msa_sc2901_scm1624-0201 ©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, JANUARY 25, 1879. No. 38.

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.

LAW CARDS.

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,

HAS RESUMED his Profession, and offers his services to the public.

Office adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq., Chestertown, Md. y.

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.

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 fifteen years. Mr. Rea is thoroughly conversant with the business and expects to conduct it satisfactorily as heretofore.
nov30-6m. MRS. WM. K. MERRITT.

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. f

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.

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.

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.

Hotels—Baltimore.

PEPPER'S NEW HOTEL
On the American and European Plans,
HOLLIDAY ST., opp. Main Entrance to City Hall,
(One Square from Baltimore Street.)

BOARD per day - - - - - $2
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper 50c. each. Rooms 75c. to $1. Permanent Boarders according to room. First class Restaurant attached.
y. W. S. PEPPER, Prop'r.

MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
C. R. HOGAN.....PROPRIETOR.
Reduction of Fare.
$2.50 PER DAY.

Being determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city—a liberal share of public patronage is solicited. j22-y.

MANSION HOUSE,
N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
I. ALBERTSON.....PROPRIETOR.

ROOMS FIRST CLASS
With GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD
At $1.50 PER DAY.
apr21y.

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.

TELL THE PEOPLE

TELL the PEOPLE!

Tell Everybody you See, that S. MERRITT is offering the greatest inducements possible

To the People of KENT and adjoining Counties, in

Ready-Made CLOTHING!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION:

SUITS,
PANTS and VESTS,
UNDERSHIRTS,
OVERSHIRTS,
DRAWERS, of all kinds,
OVERALLS,
SUSPENDERS,
GLOVES and HOSE of all kinds.

HATS and CAPS

The BEST SELECTED and CHEAPEST STOCK IN THIS MARKET!
And many other articles too numerous to mention.

All the above articles WILL BE SOLD

AT and BELOW COST!

SUITS that sold for	$20	for	$15.
" " "	$18.00	for	$14.00
" " "	$15.00	for	$11.50
" " "	$10.00	for	$7.50
" " "	$6.00	for	$4.50
" " "	$5.00	for	$3.75

IN FACT
I WILL GUARANTEE
To Give
BETTER BARGAINS
THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE ON THE EASTERN SHORE!

My stock is LARGER BY FAR than that of any other house in Chestertown, although I have never had $6,000.00 worth of Winter Goods in Stock at any one time this season.

NOW is the time to get BARGAINS!

COME SOON and avail yourself of the rare opportunity.
Yours, respectfully,
S. Merritt,
Opposite the Court House,
CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 18, 1879.

Take Notice!

THE undersigned, having removed from Still Pond, have placed their Books in the hands of N. H. CROSSLEY, at Kennedyville, who will attend to the settlement of all outstanding accounts. We hope that all who have not favored us with a settlement will do so at an early date, as we need the money and wish to close our books.
Very respectfully,
ELIJAH CROSSLEY.
Miss LUCY CROSSLEY.
Jan. 4, 1879—3t.

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

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, Att'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.*

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

ALL-WOOL plain and fancy **KERSEY,** Wool and Canton FLANNELS, at very low prices, by J. B. SAPPINGTON.

RESOLUTION.

Press on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone:
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on! press on!
—*Park Benjamin.*

Flinging Money Away.

LADIES WHO ONLY VALUE A BONNET BY ITS PRICE.

Times may be hard and work scarce, but there are people who seem to be able to bowl along pretty gaily in the rush of oldtime extravagance, and make the dollars fly profusely. An instance in point was related to a Detroit reporter by a lady who had witnessed a curious scene in a fashionable millinery establishment. This lady had gone in with the intention of purchasing a bonnet. Having made a choice of one costing $14, it was put up for her, when a lady, the wife of a merchant, and somewhat noted for her pronounced costumes, entered the store on the same errand.

The whole establishment was ransacked to please her; bonnets and hats from $20 to $50 were rejected as "rather common," "cheap material," etc. Finally the milliner exhibited a bonnet the exact counterpart of that sold a few moments before for $14, and demanded $75 for it, as the most recherche piece of head-gear in the establishment. On this representation it was purchased at once, paid for, and ordered sent home. When the purchaser had gone the lady first mentioned said to the milliner:

"How could you have the conscience to charge $75 for just such a bonnet as you let me have for $14?"

"Madam," replied the shrewd business woman, "that lady has to be charged five prices, or she will not buy, and there are a dozen like her whom I could name. Do you know that she has such an idea of extravagance that when she went, for once in her life, to order some roast beef from a leading butcher, in the central market, and the butcher said he could give a beautiful cut for 10 cents a pound, she snapped back, 'You ought to know better than to think we can eat 10-cent meat.' 'Oh,' replied the butcher, 'we can give you some at 18 cents,' and has ever since supplied that family with meat at 18 cents which everybody else gets for 10."

This is fact. It may be pleasing to remark in this connection that the husband of the lady obtained a settlement with his creditors a couple of years ago on very easy terms.

$25,000 a Year for "Keeping Dark."

Boston capital to the extent of millions of dollars is invested in a vast amount of mining machinery and smelting works, not only in Nevada, but in Colorado. A sign on State street, in this city, reads: "Boston Colorado Smelting Works."—These works are located in Black Hawk, Colorado, and the expert employed there is Professor Richard W. Pierce, on a salary equal to that of the President of the United States, $25,000 a year. He has a perfect knowledge of the secret process (known only to two or three more in the world) by which gold may be perfectly separated from the copper. This secret is a bonanza itself. Mr. Pearce is educating a son, to succeed him in the possession of this valuable mystery. Prof. N. P. Hill, who is likely to succeed Jerome B. Chaffee, the outgoing United States Senator from Colorado (and who is not a candidate for re-election) is the head of the vast smelting works at Black Hawk. These works, I am told, yield the company, composed of eight persons, upwards of $1,000,000 a year. Professor Hill was former Professor of Chemistry in Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H.—*San Francisco Call.*

Rules of Skating.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.
2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.
3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down when he has an inclination to do so.
4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate both side of her at once. This is very pretty and it is sure to create a sensation.
5. Skate over all the small boys at once.
6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.
7. If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that is not slippery.
8. In sitting down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden about it, or you might break the ice.
9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.
10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you.
11. After you get so that you can skate very well, skate four or five hours—skate frantically—skate till you cant't stand up.

LITTLE Laura was tired and sleepy on New Year's night when she prepared for bed, and forgot to say her "Now I lay me," and in apology to her mother for the neglect said, as she tugged away at her little stockings: "I touldn't go to heaven to-night, mamma, any way in the world, tos I'm too tired."

P. T. BARNUM says if the Legislature of Connecticut wants him to adorn a seat in the United States Senate he will by no manner of means refuse so proper a request. He isn't begging for the office, but modestly says that if he should be selected the Wooden Nutmeg Commonwealth would be represented by at least one live man in the Senate.

YOUNG housewife—"What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hen sit on them a little longer!"

ASLEEP ON PICKET.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE LATE WAR.

Mr. Owen, a pious farmer in Vermont gave his eldest son, Benjamin, to the Union cause, in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived which fell like a thunderbolt upon the anxious, yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to be shot!

The terrible news spread in the village and the good minister, Mr. Allen, came at once to see if it were possible to administer consolation to the heartbroken parents.

"O! sir," said the sorrowing old man, "such a dear, precious, noble boy!"

"I thought when I gave him to the country that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allen the boy only slept a minute, just one little minute at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eyes wandered over the brown fields with such a perplexed wandering look.

"I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I and only eighteen, and now they are to shoot him because he was found asleep when doing duty."

Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning.

"Twenty-four hours—the telegraph said, only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

The mother raised herself and turning said with a smile: "Don't call so loud, father, Benny is not so far off; he will come soon."

"God has laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, without making any direct reply. "She has not been herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me. She makes no wail."

Mr. Allen looked in astonishment at the bowed man, as he now came and stood before him. These few days had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering now, the eyes were dimmed and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. "God have mercy on you," said the minister, "he is trying you in a furnace seven times heated."

The daughter, a fair girl—Blossom they called her—had sat near them, listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear that day, and her terror had been so still that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household duties, which in her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter.

"It is from him," was all she said.

'Twas like a message from the dead.—Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fears, and held it towards Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and obedient to a motion from the father, he read as follows:

Dear Father:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might be on the battle-field for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting for her; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! O! father! I wonder the very thought of it does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I'm going to write you about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can't now.

"You know I promised Jem Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went it on the double quick, and tho' the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was so tired out when we went into camp; and then it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had a gun at my head. But I did not know it until—well it was too late!"

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep careless at his post."

"They tell me to-day, that I have a short reprieve given to me by circumstances—time to write to you, our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now.—God help me; it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart, as the letter continued:

"To-night in early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture—Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me, but I shall never, never come. God bless all of you; forgive your poor, poor Bennie."

Late that night the door opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, startling as the full moon stretched queer and fantastic shapes all around her, looking now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching for the coming night train, and the conductor as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he did for Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving a note to tell her father where she had gone.—She had brought Bennie's letter with her and no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning she reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredible short time Blossom reached Washington and was hurried at once to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door opened, and Blossom, with eyes cast down and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in pleasant cherry tones. "What do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"O, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the paper before him—"I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom seriously. "But my poor brother Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmy was so very weak. He did the work of two; and it was Jemmy's night, not his. But Jemmy was too tired; and Bennie never thought about himself that he was so tired too."

"What is that you say, my child?"

"About Jemmie?"

"Yes, come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, serious face towards his. How tall he seemed; he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind rushed through Blossom's mind; but she told her story simply and straightforwardly, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, he wrote a few hasty lines, and rang the bell.

Blossom heard this order given:

"Send the dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the little girl and said:

"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life too precious to be lost. Go back, or wait till to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death. Wait and he shall go with you."

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a lieutenant's commission placed in the hands of a man, Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the good act uncomplainingly."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to the Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owen's head towered above them all, as his hand grasped that of his boy.

That night Daisy and Brindle amd Bet came bellowing home from pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them at the gate.

A Sharp Lawyer Caught.

A fair story comes from one of our courts. One of those shrewd, sharp and sarcastic lawyers, of that class who take demoniacal joy and unmistakable pride in twisting a witness in a labarynth of difficulties, had occasion, some time ago, to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence. The sharp lawyer managed, after some skilfull manœuvering, to so confuse the witness that the only answer he could obtain to his question was "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had this answer returned to him a score or more of times, his patience gave way. "Tell me, Mr. J," he exclaimed, with bitter sarcasm, "do you ever remember anything?"

"I do," was the response.

"Can you carry your memory back for twenty years, and tell me a single instance that happed then?"

"Yes, I can," returned the witness, who had by this time regained some composure.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, gleefully rubbing his handl, in orthodox legal fashion. "Now this is coasoling. Come, now, sir, what is this instance which you remember so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember that twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the bar, your father came to me to borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit of clothes that you might make a presentable appearance at Commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the money back."

EXPECTANCY.

I've read and heard sweet stories manifold
Of maidens who were blessed beyond compare
By lovers noble as the men of old
And as Apollo fair.

For such an one I wait, with hope, not pain;
The hope, like sunshine, maketh glad my life.
I know desire cannot exist in vain—
So I shall be a wife.

As wait the patient flowers for coming Spring,
So wait I for my lover; may he be
Fairer than May-time, nearer than the Spring,
To my fond heart and me.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

'TWAS a young printer's devil who asked for a kiss, but she quickly replied, did this pert little miss: "You look inky and black, though your head may be level, but I'll never consent to be kissed by the devil." Years passed and the miss became an old maid, with frizzes and curls, false teeth and pomade. Then sadly she sought to recall the old issue; but the printer replied: "The devil won't kiss you."

"WHAT," said an interviewer to an unpledged candidate, "do you intend to do if you are elected?" "My goodness," said the poor fellow, "what shall I do if I am not elected?"

A WOMAN was recently offered $1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?"

How a Man Goes to Bed.

A THEORY EVIDENTLY ADVANCED BY A TROUBLESOME WOMAN.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "'There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room, and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied.' That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is really: 'I'm going to bed, by dear. It's half-past ten.' No reply. 'Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do go to bed!' 'Yes, in a minute,' he replies, as he turns the paper inside-out and begins a lengthy article headed 'The Louisiana Muddle.' Fifteen minutes latter she calls from the bedroom: 'John, come to bed, and don't keep the gas burning here all night!" and murmuring something about 'the bill being big enough now,' she creeps between the cold sheets, while John reads placidly on, his feet across the piano-stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and, seizing the shaker, proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: 'For pity's sake! ain't you ready for bed yet?' 'Yes, yes; I'm coming! Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?' Then he discovers that there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove, he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress; and as he stands scratching himself, and absently gazing on the last garment dangling on the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to, he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for a last 'warm up.' As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides. No, not yet; he forgets to see if the front door was locked, and another flop of the bed clothes brings forth the remark: 'Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!' Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires: 'Are you settled for the night?' To which he replies by muttering: 'If you ain't the provokingest woman.'"

Hard Times.

The Lexington (Ky.) *Gazette* says: A gentleman from North Carolina sent the following letter to a friend in this city from the South as a gem of legal wit which we commend to the attention of our legal fraternity:

High Point, N. C., Dec. 12, 1877.
Messrs. John Smith & Co.

Gents—Replying to yours of the 18th inst., I have to say that, for the prospect of having claims placed in my hands to collect in this vicinity, and nothing more, I do not feel willing to report the "standing" of the party mentioned, or of any one else. I do not wish to be misunderstood as saying that I do not want paying business, but I do know that a lawyer would starve as quick on commissions and fees on collections, as he would on corn-cob soup in January.

I have had some experience in collecting since the war, or rather, in trying to collect. I have offered to comp. claims by taking old clothes, frozen cabbage, circus tickets, patent medicines, whetstones, powder horns, old flour barrels, gourds, corn skins, jay birds, owls, or almost anything, and yet I have a number of those old claims unsettled. If I were to depend on collecting claims for my living, my bean broth would get so thin that it would rattle in me like pot liquor in a poor dog.

I don't like to shoot at long taw, but if you are inclined to pay anything certain for the desired reports I'm your man, say ten dollars cash, then I'm in; or if money is scarce, I would take shoes, large Nos., say 10s, 11s and 12s, to the amount of ten dollars at wholesale prices.

It's hard times here—the niggers and the Democrats have pulled and worried each other till this country smells like cheese. How in the world would you collect money out of people who plough like speckled bulls on hill-sides? If you were to see a nigger ploughing his garden with a sow, you would not wonder why I don't want claims to collect in this vicinity. Your sincere friend, J. R. B.

Going to Europe and Coming Back.

Everybody who has crossed the Atlantic—and who does not cross it in these days?—must have had observed the marked difference between going out and coming back. Sailing from home, one might imagine, would be rather saddening, and sailing to it rather joyous than otherwise. But just the contrary is generally true, particularly among men, who, compared with women, are seldom seasick. On the outward voyage the passengers—those that are well at least—are apt to be cheerful and lively, desirous to get up and take part in private concerts, theatricals and the like; to be full of spirit, and ready for any kind of amusement. On the home voyage, they seem, as a rule, listless and weary: they have no social enterprise; they do not care to do anything. Efforts for entertainments are likely to prove unavailing; the animation of the outward passage is extinct. This is equally the case whether travelers have made their first, second, or twentieth trip to Europe; to go is one thing, to come is wholly another. Crossing and re-crossing the ocean are not unlike the lover, hurrying eager, expectant, impassioned, to his wedding, and the husband of a year, repairing by easy stages to join his wife. In both instances it is the delight and imagining of anticipation contrasted with the consciousness and a certain disappointment of experience. The Old World, unvisited, or revisited, appeals to hope, to ideal possibilities, is part of the future when we go out. Coming back, the dream has been dreamed; the feast has been eaten; the what-is-to-be has been, and our horizon is sadly changed.—*New York Times.*

AN American traveller in Galway saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said: "Why do you have a pig in there?" "Shure," said he of Galway, "the house has all the convayniances that a raysonable pig requires."

A CURIOUS WANT.

"WANTED—A man who understands the five-cent restaurant business."—*Herald.*

What aggregated wisdom must
That fellow be possessed of,
Who's fit to seize on such a trust
And stand the seasoning test of.

No title which the savant flaunts,
Nor yet degrees from college,
Can probe the five-cent restaurant's
Unpenetrated knowledge.

Think of the things a man must know
To hold this rare position!
How far the average shank should go
Before it fills its mission.

How many plates a pound of beef
Will yield in five-cent slices;
How much of cabbage, to a leaf,
Leaves profit at these prices.

How pie-crust gains economy
If baked when dry or moister;
How many quarts of soup can be
Produced from one fair oyster.

And he must be, whate'er betides,
More lamblike than his mutton;
Appease the man whose fishball hides
A too obtrusive button.

Explain to those of doubting minds
About the butter's color,
And reconcile the chap who finds
A hair-pin in his cruller.

Pray, what to him are life's small sums
On whom the truth thus flashes—
This sage who sees whence sausage comes
Who really knows what hash is?

In short, the *Herald's* curious want
A mighty truth condenses:
To run a five-cent restaurant
Takes all of man's five senses!
VANDYKE BROWN.

Dressing the Baby.

When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year-old child she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it the youngster is slid out of her hands with his face washed and hair combed, his clothing in ship-shape order, and a $10 chromo under his arms. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations and puts on the air of one who is getting an eighty four gun ship ready for a two year's cruise. He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for this, and sharp snapping inquiries for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking around under the furniture for the other (all of which comes from his having undressed the child the night before,) he at length sits resignedly down in a chair, and with a feeble attempt at good nature says:

"Come, Freddie, come to papa and have your coses on."

The child, who is just then traveling around in his night dress and playing with a wet towel and a stove wrench makes a bee line for the door, full of a desire to escape into the next room.

"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave effort at patience.

The child keeps on his course.

"Fred!"

"This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns, and tacking slowly up to the now stern browed parent gradually gets within reach, when a sudden grab of the arm brings him into position, where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove wrench plumps solidly down upon the very top of his foot.

"Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony, nursing his foot with one hand and shaking poor innocent with the other, whereupon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.

A voice from below, where the wife and mother is busied with getting breakfast, joins in the chorus:

"Olmstead Molleson, what on earth are you doing to that child?"

"Oh, you be darned!" goes back the quick reply, in a short, ugly, desperate growl that silences all further inquiry.

The father, after rubbing his foot and groaning awhile, squares the child around and begins the process of dressing him, which is mostly made up of dreadful struggles between clumsy fingers and smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments hindside before and upside down, searching after the missing articles and talking like the following:

"Turn around!"
"Stand still!"
"Hold up your arm!"
"Thunder and lightning. Can't you let things be?"
"Stop reaching!"
"Hold your head up!"
"Up, I say!"
"Can't you keep still?"
"Where is that other skirt?"
"Shut up!"
"Let go!"
"Blast that button!"
"Now; where in the blazes is that pin?"
"Stand up!"
"There, by thunder!"
"Why don't you fall down and be done with it?"
"Stop your howling!"
"Stop!"
"Ouch! Devil take that pin!"
"Let that be!"
"Behave!"
"Say, why don't you have four or five thousand more buttons on your clothes?"
"Now where's that stocking?"
"Keep your foot still!"
"Say, keep—your—foot—still!"
"By Jove in Jerusalem!"
"Gimme the other foot!"
"No, the other!"
"Can't you see?"

"Sanctified Solomon! What do you want to spread your toes out for? How do you suppose I am going to put your stockings on with your foot in that shape!"

"Stop it!"
"Stop it, I say!"
"Prow wow! c—e—n! Who stuck that pin in that way?"

"You, of course," says a cold, thin, cutting voice; "I'd be ashamed of myself, to go on in that way and get so out of patience with a little bit of a baby. You've been making noise enough to wake the dead, and his clothes look as if they'd been thrown on with a pitchfork. Gimme him!"

And he got up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slamming and stamping around the house after the liniment bottle, and banging doors and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself up into such a state of meanness and mortification that, to spite himself he goes off down town without his breakfast.—*Phila. World.*

ADVERTISING.

"In a little book published many years ago, entitled 'How to get Money,' I find the following remarks on advertising: 'Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or othor that will arrest public attention. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising; but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps; it is like half a portion of physic, making the patient sick, but affecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be permanent. Some say they cannot afford to advertise. They mistake; they cannot afford not to advertise."

"If that was true forty years ago, it is still more forcibly true to-day. Business has thrown off many of the forms that hampered men engaged in it. To gain customers we must advertise; we must advertise to keep them. We must create a demand for new goods by advertising their merits; we must hold the sale of old goods by keeping their good qualities before the public.

Every business should be advertised, no matter where or what it is. If a moderate custom was sure among a circle of friends and acquaintances in a given locality, it would still be to the merchant's interest to advertise and increase his trade. The main expense in doing business will be about so much, be the amount transacted greater or less. A large business can be done at a much less percentage of cost than a small one. A man can better afford to sell one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods at a profit of ten per cent. than fifty thousand at fifteen per cent. A merchant may expect to hold trade by selling low, but he must have first made it known in some way that he is ready to sell low, or he will not get the customers.

"The retailer should invest ninety-nine dollars in the columns of his local paper to every one that he expends for circulars. hand-bills or cards. His name should be constantly before the buying public. But a small card of half a dozen lines, paid for by the year and never changed, is of doubtful value."—*Extract from "On the Road to Riches."*

ADVERSITY.—A happy man, surrounded by the blessings of poverty, thus sums up the uses of adversity:

You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Spongers cannot haunt your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking: "Is there any other little article today?" Begging letter writers let you alone. Impostors know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it.

A CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—Mr. John S. Wiles, as urgeon of Thorncomb, Dorset, writes to the London *Times* that, after two cases of malignant diptheria out of nine or ten he had been called to attend had proved fatal, the mother of a sick child showed him an extract from an American paper concerning a practitioner who used sulphur to cure the disease. Accordingly he used milk and sulphur for infants, and flour of sulphur for older children and adults, brought to a creamy consistency with glycerine. Dose, a teaspoonful or more, according to the age, three or four times a day, swallowed slowly, and application of same to the nostrils with a sponge.

Result—He did not lose a case there or elsewhere, and he succeeded in saving life when the affection had almost blocked the throat.

A STUPID-LOOKING countryman halted before a blacksmith shop, the proprietor of which was forging a shoe, and eyed the performance with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under his nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you give me a sixpence I will lick it," said the countryman. "I'll stop the braggart's jaw," thought the smith, as he took from his pocket a sixpence and held it out. The countryman quickly grabbed the coin, licked it, and walked away whistling, "Did you ever catch a weasel asleep."

A WELL-KNOWN German florist related, in a high state of irritation, his troubles in this way: "I have so much drouble wid de ladies when dey comes to buy mine rose; dey wants him hardy, dey wants him doubles, dey wants him moondly, dey wants him fragrand, dey wants him nice goulor, dey wants him ebertings in one rose. I hope I am not what you calls one uncallent man, but I have sometimes to say to dot ladies, 'Madam, I never often sees dot ladies dot was beautiful, dot was rich, dot was good temper,