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Kent News.

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

VOL. 40. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879. No. 32.

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.

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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.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

CHEAP, FRESH AND RELIABLE. at the NEW DRUG STORE on BORDLEY'S CORNER.

M. A. TOULSON

Has opened a first-class Drug and Prescription Store.
PATENT MEDICINES of every description furnished at short notice.

The PRESCRIPTION Department

is complete in every particular. Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and dispatch, (being under my own personal supervision) and in most improved pharmacutical manner, from English, French and American drugs, at the very lowest possible figures.

A Full Line of Fancy Articles.

CHOICE PERFUMERY in great variety.
☞ I can suit both Old and Young in

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses.

Very superior PEBBLE GLASS.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO!
Imported Key West and Domestic cigars. Gravely Tobacco, &c., &c.
M. A. TOULSON, Bordley's Corner.
oct25.

WOOLEN GOODS.

GOODS FOR MEN

GOODS FOR BOYS!

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

We have in stock, lines of the above Goods—in good variety—many of them just put on sale, and of Mallalieu's manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figures to be reasonably close.

Goods generally to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition—currency on the basis ... they make their contracts depreciate on their hands."

"Would the adoption of your resolution and the repeal of the legal-tender quality of the greenback ..."

WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, November 1, 1879.

WICKES & BROTHER

Call attention to cases of Men's HEAVY WINTER BOOTS, and Women's HEAVY WINTER BALMORALS, and SHOES for BOYS AND GIRLS.

All bought from first hands, and many of them made of first class material for our special sales.

People who appreciate a good Shoe may find it to their advantage to look at them.
November 1, 1879.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large assortment, embracing in part

LADIES' Cloth Top Buttoned	BOOTS,	
" Kid	"	"
" Pebbled Goat	"	"
" Lasting Top	"	"
" Lasting Top Lace	"	"
" Lace Morocco	"	"
" Lace Goat	"	"
" Lace B. Calf	"	"
MISSES' Pebbled Goat Buttoned	"	"
" Lasting Top	"	"
" Lasting Top Lace	"	"
" Pebbled Goat Lace	"	"
" Pebbled Grain Lace	"	"
" B. Calf Lace	"	"
CHILDREN'S Kid Top But'd	"	"
" Lasting Top	"	"
" Grain	"	"
" B. Calf	"	"
INFANTS' Kid, Pebbled Goat, Goat, Morocco, Buttoned & Lace SHOES.		

MEN'S HEAVY WINTER BOOTS,

Of all grades and Prices.

Boys' Heavy Boots,

Of DIFFERENT GRADES and Prices.

YOUTHS' HEAVY BOOTS,
of different grades and prices.

☞ Call and examine our stock before buying. Prices lower.
Oct. 18. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

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 markets. Parties who are about to build are solicited to call and learn my prices before buying elsewhere.
Oct. 18. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

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.

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
oct18-tf. JACOB HIGHLEY.

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.

FINE Sugar-cured HAMS and Broiling Beef.
C. A. Gambrill's Patapsco Extra, Orange Grove Flour by the lb., bag or bbl., at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

BALTIMORE BOOK AND STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

33d 334 W. Baltimore St.

Large and well selected Stock DOMESTIC and FOREIGN

STATIONERY, FEATHER GOODS, WRITING DESKS, ALBUMS, &c.

WHOLESALE STATIONERY and BOOK specialty, and made to order.

W. C. DULANY CO. WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS.

WINTER GOODS.

NEW STOCK.

JUMPERS &c.

CHESTERTOWN, ... received a large and fresh stock of WINTER GOODS which they offer at ... Cash Prices.

GOODS—Dress Goods, ... Ginghams, ... White and Grey Cassimeres, ... Seal Brown, ...

Gents' Lady ... Gloves, ... variety, Skirts, ... Chemises, ... Comforters, ... Underwear, &c.

... and Shoes ... Boots ... Boots, all ... Boots, all ... in variety, all at ...

MEN AND BOYS ... of clothing ... and Hemp ... and Straw Hats, at ... Prices. ... Ware and ... Cigars, Coffee, &c. ... Tobacco and ... Large—Prices ... Floor ...

J. H. SRO.

Grocery ...

...YONS,

A call ... novelty ... inexpensive ... of ...

E. ...USE,

Milton, ...

GRAIN MMISSION MHANT

AND DEALER IN

Coal, Lne,

FERTILIZERS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLETS, &.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

GRAIN

at the different stations on the Kent and Queen Anne Railroad. ...

B. FLEMING

DEALER IN

GRAIN, LIE,

COAL, WOOD AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Highest market price paid for HEY, ... OATS.

WANTED 500 ...

Prime Amber WEA...

Expressly for Wm. Lee & Son, Brywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

LIME

Schuylkill Lime a Specialty.

It will be to your interest to see me in my prices and easy terms before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed and competition defied.

COAL.—Lehigh and Schylkill, sold in carloads ONLY, which in lots of 5 to 10 tons each, and by arching ... way you will find dust, ash, &c. 240 to the ton guaranteed.

WOOD.—OAK WOOD delivered at your door at $4 per cord.
mh29. B. FLEMING.

NEW TIN STORE

WM. A. BISCOE

Has commenced business at the old Barber stand adjoining ... site the Post Office, Chestertown, ... prepared to do TINNING, ROOFING, SPOUTING, ... Repairing-work, ... Stoves, ... Furnaces respectfully solicited. ... receive ...
ag23-6 ...

$2 ...
aug3. ...

COOKING AND COURTING.

TOM TO NED.

Dear Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter;
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I've met a lovely girl out here,
Her manner is—well—very winning;
We're soon to be—well, Ned, my dear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride,
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather;
She said she couldn't possibly,
The servants had gone off together.
Hermians always rush away,
To cousin's funerals to be looking,
She must be made and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried,
"I'll be a cooker, too—how jolly!"
She laughed and answered with a smile,
"All right, but you'll repent your folly;
I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;
Sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm—
That lovely arm so plump and rounded;
Outside the morning sun shone bright,
Inside the dough she deftly pounded;
Her little fingers sprinkled flour—
Its whiteness her white arm surpasses,
And rolled the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle,
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were lightly twisted;
But locks would break it here and there,
And curl about where ere they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
Oh, it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy!
She blushed and trembled and looked shy;
Somehow that made me all the bolder,
Her arched lips looked so red that I—
Well—found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month,
Come and attend the wedding revels.
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils!
You'd better go for some girl's hand;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make due demand,
Why just try cooking pies together.

The First Snow.

There is a charm about the first snow
With which no succeeding storm can compare, however fantastically drifted, woven into whatever garlands, draping the bare boughs with what fragile wreaths. When the first flakes begin their waltz, multiplying and increasing in size, arranging their atoms into such various patterns that we seem to be looking thro' a kaleidoscope shaken by the hands of the elements; when we awake in the morning and see the earth, which was brown and barren at bedtime, sparkling and iridescent with the snow, which has laid great blossoms on the pine boughs, hidden unsightly fences, touched the well-sweep into a fairy's wand, garnished the naked trees in cobwebs of lace-work, thrown an entire cloak over the rose bush, fitted cornices to shabby buildings, and turned ungainly chimneys into decorated turrets; when, in short, it has made everything fair and clean as far as the eye can reach, magnified familiar fields into untrodden prairies, and crowned the hills till they shine like the hills of Beulah—then we feel as if some occult power were abroad, evoking this transformation for our special pleasure, since man's individuality is so strong that we can hardly conceive of nature working for her own purposes alone, but wisely conjecture that she performs every operation in our interest, and that every flake or raindrop that falls has an errand to do for humanity. And this first glimpse of the snow not only suggests beauty and science and the prospective comforts of the fireside; the coziness of winter nights after the lamps are lighted, while the hail taps at the window and the wind lifts the latch—"the tumultuous privacy of the storm;" the delight of sliding over miles of white velvet as noiseless as wodness, attention being cast shadow, except for the chorus of sleigh-bells. unusual proceeding he said the exhilaration of waltzing upon the frozen lake. All the spells of winter rise before us at the bidding of the first snow, the weird palpitation of Northern lights, the sumptuous hues of sunset reflected upon the whitened fields, upon the frozen river that answers back like mother of pearl, the fantasy of the frost upon the pane with its shimmer of ferns and palms and starflowers—a pallid dream of summer growth; the fringes of the icicles, then sheen of moonlight upon a world of alabaster; the flutter of snow birds among the red hips; the witchery of holly and the Yule-log. And how deftly, from what tiny particles, the snow is moulded into this great coverlet, tucking in the grasses and sleepy roots; what magic the frost was that which breathed upon the thin vapor, and straightway it crystalized into scores of beautiful and wonderful forms! The process is old, but the result is always new.

"Yes, it may strike you as strange that I should save these half sheets of paper, but I commenced life as a poor boy in a country dealer's store. I ... and this was one of the ... my ... all they ever feel; but ... and I—and we ... passion is ... married—my husband ... to marry a ... and grandpa wanted you either ... man, and papa's mother had an ... selected for him," said Ida, "and you ... Do you know, with all due ... way, I feel obliged to say that I think ... very foolish, especially when I ... the estate you lost, or hear of the ... papa refused. I couldn't do it. ... four times one's age ... a husband ... to die before one is old, and a rich ... may do what she likes."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Du Boise. ... laughed and ran out of the room. ... Mr. Du Boise held audience ... Mr. Rockwell.

"Well, sir," he had said, after shaking ... "well, sir, to what do I owe this ... I fancy, from what my daughter ... that it is not simply a social call." ... sir, no!" replied old Mr. Rockwell ... in rather a patronizing manner. ... merely a social call. I can't call it ... business, it is business, ... between us, it is business, ... I have met your daughter, ... Ida, very often at my friend Mr. ... Ring's, and I find she has made a deep ... upon me. She is a very beautiful young lady—very beautiful indeed—... business is to make an offer of my ... to ask you to give her to me. Her ... consents, I rejoice to say, are favorable. ... pretty well known. I can give her ... and—ahem!—settlements shall ... liberal."

"Sir, there is no doubt that you intend ... compliment," said Mr. Du Boise, stiffly. ... I always intends that by an offer ... marriage. Therefore I thank you for ... while I decline it."

"What, while I decline it."

"Do you wine it!" cried Mr. Rockwell.

"Emphatically!" replied Du Boise.

"I certainly did not expect such a reception," cried the suitor. "What have ... against me?"

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"Oh, the thing is done every day," said ... "But what do you mean, Rockwell. ... Have I any of your ... sharp? ... husband—"

"Poor ... wages to ... weekly salary, which I generally ... Never have any paper. ... her ... No mortgage ... to be foreclosed ... know ... no property. You never ... father-in-law ... one of my ... dies, and ... all. ... finally, and ... adored ... and ... by you. ... saw! Oh, ... creature that child was—a ... hurt ...

What Became of Them.

An Ohio correspondent to the Tennessee *Good Templer* gives the following sad illstration of the wages of sin. The most hopeless feature of intemperance is that it stupefies its victims of any convictions or fears of their own future:

"Forty years ago I noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. I saw the boys drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a *grocery* or *groggery*. I expressed my disapprobation, but the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years died of *delirium tremens*, leaving not five dollars.

I never lost sight of those ten, only as the clods of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died in a drunken fit, two died diseases produced by their excess before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition.

Of the four boys, one who had a good mother grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary; and one has drank himself into an inoffensive dolt, whose family has to provide for him."

A LITTLE girl who was sent to look for eggs came back unsuccessful, and complained that the hens were standing around doing nothing.

WITHIN the past five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74,000,000 to 95,000,000.

Marrying for Wealth.

"Father," said Ida Du Boise, "Mr. Rockwell is waiting for you in the parlor."

"Mr. Rockwell! What on earth does old Rockwell want of me?" said Mr. Du Boise, folding his newspaper. "Happily I owe no man money. I suppose if I did I should tremble at old Rockwell's name. He is fond of buying up bad debts, and he is the crulest of usurers. He harassed poor Mosley into the grave."

"Perhaps Mr. Rockwell's prudence has been the foundation of his large fortune," said Miss Ida, scornfully. "I never knew a generous man who left his family in comfortable circumstances."

"Left his family!" repeated Mrs. Du Boise. "Oh, Ida, and you really seem to mean to twit your father with his generosity. If poor David should die I'm sure I should be too broken-hearted to care if I went to the poor-house."

"I hate sentiment, mama," said Miss Ida. "I'm practical."

"If your father were like Mr. Rockwell," continued Mrs. Du Boise, "I doubt if you would be half so liberally treated as you are now. I hear that he allows his widow sister to suffer privation, when he would not miss what would make her comfortable."

"But there are such things as settlements," said the daughter, "and a wife would be a fool to forget them, whatever a sister is obliged to endure."

"But Mr. Rockwell has no wife," said Mrs. Du Boise.

"He wants one though," replied Ida; "he wants me. He has asked to see papa that he may go through the form of asking him."

"Ida!" cried Mrs. Du Boise, "That old miser! Does he think your father can force you to accept him?"

"Oh, no, mamma," responded Ida. "It is merely a sort of old-fashioned compliment to papa. I have accepted him."

"You only want to frighten me, Ida," said Mrs. Du Boise.

"Frighten you!" cried Ida. "I promise you a son-in-law worth three millions."

"And seventy years old," said Mr. Du Boise.

"Who will give me a palace to live in, diamonds, a carriage, a position amongst the best people," said Ida.

"A man of mean disposition cruel, hard-hearted, uncultivated," responded the mother.

"Oh, as for uncultivated, I'm tired of musty old books, and cases of bugs, and hideous mineralogical cabinets, and rubbish altogether. I like a house that is not a museum, and hadsome things about me. I shall go to balls, the opera—everywhere. And if I have books, they shall be well-bound ones, put away by themselves in a library. 'Cultivation' is a thing that always seems to be possessed by persons in 'moderate circumstances.' Oh, how I hate that expression and that state!"

"But you do not really mean it," sobbed the mother—"you who are only eighteen, and who—or—I thought so—I—Oh, I really feel sure you are teasing me."

"I'm in deadly earnest," said Ida, coolly. "I've accepted Mr. Rockwell; and what do you think, mamma?"

"That you loved Louis Grey," said Mrs. Du Boise.

"Well, mama," said Ida, "I did like Louis; but if I had accepted him, what lay before me? Poverty—at the best, moderate circumstances. No! I have seen what must come of impudence in worldly affairs, after all, every one tells me that romance can't last—that no man is in love with his wife after the first year, and that decided me. What is the use of throwing away the substance for the shadow?"

"Your papa loves me better than he did when we were married," said Mrs. Du Boise, "and I have more romance in my heart now, when I think of all his ... than I had when he courted me."

"Oh! people never love, Ida. A ... all they ever feel; but ... and I—and we ... married—my husband ... to marry a ... and grandpa wanted you either ... man, and papa's mother had an ... selected for him," said Ida, "and you ... Do you know, with all due ... way, I feel obliged to say that I think ... very foolish, especially when I ... the estate you lost, or hear of the ... papa refused. I couldn't do it. ... four times one's age ... a husband ... to die before one is old, and a rich ... may do what she likes."

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... concession to the ... mark a red leather valise in ... black letters a foot and a half long.

WHOEVER conquers indolence can conquer most things.

business, I suppose, that you have made a fortune by the ruin of others, but I wouldn't want you to marry my daughter if you were the man you are at her own age, it would be impossible if you were all I admire," said Mr. Du Boise.

"You insult me, sir!" said the millionaire, rising.

"I speak plainly," replied Mr. Du Boise.

"And I have your daughter's promise," continued the suitor. "After all, it was simply as a matter of form that I consulted you."

"Ida never meant it," said Mr. Du Boise—"never. Besides, she is fond of Louis Grey, who adores her."

"Who is he?" asked the millionaire.

"An excellent young man, whose salary is fifteen dollars a week," replied the father. "Quite enough for an economical couple."

"I believe you are insane, sir," said Mr. Rockwell, quite sincerely, "and I bear no malice to one who is out of his senses. Good afternoon. I shall marry Ida, with or without your permission."

When the house was clear of its guest Mr. Du Boise sought his daughter.

"Ida, the old idiot fancies you accepted him," he said.

"So I did," said Ida. "Papa, this is my very best dress, and it has been made over. This is what comes of moderate means, I shall be a millionairess, if there is such a word. Of course you said yes, or that you'd consider it."

"I refused him," said Mr. Du Boise.

"I shall write to him and tell him that don't matter," responded Ida.

"My daughter shall not marry an old wretch for his money if I am obliged to lock her up in the garret," said Mr. Du Boise.

"We'll save you from that awful fate even against your will," said the mother. "Think of poor Louis, who loves you so."

The evening was passed in tears and wath. Ida retired early without her usal adieux to her parents. And, when she had gone, the mother drew her chair close to her husband's, and he entwined her about her waste.

"Our daughter must know the happiness we have felt. She must marry for love," declared the middle-aged woman.

"At last, if she is incapable of love, she shall never make a mercenary match," said the husband.

They sat late beside the fire, and retired sadly to their pillows. Meanwhile, the one servant of the household had stolen softly up stairs with a little pink tinted note hidden under her apron. Mr. Rockwell had feed the girl to take it secretly to Miss Ida.

After the parents had retired, and the house was still, some one in a cloak and dark hat and veil softly opened the front door and stole out. It was Miss Ida. A carriage waited at the corner; from it hailed the enraptured Mr. Rockwell.

"To the —— hotel," he said to the coachman as he handed his lady-love to her seat. Money will do anything. It brought into one of the private parlors of the hotel the landlord and his spouse in evening dress, and a most complacent clergyman, who never asked why the celebrated millionaire, who was certainly middle age, chose to be married at midnight. For once, at least, Mr. Rockwell was generous. The clergyman's fee was five hundred dollars.

Ithose early hours when the parents of Ida was wont to arise, they found their daughter's room empty, and a slip of paper pinned to her pillow, on which was written:

"I cannot sacrifice my prospects in life to your romantic notions. Before you read this I shall be married to Mr. Rockwell."

The parents wept in each other's arms. They forgave their daughter; but the bridegroom would never forgive them, and they never see her now.

Old Mr. Rockwell seems likely to live for many years. His wife has every luxury that wealth can give, but her husband is jealous and seldom permits her to leave her home. He has made his will, so that when he dies she will have a mere pittance. Therefore she does not feel quite so anxious for his departure for a better world as she otherwise would.

She would, however, be very glad to relieve the tedium of her life by a flirtation with Louis Gray, but, he long ago became one else, and wonders that he hired her. In fact, affairs are reversed in this family that a novel simply give them up in despair; there is nothing of them.

Perfectly at

A Chillicothe paper yarn, at which we laughed ago: A couple of Tennessee on board of a steamer at Nashville, evidently were making their first a steamboat. The oldest one ceedingly talkative, and perfectly unconcerned with regard to the eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite mind, inclining to bashfulness. ner our ladies were honored with the head of the table, and the older her usual independence, cut her into small pieces, and with her fork ed over and rolled each mouthful nice dressing on a plate of beefsteak her. The passengers preserved gravity during this operation by great effort. Perceiving that it was not very forward in helping she turned round to her and ... loud enough to be heard by half the table; "Sal, dip into the gravy pays as much as any of 'em!" followed by a perfect roar, in which captain led off. The girls arrived destination before supper, and left all hands gave three cheers girls of Tennessee.

IRON TOO HIGH.—The ... tries of the country is likely ... tarded by the sudden great ... A year ago pig iron was sold ... to $18.50 per ton. It is now ... $30 to $39. Iron can be made ... at $20 to $25. In fact the ... iron made in 1878 than was ... this country in a single year ... is an article of general consumption ... therefore, ought not to be ... proper limit by government ... it now is. Iron can now ... Europe and shipped to ... $25, and it is unjust to ... and shipbuilders to deny ... to buy and import it at ...

WRECKED AMIDST DARKNESS.

THE APPALLING FATE OF TWO BALLOONISTS ON LAKE ONTARIO.

James Hale, who made a balloon ascension with Prof. H. J. Kane in the balloon City of Boston, twenty years ago at Canandaigua, N. Y., and who had a thrilling experience—Kane never after being heard of—thus recalls the fearful night, to a Chicago reporter:

The sky of an inexpressibly tender blue, was thick with stars that really did "globe themselves in heaven." The whole unlimited expanse was filled with glowing worlds, round and effulgent, near and far. The greater bodies burned as it looked close upon us, and between them stretched infinite depths filled up with other stars. There we hung, separate and alone, out of the only world we knew, intruders upon silence and eternity!

It was the gradual sinking into the cloud sea, or a gradual rising of its waves around us, that brought me to a feeling of my own identity. I was really glad when their fleecy moonlit folds covered us from the majesty of the night. The professor, to whom it was no new experience, was the first to speak.

"I'm going down a little," said he.—"I think we've risen too far, and taken a wrong direction." And down we went, into pitchy darkness. I don't know how long we continued to fall, but at last we heard the clank of a cow-bell below us.

"All right," said the professor "We are over farms yet. I was afraid of striking east for John Brown's tract."

He began to fumble in a satchel that lay between us, and then to swear. I ventured to ask what was the trouble.

"My phosphorous bottle," said he.—"I've forgotten it, and here we are in the dark."

I suggested rising again, and with much grumbling he emptied a couple of ballast-bags over the side, and up we went, but not so rapidly as before. With an impatient exclamation the professor emptied more ballast, and our rate of ascent was perceptibly accelerated. The cow-bell clanked fainter, and finally was no longer heard. The events of the afternoon, the excitement, and the quiet of the air combined to make me sleepy, and imperceptibly I dozed off, the last thing I remember being the figure of the professor in black silhouette against the almost imperceptibly lighter color of the night,

I don't know to this hour how long I slept, but I was awakened by the professor roughly shaking my shoulder.

"Hale!" said he, and there was something in his voice that made my blood bound. "Hale, listen! What do you hear? Tell me quick!"

I listened intently for a second or two. I heard a dull and sudden rumble that hardly died away before it was succeeded by another sound just like it.

"What do you hear?" he demanded impatiently.

"I hear something like distant discharges of cannon," said I.

"Cannon! cannon! you fool I wish it were cannon. Hale, we are over the shore of Lake Ontario, and this balloon is sinking!"

My heart was in my throat. "For God's sake throw over what you have."

"The ballast is all gone. While you were asleep I tossed it to clear some tree-tops."

"What are you going to do?"

"What! What indeed! The wind has changed on us, I can't control the balloon, and we are drifting out to death! The balloon won't live an hour. The breeze is strong enough to carry us across if she would live that long, but she wont."

"Throw over your satchel," said I.

"You throw that rug over, and anything else you have about you that weighs an ounce."

If two men ever worked quick we did. The car was emptied of everything it contained excepting ourselves in less than half a minute, and the noise of the breakers grew less. You can never know with what anxiety we watched the silvering edge that told where the moon would emerge from behind a heavy cloud that covered half the sky. Would her light show us the cold bosom of Ontario close beneath us, or the dull, grateful color of firm ground? It was a question upon which hung life and death. When at last as with a bound the cloud was cleared, we stood looking over the edge of the car, frozen with fright, for there, directly below us and not a thousand feet away, lay the crawling surface of the lake, the black and misty shore-line stretching hopelessly along the view south and fading every instant. It left us very little time to show us that the balloon was going down with slow but certainty.

"Land," said the professor, looking at me coolly, "do you know how far it is to the Canadian shore?"

"No, sir, I did not.

"I'll tell you," said he. "We are ... miles off the New York shore, ... as early as I can judge by that light ... the port of Charlotte. From ... to the Canadian shore is sixty ... I conclude, therefore, that we ... to make this thing sail fifty miles ... both of us must drown."

Nothing in answer to this. I was ... talk. The professor on the ... perfectly cool and at ... nothing more for seven ... like a ghost sweeping ... rean land, a sail swept ... south. Then he ... up, sail in the cry. We ...

"It is ... in the vessel ... Then, in ... deck, and ... while the ... alone ... and Vena clasped ... time-leveled ... professor, ...

"Great God, ... top of ... destroyed so ...

In a little log ... for ... pleased minister ... Vena man and wife ... lives will not ... longer; true sentiment ... will be happy ones.

THE report of the ... makes a very good ... establishment in 187... of marine disasters ... been 797, involving ... 733 in shipping and ... goes. Of this $9,... and $7,099,619 lost ... pretty well pays its ... saving of property, ... life a clear gain.

GEN. BUTLER is said to ... and ... raven ... has reader of French novels.

that came very near pitching me head foremost overboard. I tightened my grip just in time, but found myself swung outside of the ropes, and clinging perilously with my face turned inward as another wave struck us, then another—and then the floor of the basket of the balloon remained in the water, and the balloon still obeying the breeze careened over, and began to drag us with frightful velocity through the tumbling billows.

I clung to the ropes for dear life, and tried to climb along them toward the bag, but the professor was ahead of me, and as he climbed he called out:

"Hale, one of us can get to Canada, and the other must feed the fish. I've got a family and I'm going to Canada."

I felt that it was my death sentence, and when the next instant I saw the flash of his blade around the ring above the car, and saw the same baleful light in his eye that I had seen before, I knew my time had come. Nevertheless I made a fierce struggle and leaped toward him, in the hope that I might clutch the ring or some of the upper rigging; but in the moment of my jump, the basket dropped, the balloon, with Kane in the rigging, his shining knife between his teeth, shot upward like the rising flight of some great bird, and I was struggling with the waves. I sank, but only for a few seconds.

I had always been a stout swimmer, and I struck out to keep myself afloat as long as I could. It was a gloomy prospect there in the middle of Ontario, a might of humanity in an infinity of water. I could only hope to keep alive a few hours at longest, but I meant to fight it to the end. These things rushed acrosss me like a flash, while I was yet under the surface. The very first stroke I made my heel struck something. I turned and saw the basket bottom up, within three feet of me. To my joy I discovered that while it was of willow it was water-proof, and having capsized suddenly, was in condition to be used as a buoy, and so I used it.

That was a long and weary wait for morning, but the sun blazed out of the east at last—and then I wished it hadn't, for the light was blinding. I looked in vain for land. Evidently I had been dropped in the middle of the lake, and must take my chance of being picked up by some passing craft before night. Failing in that, I knew I must die. But after a morning that seemed a year, my aching eyes were brightened by the sight of a steamer plowing straight toward me. I though she never would reach me, but in about an hour's time she did, and came very near passing me by unnoticed. I was nearly half a mile from her course, but she put about, and a line was thrown to me, and in five minutes I lay fainting on the cabin floor.

It was the steamer Corinthian, bound from Port Hope to Rochester upon her daily trip, and if the professor hadn't dropped me when and where he did, I wouldn't be telling you this story to-day.

A Strange Story.

"Not long ago," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "a well known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank notes of all countries and of all values, became the possessor of a Bank of England five-pound note to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test it genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-effaced words, scrawled in blood between the printed lines and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentences were made out:

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long Hill, Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange missive first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey and brought him home to England, where, however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations and forced labor in the Dey's galleys.

FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT.

Ambition sleeps, lad, in your brain,
Bright hopes may soon awake it—
You see the goal, but ne'er a path,
Then find a way, or make it.

Untrodden is the path you choose—
You may be wise to take it;
But look ahead, all danger see,
And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb;
Well, then, don't try and do it,
You may be able to go round,
Or patiently dig through it.

A river deep, you cannot swim?
No steamer there, you know it?
Well, if there is no other way,
Build your own boat and row it.

Go down, and you'll have many a kick;
Go up, and some will push you;
But win your way and praise will come
From those who tried to crush you.

Don't hide your talent through a fear,
But bravely go and stake it;
Wear out, don't rust—to reach your goal,
Lad, find a way, or make it.

PUNS are very like human beings. The terribly bad one attracts attention, while the good one is taken as a matter of course.

THE Oshkosh Christian *Advocate* says it is too late for a boy to be good and repent of his sins when he finds himself on thin ice.

A GEORGIA woman has read the Bible through this year while churning ... butter ought to be a whey ... other orthodox butters ... that a girl ... critical ... around a good ... nothing but ...

FOR THE LADIES.

Evening dresses sparkle with rainbow-tinted beads.

Next to nothing—a girl with an average dandy.

You never see a woman button anything that she can pin.

Reception and dinner dresses have three-yard-long trains.

Sapphires and rubies, after a season of rest, are again in favor.

Dresses for the street are made short enough to show the boot.

The ladies at Muscatine, Iowa, have already formed their leap-year club.

Both very light colored and very dark costumes for street wear are in vogue.

Hoop skirts of very small dimensions are sometimes worn with panier dresses.

The only housework that some girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.

The tendency of the coiffure at the moment is towards classic simplicity and old Greek ideas.

Medium and dark shades of kid gloves will be more worn for full dress than for many seasons past.

Hair must be dressed very low down. Ladies have apparently adopted the motto of "all or nothing."

Another old lady has "come to the front" with a famous bedquilt composed of 123,456,789 pieces of calico.

Sealskin circulars are the latest agony. They weigh a ton and cost to occupy as much as the price of a house and lot.

The new muffs are so small that one wonders for what they are really intended. Fashion sometimes makes fools of us all.

Ulsters intended for ladies are very pretty and stylish this year., and no Flora McFlimsey's wardrobe should be without one.

The fashionable panier is not very *bouffant*. It is quite narrow across, begins far back and extends in cascades low down on the skirt.

A Parisian dressmaker transforms walking costumes into evening dresses by means of a court train, which is made independently of the main garment, and is "attached to it at will under the puff."

Black colored silk neckerchief are all the rage. They are worn knotted simply around the throat outside of the coat or circular. Deep cardinal and Spanish yellow are especially desirable colors.

Years and years ago it used to be said that a girl might be willing to be kissed when she voluntarily put a boy's hat on her head. This cannot be true, for hundreds of pretty girls are now wearing the little round Derby hats, and looking well under them.

A Chicago merchant has ordered in Paris a wedding robe for his daughter, to be made of white velvet and to be trimmed with real pearls. Two things in this connection are evident, first, that weddings do not occur often in that family, and secondly, that there is nothing mean about that papa!

Mr. Jay Gould's Personal Habits.

Mr. Gould's millions now crowd close to those of Vanderbilt. He is a man of finer texture than the old Commodore's son. He doesn't run to fine houses, costly stables and blooded steeds. At night, when he dismisses his