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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.*

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**The Kent News:**

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. USILTON.
**PLUMMER & USILTON,**
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

**Terms of Subscription:**

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***JOB-PRINTING:***

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



*LAW CARDS.*

**C. T. WESTCOTT,**
*Attorney & Counselor at Law*
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

**HINES & SMITH,**
**Attorneys & Counselors at Law**
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
*New Office Court St., opposite Court House*

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all Law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm.
JESSE K. HINES,
y MARION deK. SMITH.

***DR. C. M. GILPIN,***
**DENTIST,**

Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. 46-tf.

**Citizens of the FIRST DISTRICT**
*LOOK AND LEARN*
WHERE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WANTS SATISFIED!!
AT
**THE NEW STORE**
OF
**Walter S. Harper,**
*MASSEY'S, Kent Co., Md.,*
Where a full Stock of
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES,**

and everything that should be kept in a First Class Store are sold at prices to suit the times. Do not fail to examine our stock before purchasing, for it is the pennies saved that make the dollars.

If you want a FINE CIGAR or a choice brand of CHEWING TOBACCO do not fail to come to head-quarters, at
WALTER S. HARPER'S,
MASSEY'S, KENT CO., MD.
Dec. 13—3m.

**NOW FOR**
**THE NEW YEAR!**
*READ! READ! READ!*
**L. K. STAM**
IS NOW OPENING
**THE GRANDEST DISPLAY**
OF ALL KINDS OF
**FURNITURE**
Ever Offered in Chestertown!
*Children's Goods!*
*Gentlemen's Goods!*
*Ladies' Goods!*
Indeed, everything in the Furniture line,
**Big lot LAMPS and CHINAWARE.**

Many beautiful articles, specially purchased for Christmas Presents, which have been bought at very low figures, and *must be sold!*

**Complete Outfits**
OF
**FURNITURE**
AT CITY PRICES.

Don't fail to call and examine my Stock, even though you do not buy. We love to show our Goods and especially the great CHRISTMAS BARGAINS we are now offering.
L. K. STAM,
Adjoining C. F. Stam's Drug Store.
Dec. 13, 1879.

**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.

*SOMETHING NEW!*
**NEWS DEPOT**
AT
**M. A. Toulson's Drug Store.**

Will in a few days have all daily and weekly papers; Popular Seaside Libraries, &c. Subscription for papers solicited at the DRUG STORE of
M. A. TOULSON,
Nov. 1. Bordley's Corner.

**SCHOOL BOOK DEPOT!**
*Buy your SCHOOL BOOKS where you can get them CHEAPEST!*
C. F. STAM'S Drug Store is the place.
Jan. 10, 1880.

1845 1880.
**WICKES & BROTHER,**
*GENERAL STORE,*
**High Street, above Cross St.,**
CHESTERTOWN, MD

WICKES & BROTHER have now in stock a general and well assorted line of DRY GOODS and GENERAL MERCHANDISE to meet the wants of the season, and which is being constantly replenished with cash purchases made with care. They will at all times be offered to reliable and prompt paying buyers at most satisfactory prices.
Chestertown, January 1st, 189.

**BLANKETS,**
**Colored and White,**
From a low priced article to goods of high grade, now on sale by
WICKES & BROTHER.
January 1st.

1880 1880
**WHEATLEYS**
**Up Town Grocery**
We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a
**Full line of GROCERIES**
Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS &c.
**Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c.**
A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar-cured Hams* kept on hand.
**Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.**
We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.
WHEATLEY BROS.,
jan3. Corner Store Up Town.

**12 Years' Experience!**
IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO CALL AT
**GEO. E. LAMBERT'S**
*THREE STORE*
**E. SHORE CARRIAGE FACTORY**
Opposite M. P. Church, CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be seen the latest styles Carriages, such as the Brewster Side Bar and Spring Buggy, Jenny Lynns, Jump-seats, Plain Rockaways, Sash-door Rockaways, all of his own make, of the best material, and by workmen who have certificates from the first class factories of the country.

We keep on hand a large lot of material of the best quality, bought at lowest margin, together with a large free of workmen, and we can turn out jobs at short notice, all of which are guaranteed for 18 months. Our Carriages took *first premiums* at the Kent Co. Fair three years in succession while other Factories were in competition.

We trade our new work for second-hand, or for wheat, corn, horses, cattle or country produce, to accommodate.

REPAIRING done at short notice and guaranteed.

**Specialty!**—We wold call attention to our *light running Express Wagons, Dearborns, &c.*

Grateful to our patrons for past favors and promise of future suport, we have determined to enlarge our business, and shall employ a force sufficient to build 50 to 100 Carriages, besides the large amount of repairing we have to do.
jy3. GEO. E. LAMBERT.

GEO. E. LEARY, ELIER E. LEARY.
**GEO. E. LEARY & SON.**
**Lumber! Lumber!**
*At LEARY'S FACTORY,*
**GREY'S INN.**

A LARGE STOCK of WHITE PINE, VA. PINE, N. C. PINE, Va. White Oak, ASH and CYPRESS of all qualities and dimensions to suit the trade.
Also,
**SHINGLES, LATHS and PALES.**

The above mentioned lumber has been purchased direct from the Mills in the North and South, without the usual expenses of wharfage, insection, commission, hauling and refrenting, which expenses we will divide with our customers. Or, will deliver wholesale at any point in the river at 5 per ct.

**Remanufacturing.**

We have just perfected machinery to remanufacture the above Lumber into FLOORING,
Rustic or German SIDING,
Window and Door FRAMES,
CART FELOES,
SLATS STANDARDS,
PUMP BEAMS,
and RAILS
or in any desirable shape to suit.

Virgin or Shingle Cypress for FENCING a specialty.

GRAIN ground for feed Wednesdays.

We solicit inspection and will give prompt attention to orders.
GEO. E. LEARY & SON,
Grey's Inn.

P. S.—As we are constantly employed at the Factory and have not the time nor desire to dun, those indebted to us will please call and settle at once.
G. E. LEARY & SON.
Jan. 3, 1880.

**Cigars! Cigars!**
WE are still ahead. The Arango, Ba-Bon and Kilpatrick take the lead. FINE CIGARS.
Jan, 10, 1880. C. F. STAM.


MESSRS. EDITORS KENT NEWS:—During a recent visit to Virginia my attention was called by a lady of Alexandria to the enclosed epitaph, which she had clipped from a Southern paper. It was found on the tombstone of the hero's grave by a lady correspondent of a New Orleans paper, and was transcribed by her for publication. Like "O rare Ben Johnson!" its author is unknown. It is a lofty eulogy and will doubtless be read with pleasure by many whose tears have flowed for a fallen brave, who, during his life, helped to wreathe with glory the banner of the Lost Cause. I send it to you in the fond hope that you will publish it. Very truly, W. F. T.
*Millington*, Jan. 5, 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

Behind this stone is laid
For a season
ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON,
A general in the army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shilo, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April A. D.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two.
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience,
And even that life on a woeful Sabbath
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived,
But in his death his greatness stands confessed
In people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy yet not wanting
In that finer ambition, which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion,
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who lies here.
The cause for which he perished is lost;
The people for whom he fought are crushed;
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered;
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;
But his fame consigned to the keeping of that time
Which happily is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall in the years to come fire modest worth to nobler ends.
In honor now our great captain rests,
A bereaved people mourn him,
Three commonwealths proudly claim him
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame,
Have been in all conjunctures true to themselves, their country and their God.

GREENS' RETREAT.

Alas! ah me! I know I am a green,
But a'm trying my best to catch this queen;
Although *settled* here she talks of the city,
Which frightens us greens, and that's a pity.
When the one from the city here shall appear,
These poor country greens will tremble with fear
When she and the one from the city converse
The balls and germans and operas rehearse
The poor country greens will at once disperse.
She sits as yet a city queen
Trying her best to teach this green,
He tries poor fellow as best he can
To ape the ways of a city man.
His attempts just show that he can't succeed
For he still remains an awkward weed.
*Cecilton.* A CLOSE OBSERVER.

## Signal Lights.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that the incident of which I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, Miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown."

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on the coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin, but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The old man looked into her face and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It's a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have the signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a little child. At last he said, 'You are right, missy. I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Lights for Souls bound for Heaven.

## Never Forget Anything.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterwards of much use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay there.—*Youth's Companion.*

IF women are really angels, why don't they fly over a fence instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?

## PHOTOGRAPHIC POPULARITY.

We stopped to-day at the Senate picture stand kept by Charles H. Jones, and said to him: "Who sells the best among great men?"

"Thurman, Conkling and Sherman are our best drawing men. I really cannot tell which one of the three takes the best; if there is any choice I suppose it would be in favor of Thurman."

"What about Hayes?"

"Hayes don't draw, but you can bet your life that Mrs. Hayes does. Why, I sell more pictures of her than any dozen Senators in the building. All the visitors buy her, and then all the members of the congressman's family take to her. The demand has been so great and steady that we have got her in all sizes and positions, and in all sorts of dresses, just to suit, you know, the public fancy."

"What other women sell well?"

"Kate Chase Sprague had a market, and now sells better. She makes a pretty picture, you know."

"How is Grant?"

"He takes well, but nearly every one is supplied with a Grant picture, and so the market is on the decline; but still we sell a good many of him."

"What Southern man sells the best?"

"Ben Hill and Lamar are the favorites, though Wade Hampton and Senator Gordon and Vance have a demand."

"Any call for Jeff Davis?"

"Once in a while There is enough for us to keep him, but we do not."

"Of the presidential candidates, who heads the list?"

"Thurman on the Democratic side and Sherman on the Republican."

"What about Tilden?"

"Fewer calls for him than any other candidate."

"Bayard?"

"He sells very well. Comes next to Thurman."

"And Hancock?"

"Always was in demand, and increasing a little."

"Seymour?"

"No market for Seymour, though in the last month he has been inquired for some?"

"You have forgotten Blaine."

"No, I haven't. Blaine draws well, but not as well as Sherman. The ladies principally buy Blaine and the men take to Sherman."

"I suppose the ladies buy Conkling?"

"There is where you are mistaken. They never touch him only with a look of curiosity. It is the young men who are the purchasers of Conkling."

"Does Carpenter have a woman rush?"

"No, but Carpenter sells well though, but to those, I judge, who are personal friends."

"And Sam Randall?"

"Randall heads the list on the House side. His market is good. Garfield follows after closely. Then comes Frank Hurd, Joe Blackburn, Secretary Robeson and General Hawley. Blackburn is in demand by the ladies more than any man I sell."

"How about the supreme court?"

"Waite heads the list. There is a good market for them all, except Harlan. I never sold a picture of Harlan, but hundreds of the other members; I frequently sell them in a group."

"In the army, how is it?"

"Well, Sherman heads the list; Sheridan follows."

"Of the dead Generals, who heads the list?"

"Thomas all the time; then Meade and McPherson."

"How about the dead Confederate Generals?"

"Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee and Sydney Johnson head the list."

"How do the dead statesmen get on in the market?"

"There is a continued call for Webster, Clay, Corwin and Chase. Clay will lead Webster. The Southerners buy Clay, and especially the Kentuckians; they are great for buying pictures and mementoes anyway."

"How does Chase sell?"

"Well, first, because I suppose he is popular, and then so many say, especially the ladies, 'O, he is so handsome and dignified looking."

"Any demand for Pendleton and Ewing?"

"During the Ohio contest Ewing was in big demand; now he is never called for, but Pendleton still has a good many purchasers."

"Does Lincoln sell?"

"Better than any of the dead presidents; then comes Washingson, Jefferson and Andrew Jackson."

"What about Johnson?"

"Never called for."

"And Buchanan?"

"Don't keep him—no market."

"Any sale for literary men?"

"Nothing can command a market here except noted politicians; even colonels, majors and judges are in poor demand."

"Did Chandler sell?"

"Yes, very well, and does to this day; so does Edmunds; but John Logan has to lay on the shelf. Colfax used to have a good trade, but it has dropped off.—Henry Wilson, though, has a good run."

"And Wheeler?"

"Only fair."

"Has the cabinet a market?"

"Only Sherman, of whom I have spoken before. Evarts has some sale, but not much."

"Aleck Stephens in demand?"

"No; Aleck Stephens has hard work to get a purchaser."

"You have a good chance to judge of the rise and fall of men."

"Splendid, indeed. Let a boom for a certain man start for any great office and at once there is a rush for his picture. Let me illustrate. At this time General Mahone is in demand, owing to his fight in Virginia some weeks ago. Judge Field was talked of for president, and all at once the demand for Field increased. Then the cry went to David Davis, and consequently Davis rose in the market. Seymour and Randall are now being talked of, and it has helped to sell their pictures. During the Ohio contest Foster was in demand, but now he has fallen off and Garfield takes his place.

"Do you sell many of your 'small-fry' pictures?"

"No; only to themselves. Every congressman is sure to buy several of his photographs some time before the session is over, if no one else does."

"Do they take pride in having their faces displayed on plate?"

"Well, I should say so. It is really amusing to see them, not all, but most all, come along and scan the collection. If they see their own counterpart presentment they will stay and gaze curiously at it and the surrrounding it has. Sometimes they will say: 'Young man, there is a poor light on that picture,' or 'it is not a good one; haven't you got a better one?' They are almost as much interested in the sale of their faces as I am. You can touch their vanity by saying: 'You sell well,' or you can wound by telling them they are no good; but that we never do, of course."

"Did the Narraganset Pier affair give Conkling a boom in this line?"

"Yes, and a big one. For a long time it was all Conkling, Conkling. Notoriety is as good a guarantee in making ready sales as eminence."

## The Big Lake Under Michigan.

Michigan people are beginning to think that State is a vast floating peninsula, as some of them have been asserting for a long time. There are in the State dozens of little lakes without outlets, and yet never stagnant and apparently fathomless. Species of fish and amphibious animals are found in these ponds, which exist only in the larger bodies of fresh water. The Battle Creek correspondent says that several years ago, on lake Gognac, near the former city, some summer-resorters tried several times to build a kind of log causeway across the edge between two of these small lakes, but it sunk out of sight every time. St. Mary's lake is four miles north of Battle Creek. Its water-level is much higher than that of the other lakes in the surrounding country, and there exists at present neither a source from which its body is derived nor a stream emanating from it. Several years ago an effort was made to stock it with eels, and specimens were procured and deposited in the lake. Some time after an eel was caught at the Verona mill dam, in the Battle Creek river, five miles distant, although none had ever been placed in that river, and no connection exists above ground. The description of these eels correspond to the identical ones placed in the lake, and as none of the eels, nor any of their progeny, were ever afterward seen in the lake, the conclusion arrived at is that an underground channels exists between them. The lake, which is about three miles in circumference, has decreased in depth between five and six feet in as many years, the former water mark being distinctly visible. The amount of water contained in a foot in depth, and of the area of the lake is simply enormous, and when taken into consideration with the small amount of rain and snow which goes into it, renders the evaporation theory almost absurd. The favorite theory in the neighborhood is that the bottom has fallen out in the deepest portion, and that the lake is slowly but surely leaking out, and will eventually sink to the common water level, or dry up and be known only among the traditional history of the past, and that, although the result may be delayed, it is believed by many that soon the now favorite fishing ground and pleasure resort will inevitably be only a mucky, slimy, dismal, pestilential valley.

## A Mule that Wasn't for Sale.

He was showing the man the new bay mule that he was working in a team with the old gray. "You warrent him sound and perfectly kind and gentle?" the man said. "Perfectly," said Farmer John. "My wife and children drive him, and he is a perfect pet. Comes into the house like a dog?" "Easy to shoe?" asked the man. "Well, I guess so; fact is, I never had him shod. I don't believe in it; he works better without it," replied Farmer John. "How does he act when you put the crupper on?" asked the man. Farmer John hesitated. "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is I never put it on." "How does it get on?" asked the man; "who does put it on?" "Well, I kind of don't know," said Farmer John; "fact is, he had the harness on when I got him, an' it fit him so well, and he seemed to be so kind o' contented in it, like, that I sort of never took it off'n him." "And how long have you had him?" asked the man. Farmer John chewed a wheat straw very meditatively. "Well," he said, "not to exceed more'n two years, mebbe." And the man backed a little further away, and said he would "sort look around a little further before he bought, like." And Farmer John never saw him again.

A WOMAN WHO MARRIED THREE WIVES.—Australia is greatly exercised respecting a woman who has for many years passed herself off as a man, and who has married several wives. In 1857 a girl bearing the name of Ellen Tremayne came to Melbourne in the Ocean Monarch. On her arrival she married a fellow passenger of the name of Mary Delahunty and assumed herself the name of Edward De Lacy Evans. Mary having died "she" married Sarah Moore, and on the death of Sarah "she" married Julia Maynard. Julia is still alive, but Miss Edward De Lacy Evans having gone mad has been confined in the Kew Lunatic Asylum, where his or her sex was discovered, owing to each inmate being forced to take a bath. The curious circumstance connected with this case is that not one of the wives revealed the imposition that had been practiced upon her; nor did the miners with whom Miss Edward worked for above twenty years ever suspect that she was a woman.—*London Truth.*

OYSTER INTERESTS OF MARYLAND.—Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, of the Baltimore Weekly *Journal of Commerce*, has been requested by the United States census bureau to prepare for the forthcoming census a special report upon the oyster interests of Maryland. The report will be a very elaborate one, covering all the various ramifications of this important industry, and will be the first official statement ever made in regard to the value and extent of this business. Mr. Edmonds has been designated in this connection as an official of the census department.

THE New York *Times* laments the dearth of after-dinner orators, and says that there are not more than a half-dozen men in New York and vicinity who are capable of entertaining a company of guests when the banquet is eaten and the "intellectual treat" is brought forward.

## DRINKING HARD.

Jasper Throckmorton, who lives out on Sumner street, Boston, is the father of ten children. Recently, Mr. Throckmorton was just on the point of putting on his hat to start for the office, when Mrs. Throckmorton called after him from the kitchen:

"Stop at Sodders, and tell him to come up and fix the water pipe and get a big, tin dipper and bring it with you this noon. Don't tell them to send it, they'll forget it."

Mr. Throckmorton said he would and then he put on his hat and started. As he reached the front door his eldest daughter shouted from up stairs:

"Pa! pa! pa! Go to Greenbaum & Schorders' and ask Mr. Scott to give you two yards and a-half of brown satin, cut on the bias, to the dress I got last week; he'll know the kind, I don't want you to wait for it."

And Mr. Throckmorton, pausing with his hand on the door said he would get it, and then sighed and opened the door. Just then his oldest son shouted from the sitting room:

"Father! the man was up here twice yesterday for the money for my new boat, and I just gave him a note to you, and he'll call at the office to-day for his money, and will give you a pair of oar-locks and a dip net. Bring them up with you when you come to dinner."

Mr. Throckmorton kind of stifled a groan like, and saying he would attend to it, went out. As he passed down the porch-step his second daughter leaned out of the front window and cried:

"Oh, pa; do stop at Parson's as you come to dinner, and tell them to send a man to lay the new hall carpet when they send it up, and you get ten pounds of cotton batting and bring it up with you, for we want it right away and can't wait."

The parent paused with his hand on the gate latch, and with a visible effort promised to bring up the cotton batting, and opened the gate. But the voice of his younger son from the side yard, caught his ear and held him a moment:

"Pap, oh pap! Want ten cents for a window I broke in the school house, and I can't go to Sunday school till I get a new hat and some shoes, and please can't I have a quarter to go to the picnic?"

Mr. Throckmorton silently registered a flogging for the broken glass, a negative for the picnic, and said he would get the boots and hat. Then he turned to go, but as he passed down the street his six younger children came running after him.

"Oh, pa, don't forget to stop and see if the old umbrella's fixed, ma says."

"Stop at the dentist's and see when he can fill my teeth."

"Bring my shoe home from the shoemaker's."

"Ma says be sure to tell the doctor to come up to-day and vaccinate the baby!"

"Pap! Kin I go swimming in Hawkeye Krick to-night?"

"Pa, oh, pa! gimme five cents to ride on the street cars?"

And Mr. Throckmorton went down town and amazed Fred. Scott by telling him to cut off thirteen feet of water pipe, on the bias, and he asked Mr. Parsons to let him have eleven dozen skeins of cotton batting and send him up a man with a tin dipper; he told Dr. Cochran, the dentist, to come right up and fill the baby's teeth, and begged the doctor to hurry right away and put a half-sole on the school house window, and then ran to the shoe-maker's and asked him if he had vaccinated his little girl's shoe and amazed a street-car driver by asking him for a bath ticket, and when the man came around with the oar-locks and dipper he told him to take them up and lay them in the front hall—the girls would show him where. And by three in the afternoon it had got all around that old Throckmorton was drinking as hard as ever again and hadn't drawn a sober breath all day.

DURING LONG ABSENCE.

I see thy face no longer
In visions of the night;
Too far away is that last day
That lent thee to my sight.
But though the waves no longer,
Reflect their absent queen,
Do tides forget? O love, long set,
I follow thee unseen!

I hear thy tones no longer
Amid the voices round;
Too long unsmote by that sweet note,
My ear forgets the sound.
But though the shell no longer
Can hear the ocean's roar,
It echoes still—so thy words fill
My heart for evermore.

AN EXTRACT.—A silver egg was once prepared as a present to a queen. Open the silver egg by a secret spring and there was found a yolk of gold, and it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird and in its breast was found a crown, jeweled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds, which fitted the finger of the princess herself. Oh, how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of his rejoicing; or the ring of his covenant of peace. Read your Bible slowly. Take time even if you have but little time. A great mathematician once said, if his life depended upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time (and this ought to be a rare case) then spend the precious moment on a portion of the chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling the cup. "We are the clay and Thou our potter."

MR. SPURGEON, it appears, "makes no bones" of taking what material he wants from the sermons of others. Dr. Armitage is quoted as saying that he heard Mr. Spurgeon preach a beautiful sermon one day, and at its close the famous Englishman announced to his congregation that half of the discourse he had just preached he had got from Jukes, an excellent English divine, adding, "Next Sunday we shall be indebted to him for two-thirds of the sermon you shall hear," and he finished with a commendation of the book to his people.

## BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—
Boil it down.

## Anecdote of Farragut.

My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as a cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog, as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea," said I.

"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

My father left me, and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital!" That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And as God is my witness, I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after, I became a Christain. That act settled my temporal, as it settled my eternal destiny.

## A Christmas Incident.

HOW THE PRAYERS OF TWO LITTLE EMIGRANTS WHO HUNG THEIR STOCKINGS ON THE CAR WINDOW WAS ANSWERED.—On Chrismas Eve, as the night express on the Erie railroad left New York city, there was seated in a car a poor widow and her two little children, aged 4 and 5 years going to the far West. A conversation between the mother and children, in which Santa Claus was soon talked of, was listened to by the passengers. The mother told the little blue-eyed girl that as they were in the cars Santa Claus could not give them any presents, because the train was running too fast for him to get on. This statement cast a shade of gloom over the bright-faced children. They sat for some time in meditative silence. It was soon observed that the little travelers were growing sleepy. Tears gathered in many eyes as the little ones kneeled on the car cushions to lisp their evening prayers. The little girl said: "Please tell good Santa Claus that we are on this train going to see papa and if he can put some presents in little Joey's and Maggie's stockings hanging upon the car window, Amen." The children then hung up their tiny stockings by the car window. In a few minutes more they were sound asleep in the arms of their mother. After a pause a gentleman in front spoke to the passengers as follows: "Now I will give $1 toward making them happy when they wake in the morning." He then passed his hat around the car, and collected $5 75. He next bought some candy, oranges and figs and a picture book for each, which with two more silver dollars, he placed in the little stockings. When they awakened in the morning and saw their stockings full the little girl exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see what Santa Claus has found us because we prayed."

## Country Social Life.

Country folks are in general so occupied with affairs that they have not time to discover how lonesome they really are. So far as this is concerned we think it is a misfortune. We are too busy. We take few or no holidays. There is no reason why those who plow the soil or "whose talk is of bullocks" should not experience the refinement which are the results of formal social life.

In business, at bargains, in pursuit of dollars, no man is seen at his best. He is thorny, with his back as the porcupine might be at his business. Let one doff his working clothes and enter a room full of his neighbors, men, women, young men and maidens, and he is a man of another kind. He naturally falls into the ways of intuitive kindness which is really the truest politeness; this doing to his companions what he would that they should do to him. He lets himself out to please, and, after an evening spent in social converse, he retires with rough corners and asperities toned down. For a few days the influences remain. It would be permanent if it could be reinforced now and then, and the good results would be most agreeable and useful.

THE following startling threat was made use of the other day, by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar stuck out of your eyes." His opponent

THE man who tried to [illegible] an Eastern newspaper to suit everybody, died poorhouse eighty [illegible]

## Doing a Favor.

Early yesterday morning a poorly dressed and seedy looking person about fifty years old entered the office and proceed to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no inquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for two hours a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

"Say, old man, have you any business here?"

"Well, no," was the reply.

"Any work to do?"

"No. I kinder thought I lay off this winter."

"Any friends here?"

"No."

"I think you are a vagrant," continued the officer as he took another look at him.

"Mebbe I am," sighed the old man.

"And I think I'll take you down."

"Well, I'll go along."

The officer escorted him down to the station house, registered his name and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a "wad" of money, making a total of $1,800.

"Why didn't you tell me you had this money?" demanded the policeman.

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Didn't I say I took you for a vagrant and you didn't deny it, either!"

"Well, did I know anything about your city laws," quietly replied the old man. "I've got two married daughters, and I came in to buy each of 'em a $600 piano for New Year's, but if it's agin any of your laws I'll take the next train for home. I'm gitting purty old, and I don't want no fuss with anybody."

"Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble," said the officer as he escorted him to the steet.

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "If I took any trouble on your account it's all right, and you needn't thank me. I'm always willing to oblige anybody who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CURIOUS RELIC.—The Washington *Star* states that Judge-Advocate-General Dunn has received from Miss Mary McHenry, of Philadelphia, the annexed note, inclosing an addition to his collection relative to the assassination of President Lincoln:

"In August, 1864, Mr. J. Wilkes Booth registered as a guest at the McHenry House, Meadeville, Pa. He was there on the 13th of that month. After his departure it was found that he had, with a diamond, inscribed upon a pane of a window of his bed-room these words:

'Abe Lincoln,
Departed this
Life Aug. 13th, 1864,
By the effects of
Poison.'

"The glass remained in the window undisturbed until the country was shocked by the murder of Mr. Lincoln on the 14th of April, 1865. A few days after that event Mr. R. M. N. Taylor, proprietor of the McHenry House, cut the pane from the window, framed it over a backing of black velvet, framed with it the autograph of Mr. Booth, which Mr. Taylor cut from the hotel register, and sent the whole thing to me, just as it now is. I received it towards the end of April, 1865, and have had it in my possession ever since. I believe the inscription is genuine, and the history as above given is true."

The *Star* adds: "It is believed that Booth must have known of some attempt premeditated, if not actually made, to poison Mr. Lincoln August 13, 1864, and supposed that it had been successful."

A MONSTER STEAMSHIP.—The steamship City of Rome, now being built at Barrow, England, for the Inman line, and to be ready for use in the spring of 1881, will be the largest and finest vessel in the world. Her dimensions are to be as follows: Length of keel, 546 feet; length over all, 590 feet; breadth of beam, 52 feet; depth of hold, 38 feet 9 inches, and depth from top of deck-houses to keel, 52 feet. Her measurement will be 8,300 tons, or over 2,000 tons larger than either the City of Berlin or the Arazona. She will be over four-fifths the size of the Great Eastern. The engines of the City of Rome will be of 8,500-horse power, with six cylinders, three of which are high-pressure and three low-pressure. There will be eight boilers, heated by 48 furnaces, and the vessel can be propelled at the rate of 18½ knots an hour. She will carry four large masts and three smoke-funnels. The saloon and state-rooms will be placed amidships. All the latest improvements are to be added, and the entire cabin will be splendidly furnished and upholstered. There will be 275 revolving chairs at the saloon tables, and the state-rooms will easily accommodate 300 first-class passengers. A drawing-room, which can be occupied by 100 ladies at once, will be placed on the deck immediately over the saloon. The smoking-room will be above the drawing-room, and will accommodate 100 smokers at once. The City of Rome is to be built of steel, with a double bottom, and 11 bulkheads. Two longitudinal bulkheads are to be run through the engines and boilers' space.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—Mr. T. B. Potter, the English member of Parliament, who lately visited this country, on his return to his own land, two weeks ago, paid a graceful tribute to the American people. The first thing that struck him, he said, was their remarkable sobriety as compared with the English. There were no laws in America, such as in England, which tended to make the land the playground of the rich instead of the working ground of the poor, and when men wished to immortalize themselves they did not found a "family," but a beneficial public institution. Herr Von Bodenstedt, who is at present living quietly in Wiesbaden, says that while he does not [illegible] European politeness, he does [illegible] more genuine courtesy and kind[illegible] of feeling here than there."

A good-[illegible] who, on the death of her husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the resemblance, asked; "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

THE expense of a trip around the world is estimated by the *Railway Age*, on the basis of 189 days, as $649 for first-class and $608 for second class passage [illegible]