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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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Kent News.

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

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Advertising:

Advertisements occupying eight lines brevier type or less space of three times for one dollar, and inserted each subsequent insertion. Contracts for one-half advertising rates. Charities 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.

Large Sale OF

TOWN PROPERTY

In Millington, Kent County, Md.

BY VIRTUE of the power contained in a mortgage from John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas his wife, to Andrew Woodall, Stephen Boyer, Benjamin F. H. Caulk and Thomas A. Jacobs, dated the 18th day of April, 1879, and duly recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber D. C. B., No. 5, folio 123, &c., the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE in front of the Hotel in Millington, Kent county, Md., on

WEDNESDAY,

The 10th of December, 1879

At Eleven o'clock A. M.,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

Number 1

Consists of a LOT of LAND

in Millington, on Sassafras street, adjoining the property of Joseph Mann's heirs, and others; this Lot is enclosed with good fencing, and is improved by

A TWO-STORY

Frame DWELLING HOUSE,

in good repair. Also, a

STABLE and CARRIAGE HOUSE.

GOOD GARDEN attached, and would make a very desirable residence.

Number 2

Is a LOT OF LAND

on the suburbs of Millington, on the East side of the Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road, adjoining the lands of Joseph Carney, and others, containing

6 Acres, 1 Rood and 15 Perches.

Number 3

Is a LOT OF LAND

on the South side of the public road leading from Millington to Smyrna, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Harriet A. Emory and others, containing

About EIGHT ACRES.

Also, all the interest and estate of the said John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas his wife, in and to

THE REAL ESTATE OF THE LATE JOSEPH MANN,

situated in the town of Millington, and adjoining Lot No. 1.

ALSO, all the interest and estate of the said John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas, his wife, in and to

Another Parcel of the REAL ESTATE

of the said Joseph Mann, at Mann's Corner, about one mile from Millington, the same being a one-sixth interest therein.

Also, 2 Bay Horses,

1 YORK CARRIAGE.

1 FAMILY CARRIAGE, 1 COW,

Half interest in an OFFICE in the town of Millington; 1 SLEIGH. Also, a large variety of

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

☞THE TERMS prescribed by the mortgage are cash, but may be modified on the day of sale.

ANDREW WOODALL,
STEPHEN BOYER,
BENJ. F. H. CAULK,
THOS. A. JACOBS,
MORTGAGEES.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
Trustee and Attorney.

Nov. 15, 1879—ts.

Houses for Rent,

FOR 1880.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined, on High Street, above Mill Street, occupied by Mr. A. P. Carroll.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined on Cross street near High, now occupied by Mr. S. S. Usilton.

DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, near High, adjoining above. The front room of this house would be fitted for a Store room if desired.

SMALL DWELLING HOUSE on Cannon street, just above Cross st.

DWELLING HOUSE on corner of Cannon st. and Princess st.

DWELLING on Princess street, near Cannon st.

STORE HOUSE on High St., now occupied by Kennard & Connelly.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
sep20—tf. ATT'Y AT LAW.

FOR RENT,

The Wheelwright Shop,

in Kennedyville, at present occupied by John M. Pennington, for the ensuing year. Apply to

oc18-tf. JACOB HIGHLEY.

FOR RENT,

For 1880,

The STORE and DWELLING at Lankford, at present occupied by myself; also Stock and Fixtures for sale.—Immediate possession given of the store.

GEO. BECK,
Nov. 1-4t. Lankford, Kent co., Md.

FOR RENT,

in the Village of Still Pond, a comfortable DWELLING, with large Garden attached, and Pump of good water at the door.

Apply to L. S. HEPBRON,
n15-3t. Lynch's Station.

FOR RENT,

For 1880,

A DWELLING HOUSE on Cross st., in Chestertown.

Apply to WM. VANNORT.
Nov. 1—tf.

FOR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE at present occupied by myself will be for rent the ensuing year.

oc4-tf. A. L. VANNORT.

SALTPETER,

PEPPER and SAGE, at

LEARY'S Pharmacy,

ROCK HALL.

☞Coughs, Colds and other diseases of the Lungs are quickly cured by using *Leary's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar*, only 35c. per bottle. n8-5t*

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, wishing to reduce his Personal Property will sell at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY, ..., '79,

At 10 o'clock A. M., at the late residence of ... Rose-, the following property:

...VE HORSES,

...ng the number TWO LIONS and TWO BROOD

...OUR MILCH COWS,

Fattening Hogs

...20 Tons CLOVER, ...ot Corn ...des, one Carriage ...rness, 1 Track Sulkey, ..., ..., Harrows, Cultivators, many things too tedious to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over that amount a credit of ... months will be given, approved notes, with interest ... date. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JAMES C. ...ERRY.
...C. GARRETT, Auct.
...15—ts.

...VENDE.

THE undersigned will offer at public auction at Dr. Hopkins Farm, near ... Corner, on

THURSDAY, Dec. ... 1879,

...el'k A. M., the following property:

...HEAD of HORSES

...of them good Drivers; ... of them good Drivers; 1 ... old next Spring broke to single and doubles.

...1 Milch Cows,

Young Steers, Young Bull,

...GON, and set of ... Harness nearly new; ...OOS REAPER; ...HEAT DRILL, in order; ...AND SHELLER; ...HARROWS, CULTIVATORS ...GEARS, &c., &c.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over that amount a credit of ... months, with note and approved security. No property to be moved until terms are complied with.

JOSHUA ALBERT.
...A. GARRETT, Auct. n15-ts*

LARGE SALE

—OF—

PERSONALTY

...HUTTINGFIELD, ...tern Neck.

THE subscriber, intending to discontinue farming, will dispose of the following property at public auction, on

FRIDAY, Decem... 5, 1879

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

...GOOD HORSES,

...good Drivers; 1 ..., three yrs. old; 1 COLT, two years old; 1 STALLION by Legatee, ... Horse.

2 MILCH COWS,

...OF OXEN, HEIFERS and ...ist Spring CALVES; 1 BULL,

...Ham 4and 5,000 wht of PORK

40 SHEEP,

...IMPTON REAPER and RAKE; ...; 1 Reading Corneller, with ... attachment; 1 Feat Drill, ...Wheel Rake, 1 Corsheller, 1 ... Oxcart, 1 large farm Wagon, 1 ... Wagon, 1 no-to-nuggy, 1 Grind Stone, ... large Cook Stove, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Plowshears, Collars and ...les. Also, Spades, Forks, Hoes, Shovels, &c.

TERMS OF SALE:—On sums of Ten Dollars and under cash; sums over $10 a credit of twelve months, with approved endorsed Notes to be collied with before property is removed.

...AS. P. HACHERSON.

NOTICE!

On and after DEC. 6th, Fine Stock of

...VER PLATE WARE,

purchased in first hands, and will be sold very low.

Will also open for the HOLIDAYS A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY GOODS

such as Toilet Sets, Vases, Fancy Papers and Envelopes; Bohemian Glassware, &c. Also, a full and complete stock of

Confectionery and Fruits,

GOOD LAMPS and CLOCKS.

Toys Toys Toys!

and a little almost everything, you can find at

SPARKS',

Opp. the Court House.

CAN... and TOBACCO!

...OF FIVE CENT CIGARS

Without Doubt

THE BEST IN TOWN!

We are selling thousands, and every one delighted with their flavor.

Then ... COLL... F. STAM.

JUST RECEIVED, ...

...Chairs, Bedsteads, ...Bureaus, Lounges, Bureaus. BOOTS AND SHOES in great variety. ...adies' hand-made Gaiters of excellent quality. Latest styles.

...ESPECTFULLY,

...AMES, ... SHAW'S,
Oct. 18... Court Street.

THE BEST COW IN PERIL.

Old Farmer B. is a stingy man;
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can.
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree.
He goes to church and rents a pew,
But the dimes he gives the Lord are few.
If he gets to Heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now Farmer B., besides driving the plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man who buys, I'll vow, can tell
If I water it not, or water it well.
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in!"
Thus talked to himself old Farmer B;
How mean he is, old and young can see.

One night it was dark; oh, fearfully dark!
The watch-dog never came out to bark.
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered the door;
And a voice cried out with hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death!"

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded on the bedroom floor,
And the midnight voice was heard no more.
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all on his choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
Looking around by the lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right

"I will give a dime," said Farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckles sore
That knocked to-night on my farm-house door."
With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice warm bed
No good thoughts came, they were all overpowered,
The little god nature he had was soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed to say,
As he pumped with panting breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's snout.

Old Farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meet his neighbors with savage frown;
They smile and ask, as they kindly bow,
"How geteth along the best cow now?"

Short Ways to Wealth.

The New York Times gives some excellent advice to the uninitiated:

The number of people who expect to get rich by investing a few dollars in the lottery tickets or in the Wall street gambling dens seems to increase daily. The overwhelming chances against any given ticket's drawing a prize in a lottery ought to deter everybody but the foolishly sanguine from taking that formula, but experience proves that probabilities do not enter into the calculations of the buyers of lotery tickets; were the chances ten times as unfavorable, the number would be nearly as great. The blind, unreasonable hope of a stroke of luck is an amply sufficient inducement. Over and above this consideration, there is the fact that most lotteries are rank swindles.

Only very silly people are taken in by the ostentatious announcement that this or that lottery is "under the auspices" of a State government, or is managed by certain "eminent and well-known gentlemen" whose names are constantly paraded in advertisements. The facts are that in some States lotteries are licensed by the State government, but the State in no wise garantees their honesty or fair dealing; as to the "eminent gentlemen," they commonly have nothing to do with the lottery save to loan it their names, which is a purely financial transaction.

One of these swindling concerns has just been exposed by a suit at law in Louisville, and it was clearly shown that the company was organized and carried on as a scheme of wholesale robbery.

The risks in Wall street speculation are greater yet. Letters frequently come to this office from distant points, asking if certain Wall street firms who solicit the favor of small country investors are trustworthy. These firms scatter their enticingly worded circulars over the whole country through the mails, and there is reason to believe that they reap a considerable harvest.

It is sufficient to say to all enquirers that even the shrewdest of the "outside" Wall street speculators, living here in the city and constantly watching with a keen and intelligent eye the stock fluctuations, generally retire from their ventures seriously out of pocket. What has the rural investor to hope for when he intrusts his money to persons he knows nothing about to be put into a "pool" where the chances are twenty to one it will be lost?

Charity Lotteries in Court.

By Telegraph from Boston.

Rev. Henry Morgan has written an open letter to Archbishop Williams, in which he asks him to stop the practice of drawing articles by lottery at the grand fair for the benefit of the new Cathedral. After citing the law, which is very explicit, Mr. Morgan says: "The law is a dead letter in Boston, because the authorities are afraid to enforce it. They fear they may hit the Church and damage their own friends. You may say, 'Oh, but our lotteries are for charity, for benevolence!' Yes, but you would not lie nor steal for charity, nor for benevolence. Why, then, should you gamble? Gambling is a worse evil by far than robbery or murder. It reaches a larger class, demoralizes more people fourfold. I can name six recent suicides in and around Boston, all from gambling. These are more than all the murders of the State in the same length of time. When I found the Church a barrier to the suppression of gambling I publicly made the following vow: 'That the first church in Boston, of whatever sect or creed, that advertises, sets up and promotes a lottery shall be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.'

Cure for Sleeplessness.

Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

A TEN-DOLLAR gold piece is to be awarded at the Mifflin, Pa., county fair, to the prettiest girl in the county, provided a committee of ten young ladies give a unanimous decision as to who it is.

THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sign of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper window.

"Young man, go around to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there in the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round white arms and uncovered head.

Laying down her broom, she ushered him into a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room, which gave no indication of the proud wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"I'll your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes, sir," the girl vanished.

Few minutes later, an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly-marked features, and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well, sir, and what is your business with me?"

"I'm your nephew, Edward Stone."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong, able-bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this ceremonious language; but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative he gave no other indication of it.

"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No, it's only five hundred—not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred dollars a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not fit to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age, my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationary and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it. I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such applications already. You can have all of them for five dollars, and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I will give you some advice though, which if you'll follow will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, which began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I like to hear it, anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, and save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do, learning in the meantime, all you possibly can about the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be your own earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"I'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward rose to go; "but we'll be better friends for years hence than if I let you have it down, nephew; the train you will have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In response to this summons, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been exchanged for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train; and I want you to make his short stay with us as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew; "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. I trust my stand her in good stead; he may take it into her head to marry a poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a little nod and a blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quiet cordial greeting of the young hostess soon put him comparatively at his ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played; and his visit ended in singing out to the stormy way it could, since Edward refused the five dollars offered to him by his uncle at parting for travelling expenses.

The young man smiled as he returned the note to his pocket-book.

"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed on his guest. "It's in him, and I can get it out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later Mr. Stone and his daughter passed in front of a small but neat and pleasant looking shop, on the plate-glass door of which were the words: 'Edward Stone, Stationer & Bookseller.'

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you the helping lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I have done, though. I have saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with a firmer grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! you're bound to succeed, I see, and without any help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I'd buy her a store in the city; that she should furnish it to suit herself and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come round and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the latch-string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"I musn't delay any longer the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserved but—"

"But what, eh!" Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you to a worthy keeper; and if you make his heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few years that she tarried by my side, he will be blest indeed."

Lessons in Astronomy.

The world is round and frozen at both ends. It has two principal poles, the North Pole, South Pole and several millions of telegraph poles, barbers' poles, liberty poles, high poles, bean poles and poll taxes. The North pole has been lost for some time and they are now looking for it. Everybody knows where it is, yet no one can get hold of it. Nobody cares to look for the South Pole. The earth has several revolutions—one daily around its own axis, one yearly around the sun, one every six months in Cuba, one every two years in Mexico, about a dozen early in the South American States, and one every twenty years in France. The earth gets some of its heat from the sun and a good deal from coal stoves and furnaces. The earth is also lit up by the sun, assisted at night occasionally by the moon, as well as gas, tallow and kerosene.

The earth is assisted in business by the moon. The moon regulates the tides, and spoils deadfish when they are exposed to its rays. The sun's light is first shot at the moon and from thence caroms on the earth. The moon is also very irregular in its habits. It indulges in too many horns, and once a month gets very full. The earth is much hotter inside than out, and if it was properly bored, and bored deep enough, people might get all the heat they wanted from its bowels. The earth has chronic inflammation of its own bowels. The earth is on fire in many places, but there is no insurance. Two-thirds of the earth is covered with water, owing to a freshet from all eternity. Where there is no water there is land. The earth has but one atmosphere, which is generally good, except when the wind blows from Hunter's Point or the city sewer mouths of the west side.

The earth does not put on airs, but airs are put on the earth. The principal products of the earth are men, women, children, Chinamen, Presbyterians, Tammanyites, Anti-Tammanyites, taxes, newspapers, lawyers, Methodists, editors, Dutchmen, Communists, lager beer, uncles, aunts, Pinafore, Heathen, Christians, John Kelly, Sullivan and Gilbert, Captain Williams and his club, beef and pork, lamb and mutton, ice cream in summer, and country sausages and buckwheat cakes in winter, oysters raw, stewed, fried and on the half shell, Dr. Mary Walker, General Grant, the Conking boom, Mr. Tilden's barrel, Anthony Comstock and the Daily Graphic. There

DYEING THE EYES.—A learned German doctor has, it is announced, discovered a means of dyeing the eyes of animals in general and man in particular any color he pleases. He is accompanied in his travels of propagation by a dog with a rose-colored eye, a cat with an orange-red eye, and a monkey with a chrome yellow eye. But the most curious specimens of his art are a negro with one eye jet black and the other blue, and a negress with one gold-colored and the other silver. The doctor says the process of transformation, far from injuring, strengthens and improves it.

BABIES.

WHAT MARK TWAIN HAD TO SAY ON THIS REMARKABLE THEME.

The fifteenth and last regular toast at the recent banquet of the Army of the Tennessee, in Chicago, at which General Grant was present, was "The Babies—as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities;" and to this Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, responded. He said:

I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, [laughter] for we have all been babies. [Renewed laughter.] It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, [laughter] as if he didn't amount to anything. [Laughter.] If you will stop and think a minute; if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life [laughter] and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. [Roars.] You soldiers all know that when the little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. [Laughter] He took entire command. You became his lackey; his mere body-servant [laughter] and you had to stand around, too. [Renewed laughter.] He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather or anything else. [Convulsive screams.] You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not, [roars] and there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double quick. [Shouts.] He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect [laughter] and the bravest of you didn't dare say a word. [Great laughter.] You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose, you had to take it. [Roars.] When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of his warwhoop [laughter] you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. [Renewed laughter.] When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? [Boisterous laughter.] No, you got up and got it. [Great laughter.] When he ordered his "pap bottle," and it was not warm, did you talk back? [Laughter.] Not you. You went to work and warmed it.—[Shouts.] You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff [laughter] just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk [tumultuous laughter], a touch of sugar to modify the colic, [laughter], and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. [Roars.] I can taste that stuff [Laughter.] And how many things you learned as you went along. Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin: simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Shouts.] If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning [laughter] didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition, which would not improve a Sunday school book much [laughter], that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself. [Great roars.] Oh, you were under good discipline [laughter], and as you went pacing up and down the room in an undress uniform [laughter] you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to lung "Rock-abye, baby, in the tree top," for instance. [Great laughter.] What a spectacle for the Army of the Tennessee, [laughter] and what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet hid intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise [laughter—"Go on" what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.] The idea that a baby does not amount to anything! Why, the baby is just a house and front yard full by itself. [Laughter.] One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. [Laughter.] He is enterprising, repressible, brim full of lawless activities. (Laughter.) Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Laughter.) Sufficient unto the day is one baby. (Laughter.) As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Laughter.) Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair. Twins amount to a permanent riot (laughter) and there isn't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. [Prolonged shouts.) Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop, fifty years from now. We shall all be dead, I trust (laughter) and then this flag, if it still survive—and let us hope it may—will be floating over a republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State (laughter) will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck—let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. (Laughter.) Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. (Laughter.) Of this cradle, and, putting in the nest, inarticulate, but eloquent, profanity. In another cradle there is now some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time; and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategetic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth, (laughter) an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago, and if the child is but a prophecy of the man there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. (Laughter and applause.)

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Chicago Times, November 12.

The readiness and promptness with which the average American citizen will put himself in a position to make a dollar was taken advantage of on yesterday afternoon, by a young man who drove up to the northeast corner of La Salle and Washington streets in a buggy. He was a nicely-dressed, smooth-tongued young man, and he carried a small satchel slung around his neck. No attention was paid him first, because most of the peddlers who stand at that corner "strike" a man for a quarter or more. But when he went down into a little box under the seat and brought up double-handfuls of rings, and commenced scattering them around by scores, then the people began to look. After gathering a crowd about him the young man announced himself as an agent of the "Double-rolled Beltham Gold Company of Mt. Vernon, N. Y." Before he went any further, however, he just wanted ninety cents for $1. This chance to make ten cents caused the crowd to turn up a number of required sums. For each ninety cents the giver received a $1 bill. After disposing of about $10 in this manner the young man produced some lockets which, he stated, he would like to sell for fifteen cents. A number of them were purchased, and, to the amazement of the purchasers, each one was handed down wrapped in a $1 bill. The demand for these lockets was great. The young man couldn't hand them out fast enough. About fifty of these were disposed of, and then the young man went down into the depths of that mysterious box and brought up twelve good watches. These, he said, he would sell for twenty-five cents. He paused after this statement and a perfect sea of dimes flashed around him. "Wait a minute," he said, "I want twelve men in this crowd to buy these fine double-case stem-winders. Gentlemen, the price is ten cents; but the twelve men who put up the largest sums get the watches."

The previous experience of the crowd led them to argue that if they put up a half a dollar they might get the watch and $1 or more back. The result was that Mr. Man was kept busy for about five minutes taking in the bills. They ranged all the way from $1 up to $10, and as each was received by the agent, another bill of a similar denomination was wrapped about it and stowed away in the satchel. This giving in of bills continued until he had nearly $500. During the collection he had kept up a running fire of talk, and not until he saw no more was to be invested did he stop for a minute. When he had received all that could be squeezed from the crowd, he suddenly pulled his own watch from his pocket and remarked: "Gentlemen, it is twenty minutes past 4. I have an engagement down here, and I will return in half an hour and give the watches to the gentlemen who put up the most money." He then got down out of his buggy and walked west on Washington street, followed by the crowd. A dim suspicion entered the minds of the men and boys who had put up money that they had been sold, and cries of "Stop thief?" and the like, filled the air. He continued on his way unmoved and serene, with the crowd howling at his back. No one seemed to dare to tackle him, each one being ashamed of having lost the money by trying to get twice as much money as he gave, and so, with the exception of the loss of a fine seal-skin cap, which was snatched by a one-armed boy, who had been beaten out of seventy-five cents, the agent walked away from them, and met a couple of pals, and was driven away in a hack. The baffled and swindled crowd returned to the old corner to vent its spite upon the horse and buggy, but it was discovered that the rig had been driven away immediately by a man who had been hanging about all the time. A ten minutes' talk and the loss of about $45 and a $10 hat by the young man had netted him in the end between $400 and $500. On how many other occasions the trick had been done is not known, but it is safe to estimate that the clever young man will leave town with about $2,500 more than he had when he came.

ONE SMILE OF NATURE.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadow bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delights to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost and winds and darkened air. —*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

BATTLING AGAINST TIME.—Only a few years ago Flora Temple astounded the turf world and brought the small town of Kalamazoo, Mich., into prominence as the first trotter in America to beat 2 in a mile test. In 1879 it has become such an every-day occurrence that more than two hundred and seventy-five different animals are recorded as having made their miles in that time, or better, within ten months.

Letter from Baltimore.

Messrs. Editors:—The winter season is approaching—the heyday of balls and parties, soirees and receptions is here. The connubial divinity is abroad in the town, and the reiterated tones of wedding marches have recently heralded the incoming of many happy couples. Every frost adds vim and raciness to all departments of social life, from the brilliant entertainments of the Wednesday Club to the performances of that rare circle of "the boys" in the fourth ward, who have buried the tomahawk with Gary, and now meet to annihilate canvass-backs instead of turn-coats. They have discarded "sore heads" for red heads.

One of the institutions which our next frost may shrewdly nip, instead of encouraging, is the church social, which has long infested the West End. These gatherings meet for the general purpose of having a good time in any available way. Singing, recitations, reading, declamations and playing upon instruments of every grade and tone, from a church organ to a couple of bones. These and much more are the features of the entertainment. The audience is usually nondescript, consisting of adult folk of every age and condition in life, with a fair admixture of half-grown girls and generally a company of young gentlemen, select spirits, such as like to sit well back in any assembly, indulging in stale fun and still staler witticisms. This last element sometimes predominates; whistles and canes are then brought into requisition and shrill cat-calls rend the air. I have seen an excellent rendition of the overture to Fra Diavolo suddenly checked by the thumpings of such sportive youths. The evils of such unions are obvious. As it is not the custom to charge admission fees, the audience is never select. The election of officers is a prolific source of disputes and contention, for the less dignified a position is, the greater becomes the crowd of petty scramblers who desire it. The boys who attend soon divide into factions upon some trivial subject, and several free fights in consequence of these dissentions have disgraced the vicinity of one or two of our most respectable churches. Pastors and trustees have begun to frown upon these socials, and the President of our large "singing circle" recently found himself practically upon the sidewalk.

A suit of a remarkable and fortunately novel character was instituted recently in the Superior Court. The declaration was filed by the attorneys of a Miss Mary Leas against her father, the noted Dr. Charles Leas, who was formerly superintendent of the House of Refuge. The damages are laid at $5,000, and the plaintiff alleges that her father beat and maltreated her so severely that she could not gain a livelihood. The plantiff claims also that her father, besides brutally depriving her of the use of her members, tried to destroy her reputation by circulating vile and slanderous statements regarding her character. Dr. Leas was, during his time at the House of Refuge, the subject of an investigating committee, on account of alleged cruelty to the inmates, and it is said he was requested to resign. It is fortunate that such cases are of rare occurrence. REX.

WHISTLING.—We believe in whistling. We love to hear it and we love to do it. The boy or man at the plow who whistles indicates that he is contented, and will plow more than your silent, glum one, "who hath no music in his soul," nor in his lips. The man who don't believe in whistling should go a step further, and put a muzzle on bobolinks and mockingbirds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly than any other man, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would rob June of its roses and August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.

LOTTERIES AND THE MAILS.—Postmaster-General Key has finally decided that he has power enough, under the United States statutes, to prevent the delivery of letters addressed to the managers of lottery concerns, upon the general ground that they are schemes "to defraud the public." All letters so addressed will consequently be detained by postmasters and returned to their initial addresses through the dead-letter office. This order applies more especially to money order letters and those which are registered, and the order is made special by the fact that the department, in its circulars designates certain firms of lottery managers as amongst those employing firm names in the pursuit of their enterprises.

IT is officially stated that the crop of the current year in the United States has exceeded the crop of last year by 26,000,000 bushels, and is greater that the crop of the year 200,000,000 bushels. The effective condition to supply the machs of European markets, dys, at very harvests, and to fill ...ess is business the poor of those di... remunerative figure... ness you know.

IT was at one ... in the stomach, seat of the br... ful sympathetic... Certain it is, a... and whatever ... ists between ... effect on the fol... one has an im... mach is in ... from this. A disordered ... pathetic is permanent ... lowed by headaches ... Anti-Bilious ... brain, and ... immediately ... W. E. Theo... cause. ... bottle $1. ... Baltimore, Md.

THE DET... of the ...