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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, FEBRUARY 14, 1880. No. 41.

The Kent News:

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

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

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

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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.

Country Merchants and Business Men

When you visit BALTIMORE
LOOK FOR

Reilly's Restaurant,

COR. CALVERT AND PRATT STS.,
For FIRST CLASS MEALS at all hours
Bar stocked with best Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, &c. fe14y.

GEO. O. STEVENS ESTABLISHED 1855.

Building Materials IN EVERY VARIETY
DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, HARDWARE, W. GLASS.
W. PINE & WALNUT MANTELS,
GEORGE O. STEVENS,
No. 49 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.
SEND FOR PRICES.

GEO. BIAYS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
FISHING TACKLE
And HARDWARE STORE,
64 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Everything in Fishing and Oyster line; Powder, Shot, &c., at JAS. FOY'S OLD STAND, 64 S. Calvert St. fe7-y.

W. P. PATTERSON,

178 W. PRATT ST.,
Next to MALTBY HOUSE, Baltimore,
DEALER IN
MUZZLE and BREECH LOADING
GUNS,
RIFLES, PISTOLS, AMMUNITION,
GLASS BALLS,
AND GLASS BALL TRAPS.
FISHING TACKLE of every description
Will furnish the above at lowest rates.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Give me a trial. feb7-y.

PILES,
Fistula and Fissure!

DR. W. KING SMITH,
Office and residence: 77 N. Eutaw St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Cures PILES, FISTULA and FISSURE and all diseases of the rectum without knife, ligature, or nitrate acid, and *guarantees a cure in every case.*
The Dr.'s house is large and commodious, and his patients can have the comforts of a home while under treatment at moderate rates. The Dr.'s wife will attend lady patients.
Refers to those who have been cured. Hon. W. T. Markland, 346 Eutaw Place; Rev. S. Shannon, Pastor Col. Av. M. E. C. Hon. Barnes Compton, State Treasurer; Wm. S. M. Beal, Barry st., Baltimore; Geo. P. Peterson, Comm. Merchant, Hon. John T. Bond, Calvert co., Md., and hundreds of others in Baltimore.
Office hours 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. feb7-y

ADAMS' SHIRT HOUSE

234 W. Balt. St., 3d door from Charles.
ADAMS MODEL SHIRT TRADE MARK.
6 FOR $9. 6 FOR $9.
READY MADE SPECIALTIES:
Our Wamsutta Unfinished Shirt..... 90c.
" B. Laundried Shirt.....$1.00
" B. Night Shirt..... 1.00
Work First Class. Fit Guaranteed.
feb7-y.

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.

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.

WHENEVER you cannot find what you want elsewhere come up town to THOMPSON'S, as he keeps a little of everything. jan17.

A CARD.

To the Business Men & Legal Profession of Chestertown:

HAVING been reappointed CONSTABLE by lawful authority for my 3rd term for Queen Anne's county, and given good and sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of all the duties of the said office, I solicit a share of the business of Chestertown.

I promise to give my undivided attention to all business intrusted to me, and make prompt returns of all moneys collected by me. I will solicit for a reasonable commission or bring suit according to law as instructed.

M. C. CASEY, Constable,
CRUMPTON, Q. A. CO., MD.

REFERENCES:
W. N. E. Wickes, Esq., Chestertown.
Messrs. Harrison & Bro., Crumpton.
Dr. F. N. Sheppard, "
Dr. W. G. Wallis, " ja31y.

LADIES' SHOE STORE

IN CHESTERTOWN.

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

MRS. KATE GILL respectfully announces that she has made arrangements to keep in stock a general assortment of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES,
OF DIFFERENT GRADES,
to which she invites the attention of all. She will give special attention to FINE WORK, including the latest and most desirable styles for Ladies' wear.
Parents are requested to call and see her excellent styles for Misses', Youth's and Children.
She will also keep, as heretofore, a general line of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, and hopes by fair dealing and low prices to merit and receive the continued favor and patronage of the public.
MRS. KATE GILL.
Jan. 31, 1880—tf.

To the Ladies

—OF—
CHESTERTOWN AND VICINITY.

MRS. C. SLINGERLAND,
WILL OPEN HER
DRESS MAKING STORE
on High St., (Bacchus' Corner, nearly opposite the Post Office,) Jan. 22d, and invites the Ladies to call. I shall be prepared to receive orders for the finest costumes or the plainest house dress. Shall keep the best help. Work done on short notice and neatly executed. A perfect fit guaranteed.
I shall keep constantly on hand Ladies' and Children's READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRESS TRIMMINGS.
Also, a full line of choice Samples of DRESS GOODS, Elegant Fringes and Passementeries, from the best houses in New York. Orders promptly attended to by a competent person.
N. B.—Work done artistically at Chestertown prices.
MRS. C. SLINGERLAND.
WANTED—A Dress Maker. Please call from 1 to 4 P. M., at my residence on Cannon St., opposite Queen. jan17.

TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. N. Melvin,

ADJOINING LOUIS K. STAM'S,
Has now in store a BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS specially for the Ladies.
She invites the attention of all in want of
Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars,
and CUFFS, to her newest and prettiest styles, and low prices.
Childrens' Dresses & Underclothing
Ready-made and made to order.
HAMBURG EDGINGS 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.*

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md. will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.
Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
pr13. Chestertown, Md

METHODIST HYMNALS.

A FINE selection, in various styles of bindings, can be found at the Drug Store of
jan24. M. A. TOULSON, Chestertown.

NOTICE.
We have just received a large stock of METHODIST HYMNALS, ranging in price from 50c. to $3. Call at STAM'S BOOK STORE and examine. j10.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!
Finest assortment in town, cheap at
jan24. L. K. STAM'S.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow—
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them, and, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out bravely and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Look at Your Tongue.

A man can never be well or happy if the stomach is out of order, and dyspepsia, like hysteria, imitates the symptoms of innumerable disorders. But how, the reader may ask, can I tell whether the illness from which I think I am suffering be real or imaginary? At any rate, I should answer, look to your stomach first; and pray just take a glance at your tongue. If ever I was left so far to myself as to meditate some rash act I should, before going into the matter, have a look at my tongue. If it was not perfectly clear and moist, I should not consider myself perfectly healthy nor perfectly sane, and would postpone my proceedings, in the hope that my worldly prospects would grow brighter. What does a physician discover by looking at the tongue? Many things. The tongue sympathizes with every trifling ailment of body or mind, and more especially with the state of the stomach. That thin, whitish layer all over the surface most likely indicates indigestion. A patchy tongue shows that the stomach is very much out of order indeed. A yellow tongue points to biliousness. A creamy, shivering, thick, indented tongue tells of previous excesses, and I do not like my friends to wear such tongues, for I sincerely believe that real comfort cannot be secured in this world by any one who does not keep his feet warm, his head cool and his tongue clean.

A Wonderful Clock.

The must astonishing thing I ever heard of in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealousy guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace.

In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion.

Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining part with quick, metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the numbe of the hour, till at noon and midnight, the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all; and then fell to pieces.—*"Some Wonderful Automata"; St. Nicholas for February.*

A Remarkable Prophecy.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. It will be noted that all the events predicted in this wonderful prophecy, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass. It is truly wonderful to say the least:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe. (1)
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye. (2)
Waters shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet it shall all be true. (3)
The world upside down shall be;
And gold be found at root of tree. (4)
Thro' hill and mountains men shall ride,
No horse or ass be at his side. (5)
Under water men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. (6)
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green. (7)
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat. (8)
Gold shall be found, and found
And in a land that's not now known. (9)
Fire and water shall wonders do. (10)
England shall at last admit a Jew. (11)
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one. (12)

1. Railroad coaches.
2. The telegraph.
3. In the form of steam.
4. The discovery of gold in South America.
5. The tunneling of the Alps, and other hills.
6. Submarine armour.
7. In baloons.
8. Iron steamships.
9. In California.
10. Drive machinery as steam.
11. Disraeli, a Jew, is prime minister in England.
12. All Bible students admit that the end of this dispensation is near at hand.

THERE are many women who would be very agreeable and very amiable if they would only forget that they are pretty.

THE MISER'S LESSON.

Jonas Pray was born stingy; he hid his sweetmeats from his little brothers when he was a child, and smoked his cigars alone when he was a young man.

By the time he was forty Jonas Pray was a very rich man, though he lived as plainly as ever, and somehow about that age the first tender feelings he had ever known crept into his heart. He fell in love with a buxom, good-tempered young woman named Sarah Woolwich, and offered himself to her. He was not an ill-looking man, and, when he chose, could make himself agreeable. Sarah liked him and accepted him.

Jonas meant to be liberal to her at first, but after a brief honeymoon his old habits resumed their way, and, at last, the second winter of their married life coming on, Sarah found that all her remarks about her shabby summer hat had no effect whatever, and that she might wait a long while without having such a thing as a comfortable cloak suggested to her. She had been a poor girl and had no trosseau to speak of, and she found it necessary to put her pride in her pocket and ask for what she needed. It is hard enough for a wife to do that, but to be refused was something she had not calculated on.

She knew her husband had a bank account; that there was no reason she should not dress well. But when she had said, playfully, "John, shall I buy myself some winter things to-day? I need a shawl dreadfully," he had answered, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to run after the fashions, Sarah. I am sure that you have very decent things that you might wear a long while yet."

"That shows how much men know," Sarah answered, determined to be pleasant and not to show that she was hurt. "You would not like your wife to look shabby."

"Well, no," said Jonas; "no, but really, Sarah, money is so scarce just now. Don't you think you might make what you have do a little longer?"

"How much longer?" she asked, very quietly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jonas, "I had an aunt who left me something when she died, who wore the same bonnet and shawl sixteen years, and boasted of it."

His wife looked at him and said not a word.

"Economy is a great thing, Sarah," said Jonas, uneasily. "It would be dreadful to die in the work-house, you know; and you don't care for other people's admiration, do you, Sarah, when you know your Jonas likes you as well in your well-saved clothes? We won't call them 'shabby,' Sarah, only well-saved."

"Call them what you please, Jonas," said Sarah. "They merit both epithets."

Her temper was rising fast, but she had sense enough to crush it down.

As she looked at him a little while, grief came instead of anger.

There was so much that was good about Jonas. It was terrible to see this canker creeping over it all—to see the pinched lines about his mouth, the anxious look in his eyes.

Poor Sarah remembered stories she had read of misers—how they starved themselves while they counted their gold. Would Jonas grow to be as bad as these? How could she tell?"

She arose softly and went out of the room and brought back her bonnet and shawl, and put them on the table in front of him.

"Jonas, dear," she said, "I don't want you to think me unreasonable. Look at these; see how shabby they are. They were nice when we were married, but they were cheap, very cheap—cheap articles fade so. I have made everything I had to do for two years. I did not like to ask. I have not spent one penny of your money for clothes. You know you gave me two pairs of gloves in our honeymoon; I have them still.

"What a good, careful girl," said Jonas, caressing her dark hair, as she came and sat beside him.

"Yes, I have been careful. It is my nature to be careful," said Sarah. "Few men's wives would have done so much. Now look at these things, my dear."

He looked at them long and lingeringly. He knew his wife was reasonable, and that the things were, and long had been, unfit for her to wear. But his money tugged at his heartstrings.

"Suppose you wear them one winter more, Sarah," he said. "Just one."

"The shawl is very thin," she said. "I shall catch cold again, as I did last winter."

"Poor girl," he said, softly; and crossed toward the desk where his check-book lay. But the grip of the fiend that rules a miser's soul gripped him sorely as he did so. The momentary impulse vanished. Besides, a thought had suddenly occurred to him.

"They wear sacques a good deal, don't they, Sarah?" he said.

"Oh, they are very fashionable," replied his wife.

"Then couldn't you make one of that old billiard-cloth that is in the trunk-room?" he said. "My poor mother bought it at an auction. She meant to use it as a coverlet; but it is a very pretty green, don't you think, Sarah, and such nice material!"

There is a limit to woman's patience. This suggestion measured Sarah's. She started to her feet, and gathering up her bonnet and shawl, left the room.

After awhile his wife looked into the room with her old bonnet on, and her old shawl about her shoulders, and said:

"Jonas, I'm going to spend the day with my sister-in-law."

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear," said Jonas.

He saw her eyes were heavy with weeping, and looked away, ashamed of himself. Then he betook himself to his office, where he ground out his money, and, during the day, compromised with himself. He would do no extravagant thing, but when he went home he would give his wife what was necessary. And, after all, as he said to himself, it would have been better to have done it. He had grieved her, and she was the only thing he loved on earth. He went home earlier than usual that evening to make what amends his soul would consent to, and as he walked briskly along, being light upon his feet yet—for whoever heard of a miser growing fat?—he thought that he never would again bring tears to those good, kind eyes. Never, never again. And then—what was the crowd? What had happened? People were coming his way, looking backward as they came.

Men, boys, women, little children, all the riff-raff that accident, or a quarrel, or an arrest, will collect in the streets; and now he was in the midst of the throng and close to four policemen, who, with set faces, marched in time, bearing between them a stretcher, on which lay a human form, covered with a shawl. Jonas looked! Oh, heaven! he knew the pattern of that shawl. Only a few hours before its dingy palm leaves of yellow brown, its faded fringe, its shabby brown centre, had been spread out before him. It was his wife's shawl.

"Stop, stop, stop!" he cried. "Let me see her!"

"Do you know her?" asked one of the policemen.

"Let me see her face," said Jonas, growing so faint that a kindly man near by supported him by the arm.

"You'd not know her face; a stone fell on her; it's crushed," said the policeman. "But shawls are alike. Keep up your courage. I don't think this is any relation of yours; she's too shabby. Look at her shoes. See here, this is her bonnet. You don't know that?"

He held up a bonnet. It was crushed. But Jonas knew it. The streaked purple ribbon, and a flower among the other flowers that had lost half its petals. He had fingered it as it lay on the table beside him.

"Yes, I know it," he cried. It's Sarah. It's my wife."

Then he pulled away the shawl from the face and fainted outright. But as his senses were about leaving him he heard some one say:

"His wife."

And another answered:

"Like enough. They call him a miser. I know him. His name is Pray."

They carried the poor woman home to Jonas Pray's old house, helping him to follow as he came to himself.

She was laid upon her bed and there was a coroner's inquest, and women prepared her body for burial, talking among themselves of the shame it was she, a rich man's wife, should be so clad.

Before the time came he had a cab called and went out in it. He was driven to a large establishment, where he asked to see the manager, and was shown to his room.

The manager found him there, a pale, miserable object, trembling and faint, as one in a deep illness.

"I want to buy a shawl," he said.

"A shopman will attend to you, sir," said the manager.

"No," said Jonas, "I am too ill, too broken to talk to the shopman. I can trust you. I want the costliest shawl you have."

"A madman," thought the manager. "Our costliest is five hundred pounds," said he, repressing a smile.

"Have it wrapped up for me," said Jonas.

"Certainly mad," said the gentleman to himself.

But Jonas had drawn a check out from his breast pocket, and with trembling hand was filling up the blanks. The manager examined them carefully.

"Mr. Jonas Pray," he said, more respectfully. Then it flashed upon him that he had read that morning of a fatal accident to this man's wife. It was a strange proceeding altogether. Secretly he called others to look at his customer. One knew him—financially it was all right.

"And the rest is none of our business," said the manager, as he saw the bundle of splendor carried down stairs after Jonas Pray. "They spoke of him as a miser in the paper. That's a pretty purchase for a miser."

Meanwhile Jonas drove home. No sweet face smiled a greeting. Within all was silent. Carrying the shawl under his arm, he went up stairs to the darkened room where, under straight folds of white drapery, seemed to lay the sorrow of the house. A watcher sat there. He sent her away. Then, alone in the room, he knelt down on the floor.

"Sarah," he said. "Sarah, can you hear me? I loved you, Sarah; but I was such a miser. I've bought you a shawl at last. Oh, Sarah, Sarah; I've paid as much as I could for it, my dear. You shall be wrapped in it in your coffin. I'll put it about you myself. Sarah, Sarah!"

He spread out the costly folds. He lifted it in his hands. A moment more he would have folded it about the dead form, but at that instant a voice cried:

"Oh, Jonas, Jonas dear. Oh, my poor Jonas! My poor, poor Jonas!"

And turning he saw his wife, either in the spirit or the flesh, standing behind him. His knees trembled under him. He cried out to heaven to help him. But the figure came closer. It was no ghost, but a living woman. She took him in her arms.

"Oh, how ill you look!" she said. "Did you really love me so? And it is all my fault. I went to my sister-in-law's, and there, in a pet—oh, I was so angry, Jonas—I gave away my dress, my shawl and my bonnet to a beggar woman—and vowed to sit in one of sister's dressing gowns until you gave me decent clothes to come home in. And the poor woman was killed two hours afterwards, and I never knew she had been taken for me until this morning. Oh, such a creature, my dear, the papers described her. And for a little while I was glad you had such a fright, but I am very sorry now I was."

For an answer he picked up the costly shawl and wrapped it about her, and took her, folded in it like a mummy, to his heart again.

"The miser is dead," he said, "but Jonas Pray will show his wife how he can cherish her."

He did; and if ever afterwards Sarah detected symptoms of a relapse, all she had to do was to wrap herself in her wonderful shawl.

The sight of it inevitably recalled the moment when he learnt how little, after all, is the value of money, and realized in agony of soul that his greed had called down upon him the contempt of his fellow men, and for a time wrecked his happiness, and almost his reason.

He may indeed love his money yet, but he knows that he loves Sarah more.

THE President has given Mrs. Hayes a weigh and she tips the beam at 174.

BIOGRAPHICAL—JAMES G. CANNON.

The following sketch is from the Richmond *Commerical.* As a student at Washington College, many citizens of Chestertown remember Mr. Cannon, and will be gratified to learn that he has been so highly honored by our noble old sister Commonwealth. He is, no doubt, justly deserving the confidence reposed in him:

From the Richmond (Va.) Commercial.

J. G. CANNON.—This gentleman—who represents in the Senate the counties of Essex, King and Queen, Matthews, Middlesex, and Gloucester—is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1837.

Receiving his education at Washington College, where he acquitted himself with distinction, he adopted the useful, honorable, but poorly remunerated profession of teaching, from which he many years ago degenerated into the equally honorable but still less profitable vocation of an editor. Siding with the South in the late struggle, he abandoned home and friends to cast in his lot with his Southern brethren. He was for a time attached on special service to the headquarters of the 2nd army corps, and was subsequently a member of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, then under the command of Col. Bradley T. Johnson. To all familiar with the valor of that command and the dash and gallantry of its leader, it is needless to say that warm work was always abundantly cut out for the Maryland boys. They took an active part in the second advance into their State, and on the retreat from Gettysburg, Mr. Cannon was captured and confined in the old Capitol prison—a confinement whose sufferings and privations and barbarities have left their ineffaceable traces on his person and his heart. Sent home at last for exchange in the feeble band of emaciated skeletons who were christened "the 300 dead men," he again rejoined his command as soon as he had in some measure recovered from the effects of his cruel captivity, and participated actively in the early battles of the campaign of '64, receiving at Beaver Dam—in resisting Sheridan's grand raid on Richmond—a very severe sabre wound the day preceding the death of the heroic Stuart at Yellow Tavern.

Recovering from his wound, he went again to the front and took part in all the glorious but fruitless struggles which marked the last campaign of the war; cutting through the Federal lines near Appomattox, and surrendering with Gen. Buford near Lynchburg, having lost all but honor. At the close of the war he became the editor and publisher of the Warrenton *Sentinel*, and subsequently of the Chatham *Tribune*, achieving a high reputation as a fluent and forcible writer and an able and adroit reasoner.

Taking an ardent interest in the success of the conservative party, he advocated its principles on the hustings as well as through the press, and in 1876 was the Tilden canvasser for the 5th Congressional district, discharging the duties of the position with an earnestness and ability which much enhanced both his popularity and his reputation. A firm believer in the tenets of readjustment, he was last Fall sent to the Senate as a conservative readjuster and has taken a prominent position in the councils of the majority.

Tall and spare, with a sad, thoughtful, yet kindly face—somewhat suggestive of some of the pictures of Lincoln—he wears the appearance of a hard student and close thinker, and his earnestness lends force to his arguments when he takes the floor.

Gov. Swann's Marriage Settlement.

HALF OF HIS PROPERTY MADE OVER TO HIS WIFE BEFORE SEPARATION.

Washington Dispatch in New York Sun.

The marriage settlement of Ex-Governor Swann, of Maryland, upon his wife, Josephine A. Thompson, of Princeton, N. J., was placed on record in the office of the Recorder of deeds on the 5th inst. Governor Swann was married in 1878, and last fall the couple quietly separated, Mrs. Thompson returning to her home, in New Jersey. The settlement is dated June 3, 1878. It recites:

WHEREAS, A marriage between the parties hereto is about to be solemnized; and whereas, the said Thomas Swann is desirious that the property owned by him at Newport and the city of Washington, together with all furniture, plate, carriages and personal property appertaining to, used in and connected with his residences in the said cities of Newport and Washington, both real and personal, shall be vested in himself and his wife with and in equal rights and shares during their joint lives, with the enjoyment of the entire estate to the survivor for life, and in consideration of the said marriage and the sum of one dollar to me paid, he conveys to the said Josephine A. Thompson, for and during her natural life, an equal, undivided estate, share and property with me for our joint lives, of my estate at Newport, describing the same as on the south side of Seaview avenue; and in Washington as No. 823 Fifteenth street, with plate, furniture, etc.

The instrument was executed on the date above, before Charles Edgar Miller, a Notary Public of New York city, and was placed on record at Newport, R. I., on January 13 last. The marriage of Mrs. Thompson to Governor Swann was celebrated while the venerable gentleman was a member of Congress, and was one of the notable social events of the day. Mrs. Thompson was the widow of a United States Senator, the sister-in-law of Speaker Randall, and for years her house at Princeton was the abode of most generous hospitality. For the wedding celebrated persons in the political and social world were gathered. The first summer was spent at Newport and the winter in Washington. When the announcement of the formal separation was made it did not cause surprise among the friends of either party, as it was generally understood among them that incompatibility between the husband and wife had developed itself within the first year after the marriage.

Mrs. Swann is now living in Princeton and Governor Swann in Baltimore.

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go."

"SHALL I hereafter darn your stockings," is the fashionable language for ladies' leap year proposals.

A Colored Ordination of 1866.

From the Journal and Messenger.

A sketch from my notes taken at the colored ordination at Springfield in 1866.

The sermon was from 'Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature.' Some of the points were not bad. 'Did God intend man to die?' Sartinly not, but the pizen snake bit the apple fust. Bein' aginst Natur' is the reason people hate to die so bad. Now baptism is a dyin' to sin by water, and Mothodists and Presbyterians hate it like they were cats. You see it's agin their natur', like t'other dyin' is.

Another of our doctrines is, 'Once in grace always in grace.' Once truly a Christian, you can't get out, though you may hurt your head runnin' agin God's bucklum [buckler] by tryin'. Sposein' you take a new barrel an' hoop it up tight; but before you drive down the hoops you put in another barrel, just fit t'other, bulge and all. Now drive your hoops, and t'other don't even shake, it fits so good. Now, how is you goin' to get the little barrel out? The big barrel is finished, and we don't allow no hoop started. Little barrel is squirmin' to get out. I tell you it has to burst the big barrel to do it! You is got in a big barrel, and its hoops is out of the reach of man in glory. That is *Christ.* It's a tighter fit than some of you thought, and less chance to get whiskey and stolen chickens and your neighbor's daughter in at the bung-hole than you calculated on. You are *thar*; and you have to burst Christ to get out. You were in the horridible [horrible] pit and miry clay; but your feet are on the Rock of Ages, and just enough of clay yet on your hoops to make you stick where you are.

Have you been to Bethlehem lately? That name means the House of Bread. That's another of our doctrines, that God is able to 'keep what you have committed to him,' and that he don't even keep a shabby old mule in his stable that he don't feed. Go to Bethlehem. It's been a good place to get at ever since the Baby laid there. Now, you ain't got nothin' to do with the white folks' puzzlements, like *Origin of Evil.* Why did God let Adam sin? I dun no. That's God's business. I'm mighty glad I ain't doin' his business, 'cause overseein' one of his small 'tater patches is too much for this child.

'Why do *you* sin?' That's your business, and you'd better settle that account, or the sheriff will levy on your crop. The Lord of glory offers you the cash down blood to pay with; and if you put it off you'll get were a Georgia summer day will look mightly cold. 'We don't meddle with other folks'. Baptists come from Christ and his disciples. Where did other folks come from? I don't know and the wust of it is they don't nuther. I'm told there ain't but *two* places to come from.

'Now, Brother Thomas Peake, do you wish to be ordained?'

'Yes sir.'

'Stand there and let me question you. If I ordain you Baptist minister, will you preach the Gospel in season and out?'

'Now, if a sister come to you and say 'My husband, he's got the rheumatics, and he don't want to get cold, and I want you to take a hand-bason of water an' sprinkle on him, and baptize him that way, Brother Peake, tell me, will you do it?'

'Yes sir.'

'Well, *that's wrong. Don't you do it.*'

'Why not?'

'Cause it ain't Baptist.'

'Well, then, I won't.'

'If they tell you that Christ took infants in his arms and prayed, and that Eli let Samuel give to the Lord, and they want you to baptize the babies by water, will you do it?'

'Yes sir."

'Now *don't you never let me catch you at it.* That's Presbyterian.'

'Well, I won't do that neither.'

'Was Adam first man or Paul first?'

'Paul was.'

'That's wrong, provided you hold your Bible right side up.'

'Was Moses or Joshua first?'

'I never read that. I can't read good; but I go to Miss Mary to learn every night.'

'Was Isaiah or Joshua first?'

'I don't know.'

'I don't nuther; but I ax you.'

'How old was the world when Christ come?'

'Three thousand years.'

'Well, it looks like it was. And now, Bro. Peake, how old was Christ?'

'Thirty-three years.'

'How long was he in the grave?'

'Forty days.'

'No, it was three days.'

'Yes sir.'

'How many saw him rise?'

'Six hundred thousand.'

'No, only five hundred, an' that's a plenty; for you can't prove by that many that saw him that George Washington ain't livin' yet.'

'No sir.'

Then came the ordination, and the deep fervor and earnestness had prevented even a smile from our party of whites during examination. H. W. C.

A WEALTHY man who lived in Chesterfield, Va., had two sons, Tom and Jack, both fond of playing poker, but Jack was very sharp at the game and Tom very flat. When the old man died he left Tom $90,000 and Jack only $1,000, but he explained at the foot of his will that $1,000 was just stake enough for Jack to win everything that Tom had; and it was a wise provision, for so it turned out.

AN exchange says: "There is no telling the character of the scriptures we would have to-day if they had to be written now. It is easy, however, to imagine, if Solomon was writing in this age, he would have a proverb something like this: It is easier for an elephant to dance in a lady's thimble, than for a man to get to heaven who sponges his reading or neglects to subscribe for his home paper."

EVERY man knows how to run a newspaper and nearly every newspaper knows how to run every office in the government from the lowest to the highest.—*Modern Argo.*

DURING the past year not a single death was occasioned by steam explosions on the Mississippi river, a circumstance never before known in the annals of steam navigation on that turbid stream.

MUCH-NEEDED SLEEP.

A MAN WHO HAS NOT SLEPT FOR TWELVE YEARS, GETS SOME REST AT LAST.

A correspondent at Marlborough, N. Y., adds the following chapter to the history of a case that has hitherto attracted considerable attention:

Thomas McElrath has for a number of years lived about a mile west of this village. He is a farmer in fair circumstances, as also a cultivator of berries. The strange peculiarity of Mr. McElrath is, that for nearly twelve years he has not slept a wink. He tried everything to woo the drowsy god, but all to no purpose. Medicines of various kinds were unavailing, and the sleepless berry grower of Marlborough was the wonder for miles around. A few years ago an account of this remarkable case was published, and was copied by newspapers throughout the land. McElrath at that time offered a large sum of money to any person to make him sleep. He received offers and advice through the mails from patent medicine venders and leading physicians throughout the United States and Canadas. One San Francisco man was positive he could "fix him," but he didn't. The long weary nights passed on month after month, but McElrath slept not. Some persons insinuated that he slumbered and was not aware of the fact. His family and neighbors sat up night after night and watched, "but not a wink of sleep did Thomas have." The fact that McElrath remained in good health, and gained instead of lost flesh, and continued to work hard daily throughout the summer season, was something that philosophers and physicians alike could not explain. McElrath was indeed a phenomenon, and his case without a parallel. He was positive that he did not sleep, and investigation substantiated the fact. But his hours of wakefulness came to an ending on Friday night of last week, when, for the first time in over eleven years, he slept one long, delicious sleep, and awoke on the following morning refreshed and happy. Words were inadequate to express his feelings both of surprise and pleasure. Since then he has slept naturally every night, and to all present appearance he will not lack for necessary sleep hereafter.

STRANGE STORY OF A LEAD PENCIL.—Five years ago a man at Hartford, Conn., fell and became insensible. A surgeon then found a slight wound in his body, close by the heart, and thought the man had been either stabbed or shot. A few days later, however, small pieces of black lead began to come out of the wound, and it was then concluded that in falling the point of a lead pencil which the man had in his vest pocket had penetrated the body. Probing the latter brought out a little wood. Monday the surgeons used the knife, and, to their astonishment, a whole lead pencil, which had been sharpened but once, was extracted. It was 5⅝ inches long, and the wood was split in two. It had been completely imbedded below the chest and not half an inch from the heart. The man is very weak, but it is thought he will recover.

THE WOLVES.—That the ravages of wolves in the settled countries of Europe should exceed anything of the sort in our western wilds is a little curious. The Pesther Lloyd mentions several cases of depredations by wolves. In the suburbs of Tomesvar they destroyed any animal which was not housed. A clergyman returning in a sleigh from a neighboring town was beset by a pack of wolves and torn to pieces, and at Szalouta, a shepherd was killed and eaten as he was passing along the road at night. A little girl, shut up as a punishment for some fault in her father's barn, at Baud, in France, was killed by a wolf, which, by climbing a rubbish heap, was able to enter by the roof. So the wolves on the other side of the water are about as troublesome as our savage Indians on this side.

PROF. BAIRD offers a most satisfactory solution of the Canadian Fishery disputes when he proposes to stock our waters, from the Chesapeake to Maine, with codfish, for which the Delaware and Chesapeake bays are said to be peculiarly adapted. No Americans will want to go on dangerous voyages to the Gulf of St. Lawrence fishing for cod, if they can get the fish in their own waters, and within a short distance of the principal cities of the country; and, perhaps, we can eventually persuade the Cnnadians to come south to fish, and then drive as sharp a bargain with them for the privileges of fishing as any from which we have suffered in the past.

For some years it has been customary for the Iowa Legislature to elect one or two young women to minor clerkships, and no particular trouble has resulted until this year. When the present Legislature met it was astonished to find among those seeking one position or another some fifty young girls. They all wanted to serve the State, and were not particular about the position as long as the pay was satisfactory. The worst of the matter is that they won't be put off; they pursue the members with smiles and tears and a thousand and more persuasive airs, which no man with a heart can possibly escape. Nearly everybody in this country seems to have concluded to go into office seeking as a business.

A SMALL POX