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# Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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**The Kent News:**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

*Office in the Masonic Hall.*

JAS. H. PLUMMER, WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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*WALL PAPER,*

Oil and Paper WINDOW CURTAINS

And FIXTURES,

*Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Kalsomine, &c.*

COTTAGE FURNITUE,
EXTENSION TABLES,
LOUNGES, MATTRASSES,
SIDEBOARDS,
KITCHEN SAFES,
CRADLES, CRIBS,
CHAIRS, &c., &c.

Which have been purchased *in every instance* direct from the manufacturers.—For sale AS CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY.

**Window Curtains**

MADE TO ORDER,

Very cheap, and in the best manner.

**GLASS, of all sizes,**

cut to fit any sash.

**New Jersey Enamel PAINT,**

And JOHNSON'S

*DRY SIZED KALSOMINE.*

J. W. MASURY & SON'S

**Coach, Car and Cottage COLORS.**

JOHN LUCAS & CO'S & JAS. BRADFORD'S

**LIQUID PAINT.**

by the Pint or Gallon. Agent for Cowgill's Walnut Stain, Furniture Varnish, and Leather Oil.

☞ Call and examine my STOCK and PRICES.

Remember the place:

L. K. STAM,

Nearly opposite the Bank and adjoining C. F. Stam's store.

Chestertown, Oct. 4, 1879.

HOWELL'S POINT

Nurseries!

WE now have 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 CH[ERRY] 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,

Still Pond, Kent co., Md.

sep20-3m

H. J. SPARKS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN and COAL,

*LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

HIGHEST price paid for **CORN**, and

*COAL furnished*

At the very Lowest Prices, at BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.

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.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

**LUMBER, LUMBER.**

SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SIDING,
Weatherboarding, Barn Boards,
Va. Pine Boards, Cypress Fencing,
4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 Dressed White Pine,
Crown Moulding, Band Moulding,
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

all at prices that will satisfy after a close examination of the competing market. Parties who are about to build are solicited to call and learn my prices before buying elsewhere.

Oct. 18. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

MAURY'S

WALL MAPS

THESE celebrated and beautiful maps, prepared by that most able and eminent of American Geographers, Com. 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.

s27. COLIN F. STAM, Chestertown.

*DR. C. M. GILPIN,*

**DENTIST,**

Having located in Chestertown, offers his professional services to the public. feb1-tf.

## 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 re[al 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.

[JAS. B.] BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

[JAS. B.] BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Nov. 1—4t.

Ratification Notice.

[Wm.] A. Whitaker, [Trustee] of Mary Ann Duyer, *versus* Wm. [...] & 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 Ann Duyer, Trustee for the Sale of Real Estate of William [and Sar]ah E. Rodgers, his wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the [...] 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 [...]

[JAS. B.] BLACKISTON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

[JAS.] B. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

Nov. 1—4t.

Order Nisi.

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

ORDERED, this 28th day of October, 1879, that the sale of the Real Estate of [H]enrietta [Will]son, late of Kent Co., deceased, as made and reported by JAMES B. [WI]LLSON, 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 [...] day of [Dec]ember 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 [...] day of November next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $9[...]

[ROBT.] NICHOLSON,
[THOS. J.] SHALLCROSS,
R. [B. WI]LLSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

True copy—Test:

WM. STEVENS,
Reg. of Wills.

[...]1-4t.

Order Nisi.

John W. [...] and others, *vs* Eben W. [...] and others.

*In the Orphans' Court for Kent County.*

ORDERED, this [...] day of October, 1879, that the sale of those portions of the Real Estate of Caroline Frazier, late of Kent county, deceased, made and reported by JAMES 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 November 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,
Reg. of Wills.

oct25-3t.

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 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:
G. T. Perkins, Esq. G. B. Westcott, Esq.
W. N. E. Wickes " Jas. T. Moody "
Jas. Brice " J. C. Voshell "
and many others.

Give it a trial.

sep27. Resp'y, R. F. PARKS.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim li[ght]
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dre[ad]
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown
From the first to the lowermost story,
And we never heard from or seen the poor ma[n]
Whom we left alone in his glory.

### The Beautiful Gypsy and Her Ring.

Some time in the fifteenth century, when the monastry was in the height of its power and fame, and when high-born youths came far and near to receive instruction from the learned monks, there was staying in the abbey for this purpose a young man of good family called Hans von Wessenburg.

There was at the same time encamped in the forest, a tribe of Bohemians, whose lawless ways were perhaps somewhat of a trial to the good monks their neighbors, but who served, it would seem to relieve the tedium of those hours; which young Hans von Wessenburg did not spend in study—hours when he possibly found the society of the brown-stoled brethren slightly oppressive.

There happened to be among the gypsies a maiden of unusual and peerless beauty, the pride and delight of the tribe, a creature with soft dark eyes, lustrous as though the stars had looked into them, and softly tinted damask cheeks, such as Correggio only could have put on canvas—a creature that seemed to the young student a very "vision of delight," when one day, book in hand, he was taking a solitary ramble through the ravine, and suddenly looking up he saw Elsa, seated on a great rock in the centre of a torrent, her dark hair flying in the breeze, and her shapely bare feet dipped into the foam of the water-fall.

The young man was certainly inclined to believe that he had come across one of those fair, unearthly beings which legend had taught him haunted those scenes.

Still he did not turn and fly, as perhaps he should, as those seized with this impression have done. Later on, however, he discovered that the beautiful vision was no deluding water-nixie, but a true maiden of flesh and blood, and he felt less inclined to turn and fly than before.

The first meeting between the youth and the gypsy maiden by the romantic water-fall was by no means the last. Both were young. Both were weaving their first romance; for doubtless in the gypsy's eyes, the fair-haired, high-born youth appeared no less charming than she did in his. Both loved. The young man had but one desire in the world—to call the lovely spirit in the ravine his own. And before long a solemn betrothal, in the presence of the gypsy tribe, joined their hands and Hans slipped on to the slender brown finger of his future bride a ring as an earnestness of his troth.

"On that ring," said an old sibyl of the tribe, soon after, to the girl, "hangs your fate. Be careful of it. If you lose it, your happiness is gone."

Elsa laughed softly. "My happiness is in him and not in the ring," she said lightly.

Yet she wore it night and day, and looked at it and loved it, and caressed it in secret as though it had been a part of her lover.

It is like a lock of his golden hair, she thinks, twisted about her finger, and she loves to play with it, child as she is, as though it were.

And she is a little wilful and wild in her ways too—as indeed a gypsy maiden might well be.

One day she is in the ravine awaiting her lover, and by way of passing the time which seems long to her, she takes off one by one her bits of gypsy finery, her necklace of beads and armlets of silver, and lays them on the big stone in the rivulet which is her favorite seat. A little cross too, that her lover has given her and taught her to prize, she lays amongst them.

"How pretty they are! how pretty they must look on me!" she cries in innocent vanity, not knowing it was she who gave a beauty to the trinkets far more than they gave to her. "But my ring is the best," she says, "ah, let me see how that sparkles amongst them—so tiny, but so precious."

She lays it on the stone in the midst of her armlets, and gazes at it admiringly. But in another instant a sound reaches her ear. She thinks it is her lover's footstep, and turning away her head to listen a second only, and she turns again to see her prized and fated ring carried from her in the beak of a raven which had been hovering over her head.

With a cry of despair the girl leaps from the rock to meet her lover and pour into his ear the sad tale of her loss.

To the Teutonic mind of Hans this event is annoying as involving the loss of the ring but otherwise not overwhelming.

"After all another ring can be got where that come from," he said lightly. Don't spoil your pretty eyes, my Elsa by crying after the bauble."

Then Elsa tells him with faltering tongue and white cheeks of the old sibyl's prophecy. "My happiness goes with that ring," she cries passionately, looking up at the raven's nest overhanging the edges of the rock far above her head, where the bird had retired with its prey.

"If that be so," said the young lover, smiling, yet moved by the anguish of her face, "you shall very soon have it back again—both ring and the happiness."

Before the girl is well aware of what he is about, he has begun climbing, hand over hand, the rugged face of the steep gorge, clinging here to a bush, and there to a stone and hanging now and again over the abyss on the strong arm of a tree.

"Stay! stay!" cries the gypsy, as she watches her lover's progress with horrible fascination. "Come back! Alas! the ring is not worth your danger to me.—What have I said?"

But the young man excited now with the sense of an exploit almost achieved, sends back a reassuring shout, and pursues his perilous way upward. One more spring and the prize is his.

He stretches his hand over the nest from which the scared bird rises supporting himself meanwhile on a clump of gorse which overhangs the torrent.

Elsa, seized with a sudden presentment of evil shudders and covers her eyes with her hands. A horrible sound of something falling heavily beside her makes her start away and look.

At her feet lies the body of her lover, the last faint breath of life but now fluttering from his white lips, while in his tightly clenched hand he still holds the prize for which he had striven—her ring.

Three days afterward some of the gypsy tribe, searching for the lost Elsa, who has been for this time missing, coming upon a white-faced, scared and ghost-like creature sitting in the roar of the water-fall, beside a dead and mutilated body, which she is still chattering plaintive words of fond endearment, and tender reproach for its silent coldness. The gypsies carried the body of the young man to the abbey, where he was buried, and moving their camp from the neighborhood, took the unfortunate Elsa with them.

But the glen where her happiness and misery had in turn come to her had a weird charm for her unquiet spirit, which no distance could alter. She found her way back again to her favorite haunt, and not many months afterward lay down with a child's weariness to die on the spot where her lover's life and her own had alike left her.

### A Puzzled Relationship.

A telegram from Utah, was received in Colorado a few days since directing the authorities to arrest a young man who, it was alleged, had run away with his aunt.

"I have an order for your arrest," remarked the officer, addressing the supposed criminal.

"For what?"

"You have been running away with your aunt."

"My aunt! Why, she's my wife!"

"But wasn't she your aunt before she became your wife? You see we don't tolerate those kind of goings on in Colorado."

"I suppose you never were in Utah?" queried the young man, after he had concluded his survey of the detective.

"No."

"Well, as you don't understand the relations of an aunt and nephew in that Territory, I suppose I ought to explain them to you, and then, perhaps you may see your duty plainer. My father married my mother."

"I suppose so."

"Then he married her sister," continued the stranger, without heeding the interruption. "Then he married the sister of his brother-in-law; then the daughter of his uncle; who was a cousin to his first wives; then he married her sister, who was the widow of one of his first wives' husbands; then he married her daughter; and a son of this wife married my sister, who was also a widow of one of the other wives' sons. I suppose you are following me?" interjected the narrator.

"Try your aunt or your grandmother, or both of them."

"And you won't arrest me?"

"No, you might be your own father."

### Shot at an Incoming Duck.

Mr. A. Rimmerman, of St. Paul, a noted sportsman, writes as follows, in an illustrated paper, on "Field Sports in Minnesota," in *Scribner* for October:

To stop an "incomer," raise the gun carefully in the line of his flight; move quickly ahead of the duck, when you judge him to be in range; and, when you lose sight of head and bill over your gun, pull instantly. The flight of a duck is ordinary at the rate of about sixty miles an hour but when accelerated by fear, or a brisk wind, or both, it is nearly doubled and must be experimented upon to be fully appreciated. To become a good "cross shot," some of the requisites are: to be able to judge distances quickly; next to be able to cover well the moving bird, and not to check the motion of the gun at the moment of discharge. Because it is necessary for most men to hold some distance ahead of swiftly flying game in close range, it does not follow that is is the best thing to do; it shows, rather, that such a one is in the habit of checking or arresting entirely the motion of his piece as his finger presses the trigger. Most sportsmen flinch at that supreme moment, and unless the habit is entirely overcome they cannot expect to become good wing shots. The "choke boring" of guns, in limited use long ago, has only very recently come into favor and other more general use. Upon the pass or elsewhere it is at least one-fourth more distance to the killing range. This is done by the effect it has upon the "pattern" made by the shot, causing the gun to throw a greater number of shot pellets into a given circle than can be done by the cylinder or straight bore. One barrel of the duck-hunter's gun should surely be bored in this manner.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon tells this story: "A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. But he broke his leg and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer meeting at his house. The meeting was led by deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. 'Father could not attend this meeting,' he said, 'but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the car.' They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.

I THINK 'twas in September, if I rightly now remember, that I heard a knocking, knocking at my door; yes, I know 'twas in September, for quite well I now remember, he had been there knocking at my door. But I opened not, nor wondered as upon the door he thundered, for he yelled, "say, now, will you, settle that 'ere bill I bring you," as he battered on the door; and I answered, calmly answered, "Nevermore."

[From the Methodist Protestant.]

### TRIBUTE TO HON. GEORGE VICKERS.

Domestic affliction requires my presence at home, or I would have been on the spot, amid the mournful associations, to mingle my sympathies with sorrowing relatives and friends, and to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of the honored dead. This, however, I can do, though absent, through the medium of this communication—and I do esteem it a privilege to bear my testimony to departed excellence and worth. I have known the deceased for more than forty years, and during that period, from time to time, enjoyed his company at my own home, and all the time have had the freedom of uninterrupted intercourse with his family, where, on his part and theirs, I have always been treated with courtesy and kindness. During my earlier acquaintance with Mr. Vickers he was not a member of Church or professor of religion, but even then he was, in his uniform conversation and conduct, a man of high morality and strong religious predilections; and when it pleased God in the economy of His grace to bring him to realize the need of conversion, and to seek the great blessing, he entered upon a higher life and evidenced in his deportment the marks of a new man in Christ Jesus; and, so far as I have had opportunity to judge, his religious devotions were constant and intense. On visits to my home, he not only officiated at the family altar, but offered prayer in the public congregation with great freedom and fervor. He seemed to fulfill to the letter the apostolic requirement, "Be not slothful in business, fervent in business, serving the Lord."

Mr. Vickers no doubt had his faults—and who is without them?—but in public and in private life he was as free from faults as any man I ever knew. "Far be the flatterer's lying lips from me; the virtuous dead deserves the highest praise" that friendship and candor can declare. If he had faults, like other men, he certainly did possess excellencies that very few can claim. In his profession he was indefatigable and faithful; in business affairs he was punctual and upright; with his acquaintances and friends he was courteous and generous, dignified without haughtiness, cheerful without frivolity, and attentive without officiousness. His hospitality was elegant and profuse, and his benevolence large and unceasing. To the needy he distributed with a liberal hand, and to religious objects he was a "cheerful giver." He was a man of public spirit, and, although conservative, he was the friend of reform and progress, and lent his influence to every good word and work—secular and religious, local and national; and, although untiring in his application to professional duties, and entrusted with public responsibilities, yet he found time to enjoy the society of his friends and to take part in the convivialities of life, to which the vivacity of his presence gave freshness and joy. His life, if written, would be equal to the best of biographies; it would contain an example for youth and manhood and age—a pattern in the domestic department and in the business walks of life. His friends and fellow-citizens trusted and honored him, and he was worthy of it; and above the honor that earthly patronage bestows, he received, I believe, the approval and blessedness that come from God. No woman ever had a nobler husband than was the lot of her who was the wife of his bosom for more than fifty years; no sons and daughters ever had a kinder father; no community ever had a more useful and worthy citizen. He was an able jurist, a wise legislator, a patriotic senator. His name belongs to his family; to Chestertown; to Kent county; to the Eastern Shore; to the State of Maryland; to the United States. He belonged to the Church of God and to Christian civilization. His contemporaries honor him and posterity will do reverence to his name. This great and good man, George Vickers, whom we respect and love, after a life that filled seven-eighths of a cantury, has passed away. The outlook of the hereafter breaks upon us—"Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel!" * * *

B. F. PRICE.

In a recent issue of the same paper Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D., gives the following account of Mr. Vickers' conversion and reception into the church:

The first scene of this happy change was a camp-meeting near Chestertown, in the year 1848—held by our people, under the management of their pastors, Revs. William T. Wright and William Dale. The second scene was the law-office of Mr. Vickers. A number of ministers were at the camp-meeting. The preaching was effective and much religious interest excited. Mr. Vickers was there from day to day, and, as usual, gave profound attention to the word. On the last day of the meeting he was observed to be very much affected as Dr. John S. Reese powerfully plead with sinners to become reconciled to God. He retired from the closing services, as the result proved, stirred, perhaps, as never stirred till then. The hour of decision had come. The great event was about to occur, which would set a crown of highest honor upon his forty-seven years of blameless life among men, and send its beams of glory all along the path of his future career.

On the very day the tents of the worshippers were struck, and while several of the ministers were lingering for repose at the house of Bro. Daniel Collins, in Chestertown, the message was brought one of their number, Rev. Wm. Dale, that Mr. Vickers desired to see him immediately at his office. Brother Dale promptly repaired to the place. In an hour or two he returned, and gave us the joyous intelligence that he had spent the interval with our friend in prayer amid his law-books, and that he was then ready to confess Christ as his personal Saviour. At the very next assembling of the Chestertown Methodist Protestant Church, amid smiling faces and welcoming hands of all, he was received as a brother in the Lord.

"EDWARD, you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps." "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys,' and I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her!"

### A Fight Between Stallions.

In the Pottsville (Pa.) *Miners' Journal* of October 30 appeared the following account of a pitched battle between two stallions near Friedensburg, Pa., on the 21st ult. About 2 weeks ago a Philadelphia gentleman named Robert Dunlap sent a five-year-old Golddust stallion, called Gold King, to the farm of Aaron Maskell, intending to let the animal remain there until next season. It appears that Maskell is boarding several other horses, and among the number is a three-year-old stallion called Schuylkill Chief. Soon after being brought to the farm, Mr. Maskell, who, by the way, is an experienced horseman, discovered that Gold King possessed an exceedingly vicious disposition. He attacked one of the grooms last week, and bit him severely in the shoulder, and at times the horse became so furious that it was not safe to enter his stall. The Chief, however, is said to have an amicable disposition, and can be safely handled by a boy. On Tuesday morning both animals were brought out into the yard for water and exercise. Mr. Maskell led Gold King, and a farm-hand named Krietzer had the Chief in hand. The first-named animal had on a bridle with a very severe bit, but the other horse was simply controlled by a halter. While at the watering trough Gold King began behaving badly and when the other horse approached his rage knew no bounds. The more Mr. Maskell endeavored to control him, the more furious he became. The other horse then began to exhibit signs of anger, and, fearing that Krietzer could not hold him with the halter, Maskell yelled to take the Chief back to the stable. An instant later the throat-latch on the bridle of Gold King broke, and he was free.—Uttering an indescribable cry of rage, the infuriated horse rushed on the Chief.—Krietzer became frightened, and, dropping the halter, sought a place of safety over an adjoining fence. Rearing on their hind feet, the horses came together with terrific force, and the shock made both recoil on their haunches. Hostilities were resumed almost instantly, and then followed such striking and biting and kicking as were never done before by equines. The cries of the infuriated animals could be heard a mile off, and as the combatants became weaker their rage seemed to increase. Maskell and Kreitzer saw that it was utterly useless to attempt to separate the animals without assistance; so the latter was dispatched for help to neighboring farms. In less than half an hour nearly fifty men and boys had assembled around the barnyard, where the horses still fought viciously. Various means of separating the animals were proposed, but as each plan was tried it proved a failure. In the meantime the horses fought on without paying the slightest attention to the excited spectators. At last some one suggested that two lassoes be made and one thrown on the neck of each horse. This was thought to be a good idea, and it was acted upon immediately. After the lassoes were made no one knew how to throw them from a distance, and for some time no one could be found brave enough to approach the vicious horses. At last Maskell and a man named Glover took the lassoes and approached the horses. Glover succeeded in throwing his noose around Gold King's neck at the first attempt, but Maskell made three casts before he got his lasso on Chief's head. A dozen ready hands then grasped the ropes, and the horses were drawn apart. They both struggled violently and uttered the most savage cries; but the tightening of the ropes soon choked them down, and they were hobbled and taken to their respective stables. Both animals were covered with cuts and bruises, and Gold King's forelegs are so badly injured that it is feared he will never entirely recover. The Chief's hurts, although severe, are not likely to cause permanent injury.—After being taken to their stalls both animals continued to utter furious cries for several hours. Strange to say, neither of the animals has taken food or water since. The combat does not seem to improve Gold King's disposition a particle, and he would not allow any one to enter his stall. A Reading veterinary surgeon was sent for, who took charge of the horses. As soon as he is well enough, Gold King will be sent to Philadelphia.

### The Value of "Esq."

The Council Bluffs *Union* says: A young man whose money didn't hold out as long as the state fair, dropped into the telegraph office yesterday and sent a dispatch to his father in the interior to forward him cash to reach home with.—When the receiving clerk saw that the dispatch read "To John Blank, Esq.," he suggested that a saving could be effected by erasing the "esq."

"Well, maybe you think so, but I don't," replied the sender. "When I am at home I call him 'dad' all day long, but when it comes down to black and white you've got to 'esquire him right up to the nines or walk home by the dirt road. Don't you dare leave that off—not with the roads as muddy as they are now!"

In about an hour the following answer was received:

John Blank, Esq., forwards you $10, and you can have more if you want it."

JOHN BLANK, ESQ.

"Didn't I tell ye?" chuckled the young man as he read it. "Dad's common enough when we're all home and rushed to get fall wheat in, but the minute his back gets rested and a stranger comes along he weighs more to the ton than any 'esq.' on legs. I tell ye, you don't know a man till ye have hoed corn with him!"

THE ORIGIN OF MAUD MULLER.—The poet Whittier recently gave the following account of the origin of his famous poem entitled "Maud Muller." He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed, as she talked, that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening.

MEN wants but little here below, and the McGregor *News* accurately thinks that he can get that the quickest by advertising.

### Hints to be Remembered.

Remember to shake off and remove all dust from a black garment every time it is worn. Nothing sooner defaces a black silk, poplin or woolen than to wear it shopping, riding, or even for the day in the house, and then to hang it up without removing the dust. The gritty motes with which the air is filled, particularly in regions where coal is constantly used, grind and wear out any fabric. First shake both skirt and over-dress faithfully. A back window is a good place to shake them from. Then take a soft old handkerchief and brush the dress with that instead of a clothes brush. See that all the dust that settles in folds or pleats is removed. Stand by an open window and shake the dust off the handkerchief out of the window.

Remember that lemons can be kept sweet and fresh for months by putting them in a clean, tight cask or jar and covering with cold water. The water must be changed as often as every other day and the cask kept in a cool place.

Remember that mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough or granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The amalgam or union of tin foil with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking-glass, is easily ruined by the direct, continued exposure to the solar rays.

Remember that one can have the hands in soapsuds with soft-soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon-juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effect of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon-juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.

Remember never to leave clothes lines out week after week, but take them down and wind them on the reel as soon as the clothes are dry. With this care a clothes line will last for years, but if left out wind and rain will mildew and rot the line and it will soon become worthless. Added to this, the clothes will be colored from the line, and dirty streaks, almost impossible to remove, will be seen where they rest on it.

Remember that a tablespoonful of black pepper will prevent grey or buff linen from spotting if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Remember that the wings of turkeys, geese and chickens should never be thrown away. Many people, especially in the country, keep them simply to brush off the stove or range, but there is nothing better to wash and clean windows. Chamois or buckskin is very good, but wings are better and cost nothing, and their use is an economy—utilizing that which would otherwise be thrown away. They are excellent to clean the hearth or stove, or to dust the furniture, but best of all, to wash the windows, because the corners can be easily and perfectly cleaned by them, leaving no lint behind, as when cloths are used. Use these wings also to spread on paste when papering walls. There is nothing that does that kind of work better.

Remember that if brooms are dipped for a minute or two into a kettle of boiling suds once a week they will last much longer. It makes them tough but pliable, and carpet is not worn half so much by sweeping with a broom so cared for. A good housekeeper will see that her brooms are all thus scalded.

Remember that a fine paste for scrap-books can be made from alum water and flour—a teaspoonful and a-half of pounded alum dissolved in enough cold water to make a pint of paste. Pour the water, when the alum is all dissolved, onto enough flour to thicken it as stiff as common paste, bring it to a boil, stirring all the time, and when done add a few drops of the oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation and the oil of cloves will prevent or destroy all vegetable mould.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—Josh Billings, the sage of doubtful orthography, gets off the following:

Sum marry bekase they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it carefully over fust, and then set down and marry.

No man kan tell jist exactly whar he will fetch up when he touches calico.

DR. LILIENTHAL recently stepped into a schoolroom during a recitation in geography, and was invited by the teacher to ask the class a few questions. He courteously complied. "What is the capital of Pennsylvania?" "Harrisburgh." "What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?" "Philadelphia?" "What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen?" That was a poser. The class was troubled, but made no answer. The doctor repeated the question. "I know," said a little fellow on the back seat, as he stretched up his arm to its full length. "Tell us what it is, then, my dear boy" said the doctor. "The Mint," was the confident answer.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

The dust was flying thick and fast
O'er many a worried passer-by,
And soon a grain of sand was cast
Into a little boy's bright eye.

He brushed away the upper crust,
And said, with look so wondrous wise:
"When I am dead and turned to dust,
I wont blow up in people's eyes."

—[*Hackensack Republican.*

A CERTAIN young lady who was a little behindhand with her autumn outfit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up, she told them because she had no little hat-yet.

**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.

### AN OLD FAMILY.

DATING BACK 660 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

John Russell Young, in his trip around the world with General Grant, through the New York *Herald* is familiarizing the public with Asia, and particularly with Chinese and Japanese history. In the *Herald*, recently, he gave an account of the personal interview between the Emperor of Japan and General Grant. Of the present Emperor and family he says:

Nothing could be more quiet than our days in Enriokwan. We read and write and walk about the grounds, and fish and set up late at nights on the veranda, talking about home, about the East, about our travels, about Japan. Japan itself grows upon us more and more as a most interesting study. The opportunities for studying the country, its policy, the aims of its rulers, its government and its diplomacy have been very great. In this place which I have been describing there took place recently one of the most important events in the modern history of Japan—a long personal interview between General Grant and the Emperor. The circumstances that an ex-President of the United States should converse with the chief of a friend nation is not in itself an important event. But when you consider the position of the Emperor among his subjects, the traditions of his house and his throne, you will see the value of this meeting and the revolution it makes in the history of Japan. The imperial family is, in descent, the most ancient in the world. It goes back in a direct line 660 years before Christ. For more than twenty-five centuries this line has continued unbroken, and the present sovereign is the 123d of his line. The position of Mikado has always been unique in Japan. For centuries the emperors lived in seclusion at Kiyoto. The Mikado was a holy being. No one was allowed to look upon his face. He had no family name, because his dynasty being unending he needed none. During his life he was translated into celestial presence. Within ten years it was not proper that even his sacred name should be spoken. This is now permitted, but even now you cannot buy a photograph of the Mikado. It is not proper that his subjects should look upon his face. When he first received a foreign embassador (in 1868) his Prime Minister knelt at his side while the nobles sat around on mats where they could not see him.

### Ingenious Plan for Raising Sunken Vessels.

The London *Times* of September 27, says: "In the Plotzen Lake, which is not far from Berlin, and the depth of which is very considerable, reaching in some parts to 28 metres, and interesting attempt has been made to raise sunken vessels. The method, which is the invention of Herr Eidner, a Vienna civil engineer, consists in applying carbolic acid in the following manner: In an empty balloon a bottle half filled with sulphuric acid, surrounded with Bullrich's salt, is fixed; the bottle is destroyed by turning a screw, and the two substances mix and produce carbonic acid, which fills the balloon. It is obvious that when this apparatus is brought into operation in the hull of a sunken ship the effect must be, if a sufficient number of balloons are filled, to raise the vessel. In the experiments on the Plotzen Lake, a small vessel or boat, weighing several hundred weight, was first sunk. A diver then went down with the necessary apparatus, which he set in operation in the interior of the ship. Hardly had he done so before the vessel began to rise to the surface, where it was maintained by the balloon. In a second experiment five heavy sacks filled with sand were thrown overboard in a part of the lake which was 16 metres deep. The diver descended, fastened all the sacks together, and fixing the balloon apparatus to them, set going, with the effect that the whole of the sacks were brought up to the surface."

HYPERCRITICAL.—A gentleman inspecting some of the stock of a dealer in tombstones, with intent to purchase, was particularly pleased with one on which was the cut of an angel with wings just ready to take an upward flight, but objected that no angel of that sort could fly in a direct line to heaven or elsewhere.—"Why not!" was the querry of the artist in grave stones. "Well, you see," was the response, "them angels hain't got no tails, and without a tail no bird can fly straight. It stands to reason that angels without tails couldn't stir themselves." The artist protested that he had never seen any pictures of angels with tails, but the objector was firm, and didn't want the tombstone unless a tail was put to the angel.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—An exchange offers the following, which is worth heeding: Girls, listen! It is said that nine-tenths of those girls who fall from the pedestal of virtue and lie broken and ruined in Stygian waters of vice, commenced their downward course by flirting on the streets. It may be fun, but, for the good of yourselves, stop it, for flirtation with a stranger is the first step in a bad career; it attracts not the modest and virtuous man, but fast fellows—such as street-corner loafers and bar-room pets; it is a bid for seduction, for it seduces young men. Finally, girls, it is looked upon as a habit of "improper characters," and if you do not wish to be mistaken for one, don't allow yourself to imitate their actions on the streets.

SOME of the Chicago papers are bemoaning the fact that the typographical error still exists. One of them recently wanted to say "holy of holies," when the type made it "baby of babies," which was slightly ridiculous. Another said "prairie chicken citizens of Memphis," instead of "panic stricken citizens." The same paper explained that, instead of saying "Mr. Brown's great pug nose," it meant to say "Mr. Brown's great purpose," as the context would show. That was about as bad as the New England journal that made the clergyman's text read "Is there no barn in Guilford?"

"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor, who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Colorado. "Stranger, yes," was the reply. "Ten years ago we had to kill two ol' men to set the cemetery a-going."