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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:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

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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.

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,
MARION deK. SMITH.
y

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.

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.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.

SHOES! SHOES!

Large Variety!

Large Variety!

INFANTS' PLAIN LACE,
Infants' Fancy Lace,
Infants' Fancy Buttoned,
Children's Plain Lace,
Children's Plain Buttoned
Different styles and qualities.
Misses' Lace Balmorals,
Misses' Lace Gaiters,
Misses' Lace 4 Buttons,
Misses' Slippers,
Misses' Button Shoes,
Misses' Button Gaiters,
Boys' Plows,
Boys' Brogans,
Boys' Don Pedros,
Boys' Buttoned Grain,
Boys' Kid-top Buttoned,
Boys' Solar-tip Buttoned,
Boys' Tipped Buttoned,
Boys' Calf English Ties,
Boys' Buff English Ties,
Men's Plows,
Men's Brogans,
Men's Buff English Ties,
Men's Congress Gaiters,
Men's Calf Congress Gaiters,
Men's Calf Fine Boots,
Men's Fine Kip Boots,
Ladies' Goat, Mor. and Lasting Bals, Boots, Gaiters, Ties and Slippers;
different grades and qualities, and numerous other styles, all at as moderate prices as they can be sold.

For sale by
Mar. 8. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LONDON
Horse and Cattle
FOOD!

IS GUARANTEED

To renew Youth,
To prevent Disease,
To produce Flesh,
To prevent and cure Colic,
To prevent Heaves and Broken Wind,
To cure Coughs and Colds,
To cure Epizootic and Influenza,
To cure Glanders,
To kill Botts and Worms,
To loosen the Hide,
To lay the Hair,
To clean the Blood,
If used according to directions.

Put up in boxes and for sale by

C. F. STAM,
Chestertown, Agent.

Copy of Original Testimonials,

Baltimore, Jan. 31, 1879.

MR. J. S. KNAPP—Sir: I have made a thorough test of the London Food and recommend it to the public as a good Improvement Food for Horses. I will use it in preference to any condition powders I know of. [They have 300 horses.]

Respectfully, R. PRICE,
Sup't Citizens Line Street R. R.

Carrollton, Carroll Co., Md., Feb. 11, 1879.

JOHN S. KNAPP—Sir: Having used the London Horse and Cattle Food on both my horses and cows, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a good condition food for the horse and a profitable condiment for cattle, as it will cause cows to give more milk and make at least 25 per cent. more butter than any condition powders I ever used. Hoping this will induce my friends to try it, after which I am convinced they will bear the same testimony as to its merits as I do.

Yours, respectfully,
mh8-tf. JACOB M. HOFF.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

THOMAS C. KENNARD,

late of Kent county, Md., dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 11th of September, 1879, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under our hands this 4th day of March, 1879.

HENRY C. KENNARD,
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Mar. 8, 1879—4t. Executors.

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.

WANTED, a SINGLE MAN for head hand on a farm.
Address, inclosing recommendation,
G. W. POLK,
fe22-3t. Middletown, Del.

HALL'S HOTEL,
Chestertown, Maryland.

HAVING recently fitted up my Hotel in the very best manner, I am prepared to accommodate parties visiting this part of the Peninsula at very reasonable rates. I shall endeavor to leave nothing undone that will add to the comfort of my guests.

My TABLE will be under the management of my wife. Meals will be served in the very best manner. I shall aim to have everything that is in season.

No effort will be spared to make this the best Hotel on the Shore.

Parties conveyed from the boat or cars free of charge, and to any part of the Peninsula at very low rates.

JOHN HALL,
mh1-6m. Proprietor.

ARMSTRONG'S
NEW HOTEL,
CROSS STREET,
Above the ROCKWELL HOUSE.

THE subscriber has erected on the above street, in Chestertown, a NEW HOTEL, containing 21 rooms, and is prepared to accommodate either Permanent or Transient BOARDERS, on reasonable terms. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market affords.

He will also continue his RESTAURANT. OYSTERS served in every style by an experienced caterer; also Beefsteak and all the delicacies in season.

The bed rooms have been newly furnished in the best style.

☞Attached to the hotel is a first-class BILLIARD PARLOR with two good tables.

His BAR is supplied with the best of Liquors and Cigars of all kinds.

Horses fed and carefully attended to, on reasonable terms, by an experienced hostler.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended in the past, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. No effort will be spared to please all who may favor him with their custom. feb22.

Rockwell House.

JOHN W. RASIN, Prop'r.

THE undersigned, wishing to act the part of the "Good Samaritan," and having taken the "Rockwell House" opp. the Market House, recently occupied by Mr. John Armstrong, has conveniently refitted the same and is now conducting a FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

OYSTERS, of fine quality, served in all styles of cooking by polite and attentive waiters.

His BILL OF FARE embraces everything usually furnished in a

FIRST CLASS EATING HOUSE.

All the delicacies of the season in their season. ICE-CREAM of the first quality in its season.

☞MEALS AT ALL HOURS.☜

Prices reduced below the usual regular rates in order to meet the wants of the times. A trial is asked.

☞Oysters by the bushel or gallon, delivered at any station on the Kent R. R. at reasonable prices on short notice, and private families supplied fresh.

JOHN W. RASIN,
"ROCKWELL HOUSE," Chestertown.
Feb. 1, 1879.

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.

NOW OPEN!

C. F. STAM'S
NEWS DEPOT

is now open and fully supplied with all the late Periodicals, Illustrated Weeklies and Monthlies, &c.

☞Subscriptions received for any Paper—Religious, Agriculture, Literary or News, at lowest rates.

Call at C. F. STAM'S
jan11. Drug Store.

Up-Town Grocery.

JAMES WOOD, at his up-town Family Grocery, makes a specialty of FLOUR, MEAL and FEED STUFF. Families will find a variety of such goods as are requisite to the wants of the household; also Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

☞"Quick Sales and Small Profits" my motto. Give me a call.

feb1-tf* JAMES WOOD.

FARMERS
Look to your interest!
Buy the ADVANCE CHILLED PLOW
the cheapest and best in use.
JOHN BELL, Agent,
feb15. opposite the Bank.

A FINE FARM
Containing 150 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS,

Beautifully located a quarter of a mile from Chestertown, opposite Washington College, will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION at the Voshell House in CHESTERTOWN, on

TUESDAY,
The 25th of March, 1879,
At Two o'clock P. M.

The most of the soil is of superior quality. The farm is divided into three fields and well fenced.

This is one of the finest farms and most desirable locations in Kent county.

TERMS:—Only a small portion of the purchase money will be required in cash; for the balance an arrangement can be made to suit purchaser.

C. H. BAKER, Att'y.
March 1—ts.

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

WEDNESDAY,
The 26th 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.
March 1, 1879—ts.

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.

WANTED
TO BUY OR FREIGHT
50,000 or more Bushels of GRAIN!

We are daily in communication with the Baltimore market, and are before the farmers competing with any and all buyers for the PURCHASE OF GRAIN, offering the highest market price—less charges for handling—and paying for same when delivered at our Granary or on board vessel. *We are still soliciting Freights of Grain and General Merchandise.* Charges moderate. Prompt and personal attention given to any business entrusted to our care. Mr. WM. H. PALMER is still at the Wharf, where he or I can always be found to attend to any business in our line. Give us a trial.

n23-tf. J. E. TAYLOR.

BOATING, FREIGHTING.

To the FARMERS
And PUBLIC GENERALLY.

I take this method to inform you that I am in the market BUYING ALL KINDS OF GRAIN, for which I will pay the very highest cash price the market will afford, delivered at my warehouse or on the public landings.

All Grain FREIGHTED at 4c. per bushel, and all other Freights carefully handled & carried at extremely low rates. Give us a call. Resp'y,

oc25. CAPT. JAS. H THOMPSON.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

O! the Spring, the beautiful Spring,
When the trees do bud and the birds do sing,
And all the bells of nature ring,

Calling the sick from their beds of pain,
Come April showers on hill and plain,
Give us the violets back again.

Come smiling May with thy queenly tread,
Lead with thy wand to the lily bed
In the garden, close by the roses red.

Then will the rainbows in blessings meet,
The poor and lonely with incense greet
'Till the bitter of life is changed to sweet.

Thus methinks the Spring doth bring
Balm to heal 'neath the air's fresh wing
'Till the saddest hearts do in gladness sing—

Sing once more here, then upward gaze,
Where the walls of sapphire and emerald blaze,
And the flowers will bloom through changeless days.

Beautiful Spring! thou doth picture here
Reflected light from that land so fair,
Where robes like thine the saints do wear.

Angels and Saints, with their harps of gold,
We almost dream are on earthly mould,
Ready to bear us to Christ's safe fold.

Thus through Spring, the beautiful Spring,
Are we drawn above on thought's swift wing,
Praising with love our Lord and King.

Wilmington. MATILDA CANBY.

Longevity the Result of Care.

The fact that the late Richard Henry Dana was regarded as an invalid until he had reached 50, and yet outlived all his contemporaries, is not so uncommon as it appears. The opinion that it is usually healthful, robust men who attain longevity, while it is prevalent, is not correct. Many of our citizens now over 70, and likely to last much longer, are not and never have been vigorous of body. They have been, on the contrary, delicate from childhood, and keep themselves in active life by prudence and the excellent care they take of themselves. Peter Cooper is a conspicuous example. He was puny at his birth, and has continued more or less feeble ever since. Nevertheless, he has engaged in various enterprises; has created from nothing a large fortune; has been a most generous benefactor to his native city; and completed, on the 12th instant, his 88th year. The persons who go to their graves at 40 and 50 have frequently had any amount of physical stamina and have depended on it so entirely as to neglect all hygienic laws and disregard anything like discretion. There is a certain arrogance of health which ruins health by excess of confidence. Men of this sort are persuaded they can do and endure anything and everything, and, acting on their persuasion, they break down suddenly and unexpectedly and slip out of existence. The semi-invalid, or valetudinarian, on the other hand, seldom incurs any risk. He guards himself at every point; he sees where danger is and sedulously avoids it. His condition has rendered him heedful, and heedfulness has grown into unchanged and unchangeable habit. Ease of circumstances also contributes greatly to longevity, where a man either has simple tastes or is judicious in his mode of living. Adversely to the accepted notion, poverty is rarely good for anybody; for it entails not only absence of comfort, but constant friction and endless worry. Other things being equal, the rich long survive the indigent.

Are Animals Sensible to Ridicule?

Mr. Sidney Buxton, in one of his amusing papers on animals, in the *Animal World* for February, says that dogs and horses are, as far as he knows, the only animals sensitive to ridicule, while cats and birds are wholly unaware that they are being laughed at. He tells of a pony of his own which gets very cross when disparaging remarks are made upon him, and "becomes furious, and stamps about his stall, putting back his ears, and attempting to bite," if he is openly laughed at, while praise greatly pleases him. The truth is that it is only those creatures which can feel sympathy with men which can also appreciate ridicule. The horse sympathizes evidently with many of his rider's feelings and amusements, while the dog can enter into no small proportion of his feelings. But birds and cats, though often exceedingly affectionate, and full of attachment to individual, hardly ever attempt to enter into human feelings—as Cowper's dog Beau, for instance, entered into the poet's desire to possess himself of the water lily. The hatred of ridicule always accompanies a capacity for sympathy. Certainly dogs, and probably horses, know the difference between being laughed at in derision, as we laugh at a fool, and being laughed at in admiration, as we laugh at a good comic actor, and enjoy the latter as much as they resent the former. It is questionable, however, whether some parrots do not understand and enjoy the practice of making fun of their human acquaintances—do not appreciate the art of duping, and take pleasure in it.

Glass Clothing.

It may seem a transparent falsehood to state that people wear glass clothing, but this sort of apparel may yet come into use. Glass would seem to be about the last thing to think of as clothing, but it is nevertheless true that glass cloth is being made in Germany. The following particulars of the process are translated for the Detroit *Free Press* from the German *Hervehut* by Herman Frueauff, of that city: "At Gaudenfrei the artist and glass spinner, A. Prengel, of Vienna, has established his glass business, offering carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, etc., of glass. He not only spins, but weaves glass before the eyes of the people. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads and uses them for making good, warm clothing. It sounds like a myth, but Mr. Prengle introduces certain ingredients, which are is secret, and thereby changes the entire nature of the glass. He has just finished a white, curly glass muff for a lady in St. Petersburg. He charges forty thalers ($30) for them. Also, ladies' hats of glass, with glass feathers. A remarkable feature of this glass material is that it is lighter than feathers. Wool made of glass cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Mr. Prengle's glass inventions are something so extraordinary and useful for clothing, etc., as glass is a non-conductor, that it will probably cause an entire revolution in dress material.

"My friend," said a minister as a preface of his sermon, "let us say a few words before we begin."

CATCHING THE SCHOOL MASTER.

"Young and handsome?"

"Yes, just as nice as can be."

"Single?"

"Why, of course. He is too young to be married."

"Then let's see who'll catch him," laughed the pert girl of the village.

"You wont," said pretty Jessie Warner.

"And why not, I wonder?"

"Because I—I don't think he's the kind to be caught that way."

"Oh, you are going to try the coy and retiring young woman, are you?" said Frank. Her name was Frances.

"I am not going to try anything," was the response. "He has only been here a few days."

"We'll see," said Frank, tossing her black curls. "They say he is studying law, and I mean to marry a lawyer if I possibly can."

The "catching" had hitherto been done by the wiry, nervous, much-enduring school masters made tyrants by the idleness and insolence and insubordination of the larger scholars. They had "caught" boys by the collar; "caught" the older girls reading novels under cover of well thumbed school books; caught them writing love letters instead of compositions, and held them up to the ridicule of the school. One who is always on the watch for mischief is sure to find it.

This *regime* had passed away. A young and handsome man, a very Chesterfield in manners, had met the scholars as a gentleman meets young ladies and gentlemen, and now some of the girls declared, as no girl with self-respect would declare, that he was to be caught himself.

So enthusiastic, so really imbued with his work was he, that he easily inspired the best spirits in the school, so that they vied with each other in keeping up in their studies and in general good order.

But, strangely enough, the master seemed determined not to be "caught." In vain invitations poured upon him to parties, to all the Baywood gaieties; in vain the nets were spread in his sight; in vain some of the young ladies dressed for him, smiled at him—he was apparently insensible to all allurements. He could be seen only at school, in the street or at church.

"He's just a poke," said Kate, pouting, "and I do hate a poke, young or old."

One pleasant evening several of the girls met together in the sitting room of Deacon Tufts. Now the deacon was a cripple, and as he had been chosen postmaster and could not go out to the office, the office came to him.

It was a pleasant room, and generally quite well filled with applicants for letters. As was often the case in these informal little meetings, the master was the subject under discussion.

"Have you caught him yet?" asked one of the girls of Frank slyly.

"Oh, Jessie, here, seems to be the favorite," said Frank. "He has eyes only for her. Hope she appreciates the attention. He ought to be good to her, or maybe his supplies would be cut off."

"Of course, I appreciate his kindness," said Jessie, with a laugh. "Why, only think, he's going to teach me French."

"Indeed! The district doesn't pay him for giving you private lessons," said Frank, almost angrily.

"Certainly not," replied Jessie; "but his time is his own outside of the school house. Of course I will try to return his kindness."

"I don't doubt it; but pray tell us in what way?" asked Frank, ironically.

"Oh, I put flowers in his room to make it look cheerful, and on the table to make a little boquet for his coat—that is, I did make one, but he wouldn't wear it," she added.

"Quite sentimental! You have the coast clear before you, haven't you?"

"Well, if you mean he boards at our house and must be treated kindly, yes. The night you were all at the dance, he took mother and me to ride."

"So that's the reason he didn't come to my party!" cried Frank, her eyes red as well as her cheeks.

"Partly, and partly because he hates dancing—he told me so."

"How well you are matched," retorted Frank. "You don't dance, and he don't like it. If you keep on with your flowers and your rides, you'll catch him, never fear."

"Oh, but I neither wish nor intend to catch him."

"Maybe he's engaged to somebody already—he acts like it," was the suggestion of Frank's coosin. "I told Frank she ought to find out."

"He has plenty of letters addressed in a lady's handwriting," said the deacon, holding one up for them to see, and he turned away with a queer smile; "but I am pretty sure none of them are from a sweet-heart."

"Maybe he's got a sister."

"He has, and a mother, too. His sister is married, and the mother is living with her."

"Oh, but what does he want to hire the brown cottage for?" inquired a quiet little girl. "Father has it to let, you know, and it seems to me I heard him say the schoolmaster wanted it for his family."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Frank.

At this the postmaster laughed aloud.

"If he's engaged he's mean enough!" said Frank, with warmth. "The idea of his coming here under false pretences!"

"Did he ever tell anybody he was not engaged?" asked the deacon.

"I don't know if he did, and I'm sure I don't care if he's engaged to a dozen girls. If he's conceited enough to think I do I'll soon undeceive him.

It was always self with the foolish girl. Her undue consciousness had led her into trouble more than once.

"Hush, Frank, there's Mr. Evans. I hope he didn't hear us," said Jessie, as the tall figure of the clergyman entered.

"Who cares? If you suppose I am afraid of the minister you are mistaken," she added, boldly walking up to him, heated with temper and chagrin.

"Mr. Evans, you are one of the School Committee," she said, with the assurance of a business man of forty. "Will you please tell us what is the mystery about the teacher you have employed for the winter?"

"Mystery—mystery?" said Mr. Evans looking at her in surprise. "Really, Miss Frances, I have never heard that there was any mystery about him."

"Well, there is, and I think it ought to be cleared up. Taxpayers ought to know what sort of men come into our midst, especially when he has charge of their daughters."

"He came with the best recommendations," said the minister, more and more surprised.

"Well, sir, the deacon declares he is not engaged to be married, and yet he is looking for a house in which to live, I understand, and he is at the same time playing the free young gentlemen among us girls."

"Has he showed any special attention to you, or trifled with any of the rest of my young flock?"

"He is certainly trying to do so with Jessie, sir."

"Oh, Frank, how can you say so?" cried Jessie, her face aflame, her eyes sparkling indignantly. "He is a perfect gentleman," she added, turning to the minister, "and I know all about him and meant to tell Frank, after having a little fun. Why, he has been married a year to a most beautiful girl. He told mamma, after we had become a little acquainted, that he married her just after he graduated, because she was alone and had no friends or protector. He is now studying day and night to get admitted to the bar, and he is anxious to bring his wife here; that is why he was looking at the little cottage, as it has a few rooms furnished. Now you have the whole mystery."

"You might have told us before!" cried Frank, with a scarlet face. "You, too, Deacon Tufts, ought to be ashamed of your conduct, for of course you knew all about it."

"To be sure I did. Didn't I answer all your questions, young lady? I thought I would let you run on awhile, and get all the nonsense out of you. The master made no particular secret of his marriage that I know of, neither has he proclaimed it upon the housetops. Maybe he ought to—I don't know. You knew he was married, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it. He showed mother his wife's photograph, and it seems she can teach botany and conchology and music. She can help him a great deal if she comes here."

Then the minister read Frank and the girls a short lesson, ending with these timely words:

"When you are old enough and wise enough to have homes of your own, you will wait till some worthy man throws out the line and catches you; and I am sure you will find in the young woman who is coming a beautiful, discreet and lovable companion; and although none of you have caught the schoolmaster, you ought to catch many a wise lesson from his manly, modest demeanor, as well as from his instructions from the desk."

American College Discipline.

New York Graphic.

Boys to Faculty—Look here! we want shorter 5 o'clock prayers in the morning.

Faculty—Very well, boys. We'll nip the prayers off at both ends. Only don't go to the Harvard shop across the way to buy your education.

Boys—And we want whiskey in our tea.

Faculty—Now, boys, that isn't entirely right, you know. Wine is a mock—

Boys—Whiskey in our tea and a pint apiece every morning after prayers, or we patronize McCosh's shop.

Faculty—Very well, boys. Please take your boots off the centre-table, will you not?"

Boys—And the professor of theology must black our boots and cut the meat up for our bull pups!

Faculty—Now, boys, that's too bad. No college does such a thing—at least for the money. Gentlemen, please put your dogs out of the parlor, won't you?

Boys—Professor Dogstar must black our boots and cut the pup's meat up, or we go over to the New Haven shop.

Faculty—We'll try and suit you, boys.

Boys—And Mrs. Professor Haxameter must tuck us in after we go to bed, and bring us our soda and brandy in the morning.

Professor Haxameter—Mrs. Hex. shall do no such thing.

Boys—All right; we move over to the Free and Easy Theological Institute tomorrow.

The faculty retire for private deliberation, and Prof. Haxameter is invited to resign. The boys must be humored.

How to Live at a Hotel.

I was talking with a gentleman the other day who has spent nearly thirty years at a hotel in New York, hale, hearty, vigorous—outliving by a decade his associates in hotel life. "Yes," he said, "I have outlived all my companions. Most of them were younger than myself, and gave promise of a much longer life. Their style of living ruined them. The bill of fare was large and generous. They paid for what was in it, why not eat it? They began with soup, and ended with nuts and raisins. Their diets palled on their palates. Vigorous condiments were added to give their food relish. Copious draughts of liquor were enjoyed. They lived a fast life and had a fast life's reward. My style of living is entirely different. I regarded the hotel as my home, where I was to live for years. The spread was affluent, but my living was simple. I changed my soup daily. I confined myself to one kind of meat, and changed it every day. The dessert was varied enough to give me seven new courses a week. Sometimes I had coffee, sometimes tea, sometimes milk, and then occasionally water. My associates were always ailing, always in need of the doctor. The hotel's physician made me a friendly call occasionally; I have not sent for him in twenty-five years. I have seen many a man eat himself out of house and home. I have followed many an associate to the grave who died from overeating and bad digestion. I am here, hale and hearty, with a decade longer to live."

A COLORED FIRM recently dissolved partnership and posted the following notice to the public: "De dissolution of co-parships heretofo resisted betwix me and Mose Jones, in de barber profession am heretofore dissolved. Passons who owe must pay to the subscriber. Dem what the firm owes must call on Jones, as de firm is involved."

THE mischievous school-boy who places a bent pin on the teacher's seat is a harbinger of spring, as it were.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck
In just the daisiest fashion.

But buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy,
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

AND THIS WAS A WOMAN!

THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL THROUGH WHICH A LADY WAS COMPELLED TO PASS.

MRS. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex. On a recent evening she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor, almost direct at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under a broad-topped ornamental table in the centre of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers and remembered that several desperate burglaries had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositiously by a negro desperado who was notorious as having lost two fingers of his right hand. Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and besides herself in the house, there was but a single maidservant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant. "Hand me writing materials, Bridget," she said, with perfect calmness; "I want you to take a note this instant to Forfair, the jeweler, and have him send back with you my diamond necklace and ear-drops, which I left for repairs several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twenty-fold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer." The note was written and despatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged him to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive. The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and in other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited, waited with a wildly beating heart and her eyes fastened upon the hands of her little ormulu clock with a greedy feverish gaze. At last, however, came the prayed-for relief, there was a ring at the door-bell and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open the door. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfair and three stalwart policemen. The latter passed stealthily up stairs and into the boudoir, where they suddenly pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him without a struggle. The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Chapman, but most known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years sentence in the Alabama State prison.—*Hartford Times.*

A SOAK FOR SEED CORN.—A correspondent of an exchange has tried soaking seed corn in a solution of chloride of lime, and says of it: "By soaking seed corn for seven hours in a very strong dedoction of chloride of lime, corn can be forced ahead to maturity two or three weeks sooner than it will mature otherwise; besides, he thinks, it renders the seed almost proof against the depradations of gophers. The lime warms up the germ of the seed, and sends it up quickly, giving it two or three weeks the start of corn planted in the ordinary way, thereby insuring against the frost at the close of the season."

SMALL FARMS.—Model small farms, instead of large ones, may well engage the attention of agricultural societies and departments of moral reformers, and also of political economists. Over-extension of our national domain is a major factor in the "big farm" mania which is depleting the vigor of our national life. With approximately the same number of people as either France or Germany, we have many times as much territory as both of them combined.—*N. Y. Farmers' Club.*

WITTY SAYINGS are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even dropped by chance, springs up as a flower.

FATHER: "Good evening, Patsey. It's a fine moonlight night." Patsey: "It is, your reverence, but it is not to-night we want the moon out; it's the dark nights we want it."

A Bad House for Burglars.

HOW MR. BEECHER, OR HIS WIFE, OR HIS CHILDREN, WOULD RECEIVE THEM.

From the N. Y. World.

"Mr. Beecher," said the reporter, "you have read the account of the killing of a burglar by Captain Richards, of the Seventh Regiment. What do you think of it?"

"Entirely justifiable!" answered Mr. Beecher, with emphasis.

"Suppose you found a burglar in your house at night; what would you do?"

"Shoot him as quick as lightning!" exclaimed the clergyman, almost fiercely.

"Any man who, from motives of personal safety, allows a burglar to walk through his house with impunity not only acts in a cowardly manner, but violates one of the most sacred duties he owes to the community. Every man's house is his castle, not only to live in, but to defend. I regard him who fails to defend it in the same light as I would a soldier who being intrusted with the defense of a fort, allows the enemy unresisted to enter and take possession of it.

"To permit a burglar to ransack my house is an injustice to the community, because it holds out a temptation to shiftless young men to commit burglaries. Experienced cracksmen of course will run risks where there is a big prize to be won, but ordinary robberies are committed by less fearless men, who would not attempt them if they knew they would incur danger of being killed in the act. Now what could a burglar get by coming into my house? The things he could gather up and carry off are such that he could not sell for more than $20, and do you think he would risk his life for that? No, indeed! But, he argues: 'Beecher is a clergyman; he would rather lose twenty watches than take a man's life.' Not a bit of it. I wouldn't let him take even the pointer of a watch. And not from a mere property consideration either, but because it is my duty to defend the sanctity of my household. My house, where my wife and children live, shall not be entered violently by any man except at his peril. And so I have taught my wife and all my children to shoot, and any burglar who enters my house may expect to be killed."

The reporter then called Mr. Beecher's attention to the fact that a religious paper published in this city recently offered as prizes for increasing its subscription lists three sizes of revolvers, with a prospectus remark that a revolver in the house at midnight is sometimes more useful than books.

"I think it is a very good idea and quite right," said Mr. Beecher.

A Level-Headed Dead Man.

From the Balto. American.

The following is an extract from the will of a gentleman who was a citizen of and died recently in Baltimore county, and which he directed should be read at his funeral. The leading traits of his character throughout his life were honesty and truthfulness, and the extract shows how he, as a dying man, viewed the popular and fashionable funeral pageantry of the day: "In view of the uncertainty of life, I hereby commit to writing my last wishes with regard to the manner and means used for the disposal of my mortal remains. First, I wish my body to be clothed in a plain shroud. I wish no flowers nor mock display. I object to my body being carried to the church. I wish to be removed from my earthly home to its last resting place, there to rest, unmarked, unless at some future time some child or children are moved so to do. Most earnestly I request that nothing called mourning shall be worn by my family, as I am persuaded this has become a solemn mockery. If the heart is not the fountain from whence these emotions flow they can never eminate from this source. Above all, I wish no undeserved eulogies pronounced over my remains. If there was one trait in my character worthy of imitation then imitate it, and with the last look bury all my imperfections and infirmities with my remains. Without reflection upon my friends, I may allude to one infirmity of our natures, that is, in vieing with each other to show our considerations and respect for them that are beyond this influence. There was a time, but the opportunity is lost. If I may select the ground for a few remarks it is from these words, "Unprofitable tenant." Lastly, in order to satisfy the curious and to avoid reflections upon my family, I request —— or the minister officiating to read this publicly at my funeral. J. H. S."

MRS. MARTHA RAYNOR, of Brookl