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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. H. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney & Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
New Office Court St., opposite Court House

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all Law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm.

JESSE K. HINES,
y MARION deK. SMITH.

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.

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.

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.

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.

TOBACCO and CIGAR
MANUFACTORY
IN CHESTERTOWN!

I HAVE just opened a large Tobacco and Cigar Emporium in the CORNER STORE owned by Mrs. S. Bacchus, corner Front and Queen Sts., Chestertown, where I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with a call at wholesale and retail. My Cigars are of my own manufacture, therefore I know exactly of what kind Tobacco they are made, and when I recommend them I know whereof I speak. Lowest possible rates.

My store here is a branch of my manufactory at Ridgely, Md.
jan25-3m. FRED. GEBHARDT.

New Harness Shop
—AT—
STILL POND.

WILLIAM PARR has commenced the Harness business at this place, and is prepared to

MAKE ALL KINDS of HARNESS
TO ORDER,

At the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, using none but the very best material.

All work warranted as represented.

Keeps on hand a full line of

MACHINE-MADE HARNESS,

WHIPS, ROBES, BLANKETS, COLLARS, Trunks, Blind Bridles, Plow Traces, and everything usually kept in a Harness store.

Machine and Neats Foot Oils.

By strict attention to business, I hope to merit a liberal share of patronage.

REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch and at very low prices.

WILLIAM PARR.
STILL POND, Jan. 11, 1879—3m.

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.

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.

Best and Cheapest

ORGANS and PIANOS in the WORLD.

Grand Beyond Description.

Great Bargains for cash. Also $5 paym'ts.

It is impossible to describe them.

Must be seen and heard to realize their great and superior merits.

Handsomest and largest cases.

Most durable and sweetest toned in the market.

Refer to Rev. Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, Baltimore, who has one in use, and to the numerous other good judges of instruments all over the land. Each warranted for six years; shipped direct from Factory in N. Y. Illustrated catalogues free. Address

WM. K. JUDEFIND,
General Agent,
jan18-tf. Edesville, Kent co., Md.

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, 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.*

PURE Buckwheat Flour, as cheap as the adulterated article is sold elsewhere. Hominy, Beans, Dried Fruits, and Canned Goods, for sale cheap at
dec14. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

GOOD BROWN SUGAR 8, 9 and 10c.; Best A white 11c.; Green Coffee 16, 20 and 25c., at THOMPSON'S,
n2. Up town

NEW STOCK of DRY GOODS and NOTIONS at the lowest prices. Call.
jan 25. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

TIME TURNS THE TABLES.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket:
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip,
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, tho' heaven knows why
Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years—To-day Old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me, and I love her now;
Dear, dear! how things have altered!

Why Women Marry.

Vanity Fair, in a recent issue, says: The question which we considered last week, "Why Men Marry," is an interesting one; but it must be pronounced inferior to the question "Why Women Marry" in the degree in which men are in all respects less interesting than women. The willingness of women to marry is greater and more patent than that of men; and, we will add, that is a great deal more wonderful. That women have, to use a colloquial phrase, the worst of it all through life, we entertain no doubt, and that the matrimonial state, as understood by experience, has, as a rule, fewer attractions for them than for men, we also believe to be true. Yet, while there are many men who from choice abstain from marrying, and still more who put off marrying till the last practicable moment, we doubt if there are any women worth mentioning who refuse the married state from option and deliberation, and not many who postpone marrying till a late period of life from a general repugnance to having a husband. That women refuse individual men, and sometimes go on refusing man after man, is true enough; but then their objection is to the man and not to the condition of life the man proposes; or, not unfrequently, their refusal arises from mere skittishness, from a feeling that they may do better, or from a cheerful conviction that there is plenty of time to "think about it." As a rule, however, women who have the chance of marrying, marry, and they would marry yet more promptly than they do were it not that they are frequently held back from taking a foolish step by wise parents or dissuading friends. How is this apparent paradox to be explained? There is less to induce a woman to marry than to induce men; yet men hesitate to marry and women jump at marriage. Some will answer that man is a rational and woman an irrational animal; but over and above the distinction being too uncomplimentary to be true, it is one of those plausible explanations that explain nothing. Again, it is sometimes affirmed that, in marrying, men sacrifice liberty, whereas women, in marrying, acquire it. But this is an epigram easily disposed of. When men sacrifice what is called liberty by marrying, they are already tired of their liberty, or that particular form of it which bachelorhood enjoys, and, were the point thoroughly examined, we suspect it would be found that they abandon a form of liberty of which they are weary for another form which they have not yet possessed.

Worth Knowing.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar closely covered, in a dry, cool place.

Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep meal and flour in a cool, dry place.

Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat or fish.

Lard for pastry should be used hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

In boiling meat for a meal, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turn frequently, searing on both sides. Place on platter, salt and pepper to taste.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven; the steam generated prevents its scorching, and makes the meat cook better.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing very gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in a pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

AN exchange says: "If the devil should retire from business he would leave lots of people with nothing to do." It certainly is sad to be living in constant fear of losing a situation, but by the time the devil retires there will be found any number of men capable of carrying on his business at the old stand. Men who are now silent partners in the concern will then branch out.

A CONTEMPORARY tells "How to Utilize Old Fruit Cans." Give a boy a string and a strong dog, and he needs no further directions.—*Norristown Herald.*

DEACON GRINDER'S EXPERIMENT.

"I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?" said Deacon Grinder, as his one horse chaise drew up on the green in front of Miss Philena Peck's house.

Miss Peck hurried out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower.

"The little darlings!" cried she, effusively. "Trouble, indeed! Why, deacon, how you talk! It's a positive pleasure to have 'em here. I should like to keep them a week."

The deacon smiled and shook his head.

"That would be a little too much," said he. Come, children, jump into the wagon."

And the three apple-cheeked little Grinders—two girls and a boy—were kissed and hugged and lifted into the wagon by the beaming spinster.

"I shall be so lonely when they are gone," she said. "I do so dote on children! Remember, darlings, that the gooseberries will be ripe next week, and that your own Pecky will be only too happy to see you again."

The widow Clapp came hurrying out, as the chaise rattled by, with a tin pail in her hand.

"Dear me, Deacon Grinder," said she, "you are always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute, can't you? Here's a pail of our new honey in the comb. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are they coming to spend the evening with me? I declare Josie is growing a perfect beauty."

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp," said the deacon, his face shining all over with satisfaction. "Handsome is that handsome does," that's my motto.

"And nobody can't do handsomer than my little Joe," said Mrs. Clapp. "And there's Tommy grown as never was, and Dolly the very picture of you; drop in to tea some evening this week."

The deacon had hardly guided his old horse around the corner of the village green when Miss Barbara Bowyer tripped out of the millinery store.

"I do hope you'll excuse me, Deacon Grinder," said she, with all the pretty confusion which naturally belongs to a maiden of six and thirty summers, "but I was so edified with your be-yu-tiful remarks in prayer meeting Monday night, that I couldn't help setting myself to work to think what I could do for you. And here's a collar I've stitched for dear Tommy, and a handkerchief I've embroidered for Josie, and a doll as I've took the liberty to dress for Dorothy. Oh, don't thank me, pray. It ain't nothin' compared with the peace o' mind I got a listening to your precious remarks!"

But Naomi Poole, sitting at her needle work by the old red farm-house window, had only a smile and a nod for the party as they drove by.

"Pa," said Josie, who was a shrewd, sallow-faced child of eleven, "don't Miss Poole love us as well as Miss Peck and Mrs. Clapp and Miss Bowyer?"

"I hope so, my child," said the benign deacon. "Why do you ask the question?"

"Because she never gives us anything," said Josie.

"She is poor, child—she is poor," said the deacon. "But I am sure you all have her good wishes."

"I'd rather have honey," said Tommy.

"And gooseberries and dolls," said little Dorothy.

But when the deacon sat alone by his hearthstone that evening his sister, Miss Mahala Ann Grinder, expressed herself on the subject with great plainness and perspicacity.

"If you've really made up your mind to marry again, Joshua—" said she.

"I think it would add to my domestic felicity," said the deacon, serenely.

"In that case," said Miss Mahala Ann, "I do hope you'll make a sensible choice and not allow yourself to be imposed on by a pack of selfish widows and scheming old maids."

"Sister," said the deacon, mildly, "you are severe."

"No, I ain't," said Miss Mahala Ann. "If you wasn't well-to-do in the world and hadn't a nice home and a farm, and money at interest, they wouldn't, none of 'em, look twice at you."

"Do you think so?" said the deacon; and he pondered the question long and earnestly in his own mind. "Upon the whole," said he, bringing down his palm upon the table, "I ain't sorry that those investments of mine in the Mariposa Silver Mining Co. have proved a failure."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Mahala Ann, curiously eyeing him over the top of her spectacles.

But the deacon only shook his head and smiled.

"Time will show," said he—"time will show."

The news that Deacon Grinder was wrecked in Mariposa Silver Mining stock flew like wildfire through the peaceful community at Fitchville Four Corners.

"Well," said Miss Philena Peck, "I am beat!"

"He never had no judgment in money matters," said the widow Clapp.

"I've thought all along that he was living too fast," said Barbara Bowyer.

"Those poor little children—what is to become of them?" said Naomi Poole, wistfully.

The next day the deacon made his appearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in each hand and one following him.

"Miss Peck," said he, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"Yes," said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tack nails. "If it's your failure as you mean."

"I think of going to California," said the deacon, "to see what I can do, and if, in the meantime, you could be induced to give my children a home—"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Peck. "I never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you could find some half orphan asylum or place of that sort, by inquiring around a little."

Miss Peck sat so very upright, and glared so frightfully out of her light blue eyes at the deacon, that he was fain to beat as rapid a retreat as possible.

He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slip shod servant maid opened it. "Is Mrs. Clapp at home?" he asked.

A head was thrust over the stair railing, and the widow's shrill voice said:

"Is that Josiah Grinder with his swarm of young ones? Tell him I'm particular engaged. Do you hear, Betsy—very particular?"

Miss Barbara Bowyer was arranging trimmed hats and rolls of bright colored ribbons in her bow window as the deacon and his little ones entered the shop.

"Miss Bowyer," said the deacon, "you were ever a genial and charitable soul. It is to you that I trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my fallen fortunes in the Far West."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial rose buds in her consternation. "And I really think, Deacon Grinder, you have no business to expect it of me! Its all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the poor master could do something for 'em, or—"

"I thank you," said the deacon, with dignity. "I shall trouble neither you nor him."

"Well," said Miss Bowyer, with a toss of her head, "you needn't fly into a rage because a neighbor offers you a bit of good advice."

But Naomi Poole ran out to the little garden gate as the forlorn deacon went by.

"Deacon Grinder," hesitated she, turning rosy-red and white by turns, "is this true?"

"About my Mariposa investment? Yes."

"And you are going to California?"

"I'm talking of it," said the deacon.

"Would—could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?" said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her side. "I am very fond of children, and I would take the best care of them. And you have been kind to mother and me, Deacon Grinder, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you."

And poor, soft-hearted little Naomi burst into crying.

There was a moisture on the deacon's eyelashes, too.

God bless you, Naomi," said he. "You are a good girl—a very good girl."

* * * * * *

"Ain't it true?" said Philena Peck.

"Well," said Mrs. Mopsley, "it is and it ain't. He did lose what he invested in them Mariposa mines, but it was only a thousand dollars; and the rest of his money's all tight and safe in United States bonds and solid real estate."

"Bless me!" said Barbara Bowyer.

"Well, I never!" said the widow Clapp with a discomfited countenance.

"And," went on Mrs. Mopsley, with evident relish in the consternation she was causing, "they are building a new wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp.

"With no experience whatever!" said Barbara Bowyer, scornfully.

"I only hope he won't repent of his bargain," sighed Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repent his bargain.

The End of Greatness.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered men, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal, died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but could not, or would not, bring him aid.

Rest for Headaches.

Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and the anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to be kept steadily in view, in that they may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained.

There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

MRS. PARTINGTON entered the office of the probate judge (called "civilian") and inquired in her blandest tone: "Are you the civil villian?" "Do you wish to insult me, madam?" said the judge. "Yes," replied the aimable old lady; "my brother died detested, and left three infidel children, and I'm to be their executioner; I want to insult the civil villian about it."

TO RELIEVE the intense itching of frosted feet, dissolve a lump of alum in a little water, and bathe the part with it, at the same time warming the part affected before the fire. One or two applications will give relief.

A New Mode of Locomotion.

The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants at the Permanent Exhibition Building goes his rounds at the rate of 12 miles an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller skates, which are called pedomotors, according to the inventor, J. H. Hobb, an architect on Walnut street, above Fifth. The day is not far distant, predicts the Philadelphia *Record*, when the whole city will be on wheels, when pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of 10 miles an hour, without more effort than is now put forth in perambulating half that distance.

The pedomotor consists of four tough, light, wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough India-rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing, as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are three inches in diameter, while those in front are but 2½ inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl towards the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. From the center of the heel a small brass wheel extends backward, serving as a guide as well as a brake. The whole scarcely turns the scale at a pound weight. In using them no more effort is required than in ordinary walking. The wearer steps with regular stride, and is amazed to find himself skimming over the ground so rapidly with so little muscular effort. Mr. Hobbs explains the mystery of the rapid movement in this manner: A man whose stride is 32 inches will traverse 48 inches, or one half further, with the pedomotor. This is because the body is in constant motion. For instance, says he, the traveler starts, and while he raises one foot to step, he sontinues rapidly onward until that foot is set down and the other raised to make another step. This gives him more momentum, and away he goes over the two miles in the same time to accomplish a mile with the feet. No effort of the body is required for their use, as in skates. The traveler simply puts one foot before the other, and finds himself wizzed along at a lively rate.

The Richest City in the World.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, now containing a population of about 100,000, is reputed to be the richest city of its size in the world.

If its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants, every man, woman and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or some $5,000 apiece.

There are, as may be supposed, a good many very poor people in the town; but the citizens are, as a whole, in unusually comfortable circumstances, more so, probably, than the citizens of any other capital in Germany or Europe.

It is asserted that there are one hundred Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, and two hundred and fifty worth $1,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at about $200,000,000, more than one-fourth of which the famous Rothchilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

The annual transaction in bills of exchange are in excess of $400,000,000.

Its general trade and manufacturing industries have greatly increased since the formation of the German Empire, to which Frankfort was originally averse, being a free city and and opponent of Prussia until coerced in July, 1866, by Gen. Von Falkenstein, who entered it at the head of an army and imposed a fine of 31,000,000 florins for its insubordination.

An American Industry in China.

A Shanghai paper describes a recently established industry in that city. The object is to preserve eggs in such a manner that they will be fresh and suitable for consumption, or mor particularly, useful in cooking, for any length of time and in every climate. The eggs are procured by regular egg dealers from the farmers around, and are bought by the company on very favorable terms, sometimes dearer and sometimes cheaper; but always at a far lower rate than they would be procured elsewhere. The quantity preserved daily depends more on supply than anything else. As many as 500 dozen a day can be done, if they are forthcoming. Nothing can be more simple than the process. The eggs are broken, and white and yolk together are emptied into a vast flat trough lined with lead, which looks like a gigantic billard table. The trough is only a few inches deep; but underneath it steam is admitted by pipes from a large boiler, by means of which the eggs are desiccated until they assume the appearance of a kind of egg paste. There is a small quantity of sugar and salt mixed with it, and then it is drawn off and packed in tins, which are finally hermetically sealed. The business is entirely export, and almost exclusively to England, a small portion going to San Francisco. The process is an American invention, and the company employing it carry on the business extensively in this country.

ONE WAY TO LIVE CHEAPLY.—Some of the working people of Gunston, Va., are evidently not descendants of Micawber, They do not "wait for something to turn up," but turn it up themselves by forming a co-operative association, which "furnishes all its members with constant employment at fair wages and boards them all in one large family, thus reducing the cost of living one half." A report, which does not state clearly the scheme of the association, says that none of their number have been idle a day during the past nine months. They have a farm and garden, and, after providing each other with the necessaries of life, have something left to sell. Schemes of co-operation like this are not new. In the hands of earnest, conscientious men, they can undoubtedly be made successful when they do not attempt too much interference with the personal liberty of their members. The family, however, is a large enough society to try the experiment with.

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say—
"Here we will have at leas, fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work—
The light webs grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been—
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoiled his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved and weak and lean
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answered—"not a loss
I've met, since I first spun across
The contribution box!"

The Jealous Wife.

A few mornings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out all the offices, where he is," said the boy as he backed downed the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap-sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter," she said as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh; 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, 'cause I know he'd gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill to buy coffee and tea, you take this, give me the letter and don't say a word to Mr.—— about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much for a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over here—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there hain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go."

She took it and entered the house, and the boy with peach-colored ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about four seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, defanlt having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage," etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye he will please call between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, A. M., when she feels strongest.

A Family Journal.

In a certain farm-house twenty years ago a great blank-book was kept and labelled Home Journal. Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves or the mother the cut of the baby's eye-toothe; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta club; or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and hit Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape. —*Scribner's Monthly.*

New Agricultural Inventions.

Mr. James E. Wells, of Holmdel, N. J., has patented an improved Apparatus for Destroying Insects on Vines. It is particularly intended for applying to potato vines a mixture of Paris green and water for the purpose of destroying the Colorado beetle or potato bug.

Mr. John H. Simpson, of Stone Bluffs, Ind., has patented an improvement in the implement commonly known as the "A-Harrow," being formed of two diagonal tooth-carrying bars connected by a transverse bar, The improvement consists in a novel method of connecting the several bars.

Mr. Alponso Record, of Farmington, Minn., has devised an improved Seed Planter, in which the holes of the dropping wheel will be so long within the seed box that the said holes will certainly become filled with seed before they come over the discharge holes.—*Sci. Amer.*

A DETROIT young woman tried to be aristocratic and did not look at the money that she gave to the horse car conductor, but he meekly gave her back the lozenger, on which was inscribed, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan with five little brothers to support and must be excused.

YOUNG LADY.—Bub, won't you give me your baby sister? I love little babies." Young Hopeful.—"No I tant." Young Lady.—"Why won't you give the baby to me?" Hopeful (indignantly).—"Fy, she'd starve to death; your dress opens behind."

THERE is many a man who courts a fortune and then marries a woman in order to get it.

BRIEFS.

Overcoats are made of buffalo hair.

Mr. Geo. W. Childs has forty clocks in his dwelling.

Tennessee's Governor has reduced his own salary $1,000.

It is quite likely Missouri will legalize the whipping post.

Miss Parloa, of Boston, is giving object lessons in cooking.

A Floridian, rocked by the earthquake, felt seasick for two hours.

The crops in Paraguay are being destroyed by swarms of locusts.

Hundreds of people are dying daily from a small-pox epidemic in Brazil.

"So dark and yet so light" as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

An exchange tells of an audience being "corrugated with glee." What is it?

There are 3,000 lawyers in New York, more than the whole population of Chestertown.

The "watch-dog's honest bark" may be all right; but it is the quiet dog that puts in the bites.

There is a superstition prevalent in Yorkshire, England, that mint will not grow in the garden of a house in which the husband is henpecked.

Isn't it a little early to start? St. Valentine is some days off yet, but those elegant works of art, at a cent apiece, are to be seen in the shop windows.

The following is posted in front of a grocery near Harvard square: "Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did."

In this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it's his mother's slipper; next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, s rickety pair of skates, and an airhole in the ice.

If you read the papers closely you will discover that those cities which have the least money for charity are contributing the most for next year's base-ball clubs. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Men's Wives.

"I tell you what it is," said one of a small coterie of wealthy men who had met in the office of one of their number, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic and exclusive, all that, and when I married her she had not been used to work, but when W. & Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off again."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted, and everybody said, 'Well, if he marries a doll like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of our marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue stocking. She adored Tennyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Walby and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis" and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn, my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."

OLD CHURCHILL.—A correspondent of the Portland *Transcript* says: Some, and they are not few, can remember old Churchill, and his peculiar ways. One day he was riding on horseback, when he was met by an old woman, who had not so many of this world's good things as he had. Taking out his wallet he handed her a quarter of a dollar, and rode on.

He had ridden only a short distance, when he began to soliloquize thus:

"Now wouldn't I have done bettter to have kept that money, and bought myself something?"

Wheeling his horse round, he rode back to where the old lady was standing, and said:

"Give me that money!"

She handed it to him, wondering what he meant. Placing it in his wallet, and at the same time handing her a five-dollar bill, he exclaimed:

"There, Self, now I guess you'll wish you had kept still?"

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he accidently stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt