow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour.

The falcon at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour.

Hawks can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Fair winds may make their flight three times greater.

The Australian dog and the Shepherd dog of Egypt never bark.

In Spain there are 10,000,000 fine wooled Merino sheep tended by 50,000 shepherds and guarded by 30,000 dogs.

Queen Isabella's jewels have been sold for $720,000 and she kept a few of the neatest bits just to show off now and then.

The old Alexandria library contained 700,000 volumes, the largest ever brought together before the invention of printing.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draintile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 28,000 pounds.

Leuwenhock has computed that 10,000 threads of the full-grown spider are not larger than a single hair of the beard. He calculates, further, that when young spiders first begin to spin, 400 of them are not larger than one of full grown—allowing which, 4,000,000 of a young spider's threads are not so large as the single hair of a man's beard.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male, is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly, or by the spinal marrow.

These nerves together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in numbers, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled.

Talk and Cider.

The other forenoon a farmer, having a barrel of cider on tap in his wagon, was doing a fine retail business near the market at five cents per glass, when a man with a very thin voice and very old habiliments, softly advanced and said:

"Has the State Inspector of Pomological juices inspected that cider yet?"

"I—I guess not," replied the farmer, greatly embarrassed in a moment.

"I thought not," continued the thin-voiced man; "well, sir, you can draw me a full glass."

The farmer drew one, eyeing the man with considerable anxiety, and when the "inspector" had received it he held it up between his eyes and the sun and said:

"The precipitation appears most too rapid, while those floating particles denote unusual compression. Perhaps a second glass will be clearer."

He swallowed the contents of the first in exactly four gulps, and taking a second glass he critically examined it and said:

"Ah! the precipitation is away. This cider seems to have been made from apples."

"It was, sir, and they were nice apples, too," replied the farmer.

"Let's see how a third glass will look. I am not quite satisfied on the point of compression."

He drained the second and received the third, and as he sipped it he inquired:

"You used a hand cider-press, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. Worked with a lever didn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the mill stand in a draught of air while you were working it?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Well, I think it did. Be a little more careful after this. The Inspector of Pomological juices grades this barrel 'A No. 2,' but if you take a little more pains, you can increase the grade every time in future. All right, sir, go on with your selling."

The man had been gone ten minutes before any one mustered courage to remark that he was a fraud, but the words fell on stony ground.

"I know he's all right," persisted the farmer. "The minit I see him draw his coat-tail around to wipe out the corner of his mouth I knew he was a big gun, and I was just shivering in my boots for fear he'd ask why I didn't punch the seeds out of the apples before grinding! Only five cents a glass, now, and warranted pure!"

AN ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage ceremony; but by mistake he committed to memory the office of baptism for those of riper years; he thought some of it was rather queer, but a waggish friend of whom he inquired, assured him the answers were all right. So, when the clergyman asked him in church:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

The bridegroom answered solemnly:

"I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said,

"I think you are a fool!"

To which he replied:—"All this do I steadfastly believe!"

The Cold Shoulder.

Expressions which are apparently fanciful and illogical are sometimes more telling than others in which no criticism could find a flaw. For instance, the curious and rather awkward phrase, "giving the cold shoulder," has acquired by usage a force which could scarcely be equalled by the most faultless English. We cannot pretend to account for the popularity of this idiom, which has long been exalted from the degradation of slang to respectability of conventional English. It may be more interesting to consider the uses and abuses of the thing than to speculate on the history of the word. Precedents of great antiquity may be found for the use of the cold shoulder, but is nevertheless a special characteristic of the present day. In past times enemies had many resources—duels, horsewhippings, tournaments, pluckings of beards and smiting under fifth ribs; but in these days their only choice lies between a dead cut and a cold shoulder. The readiness and portability of this last weapon renders its use but too common, and it is rarely that any social gathering takes place without some very pretty fighting with this instrument. It has also this advantage, that its use is not confined to the male sex, for women can wield it on occasion with the fierceness of *petroleuses.* The graceful use of the cold shoulder fairly deserves to be ranked among the fine arts; while on the contrary, nothing can be more ungainly than its awkward application. When a tactless man meets the object of his detestation, he looks nervously self-conscious, and seems undecided whether to cut or merely slight his enemy. After blushing in a foolish manner, he gives an awkward bow, which, intended to be graceful, is in reality ludicriously clumsy. A casual observer might impute his singular behavior to shyness rather than hatred. The most successful hand at cold-shouldering is the heartless and listless man, who can put his victim completely out of his mind, and forget his presence, if not his existence, as soon as he has accorded him the coldest of recognitions. Without insinuating that women are more heartless and listless than men, we may observe that they are far greater adepts in this art than the opposite sex. Most men seem more or less ill at ease when they know they are giving pain to others, but this is by no means invariably the case with women. We might even go so far as to say that ladies sometimes too evidently derive satisfaction from the annoyance of others. They understand the art of freezing others while retaining their own caloric; but men cannot obtain a like result without first becoming icicles themselves. The lords of the creation, moreover, when wishing to appear dignified, are more apt to assume an air of vacant stupidity. They are, in fact, bad actors; and when a man would like to knock another down, he finds it an effort to treat him with cold politeness.—*The Saturday Review.*

SKATING TO CHURCH IN NORWAY.—"You will see a strange sight, I think, to-day," said my host, as we were preparing to set out to church, which was close by. And, indeed it was a strange sight: far off in the distance I could discern a number of objects moving swiftly down a mountain slope; there were about thirty or forty, as far as I could make out, in all. What they were I could not at first conceive; but presently they again came into view, and I could see that they were men, women and children, of all ages and sizes, skating. It was "christening Sunday," and several of the women were carrying their infants on their backs in an ingeniously-contrived kind of a basket, without apparently suffering any inconvenience. In the far North, indeed, my host informed me, the Lapps, who are very skillful skaters, and punctulous in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they, the parents, attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is far warmer for them underneath the snow, wrapped up in a "pelt," or skin, than in the church. A trusty dog is stationed near them, to keep off the wolves should any be prowling about in the neighborhood.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SOME OF JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.—I have no objecksh̄un to a man parting hiz hair in the middle, but I shall allwuss insist upon hiz finishing up the job bi wearing a short gown and petticoats.

There is sutch a thing az too mutch energy. I have seen thoze who were like a yung hound in the chase, get away hed of the fox.

There are a grate many roads that lead to heaven, but after yu git there, only one gateway to enter.

If we would only profit bi our own experiences, or the experiences of others, it would be almost impossible for even lightning to strike us; but rather than do this we prefer to knok out what fu brains we have got against somebody's stun wall, and then howl about the weakness ov reason or the malice ov fortune.

There iz nothing that we have got so little ov