msa_sc2901_scm1624-0367 ©Maryland State Archives

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, NOVEMBER 8, 1879. No. 27.

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.

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SPELLERS, READERS, HISTORIES, GRAMMARS, Dictionaries, Arithmetics, Physiologies, Geographies, Algebras, and many other Books necessary to the Scholar and Student. All the above are furnished at a discount especially arranged by the School Board of Kent co.

Slates, Pencils,

PENS, COPY BOOKS, INK, PAPER, Sponges, Crayons, Blackboard Erasers, Composition and Blank Books, Celestial and Terrestial Globes, all of these are offered at exceedingly low prices.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.
Sept. 27.

MAURY'S
WALL MAPS.

THESE celebrated and beautiful maps prepared by that most able and eminent of American Geographers, Com. M. F. MAURY, are admirably suited for every day use in every school of the country. They are not only adapted to all the purposes of study and reference, but as works of art, they become the most appropriate ornaments that can be placed upon the walls of a school room.

☞ The full set of eight maps, colored, bound, and mounted on rollers, with heavy cloth backs, furnished for $10.
COLIN F. STAM,
s27. Chestertown.

HOWELL'S POINT Nurseries!

WE now have now the largest stock of TREES for this Fall's and next Spring's sales we have ever had, consisting of about

200,000 Peach Trees

A Choice Selection of APPLE, PEAR, and CHERRY TREES.

Also, a variety of Raspberry, Blackberry and other plants.

We have selected with great care the choicest varieties of Canning Peaches and Southern Winter Apples. Also, the most profitable market kinds of St. and Dwarf Pears. Pay us a visit before purchasing elsewhere. Catalogues now ready.
N. BARNARD,
sep20-3m. Still Pond, Kent co., Md.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Millington, Kent Co., Md.,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND DEALER IN
Coal, Lime,
FERTILIZERS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR
GRAIN
at the different stations on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. jy12-tf.

J. H. THOMPSON'S
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

IN STORE, just received, one of the best stocks of goods for
FALL AND WINTER WEAR.
BOOTS and SHOES for Men,
BOOTS and SHOES for Boys,
Boots and Shoes for Ladies' Misses and Children, all bought at close prices, and will be sold low for the money, necessity compelling the measure.
☞ Don't forget the place:
J. H. THOMPSON,
sep13. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

NEW TIN STORE!

WM. A. BISCOE
Has commenced business at the old Barber stand on Princes st., opposite the Post Office, Chestertown, and is prepared to do TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING, Repair Tin-ware, put up Stoves, and do all work in his line.
A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. Orders left at J. W. Hines' will receive prompt attention.
ag23-6m. WM. A. BISCOE.

Eureka Fan Mill!

THE undersigned is agent for the celebrated EUREKA MILL, manufactured by B. Cortrite, Norwalk, Ohio, to which was awarded the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition. It is guaranteed to clean wheat better than any other Fan in the market, and to give general satisfaction. Sample can be seen at his Hotel porch in Chestertown.
☞ Terms easy.
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Agt.
July 26, 1879—3m.

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,
april3. Chestertown, Md.

DR. C. M. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
Having located in Chestertown, offers his professional services to the public.
feb1-tf.

J. B. Merritt, M. D.,
HANESVILLE, MD.
OFFICE at Calvin E. Allen's. s27m

MOTHERS!—look after the Children, and always keep a bottle of *Read's Syrup of Blackberry Root* on hand. It is an almost instantaneous cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and excellent for Children teething.
For sale at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

RICHARD HYNSON,
versus
NATHANIEL WOLFE.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, October Term, 1879.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, of that portion of the real estate of Nathaniel Wolfe called Bloomfield, which with other real estate he mortgaged to the said Richard Hynson, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, State of Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the third day of December next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $5,687.25.
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
Nov. 1 1879—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Wm. A. Whitaker,
Asignee of Mary Ann Duyer,
versus
Wm. Rdgers & S. E. Rodgers his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, October Term, 1879.

ORDERED, that the Sale made and reported by WM. A. WHITAKER, assignee of Mary Ann Duyer, Trustee for the Sale of the Real Estate of William Rodger and Sarah E. Rodgers, his wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third day of January next. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published at Chestertown, once in each of three successive weeks before the third day of December next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $,230.00.
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True Copy,—
Test: D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
Nov1, 1879—4t.

Order Nisi.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent county, in the matter of the Real Estate of Henrietta E. Willson.

ORDERED this 28th day of October, 1879, that the sale of the Real Estate of Herietta E. Willson, late of Kent Co., deceased, as made and reported by JAMES B. WILSON, Executor of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 28th day of November next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $9,851.71½.
ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.
True copy—Test:
WM. STEVENS,
nov4t. Reg. of Wills.

Order Nisi.

John W. Frazier and others,
versus
Eben W. Frazier and others.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County.

ORDERED, this 21st day of October, 1879, that the sales of those portions of the Real Estate of Caroline Frazier, late of Kent county, deceased, made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee, by virtue of a Decree of this Court, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of December next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of November next.
The Report states the amount of sales to be $2,632.50.
ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of Orphans' Court.
True Copy—Attest:
WM. STEVENS,
oc5-3t. Reg. of Wills.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

ESTATE of EDWARD WILKINS.
On application, ordered, that E. M. WILKINS and R. S. EMORY, administrators of Edw. Wilkins late of Kent county, deceased, give notice by advertisement that a dividend of the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, November 18, 1879.
Test: WM. STEVENS,
Register of Wills.
NOTICE.—The Creditors of Edward Wilkins are notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday the 11th day of Nov., 1879, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.
E. M. WILKINS,
R. S. EMORY,
Oct. 25, 1879—4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LEMUEL ELBURN,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 21st day of May, 1880, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of October, 1879.
B. B. ADKINSON,
Oct. 25, 1879—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of administration c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE VICKERS,

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 21st day of May, 1880, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of October, 1879.
H. W. VICKERS,
Oct. 25, 1879—4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

A FLOUR THAT BEATS Any on the Market.
PARKS' "WHITE ROSE,"
Ask those who have tried it:
J. T. Perkins, Esq. G. B. Westcott, Esq.
J. N. E. Wickes " Jas. T. Moody "
A. Brice " J. C. Voshell "
and many others.
Give it a trial.
ep27. Resp'y, R. F. PARKS.

A FOREST FANTASY.

Far in the forest a fountain is leaping,
Bubbling and clear in its pebble-strewn cup:
Ferns cluster round it and mosses come creeping
Down to the waters that never dry up.

Clasping some treasure with delicate fingers—
Singing sweet songs to the solitude kim—
Close by the fountain a water-sprite lingers,
Like a pale flower on its moss-covered rim.

My Fairy Prince had one heart of gold,
Never yet by nymph possessed.
For counterfeits lurked in every fold
Of his pearl embroidered vest.

He climbed the stars with the sprites of air,
And played in the fields of blue;
In jeweled caves where the gnomes repair,
He has laughed and frolicked too.

Beyond the blue and beneath the grass,
Those counterfeit hearts were known.
Ah! nymphs saw not they were only brass—
Till they had given their own!

I sit alway by my fountain's cup,
And watch that it never dries;
My Prince came here ere the moon was up,
Together we marked her rise.

Here did he linger till break of day—
Linger till noontide was past;
Why did he laughingly slip away,
Leaving me lonely at last?

This is no counterfeit heart *I* hold:
Was it not plucked from his breast?
This is the heart of the purest gold,
Never yet by nymph possest.

Night passes on. To these forest recesses
Moonbeams steal trembling—a silvery band—
Glace by the water-sprite's lilly-decked tresses—
Light on the counterfeit—dropt from her hand.

ETHEL TANE.

SAVING HER BOY.

JUDICIOUS METHOD ADOPTED BY A MOTHER TO SHOW HER CHILD THE SIN AND SORROW OCCASIONED BY STEALING.

M. Legouve tells us of an interesting consultation a mother had with him about her boy, who was in the daily habit, as she was horrified to learn, of stealing sugar from his aunt's drawer, where she kept it for an occasional and extra cup of coffee. The fond mother who had believed him almost faultless, foresaw in him the making of a thief, a burglar. Her friend lauged a little and predicted that he would outgrow it. Soon after while strolling through the ground with a visitor, the mother, to her even greater horror, saw him go into her room, take some money from her purse and put it into his pocket. She was thoroughly alarmed. She recalled several instances where children of her friends had been detected as thieves. Only a few days before a lad of sixteen was expelled from college for stealing a five-franc piece from one of his comrades. After long thinking about it, but without informing any one, she resolved to put him to some test which would show whether his fault was mere thoughtlessness or ingrained dishonesty.

His father, himself and his mother were sitting in the room, the boy engaged in writing out his lesson.

"My dear," said she to her husband, "I have something to tell you that grieves me. You know how fond we both are of our little servant Joseph."

"Indeed we are. When he was in his mother's arms I told her we'd take him when he was old enough. He is the son of honest parents and I am very fond of him. What has happened to him?

"Well, I'm afraid that Joseph is not honest."

"Not honest! Joe! That's impossible!"

"I'm almost sure—more than that—I know he has stolen."

"Stolen!" cried the gentleman.—"When? From whom? What?"

"He stole from me."

"From you? After all that we have done for him; treated him as we do our own boy; it's as bad as if our own boy—how did you find him out?"

The mother, meanwhile, had been watching her boy, writing at the table. He turned a little pale, and although he still leaned over his table, his pen had stopped. He was listening.

"Some days ago," she went on, "I left my portmonnaie on the work table [the boy trembled a little.] I know just how much was in it. [At each word the boy was more and more agitated.] I went into the garden, leaving Joseph alone in these rooms. In a few minutes I came back and heard footsteps going from the library. I went in. Joseph was not there. Two pieces were missing from my purse, [Her son had become very pale.] The theft is plain. But what shall we do?"

Her husband was silent. He was very much disturbed. Finally he said:

"There is but one thing to do. Send him back to his parents. Poor people! What a blow! They are so honest-hearted. Fancy what I should feel if it were *my* son!"

Here his tears almost stopped his speaking. The mother looked at her son; his lips were trembling.

"What would you tell his parents?" she asked of her husband.

"Tell them all."

"That is if you send him off."

"Send him off!" he cried. "I don't want to see him again. If there is anything I have a horror of it's a thief." The mother was getting alarmed at the aspect of her son.

"Consider," she replied, "Joseph is only thirteen, and it's possible he will grow better. Children sometimes do wrong, not really thinking it is wrong. Wouldn't it be better to talk to him and show him his fault?"

"I'll try," he replied, "and soften his father's anger, which will be terrible."

But if he asks my advice I shall tell him to send his son three months to the house of correction." [Here the listening boy was blanched with fright.]

"In prison!" cried the mother, who had no idea it would have gone so far. "In prison!" So young! His shame will make him desperate."

"So much the better. The lesson will not be lost upon him. They put boys there for thefts committed under stress of poverty, ignorance, neglect. The boys who steal as a vice ought not to be spared. If there's any way of saving Joseph that's the way. Perhaps he is not incorrigible—but only a terrible punishment will correct him. I will go and write to Joseph's father."

At this the gentleman rose, but the boy running to him, clasped his knees, crying, with frightful sobs and tears:

"You must not go! You must not write. Joseph didn't do it. I did it."

"You!" cried his father.

"Yes, I," said the boy, whose terror had disappeared at the thought of danger to his companion. "I took mamma's money. You must put me in prison. Punish me! Punish me!" he cried, his voice choking with tears.

His father fell upon the sofa almost speechless. The mother carried the boy into the next room, and going back, said to her husband:

"He told you the truth. I know it. I knew as you did that he needed a terrible lesson. Severe as it is, I am not sorry. His confession has made full amends for his fault. He has shown you his whole heart, and it is not base. We have crushed the serpent's head. Your son will be worthy of you."

They went into the next room. The boy had gone. Astonished, disquieted, they chanced to look out of the window. He had found Joseph, and was pressing him to take the little watch he had bought with his Christmas money and the silver he had taken from his mother's purse in order to make up the amount. He wanted to compensate Joseph for the wrong done him by false suspicions. Joseph came in and said:

"Sir, here is a watch that Maurice insists on my taking. He ought not to give me what has been given him, ought he?"

"Your'e right, Joseph," replied the gentleman, "Never to appropriate what does not belong to you—that is honesty; to refuse what you believe you ought not to accept is still better—that is scrupulous delicacy." Then, turning to his son, he remarked:

"I promise to forget what is past, on condition that you will always remember it."

PORTS OF ONE SONG.—There is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single masterpiece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have sung one song and died. They save themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his production have found a lodgment in our minds.

Henry Carey—God save the King.
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.
Key—Star Spangled Banner.
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.
Charles Wolfe—Burial of Sir John Moore.
Charles Kingsley—The Three Fishers.
Edgar A. Poe—The Raven.
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.
Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Bret Harte—The Heathen Chinee.

The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, The Song of the Shirt, was the work of an evening, but was rejected by three of the leading journals of London.

The Old Oaken Bucket was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. It was suggested by the remark of a friend referring to a well on returning from the fields on a sultry day.

Mr. Kingsley's song of The Three Fishers was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of men who worked and women who swept, while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly.

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, was a history. He wrote it after those two sweet devotional gems, O for a Closer Walk with God, and There's a Fountain filled with Blood. A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast. He even meditated self-destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightning into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOY.—You can't fool me. Boy's history never was written. Sunday school books as good as lie. Abe Lincoln wasn't the good, pious boy they try to make him out. He'd cheat swapping knives, hook watermelons, run away from school, chew tobacco and stone cats.

Pa can't fool me. He drinks brandy down town, and sometimes when he comes home sick I know what's the matter.

We boys talk it all over nights in the lumber yard, and lots of other things, too.

What we don't learn at home we learn away from home.

Ma goes to church, and comes home and finds fault with Miss A. for wearing too much and Miss B. for wearing too little, and talks cross about the C's because they come in a carriage, and turns up her nose at the D.'s because they've failed, and she and my Sunday-school teacher, Miss X, confab by the hour in a corner on week days about Miss E., and they think I don't know what's up.

They're all the time telling me to be good, as though I couldn't see through a big hole in the wall as well as they can.

I guess children are smarter than they used to be, or else pas and mas ain't so smart.

BOSSING.—In the marriage state the system of bossing is scrupulously adhered to. Sometimes it is the man who is bossed, but the woman is generally the victim. However disagreeable the sight of a "bossed man" may be, we are compelled to the conclusion that it is really essential that some men should be "bossed." For there is one sight more despicable and lamentable than a "bossed man," and that is a bossed woman—a woman who cringes like a slave, and trembles in the presence of a great puffy bully calling himself a gentleman; a woman who has tremblingly to beg for fifty cents to buy herself some buttons or thread; a woman barely breathes when her husband is talking; a woman who never expects a kind word from him and never gets it! Poor creature! She has been bossed into servile submission.

My Hour With Aunt Martha.

"But how about extra work, Auntie? You tell me I may wash on Monday, bake and churn on Tuesday, and iron on Wednesday; but the extra work when shall I do that?"

"There are always extra days for extra work: for instance, what do you suppose I did on Friday, that stormy day, after my sweeping was done? Well, my cake-box was getting low; so I went to work making rich fruit cake, and tart-crusts, and jumbles, and seed-cookies; they will keep for weeks. Then on stormy days I sometimes pare a half bushel or so of apples, and make a jar of apple sauce flavored with lemons or oranges; or make up a great batch of mince, putting it up in my empty fruit cans, and having it ready for use on my regular baking days. On stormy days I sometimes work about the house from morning until night. The children think it delightful to have so much going on in the kitchen—no taxing the brains to provide amusement for them.

"Now for my March programme.—Bring all your bureau drawers out by the fire, on some of these blustering days and sort and arrange them. You will find it will lighten the spring house-cleaning wonderfully. By filling the stormy days full of busy, pleasant work, (pleasant because there is a looking forward to brighter days in the very fact of doing it), they would not seem dull to you or your household. Then in the pleasant weather you can ride, or walk, or visit with a clear conscience.

"Wednesday morning the housekeeper may iron. She is provided with clothes-bars, of course; let her hang the clothes as they leave the iron, upon these to air, and there leave them until evening, when she may fold and mend them.—Teach the boys and girls how to use the irons as soon as they are old enough, though never allowing them to continue their work until they are tired of it. As they grow older they will often relieve your aching back and tired hands."

"Suppose that company comes unexpectedly to dinner?"

"Well, Marjoram, I cannot see that the housekeeper has anything more to do than put another leaf in her extension table, put on a few more plates, napkins, etc., cut a few more slices of ham and fry another half dozen eggs, and bid her friends welcome. Her baking having been done yesterday, everything will be fresh."—*American Rural Home.*

Diving for Gold.

The Hussar Wrecking Company is again at work trying to recover the gold said to have been lost with the British man-of-war Hussar ninety-nine years ago. This work was begun about thirty years ago, and for twenty-eight years it was prosecuted regularly every season. Last year nothing was done, however, and the work this year was begun very late in the season. It is under the direction of Mr. Thomas Barnes, whose brother is a diver and a practical wrecker. The old Hussar lies in very deep water, off Port Morris, N. J., a short distance below the Morrisania gas works, and a schooner has been anchored on the spot for the purpose of carrying on the work. A reporter went out to the schooner recently and found Mr. Barnes, the diver, preparing to go below. "You will have to wait till I come up," he said; "I can't talk with four hundred pounds weight around me." The brass helmet was then screwed to his breast plate, and his equipment complete, he went down among the fishes to look for the gold. The Hussar was backed on a ledge between the place where she now lies and the shore, and slid down this to the depth of seventy feet at low tide, her stern sinking deep into the mud and sand. It is here the gold is supposed to be. Her bow and much of her ballast were removed in past years, and the skeletons and equipments of fourteen American prisoners who were drowned when she went down have been recovered. Work was resumed on the wreck recently and Mr. Barnes has brought to the surface some interesting specimens showing the ship's condition. The wood work is pretty near all gone, and even the spikes and bolts are almost eaten away. Mr. Barnes recently recovered a bit of broken queensware, showing that he has visited the Hussar's mess-room, and he has brought up with him a clam which made it's home in the the ship's hold. The treasure is generally estimated at a million dollars, and it is now believed that it may be reached at any time. "We are looking for something and we hope we may find it," said Mr. Barnes as he came out of the water.

The Human Face.

The countenance of every nation defines the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proven by the variety of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage the people, the more uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violence and ungoverned passions. People whose employments are intellectual, have invariably a large clear gaze, a bright, outraying expression, as if from an inward light shining through a vase. When a fine organization and a very deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty.

ALL the girls will agree that it is a very handsome thing in a man seventy-one years old with a million dollars in property to get married, and many of them will agree that it was just too lovely in him to go and die six days after the wedding. This is what a Port Jervis bank president, who was made a bridegroom within a week, did recently, and his widow, with his million dollars in her pocket, can now have her pick of men in these United States; she might even buy a second-rate Count from some foreign land.

A Wife's Desperate Remedy.

A Colorado paper says: If there is one thing that more than another annoys a good wife, who is nervously sensitive to all that is gross and ill-timed, it is the habit some husbands have of using profane language in their homes. In many cases this is mere thoughtlessness on the part of the good man, who never gives a thought to the finer sensibilities of his better half, and, even should she mildly remonstrate, he pays no attention to the rebuke.

We have just had a case in point, which happened in one of the thriving Missouri cities on the banks of the Mississippi, which the ladies of Georgetown ought to know something about.

A lady, whose husband was addicted to the bad practice we have alluded to, came to her family physician, laid her grievances before him and said:

"Now, Dr. N—, won't you remonstrate with him and try to break him of his habit? I know he will listen to you."

"Why, madam," said the doctor, "he would pay no attention to anything I could say to him; but as you have come to me, although somewhat out of my line, I will recommend a prescription, to be administered by you, that will certainly cure him. It is an infallible remedy."

"Oh, what is it, doctor?"

"Well, when John comes home again and swears, do you swear back at him. Of course, I don't want you to take the name of the Lord in vain, but d—n little things for his benefit."

And she did.

The next day John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not.

"Well, why in the d—l isn't it?" he replied.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so d—d wet that the fire would not burn."

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner.

The beef didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all efforts at mastication, like so much India rubber, and finally John blurted out:

"What makes this d—d beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's, and, without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some d—d old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant.

"It means this, John. You are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence, I intend to do the same. If you don't like to hear it, you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this date Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N——'s prescription.

A Remarkable Journal.

The official organ of the Chinese Government, known as the Pekin *Gazette*, is certainly a most remarkable journal. Not only is it the oldest newspaper in existence, but it is highly probable that it was the first journal ever published, and what is more, the first that was ever printed; for it is pretty well settled that the spread of news by means of written documents was attempted in Europe at certain periods long before the days of the printing press. The contributors to the *Gazette* are now, and have been for many centuries, the ablest men in the country, noted for the attention paid to education. On this account the files of the paper must at some future time prove of immense service to the historian who desires to write an account not only of the Chinese Empire, but of the Asiatic nations with which in times past she has held diplomatic intercourse.

Although the paper is published under the immediate supervision of the Government, this much must be said of it—that its columns have been open to those holding divergent opinions, and from this point of view it has carried out the modern idea of a review more thoroughly than the modern conception of a newspaper. An instance of this impartiality can be found in the recent publication by it of the letter written by Wu-ko-tu, one of the board of civil office, just before his suicide, reflecting severely on the usurpatious actions of the Empress Regent. The intent of this document was to force them to abdicate, and the arguments against their further continuance in power were very strongly given. A civilized despot would have deemed it advisable to suppress this seditious communication; but the Chinese rulers have perhaps shown their good sense, as they certainly have their consciousness of strength, by giving it the publicity its author desired.

What Makes Bow-Legs.

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compon, attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippered. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost has been the most deformed. Here the preventative is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine house."

"For Grandma."

A bit o af girl, not more than 8 years old, wearing a faded old hat, and her calico apron full of rents and holes, entered the postoffice yesterday with an unstamped letter in her hand and said to the first person she met:

"Say, I've writ a long letter to my grandma, and I want to know if this is the place to leave it?"

"Yes, this is the place," he answered, "but you must put a stamp on it."

"Won't they carry a little girl's letter to her grandma for nothing?" she asked.

"I guess not."

"Then I don't know what to do, and I'm awful sorry, for I told her I had a new doll baby, and that my cat was dead, and that ma was awful sick, and that the little girl who used to play with me was dead. If they'll send my letter, I'll pay just as soon as ever I can."

"I'll put on a stamp for you," said the gentleman, as he took the letter.

"Will you? Now, that's real good. Mebbe I'll be rich and you'll be poor some day, and I know I'll lend you tea and coffee and whatever you want. Is your grandmother dead?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad! Did she have the scarlet rash or the measles?"

"I hardly think so. Here—I'm afraid your letter won't go."

"Oh, yes, it will, for I got a big boy to direct it, and he writ just as slow and big as he could."

It was directed: "For Grandma, Ohio," and almost every other letter was a capital. The man shook his head, and the child cried out:

"See how big the writing is! It'll go right straight to grandma, and she'll be tickled to death to hear from me! I was more'n a whole week writing it, and at the end it says: "I'd give anything to kiss you." Oh! I know it'll go!"

He looked into her child-face and could say nothing to crush the hopes she had cherished and the work she had accomplished.

"It may reach her," he said as he posted it.

"And she'll write back and tell me if any of her cats are dead, and if the hens have got any more chickens, and if any more boys have fallen into the millpond! Just think of me writing to my grandma way off, and grandma writing back and putting a regular stamp on the letter! I can't wait for I know I'll feel awful big over the other girls! Well, good-bye—I'll pay you just as soon as ever I can, and I hope to die if I don't!"—*Free Press.*

"Probabilities" from Josh Billings.

Josh Billings, who, as usual, passed his summer months in the White Mountains, has put it in the way of the editor of the *White Mountain Echo* to print a few component parts of his new book to be published in the fall. Its title will be "Old Probabilities; Perhaps Rain—Perhaps Not:" and it will have for its leading motto: "Truth iz sed to be stranger than fickshun—it is to most pholks." The selections are these:

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

Don't dispise your poor relashuns.—They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to a klare konshience for solid komfort cumes an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man hain't got a well balanced hed, I like to see him part his hair in the middle. Don't you?

I don't take any foolish chances. If I waz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front ov him to do my weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor they could afford to keep three.

I say 2-thirds ov the rich people in this world make the most of your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success when I see a rattlesnaix's head sticking out ov a hole. I bear off to the left, and say to myself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't get loose from the post, I notis. Not much.

I thank the lord that there iz one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond of argument that they would dispute with a guide-board at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

There are but fu sights in this life more sublime and patheticK than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach. It is thus.

I notis one thing, the man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but he who rides once a year wants 4. That iz so.

Flattery is like colone water, is smelled ov, not swallowed.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth until you get him half drunk, ain't worth the investment.

Whenever I see a real handsum woman engaged in the winmin's rights bizzness, I am going to take off mi hat and jine the procession. See if I don't.

"SNOW DROP."

'Most ev'ybody tases me,
And tells me I am sweet;
And says, "What pitty little hands!
What tunnin' 'little feet!"

And tain't no fun for 'little me,
So mused and hulled about,
Wiz rough old whiskers all 'cratched up;
I wub my nose and pout.

Say, now, big folks, how would oo like
To be in "Snowd'p's p'ace?
Have each old poke dat cums along
Put tissis on oor face?

Oo would not like it—I know dat—
Now would oo? Tell me, say!
Now oo must eezer tell a fib,
Or div ooself away.

TISSUE paper napkins, with a colored ornamental border, are used in the cheap dining saloons of Berlin. They cost about two dollars per thousand. They are used because linen napkins were so frequently pilfered.

PEOPLE who have been lying in the shade of recreation all summer, are now at home lying to their creditors.

Are Journalists Deadheads?

Philadelphia Circular.

For more years than it is worth while enumerating, there has been in vogue a good deal of sarcasm anent the courtesies accorded to editors by railroad companies, managers of public amusements, and heads of other enterprises needing the publicity that can only be obtained thro' the columns of newspapers. Would-be wits invariably spoke of the editors as beggars of free tickets to shows and banquets—as leeches on all transportation companies; in short, as the deadheads of every American community—a class of men who insisted, by virtue of their calling, on getting for nothing that for which the rest of the public had to pay.

In this particular city of Philadelphia, the subject of deadheadism at theatres has received a thorough ventilation, which airing has revealed the surprising truth that the real deadheads have been the very small wits that had so long sneeringly pointed at journalists as worthless burdens upon managers. These slanderers of the press suddenly find themselves excluded from the places of amusement to which they had been admitted free of charge so long. The only deadheads against whom theatrical managers had to contend suddenly found themselves confronted with staring notifications that there was no longer any free list save to actual representatives of the press. Considering that the actual representatives of the press had for years been held up as the only persons favored by theatrical free lists, this notification seemed supererogatory, not to say preposterous. Curious people asked what it meant, and were informed that the real deadheads—the men that took something for nothing—were fellows who formed friendships with managers, actors, musicians—yes, and even editors, for the express purpose of obtaining gratis admissions to theatres. The very persons who sneered at journalists as deadheads were often the identical individuals that begged passes from the journalists. Managers do not consider journalists deadheads, for the sound commercial reason that they pay exorbitantly for their seemingly free admission, by writing and publishing, free of charge, descriptions of the entertainments they witness.

As to the railroads, they long ago struck from their complimentary lists the names of the real deadheads, and journalists were not among them. Like the theatres, the lines of travel are in need of constant publicity, and, like them, can obtain it only through the columns of the newspapers. When a new main or branch road is projected or opened, then ewspapers are called upon to write it up and publish it, free of expense to any one but themselves. As a reward, they obtain a pass to travel over the line they have helped to create, and from which they never receive any profit whatever.

"But the advertising!" says the libelers of the press; "the theatres and railroads are liberal advertisers, and, therefore, are entitled to extra without charge." Another mistake. The theatres and railroads are parsimonious advertisers compared with merchants manufacturers, etc. The latter ask no favors from the press and get none; the former are forever begging for extra privileges, and in many instances grudgingly grant a slight return. The journalists, even with their pockets bulging out with free passes—which is never the case—pay a hundredfold for all the petty favors granted them by officers of railroad companies and managers of places of amusement. The real deadheads are the well-dressed beggars of free passes, who badger railroad presidents and theatrical managers for tickets, for no other return service than abusing the editors as deadheads. It is the old story of the robber raising the cry of "stop thief." In this free-ticket business journalists have nothing to be ashamed of; their detractors a great deal. The crushing out of the genuine deadhead system, commenced here in Philadelphia, will meet the approbation of journalists throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

NORTHERNERS AND SOUTHERNERS FACE TO FACE.—The Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Georgia, who have been visiting some of the Western and Eastern cities, had a fine reception in Boston on Friday of last week, and were given a banquet in the evening by the Light Infantry Veteran Association and the Boston Light Infantry, at which speeches were made by the entertainers and the entertained of the most patriotic character. Mayor Prince, of Boston, declared the hearty welcome given the Georgians by the military and people of Boston showed that there was no real feeling of hatred between the North and South and exclaimed, "Don't let the politicians and office-seekers make us believe that there is anything between the people of the different States which shall prevent the unitity of heart so essential to political unity. Count him the common enemy who would rekindle and keep alive the fires of sectional discussion and discord." This was the sentiment which pervaded all the speeches, and M