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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. 40. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879. No. 8.

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.

SOME OF

THE FINEST LAND

In Kent County

—AT—

TRUSTEES' SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustees will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the VOSHELL HOUSE, in CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, on

WEDNESDAY,

The 9th day of July, 1879,

At Eleven o'clock A. M.,

THE REAL ESTATE OF THE LATE JAMES A. ROSEBERRY,

Comprising: His

Home Farm

Of 185 ACRES, more or less,

beautifully located near Lynch's Station, on the Kent county Rail Road, six miles from Chestertown, six miles from Barnard's Wharf and Betterton, on the Sassafras River, and convenient to Schools, Churches, Mills, &c. It adjoins the farms of Thos. J. Willis, Mrs. Needles, and others.

The soil is of fine quality, highly improved and productive.

There are about Six Acres in YOUNG CHESTNUT, the rest of the farm is arable, and is divided into four fields and two lots, besides

A Peach Orchard

Of 2800 TREES,

eight years old, and in full bearing.

The whole is substantially fenced.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Are a TWO-STORY BRICK

DWELLING HOUSE,

With KITCHEN attached;

Good Cellar and finished attic; a large BARN, Three Stables, Three Corn Houses, Cow Sheds, two Carriage Houses, Meat House, Poultry House, &c. Also, a Tenant House near the Barn, all recently repaired and in good condition.

A Young Pear Orchard

OF SELECT VARIETIES.

There is an abundant supply of excellent Water. About 40 acres are planted in Corn.

The GALE FARM,

Situated on the North side of the public road from I. U. Church to Lynch's Station, directly opposite the Home Farm, contains

265 ACRES.

The soil is of the same general character as the Home Farm, and is capable of a high state of improvement; it is well watered by two running streams; conveniently divided into five fields and enclosed with fair fencing.

There are about 30 Acres in Chestnut and Cedar wood, the balance is arable.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

ARE

A FRAME DWELLING,

in good repair; new Carriage House and Corn Crib; Good Barn, all in good condition.

There are about fifty acres in Corn.

Also, a WOOD LOT

Of 19 ACRES,

on the public road from Lynch's Station to Urieville, adjoining the Skeggs farm. It is improved by

A Small Frame Dwelling.

By the consent of Mrs. Roseberry this property will be sold clear of dower.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: The sum of $5000 to be paid within three months from the day of sale; the residue or balance in three equal instalments in nine, eighteen and twenty-four months from the day of sale; the whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustees. The cash payment will be apportioned between the several parcels of land sold.

RICHARD HYNSON,
CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
TRUSTEES.

NOTICE.—The Creditors of the late James A. Roseberry are hereby notified to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit court for Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON,
CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
TRUSTEES.

June 14, 1879—tds.

DR. C. M. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

Having located in Chestertown, offers his professional services to the public.

feb1-tf.

A CARD.

CHESTERVILLE, April 8, 1879.

THE undersigned, after an experience of 12 years, offers his professional services to the people of Chesterville and vicinity. He will be found at the recent residence of Dr. E. F. Nowland.

Special attention given to diseases of females. N. COMEGYS, M. D.

April 12-tf.

HOWARD BROS.,

House & Sign Painters.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

House Painting, Graining, Staining, Kalsomining, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. Fine graining a specialty. Estimates furnished promptly at reduced prices. Orders left at Stam's Drug store will receive prompt attention. a12-6m.

ATTORNEY'S SALE

—OF—

A Desirable Farm

IN KENT CO., MD.

BY VIRTUE of competent authority from the owner, the undersigned, as Attorney, will offer at public sale at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on

WEDNESDAY,

The 9th day of July, 1879,

Between the hours of Twelve o'clock M., and One o'clock P. M.,

ALL THAT FARM, CALLED

"AFTON,"

and known as the RICAUD FARM, situated in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, adjoining the lands of Jos. B. Baker, and others, containing

225 ACRES,

MORE OR LESS.

About 175 acres is cleared land, and is in good tillage. The residue is in meadow and wood. The land is mostly light, with good red clay subsoil, and yields good crops of grain and grass. The whole farm is well watered, and the meadow, is thoroughly ditched, would be very valuable standing pasture, besides affording plenty of good marl.

There is a good APPLE ORCHARD on the farm, and about 800 old PEACH TREES.

THE DWELLING

is a FRAME BUILDING, with two good rooms down stairs besides Kitchen and Pantry, and four rooms up stairs in fair repair.—There is also a good dry Cellar under the house, and a Smoke House, Ice House and Carriage House. The Out-buildings consist of Granary, Stable & Corn Houses sufficient for the farm, and in tolerable repair; also, a Tenant or Overseer's house.

This place is within a mile of Church, Mill and P. O., and within ½ mile of an excellent country store. It is within 3 miles of Steamboat Landing at Grey's Inn Creek and the Kent County R. R. extension to Chesapeake Bay passes just in the rear of the farm.

This could be made a very desirable and productive farm with small expenditure.

TERMS OF SALE:

$2,000 cash; residue in 1, 2 and 3 years, with interest. Crops of the current year reserved. Possession given Jan. 1, 1880, with privilege of seeding wheat this fall.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
Attorney for Mrs. A. E. S. Ricaud.

I hereby declare my consent to the above sale. W. S. WALKER.

June 14, 1879—ts.

NEW MILLINERY!

Mrs. Kate Gill,

Would respectfully call the attention of her customers and public in general to her assortment of

SUMMER MILLINERY,

which comprises all the Latest Styles of the season. Also, a full line of the

Latest Styles of GLOVES,

with embroidered bands, very stylish. A full line of fringes of all colors; handsome Black Silk Fringe for dresses.

Call and examine.

May 31. MRS. KATE GILL.

New Spring Millinery

—AND—

FANCY GOODS.

LAMBERT SISTERS have just opened a new and beautiful assortment of

Spring and Summer MILLINERY

AND FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES.

Our Goods have been selected with care and bought at the lowest cash figures, which enables us to guarantee satisfaction both as regards style and prices. Our stock includes a full line of all such goods as are usually found in a first class Millinery Store, such as *BONNETS, HATS, Laces, Flowers, Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Toilet Articles, &c., &c.*

The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods and prices. We are selling at small profits for cash.

DRESS MAKING of all kinds done in the best manner and at low prices.

☞ Store opposite KENT NEWS Office.

may10-tf. LAMBERT SISTERS.

To the Ladies!

1879 *SPRING* **1879**

AND SUMMER

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

LATE STYLES! LOW PRICES!

MRS. H. USILTON,

Just below Wickes' Drug Store, has received a well selected stock of new and beautiful MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS for Spring and Summer wear, of the latest and most fashionable styles.

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons,

LACES, TRIMMINGS,

Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments. She is satisfied of her ability to please both in quality and price.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. No effort will be spared to give full satisfaction to all who favor her with their patronage.

MRS. H. USILTON.

Just below Wickes' Drug Store.

May 10, 1879.

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.

Valuable Estate

AT THE MOUTH OF CHESTER RIVER,

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

IN exercise of the power and authority contained in the will of Mrs. Henrietta E. Willson, late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased, the undersigned, on

WEDNESDAY,

The 9th day of July, 1879,

At Twelve o'clock M.,

Will offer at the Voshell House in Chestertown the

Valuable REAL ESTATE

CALLED

"ELLENDALE,"

and lately owned by Capt. GEORGE H. WILLSON.

This estate lies in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, Md., at or near the mouth of Chester River, about two and a-half miles south of Rock Hall.

The situation is most desirable, being convenient to Churches and Schools, but a short distance from the Steamboat landing on Grey's Inn Creek, and in a direct water line not more than twenty-two miles from Baltimore.

Its Water Front

will bear a favorable comparison with the most desirable locations on our magnificent Bay, and its proximity to the best Fishing Grounds and Shooting Points on the Bay and its tributaries, offer to the lovers of these sports rare inducements to purchase.

THE ENTIRE ESTATE CONTAINS ABOUT

398 ACRES,

And Eleven Perches,

of which not less that FORTY ACRES are in WOOD AND TIMBER. The residue is arable, and under good fencing. The soil is of good quality and well adapted to cereals and fruits.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

ARE A COMMODIOUS

DWELLING,

And all the usual OUT-BUILDINGS.

A YOUNG PEACH ORCHARD

AND A VERY FINE AND LARGE

Apple Orchard.

All the improvements are in good repair. The estate is now divided into two Farms. It will be first offered as divided and then as one farm.

THE TERMS will be liberal, and published at the sale.

☞ For further particulars consult my Attorney, R. HYNSON, *Chestertown, Md.*

JAMES B. WILLSON,
Executor of H. E. Willson.

June 14, 1879—ts.

FARMERS, LOOK!

Chapman & Lambert,

Beg leave to call the attention of farmers to their

Iron Frame Cultivators

And CULTIVATOR TEETH.

These Cultivators are guaranteed not to choke. Some of the best farmers in Kent and Queen Anne's counties have used these Cultivators, a few of whose names we append below, and whom we give as references:

ROCK HALL, May 13, 1879.

Messrs. Chapman & Lambert—Gents:—The Iron Frame Cultivators I bought of you are the best I ever used, and I would recommend all farmers to try them. They are all you claim for them.

WM. STEVENS.

LANKFORD, May 9th, 1879.

Messrs. Chapman & Lambert—Gents:—I used your Iron Cultivator last Spring. I consider it the best one I have ever used, and your teeth can't be beat.

Resp'y, JAMES L. BECK.

REFERENCES—KENT COUNTY:

Wilbur Eliason,	Richard Leaverton,
H. M. Wilkins,	A. J. Hynson,
John Brice,	Benj. F. Beck,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	A. Hurlock,
J. T. Skirven,	Sam'l J. Roseberry,

QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY:

T. J. Tucker,	Aaron Welch,
Geo. W. Smith,	C. W. Clements.

The prices for this season have been greatly reduced.

We have on hand a large lot of

Cultivator TEETH,

CHEAP as the Cheapest. Also a lot of WOODEN FRAME CULTIVATORS for sale very cheap.

Double Furrow PLOWS

for sale at the lowest prices.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Ma, 17—tf.

New Stock! Latest Styles!

BOOTS and SHOES!

SUMMER, 1879!

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,

apr19. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

NEW STOCK of DRY GOODS and NOTIONS at the lowest prices. Call.

jan 25. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

ONE of the BEST FARMS

IN KENT COUNTY,

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

ONE OF THE BEST FARMS IN KENT COUNTY will be offered at Public Sale at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY, July 1st, 1879,

At 2 o'clock P. M.

It is known as the

Ringgold Farm,

and well located on the public road near Fairlee, containing

240 Acres, more or less,

adjoining the home farm of the late Wm. T. Baker. It is convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills and Shops.

The soil is of the best quality, and is one of the most desirable and productive farms in the county.

C. H. BAKER, ATT'Y.

June 21, 1879—ts.

Small Vessel

FOR SALE.

BY virtue of a power contained in a Mortgage Bill of Sale from James D. Greet to the undersigned, and duly recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, the undersigned will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, at the Wharf at Turner's Creek, on

SATURDAY,

The 28th day of June, 1879

At 2 o'clock P. M.,

A Small Vessel

21 feet long, with two masts and sails, commonly called "NELLY," otherwise called "American Boy," measuring about seventeen tons, with rigging and Tackling, Stove, Pipes, Water Barrels and appurtenances. In good condition, and about four years old.

THE TERMS OF SALE are a credit of Ten months from the day of sale, to be secured by note with approved security, and to bear interest from the day of sale.

LEWIS ZINGER.

G. W. JACOBY, Auct'r.

June 14, 1879—ts.

Look!

The Place to Buy

The Best Clothing

FOR THE LEAST MONEY and BE SURE OF LATEST STYLES and BEST FITS, is at

THE NEW STORE

—OF—

CHAS. ROLPH,

Next door to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store.

CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$3.00
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$4.50
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$5.00
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$6.00
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$7.00
CEOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$8.00
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$9.00
CLOTHING	MEN'S SUITS	$10.00

ALSO,

A FULL LINE OF **SUITS** FOR

BOYS and YOUTHS.

CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$3.00
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$4.00
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$4.50
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$5.00
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$6.00
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$6.50
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$7.00
CLOTHING	Boys' Suits	$8.00

ALSO,

A Full Assortment of

WOOL, FUR and STRAW

HATS.

☞ My goods are all selected with special reference to the wants of this section and will be sold at prices to compare with the present reduced prices of everything else. *I will not be undersold.*

Don't mistake the place:

CHAS. ROLPH,

Adjoining T. W. Wickes'.

May. 10, 1879.

JUST RECEIVED!

AND FOR SALE

A NEW SUPPLY OF

Boots and Shoes,

STRAW HATS,

And Cincinnati Banner Sugar-Cured

HAMS.

To this brand of Hams was awarded the First Premium at the Centennial Exhibition. JAMES A. SHAW.

May 10. Court Street

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
Some may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn there were none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we go to the end.

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

"I don't want to go to school any more, father."

Mr. Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first-born, a lad of about fifteen.

And a bright, intelligent face it was, though it was a little clouded now by a feeling of dubiousness as to how his words would be taken.

"Why don't you want to go to school any more?"

"Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and I don't see any use in it."

"Think you know enough, that you don't need to learn any more?"

The boy colored a little at that quizzical look and tone.

"I know as much as George Layman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he ain't going away to school when his father has got plenty of money."

Mr. Palmer turned upon his son's face a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Layman say that, Walter? His father is a poorer man than I thought him."

"You are richer than Mr. Layman is, ain't you father?" cried the boy eagerly.

"I hoped I was, but that remains to be seen."

"Mr. Layman is rich, too, father, every one says that he is."

"That remains to be seen also. So you have quite made up your mind that you do not want to go to school any more, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't, then."

"Oh, thank you, father!" cried Walter, his face brightening.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat preparatory to making a dive through the open door. "Come back, I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except, perhaps, my good intentions. Considering it as the best gift I could bestow, it was my intention to give you a thorough education. But there is a homely and true saying: 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten cannot make him drink.' So, though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because, if you feel as you say you do, it will be only time and money thrown away. But I want you to understand clearly one thing; that if you do not go to school you will have to go to work. I can't afford to have you idle."

Walter's countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

"Do you mean that I must go out at day's work like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?"

"I mean that you must have some steady employment, some trade or business, which will give you just so many hours' work as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Layman and Will Broomley don't have to work; and they say they don't mean to either.—George told me he heard his father say that you was the richest man in the county."

"I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle."

Mr. Palmer smiled as he saw Walter's puzzled look.

"This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son, and I might talk to you from this time until sunset and not make it any more clear to you. Tomorrow is Saturday, and, you know, I always take you somewhere that day. This time it shall be to Plainfield, where an old schoolmate of mine is living. A visit to him and the place where he lives will serve better to explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning Walter and his father started out bright and early, in the open phaeton, drawn by a pair of well-matched, mettlesome bays, which bore them swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country and so entirely new to Walter, that he forgot all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father? Why, it looks like a prison."

"It is a prison," said Mr. Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during their ride, as Walter remembered afterwards.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate of yours."

"Here is where he lives."

Walter followed his father silently up the steps which led to the heavy massive door of the main entrance.

"Did you ever think that any one of your schoolmates might find a home in some such place as this?—or even that you might?" said Mr. Palmer as he pulled the bell, whose clangor broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply the heavy door swung back, and they were ushered into the warden's office.

He was a heavily bearded man, with a stern, almost forbidding countenance; but he shook hands with Mr. Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and smile, the latter giving his face quite another aspect.

"I came to inquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr. Palmer, after a few preliminary words. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, rather headstrong, and fonder of play than study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent I should have given him a place as bookkeeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was, I had to put him in the shoe shop. He is quiet, but he takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but if you would like to see him I'll have him sent out."

Mr. Palmer assented; and in a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered, whose closely cut hair and peculiar dress gave him a very strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Palmer, though there was a visible constraint in his manner which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two, Mr. Palmer seemed the most affected. His voice broke a little as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Jackson; but sorry, very sorry to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man with a forced smile.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter.

"I needn't ask whose boy this is."

"It is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the age we were when we used to go to school together in dear old Bridgeville. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of that fresh, innocent face, for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollections that rushed over him; then breaking down suddenly he covered his face with his hands.

Walter had never seen a man weep before, and those sobs and moans were something he never forgot.

"I wish I could!" said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget what I once was, all that I might have been and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall some day wake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer. "When I last saw you your prospects were bright—apparently more so than mine."

"It can be summed up in two words," was the gloomy response: "Idleness and bad company. If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance I had not come to this. But he loved me, and glad I am that the grave has hid from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of the son whom his ill-judged, short-sighed kindness ruined. As you know, I would not study. I thought there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honored men to-day. My father's death put me into possession of wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I know nothing. How it went I hardly knew; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment that my father had built up with so much care and labor, but which had now passed into the hands of strangers. My fair weather friends, who had helped to spend my money, urged me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left as soon as they found there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here the warden entered; and with his heart somewhat cheered and strengthened by Mr. Palmer's whispered words of encouragement and sympathy, Jackson returned to his dreary task.

The warden now took them around through the various workshops, cells, etc., kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe shop Walter saw Jackson sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Palmer, as they returned to the office, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

The spirited bays, in their glittering harness, were champing their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls; and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself once more in the pure, sweet air and bright sunshine.

"How dreadful it must be to have to live in such a place as that!" he said, as reaching an eminence he gave a backward glance at the building, which looked so grim and solitary in the distance.

"It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious, though only through the fear of punishment, than if thay were allowed to follow, unrestrainedly, the devices of their foolish and evil hearts."

There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Palmer said:

"You asked me a question yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer, a better answer than any words can frame. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages, all the opportunity you can ask for moral and mental culture, but I am not, nor never shall be, rich enough to afford to have you idle. Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill, filled with industrious operatives, whose living from week to week depends on its skillful and prudent management. I have houses full of tenants, whose health and comfort depends largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be entrusted to you. Many a father has learned to his sorrow, that to have a boy idle is something that rich men cannot afford to do."

"I think I will go to school on Monday, father," was Walter's only response to this.

THE old woman who made her fortune predicting the weather by a goose bone found it a perfect bone-anser.

"STAND up and tell the truth like a little bell-punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.

SIDNEY SMITH says "there is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered."

What "Old Times" Meant.

A half century ago a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered and utterly devoid of adornment. A well fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, binded and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmers ate with a buck-handle knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plate and spoons to the melting pot, while knives and forks have given place to nickle or silver-plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying-pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-not fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in the city and village their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas-jet or the softer radiance of the kerosene. Then if the fire went out on the hearth it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe, at a cost of one-hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sun-light up to the "noon-mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? And as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then. Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1850 the Bible, the almanac and the few text-books used in the schools were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,950,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.—*Atlanta Monthly.*

Read This, Girls.

Learn to darn stockings neatly and then always see that your own are in good order. Do not let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, how much neater a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot than it does in a lopsided affair with all the buttons off. Every girl should learn to make the simple articles of clothing. We know a little Miss of seven who could do all this and who also made the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and pieced a large bed quilt. She was not an over-taxed child, either, but a merry, romping, indulged, only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young either. Indeed we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few ever die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think.

So never be afraid abit of overdoing the business. Help all you can and study over the business. Once get in the habit of looking over your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand with all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.

SOME people seem to be here in this world just on their guard all the while, always so afraid of doing wrong that they never do anything really right. They do not add to the world's moral force, as the man who, by constant watchfulness over his own health just keeps himself from dying, contributes nothing at all to the world's vitality. The effort not to be frivolous is frivolus itself, says Phillip Brooke; the effort not to be selfish is very apt to be another form of selfishness.

SELFISHNESS, like the aphis, is wonderfully fecund. It breeds other vices with amazing rapidity. In the end, however, it defeats its own aims by making its possessor so hateful that the men without whose aid he cannot rise turn against him. Hence the selfish man resembles him who set his house on fire that he might roast his eggs.

PROBABLY nothing is truer than that a thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past is the sure way to secure mercies for the future. Prayer and praise live or die together. A gracious, thankful spirit bespeaks a soul prepared for the highest and sweetest enjoyment on earth or in Heaven.

BILL posters should be more careful to post signs far enough apart. At the foot of an avenue in Clifton, N. Y., two signs appeared to be but one, reading thus:—"Read the New York *Star*, the only twenty-five cent ague cure in the world."

A Son of Toil.

"Feller-citizens," said he, "I'm a hard fisted son of toil. I'm a brick-layer by trade and not a bit ashamed of it. No, *sir;* I wasn't born with a silver spoon into my mouth or cradled in the lap of luxury. I'm a self-made man, gentlemen."

"You'd better have let out the job," remarked a voice in the rear of the hall.

He scorned to notice the interruption, but proceeded.

"Yes, feller-citizens, I'm proud of having risen by honest industry, proud of appearin' to solicit your suffrage as a true representative of labor; as one which has contributed to build up this community by the sweat of his brow and the work of his hands. [Applause.] As I was saying, I'm a brick-layer by trade. I've worked to raise more than half the palatial mansions, magnificent commercial structures and heaven-pointed spires which beautify and adorn our town.—[Great enthusiasm.] And here, right here, gentlemen, are the identical tools with which I have carved out my way to prosperity."

Here the orator exhibited a trowel and hammer, amid deafening plaudits.

"Pass 'em this way," said an excited listener, evidently belonging to the working class; let me gaze onto them relics."

The tools were handed to him, and he scrutinized them with deep interest.

"You say you worked as a bricklayer?" said he, turning sharply to the orator.

"Yes."

"And with them tools?"

"Yes, sir, those are the very tools I bought when I made my first start as a journeyman. To them I owe all my prosperity."

"Well, then, I must say you deserve great credit. So does any man that could lay bricks with such weapons.—Gentlemen," turning to the audience, "just look at 'em. *It's a gardener's trowel and a carpenter's hammer!*"

Tableau!

SINGULAR LIGHTNING FATALITIES.—In Hancock, Mass., last week, P. P. Perry was sitting in a neighbor's barn, in company with the owner, Mr. Hatfield, to await the ending of a thunder storm. He had hung on a peg, directly over his head, a tin pail full of milk, just milked. A thunderbolt struck the barn, passed down *through the pail of milk*, cutting a hole through the bottom of the pail, and striking Mr. Perry on the back of the head passed down his back in two streams, one striking round to the heart. He was killed instantaneously. His friend, who had been sitting by his side, owes his life to a singular cause. He had somewhat suddenly raised one arm, which so frightened a calf, that stood tethered in the stall, that the animal made a spring and broke the halter. Immediately Mr. H. rose to the calf, and just as he reached him the fatal bolt came. It prostrated Mr. H., who lay helpless and saw the barn on fire. He finally recovered the use of his limbs and escaped, but the barn burned down.

THE former days were better than these in many respects. In one they at least differed. Methodist ministers itenerated much more than they do now, and went much more cheerfully wherever they were sent. Old Phineas Rice was one of the quaint types of itinerants. He had a hard patch to cultivate once, and when he made his report to the Conference following he reported the church "looking up." The Bishop presiding expressed his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected success in that parish. Dr. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added, "Well, Bishop, the church is on its back and can't look any other way." There was a roar of laughter all over the Conference.

THE LAND OF DIVORCES.—From being the "land of steady habits," New England is fast becoming the land of divorces. In the last nineteen years 7,223 divorces have been granted in Massachusetts, and the number is steadily increasing. In Rhode Island and Connecticut, according to late statistics, the divorces are one to 1,200 of the inhabitants. This is certainly a bad exhibit for New England.

HUNDREDS of persons in Washington who are depending on the Grant "boom" for a future existence took a sort of melancholy pleasure last week in looking at the Arabian stallions presented by the Sultan of Turkey to the wandering Ulysses. The venerable Mr. Clapp secured enough hair from the tail of one of the animals to make a watch-guard.

DR. NEWMAN spoke, in a recent sermon, of the "sad funeral procession" which followed Able to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companions, and whispered: "Not such a large procession, but very select. None but the first families."

"FINALLY," said the stern uncle, winding up his lecture to an erring nephew, "you should understand that it is infinitely better, instead of making pledges you always break, to make no promises at all—and keep them."

SPEAK of a man's marble brow and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.

A YOUNG GIRL died a few days ago at Clyde, Ohio, from trying to jump a rope one hundred and twenty times without stopping. At the funeral the rope was put in the coffin and buried with her.

THERE is living in Madisonville, Ky., an old German who has in his possession a pair of trowsers made in Germany in the year 1836. He has been married in them four times, and is very anxious to use them the fifth time.

"WELL, you'll own she has got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's!"—*Yonker's Gazette.*

THE whale moves with a velocity through a dense body of water that would carry him around the world in a fortnight's time.

IT is a remarkable fact that no vessel propelled by steam was ever struck by lightning, nor any ship which was built of iron.

THERE is no good way to stop a lawyer from talking. If he has no real case he will suppose a case, and continue the argument.—*Picayune.*