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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.

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, FEBRUARY 22, 1879. No. 42.

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.

Legal Notices.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm name of KENNARD & CONNELLY, for the purpose of conducting the general Dry Goods, Grocery and Provision business, at the old stand of J. Frank Connelly & Co., opposite C. F. Stam's Drug Store, where they would be pleased to see their old friends and the public generally.

C. W. KENNARD,
J. FRANK CONNELLY.

N. B.—Persons indebted to either of said parties are requested to settle at once as they wish to close their old books.

KENNARD & CONNELLY.

Feb. 15—3t.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested in the distribution of the proceeds of the sale of Benj. F. Joiner's personal property, made by the Sheriff of Kent county, to file their claims duly authenticated before me within one month from this date.

H. C. CHASE,
Special Auditor.

February 8, 1879—3t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES A. ROSEBERRY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of September, 1879, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 11th day of February, 1879.

RICHARD HYNSON,
LEWIN USILTON,
Feb. 15, 1879—4t. Adm'rs.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

ESTATE OF STEPHEN COX.

On application ordered, that H. W. VICKERS, administrator of Stephen Cox, deceased, give notice by advertisement, that a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this court on TUESDAY, the 4th of March, 1879.

Test: WM. STEVENS,
Register of Wills.

NOTICE.—The creditors of Stephen Cox, are notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, March 4th, 1879, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate. H. W. VICKERS.

Feb. 8—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

MARY A. WILLIS,
versus
SARAH M. WILLIS and OTHERS.

On the Equity Side of the Circuit Court for Kent County, January 30, 1879.

ORDERED, that the sales made and reported by GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of John K. Willis' heirs for partition, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof to be shown on or before the 10th day of April next, Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $5,365.25.

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Feb. 1, 1879—4t.

Ratification Notice.

RICHARD C. SMYTH,
versus
Caroline B. Smyth, Richard A. Smyth, Minnie May Smyth, Jefferson L. Smyth, William G. Smyth.

In the Circuit Court of Kent County,
JANUARY 23RD, 1879.

Commission to Divide certain Real Estate of the late Richard Smyth, consisting of several Lots and Houses in Chestertown.

THE Commissioners having made division and reported their proceedings in the said cause; It is hereby ordered that the said return and proceedings of the Commissioners be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown by the first day of April next, provided this order shall be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County for three successive weeks before the twenty-fifth day of March, 1879.

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Jan. 25, 1879 4t.

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.

New Coal and Wood Yard!

H. M. THOMAS,

HAS opened a COAL & WOOD YARD on Cannon St., adjoining Lambert's Carriage Factory, and has now on hand a fine stock of COAL of the different varieties, and OAK and PINE WOOD, all of which he will sell at lowest prices.

NEW SCALES guaranteed correct.

HAY, BLADES, &c., weighed carefully. Terms moderate.

n16-tf. H. M. THOMAS.

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

NEW LIVERY,

And Exchange Stables!

High Street, opposite the new M. E. Church.

The undersigned respectfully asks the travelling public to give him a call, as his Horses are good travelers and his Carriages are kept in good order.

Special attention paid to parties from the cities visiting this part of the Peninsula. He hopes by close attention to business to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.

GEO. B. McWHORTER, Pro.
G. A. SPEAR, Runner. fe15-3t.

Head Quarters!

FOR

CIGARS and TOBACCO

IN CHESTERTOWN!

FRED. GEBHARDT,

Has just opened a regular TOBACCO and CIGAR Head-Quarters in the CORNER STORE of Mrs. S. Bacchus, corner Front and Queen Sts., Chestertown, where I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with a call at the Lowest rates. My Cigars are of my own manufacture, and

I ONLY ASK A TRIAL

to prove their FIRST CLASS quality.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES

At WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

All kinds Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, &c.

All goods at lowest prices.

My store here is a branch of my manufactory at Ridgely, Md.

fe15-3m. FRED. GEBHARDT.

A Free Exhibition!

ALL PERSONS, irrespective of age, sex, and color, are respectfully invited to call at

THOMPSON'S, Up Town,

and examine his subjects, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
PROVISIONS,

Hardware, Crockeryware, Wood and Tin Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

FISHERMEN'S GOODS,

such as Twines, Ropes, Hip and Knee Gum Boots.

CAPE ANN SUITS only $1.75.

LIME and HAIR a specialty.

Whitewash Brushes from 25c. to $2.

Remember, this exhibition is free to all, and the manager will take pleasure in exhibiting and describing his subjects.

No complimentary tickets given and no baits offered. This exhibition will be opened this morning at 5 o'clock, and close at 10 o'clock at night, until further notice. Come one! come all!

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
fe15. Up Town.

New Goods, Just Received!

R. F. PARKS,

Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.,

HAS on sale at his store (the Brick Building adjoining the Bank, old stand of W. W. Parks & Sons,) a well selected stock of

Domestic Goods,

SUCH AS

PRINTS, MUSLINS,

&c., &c.

My stock of CALICO is very pretty; indeed even our 5 ct. Prints are DURABLE and CHEAP.

Stock of MUSLINS ranging from 3-4 to 10-4 wide is replete.

WAMSUTTA N. B, No. 2 at 11c.; quite a bargain.

Would also call the trade's attention to his Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES!

which in order to reduce stock will sell regardless of cost for Cash.

ALL WINTER GOODS and REMNANTS *closed at a Sacrifice.*

Attention also is called to my stock of

GROCERIES,

which is replete and AS LOW AS THE LOWEST for same grade.

Coffees at "hard pan" prices.

Sugars from 7c. up.

Syrups from 25c. up. New Crop New Orleans, a fine article for sale cheap.

Tobacco from 60c. up.

Our 60c. Tobacco can't be beat.

In fact all goods are to be sold as low as the lowest for same quality.

I desire the public to call and examine stock and prices before purchasing.

FUR and all kinds Produce

wanted in exchange for goods or cash.

Respectfully,
R. F. PARKS.

N. B.—CLOVER SEED furnished to farmers at a small advance for cash.

Feb. 8, 1879.

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.

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.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE

TOWN PROPERTY.

BY VIRTUE of authority contained in a mortgage from Dr. William H. Lassell and wife to William C. Mercer, dated July 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber D. C. B., No. 1, folio 478, the undersigned as Attorney for the mortgagee, Wm. C. Mercer, will offer at Public Sale at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,

The 4th day of March, 1879,

At 11½ o'clock A. M.,

ALL THE INTEREST of the said Wm. H. Lassell and wife in the property situated on High Street, in said town, and generally known as the

Lassell Property.

This is one of the best business stands in this town, and is a very valuable property. It has been divided into lots, and will be offered in parcels, in order to sell only so much as is necessary to discharge the mortgage debt.

LOT No. 3

CONTAINS THE

Store House and Old Dwelling

and FRONTS FORTY-TWO FEET ON HIGH STREET, running back to Cannon Street, with a front on that street of seventy-three feet.

LOT No. 4,

CONTAINS THE

DWELLING HOUSE

now occupied by Mrs. John W. Carroll, who holds a life estate therein. It is 29 feet front by 133 feet in depth.

LOT No. 2,

Is immediately in the rear of Lot No. 4, and fronts on Cannon Street 29 feet, with a depth of 168 feet.

LOT No. 1,

Fronts on Cannon street 67 feet by 168 ft. deep.

The two last are without buildings.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

$1200 cash on the day of sale or in thirty days thereafter; the balance on reasonable credit, to be announced at the sale.

If more than one parcel is sold, the cash payment will be apportioned.

Deed at the cost of the purchaser.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
Att'y for W. C. Mercer, Mortgagee.

Feb. 8, 1879—ts.

FOR SALE

At the Market House in Chestertown, on

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1879,

At 12 o'clock M.,

From Two to Four ACRES of LAND

in Quaker Neck, late the property of Mrs. John Broadway, and now belonging to her heirs. It adjoins Capt. John Hadaway, Mr. J. P. DeCorse and others.

It has a HOUSE on the land and a small Apple and Peach Orchard.

THE TERMS will be liberal; part cash and part credit, and made known at sale.

WILLIAM BROADWAY,
GEORGE BROADWAY,
JOSEPH BROADWAY,
MARY E. RINGGOLD.

Quaker Neck, Feb. 8—ts.

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.

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.

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.

REPAIRING CHAIRS.

THE subscriber is prepared to put new Bottoms in Cane Seat or Wooden Chairs, and also to Varnish and put them in complete order, looking good as new. Charges low. Shop on Queen st., formerly occupied by Jones, the barber.

fe8-tf. JOHN C. RUTH.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another good-by to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
Then turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their homes out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

A Woman's Letters.

MANY women complain a great deal, and not without cause, that they have so much to do that the days are never long enough; that the darkness finds them with sundry duties undischarged. One reason is, no doubt, that they are not trained, as men are, or ought to be, to concentration and continuity. Another reason is, we suspect, their habit of writing long letters to one another, not on matters of consequence, but of no moment whatever. A large number keep up correspondence with a dozen or more of their feminine acquaintances—or their friends, if the term be preferred—and devote a dozen or a score of hours a week to it. It is astonishing how much the average woman can write about nothing; the endless details she can give in regard to trifles, gossip and the like. It is not the young unmarried alone who do this. The sex frequently adhere to the time-consuming custom long after they have reached middle age and become mothers of large families. They will neglect things that ought not to be deferred to inform their country cousin of how they enjoyed the last party or the new opera, and sit up half the night to describe the final shred of the gown just received from the modiste. Men, as a rule, never write to one another, except on business, and usually very briefly. Women might do the same—if they were not women. The typical woman can no more be brief than she can be profane. Both brevity and profanity are totally unnatural to her.—If she wants to write letters, it is surely her affair; but she surely might save much time by making them shorter.

Underground Curiosities.

At the city of Medina in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rain nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

A SAND STORM IN CALIFORNIA.—Day before yesterday afternoon the outgoing Yuma train left Los Angelos on time. Everything went on as usual until it approached Cucamonga Station. At this point a sand storm of extraordinary violence was encountered. The train was soon obliged to stop. Superintendent Hewitt was at once communicated with by telegraph, and a number of men were dispatched from all quarters to clear the track, but utterly without avail. The train was delayed some fifteen hours. When we state that the rails for a distance of three or four miles were covered with sand to a depth ranging from one to three feet, the force of the wind may be conjectured. The simoon, or sirocco, or whatever it may be called, came whistling through the Cajon Pass as though it were discharged from a funnel. The incoming Yuma train was delayed for an hour and a half through the storm. Some seven years ago a whirlwind poured out of the Cajon Pass which took substantially the same course as the wind day before yesterday. The line of plain traversed by it was about three miles wide, but it fortunately stopped right at the edge of the celebrated Cucamonga vineyard. For much of this width the soil had been shaved off as with a knife, being carried resistlessly over the Cucamonga plains. Sand was piled up to a height of several feet over the roof of the station of the old stage company, making a total sand-drift of over twenty ft. high. The storm of the other day must have been a twin-brother to that.—*Los Angelas (Cal.) Herald.*

A FATHER'S BEREAVEMENT.—A touching scene was witnessed on Sunday morning last at Halifax. Standing on the gangway of the steamship Polynesian, Dr. Clay, immigration agent at the Winter port, said to one of the passengers, who was holding a little child in his arms: "My good fellow, I want all those children kept out of the cold this sharp morning; you had better give the baby to its mother." There was no answer for a few moments. Then the tears stood on his cheeks as he slowly said, hugging the child more closely to his bosom: "Ah, sir, she has no mother. I went home to England to bring out my wife and family to make their home in Canada, but just as I arrived my wife and little boy went down in the Princess Alice in the Thames, and I have no one left but this baby, sir."—*Toronto Mail.*

PROFESSOR SWING, of Chicago, concludes that "sensationalism" is a term which ought never to be applied to the manner of thought belonging to the pulpit, and that it is not the duty of the preacher to keep everybody awake. He recalls the fact that while even Paul preached a young man fell asleep and fell out of a window.

THE WHITE-PLUMED KNIGHT.

Bold, handsome and generous was the young Reginald De Bracy. Possessed of every knightly accomplishment, it was little wonder that he soon won the love of the beautitul Blanche Faulconbridge, who was called the fairest lady in all England, in those old feudal times.

Only one man in the world bore ill-will toward Sir Reginald, and he was Richard Langley, a dark, haughty and evil-minded knight, who, once a suitor for the fair hand of Lady Blanche, was rejected for Sir Reginald De Bracy. Rent with the fiercest pangs of jealousy, he had vowed a terrible vengeance against the favored suitor, and the forthcoming tournament seemed to afford a good chance for the fulfillment of his vow.

At this tournament, which was to be held in a few days, one of the actions was to be a grand tilt between two parties of knights, each being twelve in number. The peculiar feature of this was that each knight was to preserve a strict *incognito* till the end of the match, all coat-of-arms being rigorously excluded, and the two parties to be distinguished from each other solely the color of their plumes; those of one side being red and the other white. And this arrangement suggested to the mind of Richard Langley an idea which if pursued would rid him forever of his hated rival, Reginald De Bracy.

The knights for each side had already been chosen, both himself and his rival belonging to the white-plumed knights, and it had also come to his knowledge that a certain knight of the other side was held absent by sickness.

And so it came to pass that, on the morning of the tournament word was spread that the missing knight, Herbert De Vaux, had recovered and arrived at the grounds, ready for the fight. A powerful looking man, his face concealed by his armor, stood in the doorway of De Vaux tent, and was supposed by everybody to be that individual himself. But this man was in reality a burly ruffian, a tool of Langley's, with instructions to do his utmost to put an end to the life of De Bracy in the fight about to ensue.

He was in reality more skillful with his weapons than any of the knights there assembled, but prevented by his low rank from taking part in any of these knightly exercises.

As the time for the tournament approached, the knights were assembled in a large enclosure within the lists, De Bracy being among them, little dreaming of the deep-laid plot being planned against him. Standing a little apart from the company were the two plotters.

"Note closely the white plume worn by De Bracy," said Langley, in a low tone. "Seest thou not, Bertram, a small particle of red in the upper part? Much risk have I run in placing it there, and remember, when the combat begins, fail not in striking to the death the knight thus marked."

"Ay, master, trust me for that," Bertram replied and the pair separated.

Meanwhile Sir Reginald, unauspicious of danger, was chatting gayly with his betrothed, who was leaning down from the pavilion above.

"Take good care of thyself, Reginald," she was saying, "for if you encounter any danger, you may be assured that there will be at least one pale face among the spectators."

Then she laughed gayly, but suddenly checked herself. Her keen eye had seen the red particle in her lover's plume and with quick wit she at once divined that it was placed there as a distinguishing mark. Little suspecting the terrible mission that trifle was destined to fullfil, she reached down her shapely hand and managed to detach it from the plume without being observed. Then a strange fancy came into her mind—a wish to foil the designs of the unknown person who had thus marked her lover—and bending over she fastened it firmly to the plume of another knight standing just below her, under the pretense of curling the stranger's plume more gracefully.

But suddenly the trumpet sounded, and each knight betook himself to his station, ready for the coming conflict. Then another trumpet blast burst forth, causing the hearts of all to beat fast with anticipation, and with slow and majestic tread the combatants moved into the lists, each at an opposite end. Splendidly mounted, clad in complete armor, and with a sea of waving plumes above their heads, they afforded a truly magnificent spectacle. And then a third blast.

A thundering of hoofs, a clashing of steel, and the two plumed lines were merged in one. It was a glorious fight, and the hearts of the spectators throbbed madly with excitement as they beheld. Bravely each gallant knight held his part, and the contest seemed almost equal.

In the thickest of the fight was the low-born ruffian, Bertram, overwhelming the white plumed knights one after another with his ponderous blows, and all the time searching eagerly for his prey—a knight with a red spot on his plume.

At last he saw the one bearing this mark, and, forcing his way through the tumult, was soon by his side. One terrible blow of his battle-ax, and the doomed knight, with a crushed skull, lay bleeding on the sod.

With a thrill of exultation he felt that he had fulfilled his promise, and done to death the noble young knight, De Bracy. But hardly had he delivered the blow, when a white plumed knight swept up behind him, and with a ponderous stroke of his sword felled him from his horse, where he lay stunned beside his victim.

Throwing himself from his horse, the conqueror placed his foot on Bertram's neck, crying to him to yield.

But at that moment the king, taking pity on the brave knights, many of whom were disabled, and on those of the white plume, who seemed to be losing the day, threw down his warder, and the combat ended.

Then, as was previously agreed to, each knight, without changing his position, removed his helmet, and displayed his identity to the anxious crowd.

And he who had struck down Bertram, removing his helmet, displayed the features of Reginald De Bracy.

The one who had plotted for his death, too, had fallen a victim to his own vile plans, for on removing the helmet from the head of him whom Bertram had killed, the feature of Sir Richard Langley were exposed.

And Bertram, after recovering consciousness and being questioned in regard to his disguise, was forced to confess the whole plot, and received the punishment he so richly merited, while Reginald lived to wed the lovely Blanche, whose simple action had saved him from death.

Science of Kissing.

People will kiss—they seem to love it; but not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. But it is easy—at least for us! This little item is not alone for young beginners, but for the many who go at kissing like hunting coons, or shelling corn. First, know exactly who you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a good *miss take* may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and mack a woman on the neck, the ear, one corner of her forehead, the end of her nese, or slop over on her puffs, bang, or bonnet ribbons, in your haste to get through.

When God made the world He went slow, and at last pronounced it "very good." Ditto kissing. And the morning and night were the first day. It is simple, yet excellent. The gent should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a full mouth—we mean of expression, not of tobacco. Don't kiss all over, as the grasshoppers walk. Don't kiss everybody, including nasty little dogs, male or female. Don't sit down to it. Stand up. You need not be very anxious to get into a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss. More persons spoil the sport! Stand firm! It won't hurt you after you are used to it!

Take the left hand of the lady in your right hand; let your hat go to—any place out of the way! Throw the left arm gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon her right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry. Draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder—and a very handsome shoulder-strap it makes! Send a little life down your left arm, and make it know its business. Her left hand is in your right. Let there be expression in your grasp—not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry!

Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half-closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal! Be brave, but don't be in a hurry!

Her lips almost open! Lean lightly forward with your head—not the body. Take good aim—the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storms, troubles, and sorrows of life, (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes athwart the evening sky, (don't be in a hurry)—the nerves dance before the just erected altar of love (don't be afraid) as zephyrs dance with the dew- trimmed flowers—the heart forgets its bitternrss (don't be afraid), and the art of kissing is learned! No noise—no fuss—no fluttering and squirming, like hook impaled worms.

Kissing don't hurt—does not require a brass band to make legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth like a boy spearing for frogs! Don't grab and yank the lady, as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair—scrunch down her collar—bite her cheeks—squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed, rumpled and mummuxed! Don't flavor you kisses with onions, tobacco, gin cocktails, lager beer, etc., for a maudlin kiss is worse than the —— to a delicate, loving, sensitive woman! Try this receipt, and if you do not succeed, write us for further particulars, that's all.

Dare not Deny It.

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three," then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch mutteringly: "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"*Dear Doctor.*—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and I will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit (a ten pound note,) do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what the matter was with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same way.

Sentenced to Matrimony.

An English justice sentenced a couple to matrimony under circumstances which seem legally just, although legally curious. A young man and a young woman were contesting possession of a piece of property, the one claiming under an old lease, the other under and old will. 'It just striks me,' said the justice, that 'there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this old law suit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this a very nice young woman. (Laughter.) They can both get married and live happily on the farm. If they go on with law proceedings it will be all fritted away between lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage not to come off.'

The lady blushed and the young man stammered they 'liked each other a little bit,' so a verdict was entered for the plaintiff on condition of his promise to marry the defendent within two months, a stay of execution being put to the verdict till the marriage ceremony should be completed.

A SYRACUSE man calls his wife "Poor Rule," because she won't work more than one way, and usually not that.

LINES

SUGGESTED UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF LOUIS PRICE.

Death breathed upon his manly form; it moved
No more. His eye-lids closed, and utter
Darkness shut out earthly scenes; his lips
Refused to soothe with words of love; speech, like
A broken harp, would sound no more. In vain
His widowed mother called her son; her wail
Of agony burst forth like fountains falling
On a cold white stone. She once had clasped him
Like a lily to her breast; now as a
Frozen flower in death's cold arms he lay.
His sisters were like
Aspens trembling in
Their woe, their tears lay on his marble brow
Like pearls drawn from a sea of love. Friends
Many cluster'd round. Children were fond of
Him, and showed their love, by placing on his
Breast a cross of flowers, the symbol of
Our Faith, that never fades. Methinks the
Picture I have painted true, though from
Afar my heart hath sketched the scene.
Gentle
And loving, quietly he lived, complaining
Never of life's changing tide: like sand
Upon the sea, his fortune washed away.
Honest he was in thought as well as deed:
Honor is brighter than a crown of gold,
And we left after him do prize it more.
Another picture
Opens now to view:
A group of mourners bending o'er his grave.
They leave him not alone. Ah! many of
His kindred band sleep in that solemn
City of the Dead. The snow and ice will
Melt; the grass and flowers spring forth; birds
The trees will sing; and he will be in [on
Loving hearts enshrined, who oft will breathe
Above this new made grave, the name of
LOUIS PRICE.

MATILDA CANBY.

Uncompromising Church-Goers.

WHY MR. AND MRS. JOHN ARE NOT SUCH.

Well, no. The plain truth is, we can't be called uncompromising church-goers. We are not heathens by any manner of means, we hope to know what belongs to genteel morality in a Crhistian land, but we exercise considerable freedom of conscience in the matter of regular attendance on the "Stated preaching of the Word." For instance, we never go to church because other folks go, or for fear the neighbors will think us barbarians if we stay at home. We never go because we think it a duty, solemn, but tedious, to sit once a week under an orthodox dispensation of religious truth and theological speculation. We are never led to the sactuary by the force of early habit: partly because we were not hopelessly bent in this direction while young and tender, and partly because we prefer to put away childish habits as such, and do good understandingly. Far be it from us—fourthly—to make a seventh day exhibition of our clothes; this also for two reasons; we seldom have any to exhibit, and when we do have them, we take special pains not to provoke thereby the envy and admiration of our neighbors. And this very subject leads to another serious cause of our frequent absence from church, a reason that may be held up to rebuke but still an actual stumbling block—the difficulty of getting our outward apparel into a shape even fairly presentable, both of us and the children, all at the the same time. If my overcoat is new and stylish Mrs. John's cloak is sure to be out of date and threadbare. When her writer hat is beyond criticism mine is found to be badly damaged, or the moths have been at her furs. If, by good luck, the children's boots are in at the toes, my pantaloons are out at the—elbows, and by the time their jackets are sent home, one of my gloves turns up missing. On two separate occasions Mrs. John has had a siege of pneumonia, induced by sitting in a cold stone church during gloomy weather in November and January, and last year I brought on my hay fever by listening to a sermon on everlasting punishment, while sitting in a draught between the transept doors one fearfully hot day in August.

Finally, in the list of apologies, we never go to church through want of something else to occupy us. In fact the shoe is on the other foot. We commonly have so much to do on Sunday that we positively can't find time for this most appropriate and helpful ceremony. Dreadful, isn't it! But I don't see how it can be helped. Sometimes we have letters to write; sometimes a new book of sermons to read, a religious novel or essay on modern speculative thought or ancient philosophy, the proper digestion of which requires us to be free from care and labor, a condition only attained on Sunday. Occasionally Mrs. John is worn out with a week of overmuch serving and nothing will restore her to a Christian frame of mind and body but a long ride into the country. Do you suppose I'm going to be worse than an infidel and not provide for my own the things needful for their welfare? Better not allow her to work so hard during the week? I should indeed be glad to prevent, but even if that were possible I must labor six days myself and can only spare the seventh for her. At certain times we both feel so heavily oppressed with the hollowness of artificial life, that we are compelled to in a season of absolute devotion to the material works of the Creator in order to regain our moral and spiritual equillibrium; so we spend the day in the woods looking for bugs and mosses, studying the lights and shadows on the landscape and in the sky, and worshipping God in his own first temples. Over and over again we fight the world, the flesh and the devil with such exhausting energy during the week, that by the time we are brought safely through to Saturday night, we are glad to anticipate as far as we can the rest that is promised to faithful doers; and for which express purpose the original Sabbath day is supposed to have been instituted.—*E. C. Gardner.*

THE CHARACTER of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent and accomplished, the young men will feel that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. But remember always that the sister is the guardian of the brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter she is the light of home. The pride of the father often centres in his sons, but his affection is expended on his daughter.—She should be the sun and centre of all.

"PHIL, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry ye can't dine with me today." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with ye?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I havn't asked ye as yet."

Theology in Court.

COMPETENCY OF INFIDELS AS WITNESSES.

An interesting question was decided by Judge Brown in the Court of Common Pleas one day last week, in regard to the competency of infidels as witnesses, the precise point never having been before decided in the courts of this State. An action was on trial in which J. Amling had sued Francis Arndt for damages for injury to Amling's house by the erection of a house adjoining it. The first witness called was John Sauerlein, to whom Messers. F. C. Cook and Edgar H. Gans, counsel for Arndt, objected as an incompetent witness, because he did not believe in the existence of God and a future state of rewards and punishments. It was admitted this would be a legal objection to a witness. It was then proposed to investigate the witness as to his belief, when the counsel for Arndt further objected that if witness was not competent generally, he could not testify even as to his own own belief. Argument ensued by J. Meredith Reese for the witness, and Cook and Gans against him. Judge Brown said: This is a question of very great difficulty. The weight of the English authorities is for the American against the competency of a person objected to as such an unbeliever to prove his own competency. But I am to decide the question as the law is in Maryland if I can ascertain it. I have had some experience in the consideration and investigation of such questions, both while at the bar and on the bench. The custom has been to interrogate witnesses as to their incompetency. The only guide to the ascertainment of the state of the law in this State is found in article 36 of the Bill of Rights of Md. But does it furnish a solution of the difficulty? It says: 'No person ought to be molested in person or estate on account of his religious persuasion or practice, nor any person otherwise competent or deemed incompetent as a witness or juror on account of his religious belief, providing he believes in the existence of God, that he will be held morally accountable for his acts, and be punished therefore either in this world or the next.' This is a constitutional provision, and should not receive a narrow and technical construction. The same rule as applied to a witness as to a juror, and the mode of examination of each should, I think be the same. If a juror were to tell me that he could not conscientiously serve because he had not the required belief, I think that I should not be compelled to reject his evidence and resort to that of some person who had heard him express his opinions on some previous occasion. It would be my duty to hear him, and if he testified falsely he would be guilty of perjury and subject to its penalties. I would ascertain his competency in the matter of his belief just as I would his competency as to his age or residence. I shall on the same principle afford the witness an opportunity to explain his religious belief. But his testimony shall not be conclusive, and the defendant is not precluded from showing aliunde that the witness is incompetent by reason of his belief." Judge Brown then called up the witness, who, speaking in broken English, testified like a man of some intelligence. Judge Brown, after the witness swore to answer truly, asked him as follows: "Do you believe in the existence of God?" (witness answered promptly "Yes,") "and that in all His dispensations you will be held accountable for your acts and will be punished therefor either in this world or the world to come?" Answer by witness, "I do." He was declared a competent witness. The defense took exceptions to the rulings of the court, and then asked witness if, after reading a work by Darwin, a year or so ago, he had not said to Mr. Arndt that he did not believe in a God, and if he did not talk that way in a cigar shop before others, to all of which the witness replied that he had not said so. He said he had talked as others have on different forms of religious belief, but that he was a Lutheran by birth. In reply to another question about Darwin, Judge Brown said, laughingly, "I should not exclude the witness if he did believe in the doctrine of evolution, because I should be very reluctant to decide that a man cannot believe in that doctrine and in the existence of God also." The witness then went on with his testimony."—*Baltimore Sun.*

ENGAGEMENT bracelets are in fashion.

ICE packers all over Iowa are putting in a two year's supply.

A WHITE COON was shot the other night at Shelby, Ohio.

THE Spanish high comb is coming into vogue again.

BYCYCLES are getting to be numerous on the San Francisco streets.

ILLINOIS fruit growers fear their peach prospects are wholly frost killed.

A LARGE satin bow with ostrich tip, on the back of the head, is an opera bonnet.

THERE are five hundred thousand acres under cultivation of tea plants in Indiana.

THE wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses, that he is loved and blessed by.

MANY run after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting his hat while it is on his head.

WE are told that a father up town makes his children address him as follows: "Most respected and revered father, I'll take another tater."

A MAN was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

NOTHING does a doctor so much good as to prescribe an ocean voyage for a sick man, who can't raise enough money to pay his fare to Baltimore and back.

BOB INGERSOLL made $20,000 by abusing the Bible last year, and a Toronto clergyman died from starvation. Isn't it about time for another flood?

TO RELIEVE the intense itching of frosted feed, 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.

HENRY was sitting in the parlor with Laura, and in attempting to turn the gas down dim he extinguished it. "There!" he exclaimed, "the gas has gone out." "Yes," murmured Laura, "and I wish somebody would follow its example." Then Henry went out too.