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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 27, 1879. No. 34.

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.

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, Cocoa-Nuts, Toys, Fire-Works, Fancy Notions, &c. We are daily manufacturing all kinds Taffy, such as Walnut, Butter, Pine Apple, Lemon, &c.

We are also making fresh every day *CAROMELS 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 we want every one to call and be convinced that *the above is no Ghost Story.*

W. HUDGINS,
dec14. CROSS ST. BAKERY.

NOTICE!

ATTRACTIVE! BEAUTIFUL!
And CHEAP!

Triple-Plated

SILVER WARE!

Of the FINEST QUALITY,
AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

CARD 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 beautiful 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.

COLIN F. STAM, DRUGGIST.
Dec. 6, 1879.

Christmas Goods

A Fine Assortment at very Low Prices.

Call and make your selections, at

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

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 approved pharmaceutical manner, from English, French and American drugs at the very lowest possible figures.

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.

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

oc18-tf. JACOB HIGHLEY.

FOR RENT,
For 1880,
A DWELLING HOUSE
on Cross st., in Chestertown.
Apply to WM. VANNORT.
N.v. 1—tf.

FOR RENT.

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

oc4-tf. A. L. VANNORT.

A CARD.

WROTH & CLARK

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

An examination of our stock and prices solicited.

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

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

FOR CHEAP

DOLLS, TOYS,

And FANCY GOODS,
GO TO

V. BURGESS'

Opposite the Bank

Prices Marked Down

Hobby Horses, Shoo Flys, Dress Wagons, Dolls, a great variety, Games, Tree Ornaments, Toilet Sets, Parlor Croquet, Fancy Parlor 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.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Millington, Kent Co., Md.,

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND DEALER IN

Coal, Lime,

FERTILIZERS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLENTS, &c.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

GRAIN

at the different stations on Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. jy12-tf.

WINTER GODS.

NEW STOCK.

J. H. SIMPERS BRO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

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

Lowest Cash Prices!

DRY GOODS—Dresses in various styles; Dress Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, Red White and Greymnels, Canton Flannels, Cassimeres, Jeans; bl'k, Navy Blue, Seal Brown & Grey Waterproofs &c.

NOTIONS.—Gents' Ladies', Misses' & Children Hosiery, Gloves, Hdk'fs, Collars, Shawls in variety, Shawls and Clouds, Ladies', Misses' and Gent's Vests, Gents' Underwear, &c.

Boots and Shoes
Boots and Shoes!

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

HATS and CAPS

for MEN & BOYS,
of Latest Styles.

Ingrain, Rag and Hemp CARPETS.
Floor, Table and Stand CLOTHS, at low prices.
Queensware and Woodenware,
Groceries Sugars, Coffee, Syrup, Soap, &c.
Tobacco and Cigars.
Our Stock large—Prices Lowest.
A call solicited.
nov1. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

WOOLENGOODS.

GOODS FOR MEN

GOODS FOR BOYS!

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES,
FLANNEL BLANKETS.

We have in stock a few of the above Goods—a good variety, many of them just put on sale, and all allied to manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figures to be reasonable.

Goods generally to suit the calls of the season, at the time there, and at prices to challenge competition.

WICKES BROTHER.
Chestertown, Nov. 1, 1879.

WICKES & BROTHER

Call attention to their Men's HEAVY WINTER BOOTS, and Women's HEAVY WINTER SALOMONS,

And SHOES for MEN AND GIRLS.

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

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

November 1, 1879.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Waters' Pianos and Organs!

Language fails to describe them. Thousands in use by Sisters, Churches, Lodges, Schools, &c., satisfied of their superiority. Combined Self-instructors free. Beautiful Parlor Organs! below Balt. price only $50, &c. Handsome Pianos only $150, $&c. Liberal credit. Agents wanted in other districts.

WM. HUDEFIELD,
d6-3t* Gen'l Agt. Oldesville, Md.

FINE Star-cured Hams 8c. per lb., Prime Corned Beef, Cranberries, Fresh Cod, Co Ext. Orange Gric Flour, Buckwheat, bag & bbl., Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Hominy, Up Town,

PURE CIDER NEAR

and vinegar.

For sale by WICKES BROTHER.
Chestertown, Septem 6, 1879.

IN THE LONG RUN.

This old-fashioned saying
So slightly expressed,
And carelessly uttered,
Is one of the best.
Oh ponder, young trifler,
With young life begun,
The deep, earnest meaning
Of "in the long run."

For "in the long run" boys,
The seed will spring up
That was sown in the garden
Or dropped in the cup.
And, remember! no roses
Will spring from the weed,
And no beautiful fruit
From unworthy seed.

How many a strippling
In trouble to-day
By riotous living
With comrade so gay;
With character shipwrecked
And duties undone,
Will be sorrow's harvesting
"In the long run."

And "in the long run,"
The toiler fares best
Who performs honest labor
And takes honest rest.
Who, contented and happy,
Hastes not, in a day,
Or a year to heap riches
That will pass away.

The good and the evil
That bide on the earth,
The joy and the sorrow,
The pain and the mirth,
The battles undeeded,
The Victories won,
Will yield what was sown, lads,
"In the long run."

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love, which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out: you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with your devotion.

Daniel Webster's Advice.

Daniel Webster wrote as follows to his son: "You are at a most important period of life, my dear son, soon growing up to be a young man & a boy no longer, & I feel a great anxiety for your success and happiness. I beseech you to be attentive to all your duties, & to fulfill every obligation with cheerfulness & punctuality. Above all, remember your moral & religious concerns. Be constant at church & prayer, & every other appointment for worship. There can be no solid character & no true happiness which are not founded on a sense of religious duty. Avoid all evil company & every temptation, & consider that you have now left your father's house, & gone forth to improve your own character & prepare your own mind for the part you are to lead in life. All that can be done for you by others will amount to nothing, unless you do much for yourself. Cherish all the good counsel which your dear mother used to give you, & let those of us who are yet alive have the pleasure of seeing you come forward as one who gives promise of virtue, usefulness & distinction. I fervently commend you to the blessing of our Heavenly Father."

"Pay John Williams."

At a church prayer meeting not far from Boston, a man whose credit was not the best, and who was somewhat noted for his failure to meet his obligations, arose to speak. The subject for the evening was: "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, and again more emphatically asked the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with increased solemnity and impressiveness of manner, he repeated the momentous inquiry, when a voice from the assembly, in a clear and distinct tone, answered, "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen you bought of him!" The remainder of the gentleman's address was not reported.—All present appreciated the fitness of the unexpected word in season and were saved from hearing a lengthy exhortation from a swindler's lips. The incident has led us to think that there are a good many people who, before they make much progress in walking the way of salvation themselves, or guiding others therein, will have to "Go and pay John Williams," or John somebody else, the money that they honestly owe them. There is no man shrewd enough to pursue a course of dishonesty and trickery, and still retain the favor of God in this world, or a good hope of glory for the world to come. It is best to settle up, square up, and pay up, and then it will be in order to talk in the prayer-meeting.—*Ex.*

IT NEVER COMES.—We never have a to-morrow, it is simply a word of prophecies. It has been said the two great pleasures of living are in having something to love and to hope for, and the last of these is ever before us in the promise of to-morrow. To-morrow we may not know and it is well that it is thus ordained to be, for beyond the invisible veil that conceals alike its coming joys and sorrows, our fancy may revel only in what is beautiful and fair, nor see the gloom or shadow of coming trials and worldly afflictions, that, could we anticipate as fixed realities that were certain to come, would mar all our peace and enjoyment of the present. It is well for us that we cannot withdraw the veil which hides our future.

A YOUNG lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her matter-of-fact old father, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

LETTER FROM CLAYMONT, DEL.

CHURCH REVIVAL—COUNTRY FARMS—DAIRIES—RAILROAD.

Messrs. Editors:—Perhaps some of my friends in your county would like to hear from me and this part of the country.—This is called Brandywine Hundred, New Castle county, Del. My appointment is called Chester; the name of the church Bethel. It is a beautiful building, two-story, forty by sixty feet, with a recess about five or six feet deep. The front of the building is green stone, and sides of brick, with sandstone around the tops of the windows. The windows are of stained glass, and can be lowered and raised at pleasure, and, with a ventilator in the ceiling, the ventilation is ample. The audience room has a raised platform, with railing outside over the vestibule, for the choir and organ; and the pulpit platform is deep and roomy, with a door on either side, leading into a small room on one side for a dressing room, and the other to go down stairs into the class and lecture rooms, or outside, as we may desire. On one side of the pulpit is written on the wall in beautiful gilt letters, "Praise the Lord;" on the other side, "God is Love." The lecture room is large and well prepared for Sunday school and prayer-meeting. There are also two class rooms, with ingress and egress from outside the church and lecture room. The frescoing is very fine and attractive. The outside of the church is also nicely fitted up with large sheds to shelter some twenty-five carriages and horses and hitching posts for fifty more. There are about six acres of ground for church and cemetery, which is made attractive by trees, monuments and flowers. The church cost about twenty thousand dollars, and is the most complete and beautiful building I ever saw in the country, and cannot be easily excelled in the city for its size. Those who desire to build would do well to examine this church and take notes. The congregations are large and attentive, and well entertained with instrumental and vocal music, having an organ and leader in the Sunday school room and one in the audience room, accompanied with a good choir. The best of all is, "God is with us," reviving his work in a most powerful manner. On Nov. 16, without any previous notice, after a sermon by the pastor, five young men voluntarily came to the altar for prayer, and the meeting has been continued ever since with unabated interest. Some forty have professed religion already, and still there are sixteen penitents anxiously seeking the Lord. The whole neighborhood is aroused on the subject of religion. Many come to church who have not been inside of the house of God for years. Convictions are deep and powerful, like old times, some falling to the floor and at the altar. Conversions are taking place in the field, at home, in the yard, by the way, as well as at the altar. There are new penitents and conversions every night, and, what is praiseworthy in them, they come voluntarily, and when converted make earnest workers. The interest is not confined to night service, but Sabbath morning is made attractive by the cry of mourners, rich experiences of Christians and shouts of new-born souls.

The country here is romantic and hilly, with plenty of stones and rocks, in full view of the Delaware river, where can be seen at all times vessels of every kind, driven by wind and steam. The farms are small—from forty to one hundred acres—but the land is rich and produces large crops. The farmers are not confined to raising wheat and corn, but being near Wilmington, Chester and Philadelphia, (for many go to Philadelphia every week) have small fields of berries, tomatoes, potatoes, beans and truck of various kinds. Some years ago peaches were plenty here and many found them profitable, but now they are very scarce, and apple and cherry trees have taken their place. The most of the land holders and renters are engaged in the dairy business. A few make butter, but the most of them sell milk, which they consider more profitable and less work and trouble. They keep from ten to eighty cows. They send the milk to Philadelphia and Wilmington in churns, which hold twenty and forty quarts. During the summer and fall they received three cents per quart, *dry measure.* Deducting the cost of churns, freight and losses, they clear about two and one-half cents per quart. During the winter months they get four cents per quart. They have plenty of good pasture for the cows, but still give them meal, bran and salt in addition. Fresh cows bring from forty to fifty dollars, and dry ones twenty to twenty-five, unless they are fat, and then they bring more. No doubt you are ready to say that milk is very cheap. So it is, especially when they have to give dry measure, (which is a custom that is hard to change) but still they would sooner sell it at three cents than make butter. They say it takes from twelve to fifteen quarts of milk for one pound of butter, according to quality. Butter brings from fifteen to forty cents per pound. Now, say the average price for butter the whole year is twenty-seven cents, and the average net price of milk three and one-fourth cents, and the average quantity of milk for one pound of butter is twelve quarts, at above price would bring thirty-nine cents, with less work. An extensive dairyman here said he would sooner sell milk at the dairy for two cents per quart than make butter. When I purchased milk in your county and Queen Anne's I had to pay eight cents per quart, liquid measure; here we get it at the door for three cents, dry measure, and pure and rich at that.

The travel on the railroad is cheap up here. When you get to Wilmington you can go to Philadelphia, twenty-eight miles, for fifty cents, and in the same proportion all the way up. Clayton to Wilmington is about thirty-three miles, and costs one dollar and forty cents, and in the same proportion on most of the roads below Wilmington. It is an imposition on the people, and no doubt the time will soon come when a change must take place. From Claymont, our station, it is nineteen miles to Philadelphia. There are some ten trains each way daily from here, so you see we have many conveniences. We have had very good health, for which we are thankful. Regards to all.

Dec. 13, 1879. W. B. GREGG.

HE who refuses justice to the defenseless will make every concession to the powerful.

STORIES OF WALL STREET.

A MAN WHO MADE AND LOST A FORTUNE—HOW HIS LUCK CHANGED.

There is now in the street a man who came from Connecticut a few years ago and made $900,000 in six months. He had $7,000 to start with, partly money that he had saved, and the rest borrowed. In whatever direction he reached money seemed to answer the touch. The news of his luck went back and fairly bewildered the town whence he came. Of those who took the fever seven gave up their employment and came to the city, making here a little bunch of speculators like many another that may be found in Wall street drawn together by like causes, from many parts of the country. It is just as when somebody draws a prize in a lottery; straightway half the people in the neighborhood go to buying lottery tickets. And for the same reason you may find in small cities or towns remote from New York communities who seem to have a bent for stock speculations.—Ask why, and usually you will discover that somebody from that town has gone to New York and taken up the stock business or at some time has made a big hit there.

Among those who followed the man from Connecticut was a young fellow who had about $80,000, his share of a fortune left by a relative. This made him rich in his country town, but he was dazzled by the then rapidly increasing fortune of his successful fellow-townsman. He began putting small bites of his $80,000 into the Wall street shark's mouth and lost steadily, but not enough to alarm him, for he had no doubt his luck would turn and give him as much money as the man who had struck it rich had made.—He met that fortunate individual in the street one day and said: "You've got $900,000; enough for anybody to live on. Why don't you take it and get out and keep it?"

"Because I want to make it a round million then I'll clear out."

In less than twelve months he had lost every dollar of the $900,000. Luck went as persistently against him as it had been for him, and in a desperate endeavor to regain his losses he stacked up his margins until the whole great fortune had melted away. It took the man with $80,000 a year to lose his money; he made smaller and more cautious operations, but he lost it all the same. He couldn't withstand the fascination of the street, and now he is the cashier of a small banking concern at a salary of $1,800 a year.

The $900,000 man stuck to it, too.—Sometimes he was well clad and again not so well. Occasionally he made a little strike of a few hundred and speedily lost it all. When he got particularly hard aground he would slip up home and stay awhile, but he would soon return with a small capital and try again. On August 4 last he appeared with $100, which he put up as margin with a broker who had handled hundreds of thousands for him in his flush days and began to buy stocks. He struck the first of this great flood-tide that has inundated the country and came in with it. As his profits increased he kept on buying steadily, putting in all he had with the nerve of a soldier; and with wisdom gained of previous experience he stopped short three days ago, when the market became choppy and uncertain, and rested on his oars with $300,000 in bank. This safely invested in four per cents would give him an income of $12,000 a year, enough for a man of simple tastes to live on comfortably, but he sticks to the street and is still going in to make it a million, and in all human probability he will keep at it until he is down again, and will wind up by joining the small army of the curbstone brokers who lead a wretched existence and finally fade away nobody knows whither.

Mistaken Identity.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Maccaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barrett House the commercial traveler seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him, and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "But you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," said the traveler, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No sir," the lady replied firmly, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted, and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus and asked:

"Whose is that."

"It isn't mine," said the traveler; "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine, and I'll have it, or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveler said he would open the valise to prove the claim. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers. But as there was no other way of settling the dispute, she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask, half full of whisky, a deck of cards, and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," he said, "you are right.—The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo—"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler re-locked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to the Barrett House to mark a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.

WHOEVER conquers indolence can conquer most things.

The Coming Winter Evenings.

Poetry is not always true in its colorings. When Bryant wrote the sighing couplet of the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," he undoubtedly touched a sympathetic chord in many a despondent heart, and yet autumn, all the same, comes in its unvaried march, laden with its rich fruits, and emblematic of the golden and full rounded beauty of perfected life.

And some feel a dread at the approach of that season

—"when icicles hang by the wall,"

and regard that portion of the year almost as a drear and desolate blank in their lives. Yet, the long winter evenings should be reckoned as among the most blessed hours that brighten our homes.

The domestic circle is then brought together in close relationship, and hearts are educated to friendship and reciprocal love. How pleasant it is to see a whole family thus united, and engaged in story-telling, some social amusements, or instructive and entertaining reading.

It is a lamentable truth, however, that some take the opportunity afforded by these evening hours to abuse the very gift of life itself, and engage in social pleasures, or rather evils, that directly tend to degradation and debasement. To what extent the modes of enjoyment established and tolerated by fashion are responsible for this downward tendency, it would be but a small problem for the thoughtful and observant to solve. Of late years, we are glad to notice, an improvement has been effected in this direction, by the attention of the young people being drawn to literary pursuits, as by public libraries, the organization of societies for home literary entertainments, parlor readings, etc., and by our admirable system of popular public lectures.

It is the true wisdom to make every moment, and every hour, but an added link in "life's great sum of happiness." And to this end our long winter evenings are of incalculable benefit and worth. In our homes let a portion of the time be devoted to innocent plays for the gratification of the children, and the balance of the evening to improving conversation, and to the reading of papers and books upon political, scientific, moral and religious subjects.

The cheapness of our monthly magazines, weekly and daily newspapers, makes general information attainable by all classes. We wish our readers to feel that the long winter evenings are opportunities especially designed for them in which they may gather moral strength and mental improvement.

Keep yourself thoroughly posted as to all the great movements of the age—talk over with the family all matters pertaining to our country and people, and the conditions of other nations—let every evening add something to your sum of knowledge, and you will soon come to feel that time given to idle and unrepaying follies would be but as the dropping away of golden moments from your thread of life.

Looking upon the now fast approaching winter evenings in this spirit, and with the desire for all its brightening home influences and opportunities, we can repeat Campbell's beautiful lines in the fullness of inspirational feeling:

"Let winter come! Let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep!
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day."

Where Christmas Toys Come From.

Few children know how many weary hands have made their Christmas toys in Germany and France and England, where hands instead of machinery are employed, and probably they don't care very much. But parents may be surprised to learn that comparatively few of the playthings which are scattered about so many hearths and nurseries are made in America.—Nearly everything in the toy line is imported. Every year some old principle gets presented in a new form, and frequently something entirely new under the sun is offered to the toy-buying public, but as the years go by, and new children are to be amused, the old toys, the dolls of all kinds and the Noah's arks hold their own among the new contrivances, with which it takes time to make the little ones acquainted. Dolls, from the little rag waif to the waxen belle, continue to be popular above all other toys from New York to Texas, for which latter State as many toys are sold in New York houses as for the west and east. Of the dolls, the handsome wax ones come from France, and China dolls and those with china heads and limbs of cloth or leather, from Germany, from whence also travel the composition of papiermachs toys, wooden warehouses, stables, villages, jumping-jacks, and all handmade wooden toys; but all turned wooden toys are made in this country. The trumpets, jewsharps and harmonicas come from Austria. In this country are manufactured all tin, iron and pewter toys, and all toys containing clock work, and in this line American toymakers excel. The metallophones and zithers, which in former years were imported, and accordingly were expensive, are now made here and are becoming common. This year they are sold in great numbers. America also excels in making the toy drums, in beating which the American boys also excel. This autumn—and almost too late for the trade—a Yankee invention of a stem-winding, self running and loud-ticking watch was put upon the market, the price being 25 cents apiece. Immediately 50,000 were disposed of, and the supply was exhausted. This is the first time that a toy watch has been made to run, even for three minutes, as this one does.

SAN FRANCISCO now claims one hundred millionaires. Mackey is the richest, his wealth being estimated at twenty millions. A man with but one million is only rated as being in "comfortable circumstances."

"COULDN'T you lend me $5?" "Yes, I could, but I won't." "Then do you think I wouldn't pay you back?" "Yes, you would, but you couldn't."

A MOB tarred and feathered a comic singer out West for eloping with another man's wife. His manager bills him now as the "great feathered songster."

BY a decision of the superior court of New York, a bank is made liable for the payment of forged checks.

Advice to Husbands.

The world is full of "advice to wives," and even the cheap commodity by courtesy addressed "to married people," is mostly one-sided and intended for the ears of the weaker sex only. We can scarcely pick up a paper without reading the oft-reiterated injunction to "always meet him with a smile" (whatever may be his delinquencies;) to be "always neatly dressed" (whatever work on hand;) to "never complain to him" (whatever the weight of your cares,) and all the rest of it, which everybody knows so well. For the sake of a more evenly balanced state of things, let us administer a little of the same dose to the other side of the house, on the old principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Husbands should always appear before their wives in a neat and becoming attire. Remember that was one of your chief attractions during courtship. A man is not at all beautiful en dishabille, and how can you expect to retain a woman's love if you suddenly drop all the blandishments that won it? Husbands, be neat. Never come to breakfast with hair looking like a "fig tree shaken by a mighty wind," or soiled collar or necktie all awry. Never lounge about at a late hour in the evening, in stocking feet, pants, coat and vest, and with slouchy suspenders. Had she chanced to see you thus in courting days, it would have taken a vast amount of romance out of her, depend upon it. Suppose your circumstances in life are such that you must assist in doing the "morning chores," then steal to your room before she has seen you and change the working coat for dressing gown, polish your boots and make yourself presentable, that no suggestion of the barnyard may accompany you to the breakfast table. The look of fond regard that will surely greet you from behind the fragrant coffee pot will be a sufficient reward.

Never wear a cloudy or angry countenance in the presence of your wife. No matter what the cares and annoyance of the day may have been, before her you should be all sunshine. Thus you will make her happy and forget your own troubles. In her own sphere she has petty vexations to bear that would break the spirit of any man alive. Don't add the burden of yours, too.

If the children are noisy or peevish, quiet them with as much tact as possible, in order that you disturb not their mother, who, in the evening, should find the rest and tranquillity that will prepare her for another day. Above all, allow no impatient word to arise to your lips should your wife object to your spending money on such selfish gratifications as expensive and choice cigars, while she is economizing in many little ways. Tho' you may think her in the wrong, you had better be ruled by her wishes, as thus you may avoid future unpleasantness.

If you wish to be the true companion of your wife don't allow yourself to degenerate into a mere drudge and money-catcher. Keep your intellect refreshed by reading good books; read the things she reads and repeat to her the news, both political and general, that you have gleaned in the world outside her sphere.

Bear in mind that many over-taxed wives are mere bundles of nerves, so to speak, and subject to a thousand and one irritations that enter not into man's philosophy to comprehend; therefore, write it in your heart and prove it in your daily conversation that a "soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."—*Bob Burdette.*

A Cheerful Wife.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home as cross as a bear and never speaking to her; she never thought of the long evenings when he wouldn't come home at all, or bring some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; of his awful profanity over so small a matter as a gas bill.

She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and to distribute her happiness among those about her.

It is not her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness.

They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes.

The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share of the attention, and yet so often does not get that little share.

Therefore, a word to the girls in this connection is in order; beware of a man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his room, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter.

Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at leasts ome chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

ROLL ON.—It matters not what takes place or who dies the old world wags on. It seems a little hard, when we think of it seriously, that the world will not end when we do. It would be a vast satisfaction to be able to say that you had seen the whole thing. Few of us can reach the philosophic heights of indifference which are expressed in the following touching lines, written, it is said by a "miserable wretch" who did not want any one to suffer through his misfortunes:

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space,
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind?
Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear
It's true my butcher bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look
But don't let that unsettle
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Making Water Burn.

A Chicago man is about to astonish the world. More than that, he claims to have revolutionized philosophy, discovering truths which completely overturn many of the commonly accepted theories upon which are based alleged laws of nature. More than that, these new discoveries will, if practicable in their operations, convulse gas companies with fright, demoralize coal companies, and disgust nature with her efforts at growing trees for fuel.

The gentleman's name is Mr. A. L. Woodman, and he resides in the West division. He appears to be a thoroughly educated man; is a chemist and machinist, and has been for years an experimenter in matters looking to new sources of light and heat. In the course of his investigations he became satisfied that certain claims of natural laws were all wrong.

He put himself to work in an exactly opposite direction, disregarding certain accepted tenets of scientific men, picked up rejected ideas, worked out his own theories as to creative powers, and after years of experiment, study and poverty, is prepared to demonstrate, by exhibition, that water can be utilized for heat and light. His machine is composed of over thirty pieces. In that machine he disintegrates water and, bringing its component parts together again, produces light, heat or steam, as he chooses. The light obtained is a beautiful and brilliant flame, and can be perfectly controlled. Its heat is of the most intense character. By the turn of a valve he can transform the light into steam. The process by which this is accomplished is a secret.—The discoverer admits that he generates a tremendous explosive power—a power as great as that claimed for the Keeley motor; but he utilizes it at once in the manner mentioned.

Mr. Woodman knocks philosophy all to pieces, denying many of its most important laws. As a result of his discovery he declares that the electric light is not needed either for brilliancy or illumination or economy, because his burning water will supercede it. As a motor power, he thinks he can make a locomotive boiler of sixteen cubic feet capacity, that will draw to New York city a train of cars of any length. If these claims can be substantiated, then Mr. Woodman will render any further study of the electric light by Mr. Edison entirely unnecessary. With the chains of great lakes to draw upon for material, Chicago ought, should Mr. Woodman's discovery be of use, to be the best lighted city in the world. A large generator is now being prepared, in order to make a thoroughly practical test of the discovery.

CALIFORNIA is a wonderful State. It has recently been discovered that the soil in Sonomo Valley is admirably adapted to the growth of opium, and that its quality far surpasses that of foreign growth. Let us hope that this deleterious drug will not be made cheaper and more plentiful in this country by cultivation. There seems to be hardly any product of the earth that cannot be raised in some parts of the Golden State. Tea, figs, oranges, lemons, bananas, olives, dates, even the cinchona tree and poppy plant grow there along with the fruits and vegetables of temperate climes.

VIRTUE is the safest helmet—the most secure defense.

No bank can shield us from the impartiality of death.

THE power of eloquence is sometimes superior to military force.

IT is in the power of the meanest to triumph over fallen greatness.

AN exchange says that chickens can be bought in Florida for four cents a piece.

PRESERVE the privacy of your home, marriage state, heart, from relatives and all the world.

THERE is only one thing that is more terrible than to say a mean thing, that is to do one.

YOU may safely commit the care of clothes to the servant, but the rest of little one you had better take care of yourself.

WE take lessons in art, literature, a thousand things; but that high science, honor, man's obligation to man, is forgotten.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the modern improvements of husbandry, the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the cradle and thrashed by hand.

LIFE is made up of little things, in which smiles and kindness given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

GERSTER gets $500 a night for singing two hours in opera, but that baby can make her travel up and down a room all night and sing for just nothing at all.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist. 'Yes,' replied the sexton, "I guess he is pretty wealthy, at least he never put more than ten cents into the plate Sunday morning.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Do not estimate the worth of a young man by his ability to talk soft nonsense, nor by the length of his moustache.

THERE is a pleasure in contemplating good: there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

THE difference between riding a horse and riding a hobby consists in this—that one can get off a horse at any time, but once on a hobby a man can never get off.

BLESS me in this life with but peace, my conscience, command of my affections, the love of God and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough.—Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici.

JOSTLING in the annoyance is slander—in our state, the next thing to it is to be together in their distresses, and strengthened thereby. Est bond that should rather dissolve without one snapt. Effort to get relief.

DON'T—An remedies in as many good Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Disorder of the Stomach or Liver, just try Larogue's Anti-Bilious Pills, manufactured by W. E. Thompson, Balto. Md., and sold everywhere. Price 25c. a bottle, or 25c. a box. Work like a charm, and only need an honest trial.