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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 20, 1879. No. 33.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

Advertising:

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

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

FOR CHEAP
DOLLS, TOYS,
And FANCY GOODS,
GO TO
V. BURGESS'
Opposite the Bank.

Prices Marked Down

Hobby Horses, Sulkies, Express Wagons, Dolls, a great variety; Games, Tree Ornaments, Tool Chests, Parlor Croquet, Fancy Paper, Albums, Scrap Books, &c.

Canned Goods, Spices, Raisins, Figs, Nuts, Cakes, Crackers; Pickles, Brandy Peaches, Lamp Chimneys, Lamp Wick, Porcelain Shades, Extracts, Mince Meat, Apple Butter, &c., &c.

V. BURGESS,
d13. Opp. the Bank.

Good News to All

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

W. HUDGINS,

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has now on hand an assortment of

Fruits, Candies, Nuts & Toys

For the HOLIDAYS!

the largest and finest ever displayed in Chestertown, which will be sold at PRICES TO SURPRISE ALL.

We do not intend to sacrifice any of these goods but *we intend and shall SELL AT A SMALL ADVANCE*, in fact we have not room for such a large display, and they must be sold.

1,000 lbs. Common CANDY,
1,000 lbs. FRENCH CANDY,
500 lbs. NUTS of all kinds,
500 lbs. MINCE MEAT,
500 lbs. CURRANTS,
1,000 lbs. Raisins,
1,000 lbs. Citron,

Lemons, Oranges, Figs, Dates, Cocoanuts, Toys, Fire-Works, Fancy Notions, &c. We are daily manufacturing all kinds of Taffy, such as Walnut, Butter, Pine Apple, Lemon, &c.

We are also making fresh every day CANDY CREAMS *of all flavors*, which we are selling at only 30c. per lb. Try them.

Stores in want of the above goods will save money by calling on us; in fact everybody every one to call and be convinced that *the above is no Ghost Story.*

W. HUDGINS,
CROSS ST. BAKERY.

COMEGYS,
Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND DEALER IN
Guano, Lime,
FERTILIZERS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.
CASH PRICE PAID FOR
GRAIN
Stations on the Kent and Md. Road. jy12-tf.

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 pharmaceutical 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,
oct25. Bordley's Corner.

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.

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.

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.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR and VERY OLD, For sale by WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, September 9, 1879.

NOTICE!

ATTRACTIVE! BEAUTIFUL!
And CHEAP!

Triple-Plated

SILVER WARE!

Of the FINEST QUALITY,

AT

STAR DRUG STORE.

CAKE RECEIVERS,
CAKE BASKETS, CASTERS,
FRUIT and FLOWER STANDS,
JELLY BOWLS,
NAPKIN RINGS,
SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS,
BUTTER DISHES,

and many other useful articles, all of which are executed in the most tasteful and artistic designs.

The above goods have been purchased from the largest manufacturers of Silver-Plated Ware in this country; they are sold at their prices and quality guaranteed.

CHARLES F. STAM, DRUGGIST.
Dec. 6-79.

CARD.

WRIGHT & CLARK

Successors to JOHN B. PARROTT,
DEALERS IN
General MERCHANDISE & DRUGS
SILL POND, MD.

An examination of our stock and prices solicited.

NOTICE—All persons indebted to W. F. Wright are most respectfully requested to make settlement either by cash or note on before Jan. 1, 1880.

Very respectfully,
d13-3t. W. F. WRIGHT.

Christmas Goods

A Full Assortment at very Low Prices.

Call and make your selections, at

T. W. WICKES'
d13-3t. DRUG STORE.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Waters' Newly Improved Pianos and Organs!

Language fails to describe them. Thousands in use by Ministers, Churches, Lodges, Schools, &c., all testified of their superiority. Complete self-instructors free. Beautiful Parlor Grand Pianos, Below Balt. priceless $50, $60 &c. Handsome Pianos only $50, $200, & Liberal credit. Agents wanted in 4 upper districts.

WM. K. DEFEND,
d6-3t* General Agent, Edesville, Md.

WINTER GOODS.

NEW STOCK.

J. H. KEMPERS & BRO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Have just received a large and carefully selected stock of WINTER GOODS, which they offer at the

Lowest Cash Prices!

DRY GOODS—Dress Goods in various styles; Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, Red, Blue and Grey Flannels, Canton Flannels, Cassimeres, Keiseys; Black, Navy Blue, Brown, and Grey Waterproof.

NOTIONS—Gents' Ladies, Misses' & Children's Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Collars, Shawls, variety, Skirts and Clouds, Ladies', Gents' and Children's Vests, Gents' Under Wear, &c.

Boots and Shoes!
Boots and Shoes!

Men's Heavy Boots, all prices,
Boys' Heavy Boots, all prices,
Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes, in great variety, all at low prices.

HATS and CAPS

MEN AND BOYS,
of the Latest Styles.

Ingrain, Rag and Hemp CARPETS.
Floor, Table and Step OIL CLOTHS, at low prices.
Queensware and Woodenware,
Groceries—Sugars, Coffee, Syrup, Soap, &c.
Tobacco and Segars.

Store—Prices the Lowest.
A call solicited.
nov1. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

House 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 S. S. Usilton.

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

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
sep20—tf. ATTY 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,
A DWELLING HOUSE
on Cross Street, Chestertown
Apply to WM. VANNORT.
Nov. 1—

FOR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE
at present occupied by Mr. Jones will be for rent the ensuing year.
oc4-tf. A. T. VANNORT.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly-falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble,
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up a stairs."

Ah! it touched the tenderest heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As mere words can never define;
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prize must be captured
With a noble earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail,
Hands and knees may often pain us
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

Don't Cut the String.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, a day or two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man untie these strings—don't cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson for the lad to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well dressed man behind the counter, he said: "There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the string of the package in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and very likely is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save. I told the boy just now to untie the string instead of cutting it, not so much for the value of the string as to teach him that every thing must be saved and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed upon the mind of a beginner in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the foundation of success.

The moral of this little incident is self-evident. A young man well brought up, with a fair education, seeks employment in a business. The habit of waste in little things is noticeable, and becomes a drawback on his value and usefulness to his employer. The disregard of saving strings and paper develops into a carelessness that runs through all his habits. He does not get on in the world because he is wasteful. Small sums of money slip through his fingers almost unconsciously, because they are small. He wastes time by the minute, without a thought of the old adage: "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves."

Sitting in the counting room of one of Cleveland's oldest and most successful merchants the other day, we noticed that he cut off the blank sheet of the letters he was engaged in filing. The name of this man is a synonym of charity and benevolence, and his liberality in all good works is almost unbounded. His attention being call to what seemed an unusual proceeding he said:

"Yes, it may strike you as singular to save these half sheets of paper, but I commenced life as a poor boy in a country store, and this was one of the first lessons in saving little things that was taught me by my employer. He has been nearly half a century under the sod, but I never do this without thinking of the good old man. I believe it was the secret of my success in life."

This saving of little things does not imply stinginess or meanness. It is simple the habit of saving instead of wasting. It is embodied in the motto, "Waste not, want not." Therefore we say, "Don't cut the strings."

Matrimonial Association.

It happened one day this week that in a crowd of nearly a dozen gentlemen that had assembled at one of the hotels for social pleasure there was not a married man among them, and when their attention was called to this fact quite a number of them expressed a warm desire to be married at once if not sooner, especially the widowers in the crowd. It was proposed that a matrimonial association should be formed by them, and the first man married should be so liberally assisted as to make it an object with any of them to be that first man. To this the bachelors objected, believing that the widowers understood the business so much better and had so much more cheek that they would certainly be the first to win. It was finally settled that as soon as the first married man was provided for, the same arrangements should be made for the second, and so on to the last. The gentlemen's ages range from twenty-eight to sixty. They are all excellent business men, and in good circumstances. There are two lawyers, two merchants, two clerks, one teacher, one printer, one high county official, one politician and one doctor. Possibly a majority have joined the association for the fun of the thing, but the others are in dead earnest, as one of them remarked at parting that "more than one lady had to say 'no' to him, or he would have a wife in less than three months."—*Cambridge News.*

Won't somebody get up an association of this kind in Kent? The "old bachelors" specially need something to spur them. The widowers can take care of themselves in this line. If *they* don't marry fast enough it is not, generally, their fault.

FRED DOUGLASS lays claim to an invention which ought to earn him the gratitude of men while he lives and canonize him after death. He claims to have invented something to keep the spectacles on a man's nose when he perspires.

WHEN you can say of a man that his religion has got hold of his pocket-book, you may be reasonably sure that his religion is the right kind.

HIS FIVE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

A REAL TRUE STORY.

Most husbands and wives, if we may credit all they say, find it difficult to live in the same house with a mother-in-law, but Old Sol B—(as he was commonly called) dwelt in peace and comfort for several years with five ladies bearing that relation to him. When I first knew the old gentleman he appeared to be about fifty, but was in reality about sixty-eight, and a charming wife who was then twenty-six, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl, one seven and the other five. His children by his first wife were all married, and some of his grandchildren were also married, and, themselves, had children older than Mr. B——'s two youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his pleasant home not many miles from Boston, as I took my place at the dinner table with Mrs. B——, I was surprised to see five old ladies come into the room together and to be introduced to each of them in succession as follows:—"My own mother, Mrs. B——, senior, my next mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs. James; my fourth mother, Mrs. Williams; my fifth mother, Mrs. John."

"Mrs. B——, senior," who seemed the youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud at my look of consternation—a melodious laugh for one of her years—and every one smiled but Mr. B——, who invoked the blessing with his usual air and led the table-talk on in different topics.—That evening in the parlor young Mrs. B—— gave us some music, and the old ladies retired early one after the other, the "own mother" going last, when she was tenderly assisted up by her son. On his return Mr. B—— said to me with a smile of amusement.

"I see that you are, as the ladies say 'dying to know' what all this means. I purposely did not tell you that I have five mothers-in-law, because I always like to see the effect produced by my household on other people. You, for instance, live so differently, all alone, how do we appear to you?"

"Harmonious and happy; but I have seen you together only a very short time. What is your every day experience?"

"Much the same, especially since my dear wife came into our household. I had all the old ladies when she arrived."

"But where did you get them all, they cannot all belong to you?"

"Yes, every one of them. I have four mothers-in-law, and as my own mother is my wife's mother-in-law, of course that makes five mothers-in-law in our house. Now, as my wife is just going to her little one's nursery, I will tell you about the old lady.

"When I married my first wife, her mother, who was a widow, came to live with us. She was a good creature, and had seen pretty hard times, having supported herself by school teaching and sewing for several years, and she seemed greatly to enjoy my comfortable home—I was always a thriving man of business. So one day I said to her, 'now mother, there is no reason why you should not make your home with us while you live; you can bring your furniture, if you choose, or you need not; the room you now occupy shall be yours always, and besides what my wife may do I will give you fifty dollars a year for your clothes (that was an ample sum for a woman to have all to herself in those times.) You can teach if you wish to, and do anything else to earn money if you wish to; you will always be welcome to our table and parlor, or, if you prefer, you can cook for yourself in your room. Only one thing I can exact in return—you must never make any mischief nor quarrel with anybody in my house about anything. And if sometimes you are displeased you must go to your room and pout it out alone, and only join us again when you feel pleasant. For I won't be worried by anybody. Now, mother, what do you say?'

She only said, "You are a good man, Solomon B——, and the Almighty will reward you, and I thank you from my heart. I will do my part."

So I never had any trouble with her. We all lived together twenty years, and then my wife had an attack of pneumonia and died—and soon after that my own mother was left a widow and came to live with me. My mother is only sixteen years older than I, and being so lively and smart she seemed quite a younger sister to mother Henry, and they got on together. But after awhile when the children were all about grown, I got so lonesome that I coaxed a real nice sensible lady, of Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as good as gold, to marry me. I told her all about my old lady and found she had two mothers living with her, her own mother and her husband's mother. They had nither of them any property, but she owned a house and took boarders in it to support them all.

Well, I made the same proposition to her old ladies that I made to my mother-in-law and they both agreed. Then I went home and built an addition to my house and soon brought my wife and her mothers there. We had some occasional pouting at first, but I always held two points without yielding—I was the master in my own house and would never let anybody worry my wife. So, pretty soon, my four-in-hand learned to travel smoothly together.

"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy old age with that dear wife, but in two years she was killed by a railroad accident. I was with her on the train and was badly hurt, living for weeks in a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered my dear wife's grave was green. I felt so bad and my health was so poor that I did not care for a woman again until all my children were married and I was left alone with my four old ladies. Then I met a pretty little romantic woman, who was "so sorry" for me! She wrote poetry and painted pictures, and was dying all the time of consumption—that scourge of our city; and I thought as she had a struggle to take care of herself and her husband's mother, I would smooth her passage to the grave.

"So I married her and her mother—I mean, well, you know what I mean. I treated her mother-in-law just as I did the other old ladies, and that wife lived seven years after all. I made her so happy that she adored me, and we had the sweetest baby you ever saw! Oh, what a lovely creature that child was—a little angel! She lived only three years, and then faded away. But I have several beautiful pictures of her, painted by her mother."

"And did you have trouble with that mother-in-law?"

"Not while her daughter-in-law lived; she was always taking care of her sick children and grandchild. But when Emma was gone and all seemed quiet again, the old lady wanted to marry me!"

"What! Emma's mother-in-law?"

"Yes. She was a handsome woman still, and she knew it; about my age and no relation whatever; and she set her cap at me."

"And that made a commotion in the house?"

"Well, yes. Yes, it did. I never knew my mother to be in a real rage till then. She was mad! She told me to go right off and get a young wife—the younger the better! Then I got mad! I stormed away at all my old ladies together; threatened to break up house-keeping and turn them out upon the world, away from the pleasant home which they now enjoyed so long that they really believed to be theirs. Finally I declared I would leave them in it, to fight like Kilkenny cats, while I would live at a hotel in the city. And I kept my word. I lived at one hotel after another, but always went home Saturday nights to go to church the next morning as usual, and take my old ladies for a drive in the afternoon as usual, so that the neighbors could not be gossipping about us.

"How good they were to me, then! They lived together like a nest of kittens! But my mother assured me that peace would not last long if I lived at home without a wife; so when I met a pretty little orphan girl who had not a relative in the world I told her all about my affairs, and the sweet creature with tears of pity in her eyes consented to marry me and be good to my old ladies. And she kept her word, both letter and spirit, and I am thankful that life has given me so many blessings!"

Just then young Mrs. B—— returned, and though I observed through the evening that her manner towards her husband was more that of a beloved and loving daughter than a wife, yet she appeared more serenely happy than any woman I remember ever to have seen.

This story is from life excepting that I have changed all the names. Sol B—— has been dead some years; the will he left was as just and manly as his other acts.—*New York Mail.*

A Lady's Toast.

Mrs. Duniway, of the *New Northwest*, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows:

"God bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property, and outmanœuvre us in everything. This would be a very dreary world without 'em. In fact I may say, without fear of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means matchless. They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellows' wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could we'd fly for them—
We'd do anything but die for them."

"We Call Them Tramps."

A recent trip of the City of Chester of the Inman Line, from New York to Liverpool, was enlivened by the wit of a Washington girl, who was a favorite passenger. In the same steamer was a young English snob, who wore a suit of clothes of very large plaid, with a fatigue cap to match, a single eye-glass, thick-soled boots, spotted shirt and loud necktie. He had that exasperating drawl peculiar to Mark Twain and English snobs. "Aw, yaas," said he, in conversation with the Washington girl, "I have seen considerable of your country. I have been to New Yawk, Chicago, Omahaw and other places, and it is a gwate country; but you don't seem to have any gentwy in America, that I noticed."

"What do you call gentry?" asked the lady.

"Aw, ah, why people, you know, who dwon't have to do anything, you know; people who live without work."

"O, yes, we have such people," replied she, "but we don't call them gentry."

"Aw! what do you call them, pway?"

"We call them tramps!"

"Ah!" Dead silence. The snob adjusts his eye-glass, excuses himself and retires.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

POMPEII.—Among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum the skeleton of a dog was found stretched over that of a child. It was conjectured, on the discovery, that this dog, from his position, was attempting to save the child when the eruption of Vesuvius was fatal to that city. The opinion was confirmed by the collar which was found, of curious workmanship; its inscriptions stated that the dog was named Delta, and belonged to a man called Severinus, whose life he had saved on three occasions. First, by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned; then, by driving off four robbers who attacked him unawares; and lastly, by his destroying a she wolf whose cubs he had taken, in a grove sacred to Diana, near Herculaneum. Delta afterwards attached himself particularly to the only son of Severinus, and would take no food but what he received from the child's own hand.

A MEXICAN WAR ROMANCE.

The Little Rock *Gazette* tells this intensely romantic story: Mr. J. M. Halsett, of Pike county, gives us the facts of a very interesting "Auld Lang Syne" affair, with a sentimental terminus of recent date.

Just about the time that war was declared with Mexico, a young man named Henry Lauring and a young neighborhood lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. When the trumpet of war sounded young Lauring, conceiving it to be a duty owed to his country, bade his affianced good-bye and became a soldier. They were devoted to each other, and when the young man left the young lady vowed that she would never marry if he did not return.

After the fall of the city of Mexico, a man named Ralph Mitchell approached Lauring and stated that he had left Pike county subsequent to Lauring's departure, and that Miss Waldron had died a few days before his departure. The young soldier was desperate, and when the troops "came marching home with glad and gallant tread," he was not with them. Having, in a moment, been transformed from an ardent soldier to a reckless man, he left the army, and, embarking, went to Cuba. From there he went to Spain, to England, to Australia, to Prussia and to France. When the late Franco-Prussian war broke out he entered the French ranks, and at Metz was almost fatally wounded. When he recovered the war was over, and remaining in France until the Russian war with Turkey, he repaired to Russia and joined the army, though an old man. With a detachment of troops, while attempting to cross the Danube, he was shot through the lungs. For a long time he languished in a hospital and finally recovered.

After the Mexican war, and when Ralph Mitchell returned to Pike county, he called on Miss Waldron and sympathetically told her that her lover, Lauring, was dead; that he strayed from the camp one night and was killed by a band of scouts. The girl fell speechless to the floor. When she regained consciousness—when the rush of recollection forced its way over indistinct memory—a high fever sprang up, and for months she tossed on a bed, caring nothing for her surroundings, and dreading recovery worse than death. After a long illness she recovered. Mitchell, who was very attentive to her in her sickness, called frequently in health. One night while the pale moon shone on the face of a paler girl, Mitchell told her of his devotion.

"We have known each other from childhood," he said; "we have lived as neighbors. You know me; my father and mother. I love you with a depth only known to a burning soul. Will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Mitchell," the girl replied, "I respect you highly, but I am engaged to another."

"But he is dead."

"The engagement is not. It will be consummated in heaven."

"Is there no appeal from your decision?" he asked.

"None."

"Then I will tantalize you the more. Lauring is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him that you were dead, and with a yell of despair he left the army. I did this through love."

Another long illness followed this. When a strong constitution again came to the rescue of a life Mitchell had married a neighboring girl.

Years went on, as years inevitably do. The girl's father and mother sank beneath the clay. The girl lived with her brother. The girl's brother's children grew up and married—not the girl, for she was advanced in years. In a small house they lived. There were vines in the yard, and among them the once beautiful woman sat and mused. Summer and winter came and went. The love-killed woman had read every book in the neighborhood. The birds sang, and the rabbit sprang from his damp, snow-sprinkled bed. But old songs and old memories still swept the harp-strings of a heart once young and still ardent.

One evening last week Miss Waldron sat among the vines in the yard. Her brother was gone to the mill. An old man, with long beard and with tottering walk, stopped at the gate and asked if Mr. Waldron lived there. Miss Waldron invited him in. He approached, and when he had reached the vine-covered porch, sank down on a chair, the one Miss Waldron had vacated, and buried his face in his wrinkled hands.

"Old gentleman," Miss Waldron said, "can I do anything for you? You look so weary."

"That voice!" the man exclaimed.—"Vena, don't you know me? Henry has come—"

A shriek, and the old man stooped and lifted the form of an old woman from the floor.

When the brother had returned, and when the moon had risen, a couple of old lovers walked out into the polished peace of night. The party walked along the road, each hand clasped within the other. Opening a gate they turned into an enclosure. They stopped at a mound.

"Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription."

Henry leaned over, and straightening up, said:

"It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell."

Then, in the pale moonlight; then, while the soft air fanned them, Henry and Vena clasped hands across the almost time-leveled mound, and said:

"Great God, we forgive the man who destroyed so many years of happiness."

In a little log church not far away a pleased minister pronounced Henry and Vena man and wife. Nature says their lives will not continue but a few years longer; true sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.

THE report of the Life-Saving Service makes a very good showing. Since its establishment in 1871 the total number of marine disasters along the coast has been 797, involving a loss of $10,722,733 in shipping and $5,928,274 in cargoes. Of this $9,510,408 were saved and $7,099,619 lost. The service thus pretty well pays its own expenses in the saving of property, making the saving of life a clear gain.

GEN. BUTLER is said to be an eager and ravenous reader of French novels.

HIS OWN LAWYER.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT TO PARENTS.

Recently a young man named Forbes was tried for vagrancy in Justice Knox's court. He was a young man about twenty-three years of age, and had been arrested for leading an idle and dissolute life, making no effort whatever to earn an honest living. He demanded a jury trial and conducted his own case in a most remarkable manner. When on the stand he made the following statement:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I admit that I am a vagrant. The way I am situated I don't see how I can be anything else. I've tried to get work, and I've got it, but I couldn't work. Look at me, (here he arose) and see if you think I am physically able to endure anything. I'm a perfect wreck all through."

As he stood there before the jury he was indeed the personification of one who had blighted his youth and destroyed his manhood by his vicious habits.

"Don't you smoke opium?" asked a juryman.

"I do smoke opium, and that's what's killing me; but I hav'nt touched a pipe for over a week. It's something terrible to break off, Gentlemen! You've no idea of the struggle I've had and am having now. But I'll do it; I will or die."

"How long have you smoked opium?" asked another juror.

"Over a year, sir. But why do you ask me these questions? I'm not on trial for opium smoking; I'm charged with vagrancy."

The District Attorney—"Were you once sent to the State prison for ten years for robbery?"

Prisoner—"Yes. Your brother sent me there, and then they got up a petition for my pardon, and he refused to sign it. But they did pardon me—pardoned me right over his head."

Here the fellow approached the District Attorney and said: "If I had been given the same advantages you had when you was a boy, and you had been treated as I was treated, I might be trying you for vagrancy, and if I was I wouldn't bring up these old scores. I am not on trial for having been sent to the State prison years ago. And now, gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "suppose you do convict me of vagrancy, what then? I serve out my time, and when I'm turned loose in the streets every thing is closed against me again and I'm still a vagrant. Everything I have in the world is here—my father and mother and the clothes you are trying me in. Sometimes I sleep at home, but I don't choose to as a general thing. I wander off somewhere else. I feel I am a vagrant here. In the name of God, gentlemen, where on the footstool of creation can I go not to be a vagrant? Will some of you tell me that?"

He stood a few seconds, as if waiting for an answer, and then resumed his seat.

During the trial a large crowd had collected listening to the fellow's defense, and he conducted his case as well, perhaps, as if he had had a lawyer. The jury found a verdict of guilty, and he was sent to the county jail for fifty days.

Parties who had known the young man for several years state that his parents are alone responsible for his present condition, and should themselves be on trial. He was an unusually bright lad, but they allowed him to fall into evil ways without the slightest attempt to guide him, and his education, moral and mental, was by them utterly neglected.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

ON Thanksgiving day, for the first time in the annals of the Jewish race, it is said a Christian minister, in New York, preached from the pulpit of a Hebrew synagogue. The minister was Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., a Unitarian clergyman, who preached by invitation in the Temple Emanu-El. Dr. Bellows is the first minister, even of his own denomination, who has had the courage to take a step like this. He took occasion to pay a high tribute to the Hebrew race, saying: "No race, not even the Greek, has evinced so profound a reverence for, and clinging to its old customs and beliefs as has yours. Until we shall have forgotten the names of Mendelssohn, Spinoza and of Beaconsfield, we shall not cease to know what men of Jewish birth have done in the world of music, of letters and of politics. I presume that you have all classes of people among you, as well as Catholics and Protestants, but I do not remember to have ever met with a stupid Jew, and that is more than I can say of the others. You do not distrust a Christian because he is a Christian, but because he is not a good Christian." In conclusion Dr. Bellows said "he regarded his appearance at the synagogue as of some historic importance. The gap between them was not very wide, but it was so wide that it had taken several hundred years to bridge it."

THE Chinese in California have begun to go. The steamer that sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong on the 15th took 901 of them to their native land.—The port statistics of San Francisco show that the arrivals of Chinese during the year ended November 1 were 6,128 and departures 8,746—of whom 6,229 went to China and 2,517 to Honolulu—the excess of departures over arrivals being 2,718. It is estimated that there are 62,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast, which shows that this population is decreasing instead of increasing, for when the anti-Chinese agitation was begun, a few years ago, the estimate was 100,000. The total number of Chinese arrivals for the twenty years ended December, 1878, was 230,430, and the departures and deaths 133,491. At this rate the Chinese will soon cease to trouble California workingmen.

A MILLIONAIRE'S PALACE.—The new residence for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, New York, is to be 84 feet front and 125 feet 6 inches deep, and is to cost, when completed, the sum of $750,000. It is to be 80 feet high of limestone front; the roof of "combination" material, and the cornice of some metal; the building is to be steam-heated throughout. Work on the building is to be commenced in a few days.

It is said that a girl can shed three tears on a critical occasion and follow up with a quiver around the good looking nothing but [illegible]

An Editor's Valedictory.

The editor of a New York State journal, on retiring from the profession not long since, embraced the occasion to give utterance to some sentiments which are applicable the world over among newspaper readers:

Having for nearly seven years been weekly visitor at your homes, kindly sharing the hospitality, and, we hope, contributing something to the comfort of the same, it only remains to shake hands all around, take an affectionate and heart-breaking farewell, and come no more, probably, forever.

Good-bye! It has been spoken over the dead lying in their coffins. It has been spoken when an ocean was to roll between parting hearts; but it never is spoken with such pathos and unction as when a country editor, with the memory of his hard grubbings and his scanty comforts pressing upon him, hands his valedictory over to the compositor, puts the stub end of his worn-out pencil into his breeches pocket and shuffles his rheumatic legs down stairs to go no more back forever.

"We part upon the square." We proclaim general amnesty all around. We retire forgiving our enemies, and shall haunt those who obstinately refuse to forgive us. We are bound to be forgiven anyhow.

Farmers, good-bye! You are the dorsal column of the country editor's subscription list. It could not stand erect without your help. May the time soon come when no mortgage, like a great morass in the centre of a pleasant meadow, shall obstruct your property. Have you ever given us wood of scrimpt pattern and highly perforated cordage? The act is forgiven. Have you ever given us butter of most unhallowed flavor? We hope after a little to forgive even this.

There is a particular class of patrons whom every departing country editor remembers with special gratitude. It is the substantial, thorough, patrons—the men who are never blown out of favor with him by the light gusts of ill-wind. They are the men who cash their bills with thorough professional honor and promptitude. We remember all such men in Groton with downright and uncompromising gratitude. We count their names with thankfulness. They are like the brick walls which hold this office above the street floor.

Support the new management. A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the shortcomings of the editor—co-operate with and encourage him. Help him to get news, and see that he has his share of your money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probably, than you do. Help, but don't hinder. Again, good-bye!

A Curious Will Case.

A Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* says:

A very remarkable case is being argued before Judge Swayne, of the Supreme Court, sitting as United States circuit judge, in which are engaged a dozen of the ablest lawyers in Ohio. More than fifty years ago ex-Gov. McArthur, of Chillicothe, Ohio, died and left an extraordinary will. He was a man of great wealth but very peculiar. His estate amounted to several million dollars, but by his will it was not to be divided until the youngest grandchild reached the age of twenty-one years, and then it was to be apportioned equally among the entire family. This was indefinite in an important particular: The old man neglected to state whether he meant living grandchildren only or included those as yet unborn, an omission that proved to be of serious annoyance to the heirs. The executors were named in the will declined to act under such unusual conditions, and a county court appointed a trustee in charge of the property. Fifty years passed away after the old man's death, grandchildren continued to be born, accumulate. Finally some of them thought it about time that an end was being was arrived at, and went into court with a petition for a division of the property, which by that time had largely increased in value. The court granted the petition and the estate was apportioned after a great deal of difficulty. In the time, however, more grandchildren had been born, who, when they came to understand the case, were very indignant with their elder relatives for not waiting for them, so they brought suit, through Stanley Matthews and other lawyers, for their share of the property, and the case has gone from court to court until it is now within one step of the United States Supreme Court, to which it will be appealed, no matter how Judge Swayne decides. The case is without a parallel in the history of litigation, and before it is finally settled will probably rival the Jumel will suit or Dickens's celebrated cause of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce.

EACH family of wild Indians, it has been determined by a careful calculation made some years ago, when it subsists by hunting alone, requires ten thousand acres of land to enable it to live comfortably. This much land will support at least one hundred families of civilized white people. At bottom these facts constitute the real substance of the controversy between the Utes and the frontiersmen, which has led to the present war in Colorado. It is claimed that there is no longer hunting ground to spare for the wild Indians, and they must be penned up in small reservations, where they cannot earn their living in their old age way.

"A [illegible]