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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.

Vol. 40. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879. No. 11.

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.

Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

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

LAW CARDS.

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.

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.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md. will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.

Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
apr13. Chestertown, Md.

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.

Baltimore Cards.

KENLY & TILGHMAN,

General Comm. Merchants,

No. 5 WOOD STREET,
BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, April 1, 1879.

We have concluded to add to our present business the selling of FRUIT and all kinds COUNTRY PRODUCE, and have for that purpose taken in with us

W. HARRISON NEWNAM,

of Queen Anne's county, Md., and solicit consignments of the same.

KENLY & TILGHMAN,
apr12-6m. No. 5 Wood St.

W. H. RUTTER,

Late of the firm of Greenwood, Rutter & Co.,

Commission Merchant,

For the sale of GRAIN and PRODUCE, No. 96 Light st. Wharf, *BALTIMORE.*

Consignments solicited. a6.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.

GREENWOOD & WOODALL,

Commission Merchants

And General Produce Dealers,

72 SOUTH ST., Corn Exchange Building,
y BALTIMORE.

JAS. A. MERRITT

WITH

I. M. PARR & SON,

Commission Merchants,

And Proprietors of the Canton Elevators

BALTIMORE, MD.

Possessing unsurpassed facilities for the proper handling of Grain, consignments are respectfully solicited and liberal advances made. o19.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,

WITH

JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,

Grain, Fruit and General Produce

Commission Merchants,

92 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
ag24-tf. *BALTIMORE, MD.*

ALONZO P. CREW. JAS. W. JEROME.

CREW & JEROME,

Commission Merchants

For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,

118 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered. A

JESSE WILSON. G. W. WILSON.

J. WILSON & SON,

Commission Merchants

For the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Grain, Peaches, Apples, Canned Goods, Vegetables, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fish, &c.,

Corner of Light and Camden Streets,
y BALTIMORE.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,

Manufacturers of all styles

CHEWING TOBACCO,

AND DEALERS IN

LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.

No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets, BALTIMORE.

FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

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.*

A BARGAIN in Rag Carpet at J. H. SIMPERS & BRO'

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 Summer Millinery

—AND—

FANCY GOODS.

LAMBERT SISTERS have just opened a new and beautiful assortment of

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!

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.

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.
Mar. 17—tf.

New Goods!

NEW GOODS! CHEAP GOODS!

Fly Traps, Fly Fans, Wire Cloth,

For Windows and Doors.

One, Two and Three Gallon Wood Water KEGS, WATER COOLERS, Wire Dish Covers,

Enameled Preserving Kettles,
Horse and Ox Muzzles,
Sheep, Cow & Farm Bells,
Barbed Fence Wire,
100 Carriage Bolts assorted sizes $1.25
Two, Three and Four Prong Forks, Shovels, Spades, &c., by

J. K. ALDRIDGE

CHESTERTOWN.

May 31, 1879.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF *HAMBURG EDGINGS* in the County, Just received by T. W. ELIASON, JR. ☞ Prices low. feb8.

New Drug Store

IN CHESTERTOWN.

M. A. TOULSON,

(*Graduate of Phila. College of Pharmacy,*)

Has fitted up the store room formerly occupied by Mr. John Bordley, and opened a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE.

His medicines are all fresh, and purchased of the most reliable dealers in the cities, and having knowledge of and considerable experience in the manufacture and use of Drugs and chemicals, claims the ability to compete with any first class drug store on the shore.

☞ **Prescriptions a Specialty.**

The leading and most reliable Patent Medicines will be kept in stock or furnished at short notice.

Also, a line of NOTIONS, such as Stationery, Perfumery, Soaps, and Toilet Goods generally. The attention of the ladies is particularly invited to his stock of French and American hdk'f Extracts.

Also, for gentlemen a very fine line of

CIGARS and TOBACCO

We specially invite those who indulge in "the weed" to call and try our "fragrant Havana," unexcelled in town.

☞ We shall give constant personal attention to the business, and exercise particular care in compounding prescriptions, and hope to merit public favor.

jy5-tf. M. A. TOULSON.

LEARY'S PHARMACY.

HAVING OPENED A FIRST CLASS

DRUG

And PHARMACEUTICAL STORE,

I now offer to the people of Kent and my patrons generally all the advantage of a First Class Drug Store. Intending to supply everything in the Drug line, my stock embraces

PURE MEDICINES,

and Chemicals; the latest and most approved remedies.

TOILET GOODS

in great variety, such as Soaps, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, Pocket Knives, Sponges, Lilly White, Mein Fun, Magnolia Balm; also, the improved Metalic Hair Brush; Flavoring Extracts of my own make, such as Strawberry, Vanilla, Pine-apple, Lemon, Rose, Ginger.

A Choice lot of FINE CIGARS.

PARIS GREEN for Potato Bugs.

The Prescription Department

will receive my special attention; I manufacture all of my preparations from first class materials, and can confidently recommend them to be reliable.

I would be pleased to have the public call and examine my stock.

With thanks for past favors I will endeavor to merit a continuance of same.

Open on Sunday from 6 to 10 a. m. and 12 to 3 and 4 to 10 p. m.

J. F. LEARY,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST & DRUGGIST

Formerly of Baltimore.

LEARY'S PHARMACY,
je7* Opp. C. A. Leary's store.

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.

FANNIE FORRESTER'S BIRD.

When a daughter was born to Mrs. Judson, the far-famed Fannie Forrester, at Maulonain, where she resided with her husband, a missionary of the Cross, she penned this exquisite poem:

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird, with the immortal wing,
To me, to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parralled with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh, my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there.

Courtesy Exemplified.

While at Providence, R. I., says a writer in the Springfield *Republican*, I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. At the table the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocracy of Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite *au fait* thirty years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease.

Mrs. Livermore said: "I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort. When I was in London my husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation, and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage dress, bonnet and black gloves!"

"What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl.

"Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and the ladies without hats, and elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I look around and they were all bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that a half-dozen had bonnets on. This half-dozen rapidly increased, till we were in a majority, and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now that is what I call politeness!"

Country Girls.

Meta Victoria Fuller, in a sisterly way, thus talks of country girls:

"The farmers' daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of this country—a glorious race of women, that no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this they will have to make an earnest effort of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it, because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day and of a refined education is no more excusable in a country than in a town-bred girl, in these days of many books and periodicals.

"Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world would rather have for wives women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had whenever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders, and an earnest thirst after knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught from the 'Pierian spring.' There is a farmer's daughter in this very room in which I am writing—a beautiful, refined and intelligent woman—in whose girlhood books were not so plenty as now, and who obtained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any but one who had true love for study."

A REMEDY.—Potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled, is now recommended in various quarters as not only an effective but an immediate remedy for lice on cows and other cattle; also for ticks. The affective parts are to be bathed with the potato water; one application is generally sufficient. This remedy, (if remedy it proves,) has the merit of being exceedingly simple, easily employed, and without danger or injury to the cattle.

THERE are three kinds of aristocracy; the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of intellect, and the aristocracy of good clothes. The rich man needs neither intellect nor good clothes, the intelligent man neither wealth or rich apparel, and the party in good clothes usually gets along without either dollars or sense.

WOMAN'S silence, although it is less frequent, signifies more than man's.

LOST IN THEIR HONEYMOON.

When Bell and I were first married, we made up our minds to go into the country for our honeymoon. We had never been out of town much, and were not quite sure whether potatoes and watermelons grew on trees or which was the cow that gave butter-milk; but we thought it would be romantic to spend that happiest time of our lives out among green trees and beside clear rippling streams, and among roses and woodbine and all the rest of it. Consequently we answered Mrs. Mildmay's advertisement for boarders, and set out one day for Mildmay farm.

It was a pretty place, with more trees about it than are usual in rural districts in America, where they generally chop them all down as soon as possible. And there was a river and a boat, in which I rowed Bell about, but the Mildmays were a little in the way, and the younglings of the flock in particular had a habit of standing staring at us, with their mouths wide open, which was not pleasant to people who still liked to bill and coo.

So when Bell one day stated to me that it would be nice to go alone on a picnic, I said that it would be, and we coaxed Mrs. Mildmay to put us up some sandwitches and pie and give us a tin kettle of milk, and away we started together for the woods.

We spent a delightful day and about sunset started to return; but we were not used to woods, and after a while we came to an old walnut tree with an old scar of lightning down its stem, rather often, and then it dawned upon us that we were going around in a circle.

The sun was setting by this time—was just a red glare low down upon the horizon, as though some one had built a fire on the edge of the woods. Pretty soon even that was gone, and it was quite dark; and although I assured Bell that there were no lions or bears in the woods, I was not quite certain in my own mind that something quite as unpleasant might not be prowling about. It was not pleasant. I kept my arm about Bell and felt my way along a awhile, and then stopped and listened, and then crept along again. The briars tore our flesh, the stones hurt our feet; we both bumped against trees. And at last. as I took a hastier step than usual, we both fell together, not flat on the ground, but in some sort of a hollow.

My first anxiety was lest Bell should be hurt; but finding she was not, I began to wonder where we were. No longer in the woods—that was quite plain. But there was no moon, and the night was dark. All that I could tell was that we were up to our shoulders in something—rushes, or reeds, it seemed to me. And having come to this conclusion, I was seized with a new terror. Where reeds and rushes grow, water, or at least a marsh must be near. If we stirred we might sink in mire, or even be drowned outright. Our condition was pitiable, and we dared not move. Night was coming on chill and damp. We were hungry and tired. I did not care so much for myself, but poor little Bell.

"Do you think it is near the water, Paul?" she said, "Suppose it should rise in the night, what would we do?"

"I suppose that would be the last of us," I said. "Let us try and go back."

We tried, but only found ourselves getting deeper into those awful rushes.

"It's no use, Bell, I said, I can do nothing. Oh, my darling! if I could but save you."

"I should not care to be saved without you, my dear," said Bell. "But, oh! we are so happy. I do not want to die."

"Oh, no, this is no time to leave the world," I said. "Perhaps if I shout help will come. The people of this neighborhood know these dangerous spots, of course, so have courage, dearest."

Then I lifted my voice and shouted:

"Help! Help! Help!"

There was no answer. I screamed again:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Then Bell said, rapturously:

"I see a light! I see a light!"

"It may be a will o'-the-wisp," I said.

"It may be some one in the water in a boat," said Bell.

Again I shouted. This time some one answered.

"Hullo! What's the matter? Who is that?"

"Strangers," I answered. "Strangers—lost in the marshes—down here among the reeds."

"Where's that?" answered the voice. "Marshes! reeds! I guess you've gone crazy. Ain't that Mr. Coon that's boarding with us?"

"Yes. Yes." I cried; "Is that Mr. Mildmay? You've come to look for us, I suppose. Thank Heaven! Get us out of this horrible place, if you can."

"Dunno where you kin be," said the voice. "Don't get skeered—I'll be there. I'll fetch a lantern. I say—hi! I know where you are; slap dab in the middle of my buck-wheat field."

And that was just where we were. The buck-wheat field was next the Mildmay's garden, and the light we saw was on the tea table.

On the whole, but for Bell's sake, I had much rather it had been marsh, or a sedgy river bank. And I was aware during the rest of our honeymoon that we were known as the city folks that got lost in the buckwheat field.

IF I WERE YOU.

'Tis all very well
For one to tell
What *he* would do
If he were you—
But I don't suppose
That any one knows,
What he would do
If he were you.

For, if he were you,
It might be true
That the change of base
In time or in place,
And the sequent change
In the vision's range—
The change in volition,
In mood or condition—
In friends' advice—
In the fall of the dice—
In his surroundings—
Or in his confoundings—
In the look of the weather,
Or in all together—
Might make such change,
That it wouldn't be strange
If he shouldn't do
If he *were* you
What I suppose
He thinks he knows
That he would do.

NEVER fear man if God is on your side.

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

From the Philadelphia Press.

An extraordinary discovery of great practical utility is reported in the London *Times* of May 26. It is based on an authenticated and detailed statement in the Brisbane *Courier*, of New South Wales. In one of the land-locked reaches in Sydney Harbor in that celony an establishment has been put up in which is being conducted an experiment, the success of which is now established beyond any doubt, that must have an immense effect upon the future prosperity of Australia. The gentlemen connected with this enterprise are Signor Rotura, whose researches into the botany and natural history of South America have made his name eminent, and Mr. James Grant, preeminent for his knowledge in the science of generating cold, and the success of his freezing chamber at Woolhara.

It appears that some months ago Signor Rotura called on Mr. Grant to invoke his assistance in a scheme for the transmission of live stock to Europe. He averred that he had discovered a South American poison, allied to the well known *woolhara*, that had the power of perfectly suspending animation, and that the trance thus produced continued till the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heart its functions. Before he left Mr. Grant had his doubts turned into wondering curiosity by experimenting on his dog. The Signor injected two drops of his liquid mixed with a little glycerine into a small puncture made in the dog's ear, and in three or four minutes the animal was perfectly rigid, the four legs stretched backward, the eyes wide open, pupils very much dilated, and exhibiting symptoms very similar to those of death by strychnine, except that there had been no previous struggle or pain. Begging his owner to have no apprehension for the life of his favorite animal, Signor Rotura lifted the dog carefully and placed him on a shelf in a cupboard, where he begged he might be left until the following day.

In the interval Mr. Grant was much pained at the apparent cruelty he had inflicted on his faithful friend. The temperature of the body in the first four hours being gradually lowered to 25 degrees Fahrenheit, below ordinary blood temperature, the body by morning was as cold as in actual death. At the promised hour of 10 o'clock next morning Signor Rotura appeared. He plunged the body in a tub of warm water and laid the dog's head under. After about ten minutes of this bath the body was taken out and another liquid injected in a puncture made in the neck. The dog first showed the return of life in the eye, and in about six minutes he drew a long breath and the rigidity left his limbs; in a few minutes more he commenced wagging his tail, then slowly got up, stretched himself, and trotted off as though nothing had happened.

On the suggestion of Dr. Barker, after several subsequent unsuccessful experiments, respiration was encouraged, as in the case of persons drowned, by artificial compression and expansion of the lungs. He was of the opinion that as the heart in every case commenced to beat, it was a want of vital force to set the lungs in motion that caused death. The result showed his surmises to be perfectly correct. A number of animals whose lives have been sealed up in this artificial death have been kept in the freezing chamber from one to five weeks, and it is found that though the shock to the system from this freezing is very great, it is not increased by duration of time. In the freezing chamber in the works at Middle Sydney Harbor, the correspondent of the Brisbane *Courier* saw fourteen sheep, four lambs, and three pigs stacked on their sides in a heap which had been in that position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for three months. Selecting one of the lambs, Ligno Rotura carried it out outside to another building, where a number of shallow cemented tanks were in the floor, having hot and cold water taps to each tank, with a thermometer hanging by.

One of these tanks was quickly filled. The lamb, apparently dead, except as to its eye, which was extraordinarily brilliant, and its body hard as a stone, was gently dropped into the warm bath. It was allowed to remain there about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised twice above the water for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth, and then it was taken out and laid on the floor. Signor Rotura quickly divided the wool on its neck, and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin, injected the antidote, a pale green liquid, supposed to be a decoction from the root of the *astracharlis*, found in South America, The lamb was then turned on its back, the Signor standing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released skipped out thro' the door, and went gamboling and bleating over the little garden in front.

One is almost tempted to ask, in the presence of such a discovery, whether death itself may not ultimately be baffled by scientific investigation. The discoverers claim that by this process, with freezing chambers in steamers, sheep and cattle in which life is suspended can be revived in a healty state on landing, and turned out to pasture or sold as fresh meat. Signor Rotura has no doubt that he can attempt his experiment with perfect safety on a human being. He intends to ask Sir Henry Parks for the body of the next felon under capital sentence; and, if granted, he is sure, after placing it for one month in a freezing chamber, by his process there will be no fear of a fatal result. Whether this temporary suspension of life would affect the longevity of the subject Signor Rotura could give no positive information, but he believes it might be prolonged for years. He believes, as no change takes place, or can take place while in a frozen trance, no consumption, destruction or reparation of tissue being possible, it would be so many unvalued and profitless years added to a lifetime. Signor Rotura proceeds to South America at once for a large supply of the two necessaries for the safe conduct of his process, and both these substances at present remain a secret.

TOMMY'S TOUBLES.

Who was 'at ky-in?
Did oo ast who 'at was?
P'aps 't was a li-on
'At hurted his paws.

P'aps 't was old blat bear
Whose chil-drens dot mad
'Tause s'e tomed 'eir hair,
An' made 'em feel bad.

Who was 'at fightin'?
Oo want to know 'at?
P'aps Tow-zer was bi-tin'
My dear kit-ty-cat!

Or a lel-'phant, may-be
Dot lost in 'e wood,
Or tan't find its ba-by,
So doesn't feel dood.

'Ere's nobody kyin' dust now 'at I hear;
Oh, ma-ma, what mates oo?—pease, don't 'oot so tweer!
I dust hate ol' Nursey; s'e's bad as tan be,
An' if oo heard kyin'—I 'spose it was me!
'Tause Nursey, s'e dust put 'e soap in my eye!
An' 'at made it smart so I touldn't help ky!
S'e wassed my nose up, an' tittled my toes,
An' so s'e an' I we dust tame to blows.
I hit her; I did. I div' her a slap!
Pease, mam-ma, dear, tate me yite up in oor lap;
I doesn't feel well; I've dot a bad toff,
If oo doesn't love me, I dess I'll yun off.
Don't fip me, dear mam-ma, I love oo, I do;
An' if s'e dits better, I'll love Nursey, too.
'Ey hasn't no business to wass noses up;
An' it's dust awful mean to fill eyes wiv soap!
As lon' as 'ey do it I dust tant see why
All childrens 'ey s'ouldn't dust set up an' ky!
If nurses are bad and won't learn a bit,
Why, mam-ma, 'ey dust must ets-pet to dit hit.
I'm dittin' so told—put oor a-pwon 'ound me!
P'tend I was Moses, an' 'at oo dust found me.
Tate me up on oor lap—I'm all in a shiver,
'Tause play it was told in 'e ark by 'e river.
An' play I was hundry, an' dot to have take,
An' see what a dood 'ittle Moses I'll make.
An' oo must dust laugh, an' not loot so sad,
'Tause Moses, dear mam-ma, s'e felt awful dlad.
S'e was all 'e dear nursey 'e little boy had.
If oo was my nursey I'd never be bad,
'Tause oo wouldn't try to put soap in my eye,
An' oo'd be so dood I dust touldn't ky!
I love oo, dear mam-ma. I wis' oo 'd wass me,
'Tause Nursey, s'e's bad, an' dust lites to boss me,
Puts soap in my eye and tittles my toes,
An' doesn't know an'fin' about wassin' a nose!

—*Golden Hours.*

RUSKIN'S WIFE'S LOVE.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED—HOW MRS. RUSKIN BECAME MRS. MILLAIS.

Desirous to have his young wife's portrait taken, Ruskin chose his young friend Millais, who with Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, Dante Rossetti and other, formed the pre-Raphaelite school, to transfer her features to canvas. She gave the painter a number of sittings, and the husband was so much concerned in the work that he sometimes watched its progress. Millais, as is well known, is handsome and winning—he was especially so when young—and was drawn at once to the the young and lovely wife of his, an attraction that appears to have been reciprocated. In plain parlance, Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell head over heels, or heels over head if you like, in love with each other without the least intent on their part. Ruskin himself is said to have perceived the fact, although the lovers had not been in the slightest indiscreet or conventional, or even to have intimated one to the other the condition of their hearts. The author of "Modern Painters" is as generous as he is chivalrous. He did not, as ordinary men would have done, fly into a jealous rage, nor did he have a scene with his wife. He told her gently what he had perceived and assured him of his continued friendship and esteem, and of his earnest desire to promote her happiness at any price. She turned crimson at the words, as if they had been a revelation to her own soul, which, in part, they may have been. She could not believe the thing possible at first—the surprises of the heart are usually overwhelming—but very soon she acknowledged the truth, and the painter did likewise. The critic condemned himself for thinking a platonic marriage natural or satisfactory, and announced his willingness—yea, gladness—to assist the pair to a felicity they were obviously fitted for. Instead of putting any obstacle in the way, he would remove the only one to their love and happiness—himself—and he kept his word faithfully. Under the peculiar circumstances there was no trouble in obtaining a divorce. The matter was managed privately, without any scandal, and in due time Mrs. Ruskin, who was, became Mrs. Millais, who is. They have proved to be, from all accounts, a most harmonious couple, and they are as much to one another to-day as they were during the honeymoon. Moreover, Ruskin continued to be the firm friend of both, visiting them regularly and sharing in a reflected manner in their happiness, a fact which demonstrates the largeness and nobility of Ruskin's nature. Millais' famous picture—it has been engraved and is very common—"The Huguenot Lovers," is declared to be, as respects the young woman, almost a faithful portrait of the artist's wife, and the alleged fact has added not a little to its popularity.

Women Eyeing Women.

The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons cannot have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well bred or perfectly kind hearted, will eye another woman who she thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere; at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman, and what she has on, from top knot to shoe tie. Men are never guilty of it, or, with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine or at least epicene. But women of sense, of good breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretenses and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly, because it cannot be resented and admits of no retort. If they but only knew how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous hearted man who observes their manœuvers, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed, that a woman, whatever be her birth and breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

Grant's Dinner at Canton.

Letter from China to the Phila. Telegraph.

It would occupy entirely too much space to describe to you the dinner in detail, even if I could do it, for I assure you the task would be a difficult one, so numerous and extraordinary were the courses and dishes. I can only give you an idea of what occurred at the table at which your correspondent, with the courage that arose from perfect faith in the strength of his digestive organs, calmly sat out over *forty* of the *eighty-six* courses placed before him, aided by Mr. Young, of our party, Messrs. McEewen and Deering, of the Ashuelot, and entertained by the Second Tartar General, who spoke no English, but whose remarks were translated by an aide, who sat opposite, who also explained minutely each dish that was placed before us.

Some of the guests used chop-sticks with considerable success, whilst the others had early to take to the mode more familiar to them. The wines were all foreign, for which we were thankful indeed, as they surely prevented our early death from indigestion. The china was very handsome; the silver massive. At the outset of the dinner roasted peach-kernels and water-melon seed was served as an appetizer, and then followed every variety of sweetmeats, alternating with delicate squares of the fattest pork or the daintiest morsel of choice bird. After about a dozen courses pipes and cigars were introduced, a whiff from the former being taken between each course, and then was passed over to an attendant.

The smaller courses being finished, a small soup-ladle was now handed to each guest, and a silver tureen, holding about a quart was placed in the centre of each table. This contained the famous birds'-nest soup. Our Chinese hosts then dipped their ladles into the dish, and each one holding forward ours, was helped—no plates, of course, being used. Having drank the contents of the ladle, it was again replenished. Birds'-nest soup tastes like the most delegate glue, flavored with garlic. Upon inquiry I learned that the small dishful at our table cost about $40. I must confess that its taste was very disappointing, to say nothing of the manner in which it was eaten.

Then came some soup of sharks' fins, served in the same way, and finally a dish which was said to be a great delicacy—pigeon's eggs, which, if I was rightly informed, had undergone the process of partial hatching! Certain it is, that to thoroughly relish a Chinese dinner you require previous training, and, in my opinion, thorough ignorance of the bill of fare. The dinner having occupied a long time, it was suggested that we should abandon the remaining forty-six courses; so, requesting our farewell cup of tea and bidding farewell to our kind host, we took our places in our chairs and departed, nothing loth, I assure you, hoping that a good cigar and some fresh air might preserve the lives we had so endangered.

A Remarkable Love Story.

The most remarkable love story of the summer is told by the Port Jervis *Union*. Four years ago a gentleman of twenty-three won the heart of a lady of nineteen. She was the daughter of pious parents, and although she was not connected with any church, looked with a feeling akin to horror on anything approaching skepticism. But the time came when she learned that her lover was a deist; that he had no veneration for the Bible, and took no interest in churches. She was deeply pained by the revelation. She sent for her lover and endeavored to convince him of his error, but he was not satisfied with her arguments. She finally wrote to him a tear-stained letter bidding him good-bye forever. The lady mourned, but tried to satisfy herself that she had acted correctly. Two years made her more liberal than she had been. The more she read the more she distrusted her former decision, and she finally became quite as liberal as the lover she had discarded. The lover, too, had undergone a change. Last winter a revival of religion took place in the city in which he was engaged in business. Suffice it to say that he united with the church, and in a short time became a zealous member. He thought over the action of his former sweetheart in discarding him for his infidelity,