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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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.

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, JANUARY 24, 1880. No. 38.

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.

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. dó-tf.

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, 1880.

BLANKETS,

Colored and White,

From a low priced article to goods of high grade, now on sale by

WICKES & BROTHER.

January 1st.

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.

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.

1880 1880

WHEATLEY'S

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.

Cigars! Cigars!

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

Don't Read This!

A Secret for Husbands,
As well as their wives;
Protect well your pockets,
'Twill prolong sure your lives.

CHAS. T. DILL. WM. T. MILLER.

DILL & MILLER

Having secured the shops on PRINCESS STREET, IN CHESTERTOWN, formerly occupied by Mr. Danjel P. Cox, have formed a copartnership, and are now prepared to fill orders and execute in the most careful and skillful manner all

Blacksmithing & Wheelwright Work

that may be entrusted to them.

Mr. DILL, having perfected himself in all styles of iron and steel work, at the Tasker Iron Works in Delaware, and worked the trade successfully for over three years with Messrs. Chapman & Lambert in Chestertown, will devote his best skill and experience to the interest of those who patronize the firm, and Mr. MILLER having several years' experience in the trade will at all times be found ready to lend his aid to the satisfactory completion of all work given them to do.

An efficient wheelwright has been secured and arrangements made to have all styles of Painting and Trimming done at the shops.

We respectfully ask a share of the trade in our line.

☞ Charges low and reasonable.

Jan. 10, 1880. DILL & MILLER.

HEAD-QUARTERS

—FOR—

Clocks and Lamps!

SPARKS,

OPPOSITE THE COURTHOUSE.

A new stock just received; we are selling them very low. Call and see.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

We shall continue to keep a stock of these goods, which we will sell at LESS THAN LIST PRICES, and warrant them first class goods.

We sell STATIONERY very low.

Come and be convinced.

SPARKS,
Opposite Court House.

We have a fine stock of Gods in our line, and shall endeavor to keep the BEST in the market. Our prices for everything we sell shall be reasonable. We use no baits; our goods recommend themselves. Be sure and find the place.

SPARKS',
Jan. 10, 1880. Opp. Court House.

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.

TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. N. Melvin,

ADJOINING LOUIS STAM'S,

Has now in store a BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS specially for her Ladies. She invites the attention of all in want of

Fine Linen Handkerchefs, Collars,

and CUFFS, to her newest and prettiest styles, and low prices.

Childrens' Dresses & Underclothing

Ready-made and made to order.

HAMBURG EDGING a Specialty.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS, the best in use, constantly on hand,

Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Chromos, Mottoes,

in great variety and very beautiful.

Also, ZEPHYRS and CARD BOARD, and numerous other articles that you may see by calling.

All goods bought low and sold at small profits. Come and see.

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,
jan3. Opposite the Bank.

IMPORTANT!

$1,000 Secured for $8!

THE U. B. AID SOCIETY of Pennsylvania, chartered by the Legislature is one of the best institutions of the kind in the country, and its *kind* has many advantages over what are known as simple "Life Ins. Companies."

This Society is upon the following plan: The payment of $8 on application; $5 annually for four years; and thereafter $2 annually during life, with pro rata mortality assessments at the death of each member of his class, according to age, will entitle the member to $1,000, to be paid to his heirs or assigns at his death.

The undersigned is authorised to receive memberships, and will take pleasure in explaining the working of the institution, and will show its great advantages over anything of the kind.

Pamphlets on application.

WM. H. DUDLEY,
jan10. *Lynch's Station.*

NEW TIN STORE!

WM. A. BISCOE

Has commenced business at the old Barber stand on Princess st., opposite the Post Office, Chestertown, and is prepared to do TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING, Repairing tin-ware, put up Stoves, and do all work in his line.

A share of patronage respectfully solicited. Orders left at W. W. Hines' will receive prompt attention.

ag23-6m. WM. A. BISCOE.

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.

The Kent News.

THE CARE OF IMBECILES and FEEBLE MINDED CHILDREN.

An effort is being made at the present session of the Maryland Legislature to establish a *State Institution* for the care and training of this important class of our community. This effort should meet the hearty sanction and co-operation of every good citizen. Our State in the past has entirely ignored the claims of these hapless ones to its care and protection.—Other States have done nobly in this matter. The best authorities on this subject have established the following facts in regard to the care and training of the feeble-minded:

1. That a large number of the Imbecile and feeble-minded can be educated and trained to lives of self-helpfulness.
2. That another large class can be vastly improved, mentally, morally and physically.
3. That even the worst cases can be made happier and more comfortable in their sad lot.

Dr. Isaac N. Kerlin, superintendent of the "Penna. State Institution for the feeble-minded," who has given many years to the study of the subject, in an able article on the proper place for the care of these unfortunates, arrived at the following conclusions:

a. That idiots and imbeciles should be treated distinctively from all other classes.
b. That they cannot with advantage be placed in ordinary schools with other children.
c. That they ought not to be associated with the insane in asylums.
d. That they should not be incarcerated in penal institutions.
e. That they should not be congregated with the pauper inmates of alms-houses.
f. That in the great majority of instances they are better and more successfully treated in *well organized institutions* than is possible at their homes.

Summing up these facts in relation to the nature of idiocy and imbecility, and in view of the experience of existing State and private institutions in this country and in Europe, we claim that it is *humanity, economy,* and *expediency* for every State to make ample and good provision for all its dependent idiotic and feeble-minded children.

The very idea of such a government as ours, is that it should not only extend to all the protection and encouragement which enables the citizen to gain for himself the blessings and comforts which dignify and adorn private life, but to care for and watch over all such as from any cause are unable to obtain a reasonable share of those enjoyments. No one is beyond or beneath the guardianship of the Commonwealth. It is illustrated in her schools, free to all; in her hospitals, her asylums, her poor-houses, and her public and private charities, of which she is justly proud.

Nothing has yet been done in the State of Maryland for this unfortunate class of our fellow-men?

Whilst we have Hospitals for the Insane, Infirmaries for the sick and wounded, Homes for the Aged, an Asylum for the Blind, an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Children's Aid Societies, Boys' Homes, Orphan Asylums and kindred institutions for the helpless, with Universaties, Colleges and Common Schools for the *right-minded,* the doors of every one of these places are closed, practically, to the feeble-minded and unfortunate Imbecile.

The last United States census shows that in 1870, (in addition to the insane,) in this State, we had 362 idiots, not counting the large class regarded as feeble-minded. It 1879, it can be safely estimated there were in this State over 500 who might be classed under the head of imbecile and feeble-minded. Some of these, though living in the homes of the rich or well to do of our community, surrounded with personal comfort, do not, and cannot *there,* receive the educational advantages to which they are entitled.—But, alas! the greater number by far of these unfortunates are living in the byways and alleys of the poor and helpless, without friends to sympathize with or help them, and with no power to help themselves. Some few of these helpless ones it is true have been placed by their friends or by the public authorities in almshouses or hospitals for the insane—places wholly unsuited to their condition, and where they must only degenerate physically and mentally from year to year.

The dictates of common humanity imperatively require that this helpless class should have a place specially provided to ameliorate, as far as possible, their wretched lot.

Has the State no duty to perform in this matter? Has the citizen no individual responsibility in the premises? Shall we sit around our comfortable firesides with our bright and happy children about us and let the unfortunate Idiot and the feeble-minded sink down into physical degeneracy and hopeless mental oblivion, when it is in our power to rescue so many of them from such a fate?

It is certainly a duty *incumbent on the State* to establish in some suitable location a TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE IMBECILE AND FEEBLE-MINDED children of Maryland.

Let the people of our good old State no longer postpone this sacred duty. Let us promptly follow the good example of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio and other States, in caring for these helpless ones.

"ARE we a musical people?" asks an exchange. When every American babe tunes up as soon as it enters the world, and small towns support two brass bands, we should say that we are.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IN KENT.

LETTER FROM REV. ENEAS ENGLISH, STATE MISSIONARY.

To the Editors of the Kent News:

Dear Sir: I have great pleasure to inform yourselves and intelligent readers that I commenced my operations in the general interest of the Sunday School work in Cecil county on the 18th of September, 1879, which I carefully canvassed, together with old Kent and part of Queen Anne's, gathering statistics; addressing schools already in existence; reviving many that were ready to die for want of more efficiency, interest and zeal; keeping others open in winter which heretofore closed; organizing Bible classes for the adult portion of schools where the junior element in the community could not possibly meet on the Lord's day; opening blackboard Sabbath school lessons from the transfer design in the modern style; visiting families; aiding weak schools, and holding union meetings, by which I have been enabled to reach the parents, scholars and teachers. If it be the mission of the Church of Christ to proclaim and promote peace on earth; to arrest the tide of intemperance and iniquity; to educate and elevate the masses of mankind; to establish a kingdom of righteousness among men and conserve the harmony and stability of society under just government, then from what I have gathered, seen and learned the operations of the Maryland Sunday School Union are greatly needed. If true to our motto, we go not only to those who need us, but to those who need us *most.* We must continue going to the neglected poor of all classes and colors, in remote sections; the children in the backwoods, the illiterate by the hedges and by-ways; the aged and infirm in our almshouses and the criminals in our jails. No one can deny but there is much room for work and sympathy still for the better reaching of the masses living in obscure and remote places, the religious education of the young, the uplifting of the poor and the learning of the best methods from each other in order to keep pace with the times and the modern advancements in Sunday school literatnre, knowledge and various other departments, which can be circulated through Sunday school county conventions and by systematic missionary labors permanently in the field. It is not alone in the far distant regions of the heathen world we are to push in quest for adequate fields for missionary enterprise and achievements. These lie at our doors—the heathen are in our midst. Physical and moral wretchedness as lamentable and appalling as ever lined the shores of the Ganges or darkened the plains of India, are to be found in the very centres of our highest civilization. Any one who has faced the habitues of low groggeries, dance-houses and gambling hells in the rummeries and rookeries to be found along the canals, by the riversides, in the remote backwoods and settlements in this highly favored and old times hospitable State of Maryland, cannot help seeing the great need of Sunday school missionaries. Certain benefactors can't see the bona fide results of having such an institution as the Maryland Sunday School Union. They would rather support jails and penitentiaries, police and courts, convicts and criminals, than Sunday school teachers and Sunday school libraries; but the time is fast arriving when the public will learn to prefer investing its money in an ounce of prevention rather than in a pound of cure. The State may teach the youth to cipher and spell. but this grand society, the Maryland Sunday School Union, teaches them Christian education, that is constant, definite and uncompromising, because approved on Divine authority, "Feed my lambs," and having its root and example in Jesus Christ as the Great Teacher sent from God. It teaches them wisdom, it deals with character and righteousness as the great reality; truthful, solid, pure, high and wise as better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and its revenues than choice silver.

Religiously we have great reason for gratitude over the land as a whole. We believe it to be true that Christianity is *to-day* a greater power among us than before, and when we look at the general aspect of matters there is much to encourage us. At no time in our remembrance has there been so much diligent study of the Bible among the churches as there is now. The international system of Sunday school lessons keeps the teachers and scholars regularly engaged in the systematic perusal of the Scriptures. Ministers are taking more generally than before to the work of continuous Bible exposition, and the preference is given to informing—direct, earnest and Scriptural discourses. Hence the pulpit is concentrating itself on its own proper work, and the result is a great increase in its spiritual power. A marked and marvelous change can be seen in every respect throughout the State. Parents are awakened to a higher sense of their duties and responsibilities in seeing the advantages of an early religious education. Teachers are thoroughly equipped to higher grades in points of efficiency and activeness. Dead church members have been more interested in giving more hearty co-operation than before. Pastors have become more attentive in the general interest of the schools in organizing teachers, Bible classes, and fostering the schools under their care. Children are attracted, instructed and converted. In fact I find there is a general tidal wave of permanent revival, interest and progress felt all over the State. Where sin did reign, grace doth much more abound; where ignorance and darkness did exist, now there is knowledge and light. The wilderness and solitary places rejoice, the habitations of cruelty and danger have become the highways of order and safety; all as the outgrowth of Sunday Schools organized by missionaries, laboring under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union; now these are the centres of joy and knowledge. I find that all classes of Christians are beginning to realize that sectarian rancor will soon die out in proportion as we are brought to work together among and for the illiterate people. Evangelical Protestant Christendom is a unity. When all can approach each other in a spirit of love, each preserving his own individuality, yet co-operating for the progress of the Gospel, the rescuing of the perishing, the reclaiming of the fallen and bringing into the fold of Jesus His little ones, then there will be few, if any, who believe any longer in Bossuet's dream of the divisions of Protestantism. This unity in the church militant is a preparation for the higher unity of the church triumphant. He who cultivates the fraternal spirit amid the strifes and convulsions of the present life is better prepared thereby to embrace and enjoy the peace and rest of heaven. The church here is the only type we have of the church hereafter; if rent here it will convey a very faint idea of the common joys that await the believer in the Heavenly City. In our general work, that of organizing and reorganizing schools in destitute places; in visiting from house to house; in tract distribution; in our Sunday School libraries; in our county conventions and district union meetings, such as I have carried on in this county; I appeal to all true followers of the Lamb if this is not the great object I have endeavored to impress upon the minds of my hearers!

I cannot close these imperfect statements without returning my sincere thanks to our worthy and very active county vice-president Mr. Janvier, and also to the different pastors for their valuable aid and advice rendered to me, together with the uniform kindness and facilities extended to me by parents and all Sunday School workers in Cecil, *also Kent* and Queen Anne's counties. In conclusion, fellow-laborers—lovers of Christ and lovers of souls—let us take courage; let not our hearts be troubled, neither let us be afraid. Already "the glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon" have dawned over the dark desert where, with toils and tears, your pure faith bearing precious seed, which is now bringing forth some thirty fold, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

I remain, dear sirs, fraternally yours in Christ,

ENEAS ENGLISH,
State S. S. Missionary.

Chestertown, Md., Jan. 16, 1880.

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

How many of us have ships at sea,
Freighted with wishes and hopes and fears,
Tossing about on the waves, while we
Linger and wait on the shore for years,
Gazing afar through the distance dim
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white and the sails were new,
The fragrant breezes bore them along;
The sea was calm and the skies were blue,
And we thought as we watched them sail away
Of the joy they would bring us some future day.

Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night wind's dismal wail,
Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow dim,
And we sadly sigh, will they ever come in?

Oh! poor sad heart, with its burden of cares,
Its aims defeated, its worthless life
That has garnered only the thorns and the tares,
That is seared and torn in the pitiful strife,
Afar on the heavenly golden shore
Thy ships are anchored forever more.

—FLORENCE GROVER: *Christian Union.*

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

How often have we heard the idle words, "when you die I'll soon get another," spoken by a husband to a loving, dutiful wife. We, the other day, heard these words testily uttered by a husband whose soul is wrapped up in the wife they were addressed to. Oh! thoughtless, sharp-edged words, how easily said, but alas how terrible the reality when that dear wife is no more.

Wait, brother, before you speak unkindly to your wife. Remember the many household trials and vexations she is subject to; the anxiety for the precious souls God has, perhaps, placed in her keeping. Speak slowly and heed the appeal of one who has seen the clammy hand of death suddenly laid on her who was the joy, the pride, the life of her household; harken to the words of one who has seen the life ebb away of as gentle and loving a wife as God ever gave to man, without receiving a word of farewell or even a gentle pressure of the hand—taken without a moment's warning, and leaving to desolate hearts only the consolation of knowing that her "lamp was always trimmed and burning," and the promise of Christ that "the pure in heart shall see God." Brother, be patient, be kind, be true, be just to your wife. When she is gone it will not be so easy to get one like her. To-day the rose of health may bloom upon her cheek and her eye beam with love, to-morrow

You may return to a desolate home,
And list for a step that will never come,
And yearn for a voice that must still be dumb,
Where the silent room and vacant chair
Have memories sweet, but oh, how hard to bear
While the half-stunned senses wander back
To the cheerless life and the thorny track.

Love is not in our power; and what seems stranger, is not in our choice; but only love purely and sincerely where some mysterious power ordains we should; therefore in comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements, are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear which falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shown upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all purity, all beauty. But she is dead. The head which has so oft rested so lovingly upon your bosom is now laid upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up in the eye of love, no trembling lips to sympathize with you and murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!" There is so strange a hush in every room, no light footsteps passing round, no smile to greet you. And the old clock ticks and strikes—it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell on the hours through which you watched the shadow of death gathering on her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats that sad story. Many another tale doth the old clock tell, of beautiful words and deeds of love that are registered above. You feel, oh how often, the grave cannot keep her—that she will live again.

IT costs $30,000 a year to keep St. Peters, at Rome, in repair.

An Old Document.

Mrs. A. C. Allen, of Houston, Texas, has the original copy of the annexed agreement, entered into January 7, 1838, between her husband, A. C. Allen and the noted Gen. Sam Houston:

"THE CONDITIONS are these: That A. C. Allen alleges that Sam Houston will not abstain from the use of ardent spirits, wines and cordials, and should said Houston do so, then said Allen is to pay to the said Houston a suit of clothes which shall cost and be worth $500. Said Houston alleges that he is not to use any ardent spirits, wines and cordials, and is only to use malt liquors, and should he violate this agreement then he is to pay to the said Allen a suit of clothes worth $500. This agreement is to expire on the 31st day of December, 1838, the clothes to be paid immediately thereafter."

The result of the wager was that Mr. Allen lost the suit of clothes and promptly paid for them.

Not Dead Yet.

A "PERORATION" WORTHY OF GEORGE COLTON.

Wendell Phillips has again announced the death of the Democratic party. Mr. Phillips is mistaken. The Democratic party is human nature in a crude form and never dies. Long ages after the last member of the Phillips family has been gathered to his fathers, the traveler from New Zealand, while sitting on the crumbling stones of Bunker Hill Monument, sketching the great Atheneum, will be approached by a little, old, red-nosed man with a hand-ful of primary-election tickets bearing a portrait of Andrew Jackson, and after being gently nudged in the ribs will be winked at and requested to come over and give old Bill Jenkins a little lift for constable on the regular ticket!

HER NEW SHOES.

Fom the Detroit Free Press.

She was a woman. If you ever ran a shoe store you will know what followed as the entered the store. She looked all around, picked up a pair of shoes off the counter, rubbed her thumb along the soles, and timidly asked of the smiling clerk: 'Do you keep ladies' shoes here?'

'We do,' he promptly answered.—'What style shall I show you?'

For more than three weeks she had had her mind made up for a pair which laced on the inside, and all her friends had encouraged her idea; but it wouldn't have been like a woman to ask the clerk for that particular style.

'Let's see! Let's see!' she mused. 'I suppose you have the French heels?'

'Oh, yes,' he answered, and he soon had twenty pairs before her. She closely inspected each pair, from two shillings up to six shillings, asked the grade of material in each, and twice during the fifteen minutes she seemed on the point of trying on a pair.

'Are you sure these are the French heel?' she finally asked.

'Oh, yes; you can be sure of that.'

'Well, I guess I won't buy any to-day. I did think some of looking at some button shoes.'

'Certainly. Here is a large variety. do you wish kid?'

'I presume,' she answered, as she wet her finger and rubbed the heel of a shoe, 'that kid will wear longer than morocco?'

'Of course. These are patent buttons.'

'Yes, I see. If I ever buy a pair of button shoes I shall insist on the patent button.'

'Didn't you want a pair of these?'

'Let's see?' she mused again, fastening her eyes on the top shelf. She was buried in the deepest thought for a long minute, and the clerk hardly dared draw his breath. Then her eyes gradually dropped from shelf to shelf until they rested on the garnet nectie, and she said:

'Not to-day. Have you shoes to lace?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Those which lace in front?'

'Yes'm. Here is something fine. I can sell you a pair of these for twenty shillings.'

'Can you? Why, shoes must have either gone up or down! Shoes which lace in front are stylish, arn't they?'

'Oh, yes.'

'And they wear as good as any?'

'Just as good. I can recommend the material in these shoes, as they were made for us here in Detroit. Will you try on a pair?'

She seemed about to do so. She looked over at the lounge, seized a pair of three's, and was then halted by a new idea. She put the shoes down, let her eyes drop to the floor, and after a mental calculation of seventy seconds, she suddenly inquired:

'Did you say you had shoes that laced on the side?'

'Yes, we have. Would you like to see them?'

She hesitated, looked up and down the shelves as if perplexed, and finally said she would. He emptied two boxes, praised the style and material, and advised her by all means to get those shoes if she wanted to be in style and have a good fit.

'I can wear threes,' she observed, as she partly turned away, 'but owing—'

'You do not want a glove-fitting shoe. You are very sensible on that pont. Fives are much too large, of course; but they are better for the feet in winter. These are fives, but very small ones. In some stores they would be marked threes.'

'I guess I'll try them on,' she faintly remarked, as she sat down.

'Yes'm. I am sure—'

No he wasn't. She had suddenly paused again. What if there was a hole in the heel of her stocking! Suppose her big toe had worked through, as big toes sometimes will!

'I can try them on alone,' she finally said, and while the clerk was busy on the other side of the counter she ripped the buttons of her right shoe, pulled it off and got her foot into the new one. It was a pinch. Her toes felt cramped and her heel complained.

'Do they fit?' asked the clerk, as he leaned over the counter.

She didn't say.

'Perhaps you had better try sixes, with a broad sole and low instep,' he suggested.

'What!' she exclaimad, as her face reddened; 'why, I can hardly find my foot in these! I'll take them on account of my chilblains, but I'll only wear them around the house!'

'Very well—I'll wrap them up.' She paid for the shoes, took them in her hand and went out with a sweet smile on her face; but she was the woman who was heard saying to herself on the street car:

'Gone and made a dunce of myself again by getting tight shoes! I wish I'd thrown the money into the fire!'

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Four little girls sat down to talk one day beside the brook.
Miss Lucy said when she grew up she meant to write a book.
And then the others had to laugh till tears were in their eyes,
To think of Lucy's writing books, and see her look so wise.
Miss Susie said she always thought she'd like to teach a school,
And make the horrid ugly boys obey her strictest rule.
Miss Jennie said she'd keep a store, where all the rest must buy;
And they agreed to patronize, if "prices wern't too high."
Miss Alice said she'd marry rich, and have a diamond ring,
And give a party every night, and "never do a thing."
But Nellie, youngest of them all, shook out each tumbled curl,
And said she'd always stay at home, and be her mother's girl.

The Latest Hobby.

Nothing in the world will make a man more conceited or convert him into a greater bore than a pet theory. When he thinks as other people do, or only a little better or a little worse, he can be tolerated; but from the moment when he thinks he has discovered the secret of the universe and can see plainly what no one else can see at all he enters into the great company of the unappreciated, and looks on himself as a martyr and on other people as fools. "Traveling," said one of those apostles of reform, "is still in its infancy. The fact is, we shall never know how to travel until we make use of the laws of the universe." When it was suggested that a speed of seventy miles an hour had been attained it really seemed as though his scornful nose would become disjointed in its frantic endeavor to turn up sufficiently to express his disgust. "Why," said he, "we don't use the proper means at all. Now, my idea is just this, and you will see at once that we havn't learned the alphabet of velocity when I explain. Suppose, for instance, that a man wants to go to Europe. A large steamer is built, which costs a million, and it takes from eight to ten days for him to get to the other side of the ocean. What nonsense! Now then, why not make use of natural laws and do the thing easily, and in a short time. It is a well-known fact that the earth turns on it's axis from east to west, isn't it?" This was cordially admitted. "Well, then," he went on, you have the whole secret in that fact. The steamboat men won't see it, because the make too much money. The rest of the world don't see it, because they are stupid." Here he stopped to catch his breath. "I can solve that problem in just two minutes," he continued. "If the earth turns from east to west all you have to do is to construct a balloon and go straight up into the air from New York, just wait up there quietly until England, which is moving west all the time, comes round, and then come down. There you have it in a nutshell, and I am the only man who has been able to see it."

How the Darkey Made Love.

Years ago a young planter was courting a certain young lady in the sunny South.

One day he ordered his negro coachman to drive down to the residence of his inamorata.

The next morning Cuffee observed his master and the young lady proceeding arm in arm to a summer house, around which vines had overspread, making it a cool retreat from the sultry heat.

Be it known that Cuffee, on his arrival, had fallen desperately in love with the ebony cook in the kitchen, but was dumbfounded in the presence of that sable woman, the art of love making being to him an almost unfathomable mystery. Cuffee, however, was bound to learn, and he silently followed the pair to the shady bower.

Parting the vines with his hands he very cautiously looked in. There on a bench sat the young lady, and kneeling on the ground was master holding her hand in his, Cuffee heard these words:

"Oh, your eyes are like dove's eyes. Your alabaster neck sets me on fire. Oh, Cupid!"

As quick as possible Cuffee disappeared from the scene. He returned to the kitchen turned a kettle bottom side up, seized the bewildered Dinah and set her on the kettle. Then getting down on his knees he took her hands in his, and with upturned eyes, exclaimed:

"Oh, your eyes are like dog's eyes. Your yally plastered neck sets me on fire. On, blue pot!"

The last seen of that unfortunate darker he was seen fleeing from the wrath to come, followed by sundry stove sticks propelled by the indignant Dinah.

WINTER VERSES.

Come, let's bury our summer's dead,
While our eyes with weeping are red.
Here, where droops the withering rose,
Peace to the fly that tickled our nose.
Under the earth, ten fathoms deep,
Plant the mosquito who murdered sleep,
Down, in a grave both deep and wide,
Linen duster and straw hat hide,
Stick a slab at foot and head;
Write: "Here lies our Summer's dead."

A LADY who has had much experience in cultivating plants and flowers, says that when plants are frost-bitten, if they are placed in the dark during the day following, if frozen at night, or immediately if in the daytime, they will survive and be all right in the majority of instances.

SOME of the most cheerful men and women we meet with are the class who have suffered the most trials. There is no merit in suffering fretfully, but there is a great virtue in suffering patiently and cheerfully.

GREAT WORKS are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance; he that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

"MAN," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds: "We can't guess her, but will never give her up—no never."

ALL that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.

Gold Kings of California.

"She was the wife of my benefactor," said Senator Sharon, as he presented Mrs. Ralston with $500,000. Ralston had treated him kindly in time past. It was thro' his attention and favor that Sharon was called out from adversity and directed towards affluence. He never forgot his benefactor. When Ralston was no more, he assumed his debts, lent the bank $5,000,000 to strengthen it in its emergency, and then conferred a fortune of half a million on his broken-hearted widow.

The iron roadway spans the continent, and connects the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. San Francisco and New York are brought together in bonds of metal. Dogged perseverance and Governor Stamford did it—enforced it—against a storm of ridicule. How wild the thought! how vain, with the Rocky Mountains interposing their insurmountable barrier to the utopian project! The thing seemed visionary. But Stamford thought otherwise. He did not believe in the impossible. Hopkins, Crocker, and Colton said "we believe"—all the world doubted. Money they wanted. They had more—unconquerable enterprise. Rothschild's millions would have been powerless to accomplish such work. It required something more—brain—pluck. Such men deserve to be what they are—the great railroad managers of the world. Their average wealth is $15,000,000.

Poor, Ralston! Poor, indeed, he seemed, as his pulseless body was dragged from the water. Once the rich Ralston. He who made the Bank of California—who was the life of the city he loved so well—the very idol of San Francisco! Was a new enterprise to be projected. Ralston was its leader. Was a financial storm brewing, Ralston's interposition was sure to break its power. Ralston owned the water-works; Ralston's money moved the immense crops; Ralston' Hotel was the wonder of the world. And yet the great Ralston died poor. Equal to the accomplishment of enterprises thought to be impossible, he was a coward when his defalcation was uncovered, and he passed from the bank conclave, through a little side door, and threw himself into the water. Death before exposure! Had he been as honest as he was energetic, what glory would he have achieved for San Francisco?

California is a spectacle. The world views her as children look upon the play of Aladin. Wonderful land of millionaires, of 30,000-acre farms, of thirty-mile wheat fields, of 100,000 cattle ranches, of mighty forest giants, and staunch indomitable men. Friedlander is king of the grain market; four men control the gold market. Mackey's income was about $4,000,000 per month, or $25 each minute, night and day, Sundays and holidays. The Rothschilds grew to their present wealth through the extraordinary emergency of war, and centuries of business push and sagacity. But in California men become greater than Rothschild in a few years. Not in gold only but in everything. There men seem to develop like their great trees, great vegetables and mammoth fruits. There must be greatness in the very atmosphere, and in the soil. And yet we well remember when the first mechanical regiment plodded over the "Rockies," under the lead of Fremont, to fight the Indians and build habitations. Gold was discovered, the soldiers sloped for the diggings, and California was soon the Mecca of our people.

Flood and O'Brien kept a liquor shop once. Flood's income is greater than Rothschild's. Finigan was a hostler; he is now worth $4,000,000. Haywood trudged to the mines on foot, carrying his sack of provender on his back; he returned a millionaire in a month or two. Lucky Baldwin was a stable man; he is an $18,000,000 man to day. Ophir did it.

Propagation of Oysters.

History of the Bivalve from its Inception to its Maturity—The Transformation of the Eggs—How the Young are Nourished.

In his lecture at the Johns Hopkins University one evening last week, on the structure and development of the oyster, Dr. Brooks gave his audience a few practical points in relation to the propagation and habits of the bivalves. Many people suppose that the oyster, like Topsey, "jess growed," but Dr. Brooks, whose association with Prof. Agassiz, and his own intimate acquaintance with biology makes him an authority on this point, affirms that the oyster is propagated after the fashion of a great many animals.

The eggs of the female oyster, he says, are the overgrown cells of the ovarian tribes. When the eggs have obtained their natural size they are discharged from the tubes and swept out by a receding current of water from the gills. From the gills of the oyster they are discharged from the shell and are deposited in different places, chiefly upon smooth, hard substances. The eggs when discharged are irregularly-shaped substances, only visible to a well-trained eye.

The change which the egg undergoes when being transformed into the oyster is remarkable for its rapidity, sometimes taking two hours and sometimes four days. A minute or so after the affiliation of the egg and the male cells, the former from a round mass becomes elongated and then by a second transformation becomes partially divided into three portions. The next stage is the actual division of the egg into three disconnected globular portions and these are subdivided into five portions. At the last stage these five distinct portions affiliate again in the shape of the oyster, three portions forming the cell and two the oyster.

The shell is first formed in the shape of a ridge, but gradually expands and envelopes the oyster. At this stage the oyster is in an embryo state. It is like the oysters we eat except that it is possessed of a few hairs with which it swims close to the surface of the water for a few hours, until its digestive muscular organs fully develop, then it seeks a smooth hard substance, attaches itself to it and remains sedentary for the rest of its life.

The food of the oyster after it becomes sedentary consists of microscopic animal and vegetable matter. The sea water contains much of this and it is drawn in the gills of the oyster by a peculiar power of suction. The mouth always remains open and the food entering is naturally sucked into the gills and proceeds down the œsophagus into the stomach.