msa_sc2901_scm1624-0435 ©Maryland State Archives

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 28, 1880. No. 43.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

ADVERTISING:

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

FREDERICK STALFORT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of New and Second Hand

CARRIAGES,

Jaggers. Phaetons.

TOP and NO-TOP BUGGIES, EXPRESS WAGONS, SLEIGHS and HARNESS,

No. 68 EUTAW ST., bet. Pratt & Camden, and 31 S. LIBERTY ST., between Lombard and German Sts., *BALTIMORE.*

HUGH SISSON & SONS,

IMPORTERS, DEALERS and MANUFACTURERS OF

MARBLE and STATUARY

MONUMENTS,

Tombs, Cemetery Curbing,

MANTELS, TILE, FURNITURE SLABS and COUNTERS.

Salesroom—140 West Baltimore Street, *Rinehart Building.*

Steam Marble Works & Yard—Cor. North and Monument Streets.

☞ *Drawings and Estimates furnished.* fe14y. f

GEO. BIAYS,

(*Successor to Jas. Foy*)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

FISHING TACKLE

And HARDWARE STORE,

64 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Everything in Fishing and Oyster line; Powder and Shot, and a complete assortment of General Hardware. fe7-y.

WAGNER'S

Green House

RESTAURANT.

No. 190 WEST PRATT STREET

R. L. WAGNER, J. O. WAGNER, } Baltimore, Md.

fe21y.

BAYNARD'S

WHITE HOUSE

AND BILLIARD SALOON,

186 West Pratt St., *Adjoining the Maltby House,*

fe21y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

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 is prepared to take patients from a distance and treat them, where they can have the comforts of a home while under treatment, and at moderate rates. ☞ The Dr.'s wife will always be present to relieve the embarrassment of 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. F. Peterson, Comm. Merchant, Hon. John T. Bond, Calvert co., Md., Mr. J. Brook Bond, " " " " 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.

ADAM 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.

GEO. O. STEPHENS. 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.

"PURE CIDER VINEGAR" for sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

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.

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 decription

Will furnish the above at lowest rates. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Give me a trial. feb7-y.

PAPER HANGINGS.

HOWELL & BROTHERS,

Being the only manufacturers of

Wall Papers

South of Philadelphia, can offer great inducements to country purchasers, both in regard to assortment and prices.

Persons not caring to come to Baltimore, can have samples sent by mail.

Our WINDOW SHADE Department is stocked with Window Shades of all descriptions, at lowest prices.

Country Merchants will find it advantageous to buy direct from the manufacturers.

HOWELL & BROTHERS, 260 Baltimore St., opp. Hanover, Baltimore, Md.

jan24-3m.

☞ **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.

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, Opposite the Bank.

jan3.

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.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

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

jan24.

A GREAT DISCOVREY!

To Farmers, Horsemen, and others.

We have just succeeded in making a combination which will *effectually cure*

SCRATCHES

IN HORSES,

IN FROM TWO TO THREE DAYS.

This preparation has not been put upon the market hastily, but has been thoroughly tested by our leading horsemen.

By permission we refer to Messrs. JOHN W. LOUD, SAM'L B. ARMSTRONG, C. C. B. RASIN, JAMES A. RUSSELL.

☞ A fair trial is solicited. Price per bottle 50 cents.

COLIN F. STAM,

fe21-tf. DRUGGIST.

Freighting.

THE undersigned has made special arrangements for receiving and caring for goods in Baltimore. Receiving every Wednesday and Thursday at the foot of Commerce St.; an agent will attend when the boats are away.

FREIGHT on all Grains 4c. per bushel by weight.

GOODS, &c., PURCHASED at wholesale prices when the cash is advanced.—*Not responsible for orders when the money does not accompany them.*

Contractors, and others, buying in Baltimore, would save money to consult us.

FOR SALE:

20,000 Bushels Fresh Burnt

SHELL LIME,

ready for delivery any where on Chester River or its tributaries, where there is a depth of five feet of water.

Personal and strict attention given to all orders. Thankful for past favors.

JAMES H. THOMPSON, CHESTERTOWN.

fe7-tf.

Citizens of the FIRT 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.

Look to your Interest!

JUST RECEIVED

LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF

FURNITURE,

Which all who wish to purchase would do well to examine, at

J. A. SHAW'S,

COURT STREET, CHESTERTOWN.

Dec. 10, 1879.

☞ **READ!** ☜

AND REMEMBER!

That you can buy Goods as Cheap at

J. A. PERKINS'

AS ANY PLACE IN TOWN.

See our prices:

Yellow Sugars	from 7 to 9c.
White "	" 11 to 12½.
Coffee	" 12½ to 22.
Teas	" 50 to 80c.

FLOUR

By the Barrel	$6.25 to $9.50
" Bag	80 to $1.30
" Pound	2½ to 6c.
BUCKWHEAT, by the bag	$1.00
TOBACCO	45c. to $1.00
Home-made Mince Meat	12½c.
" " Sausage	12c.
Crackers	10 to 15c.
CIGARS—the best in town	2 for 5c.

We keep on hand at all times a stock of first-class VEGETABLES and MEATS.

Any patronage thankfully received.—Give us a call and see if we do not do business conscientiously.

J. A. PERKINS, Opposite the new M. E. Church.

Country Produce wanted. jan10.

STATIONERY,

WRITING PAPER, ENVELOPES, Fancy Box Paper, Pens, Ink, Blotters, and all necessary Writing material, may be found at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Jan. 10. 1880.

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, Chestertown, Md

pr13.

METHODIST HYMNALS.

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

jan24.

A ROMANCE OF KENT;

OR,

HOW A MONOPOLIST WAS MONOPOLISED.

CANTO I.

It was a gay young lady
That lived in our town;
She always smiled the sweetest smile,
And never wore a frown.
The richest brown her tresses were;
Her eyes were liquid blue;
Her hands were small, her feet the same,
She wore a — "No. 2."
Those little feet went "pat-a-pat,"
They never did go "thump;"
And when she went to promenade,
She struck it "on the jump."
Her voice the richest alto was,
Golly! how she could sing!
The sentimentals of the day,
Oh, they were just the thing.*
In execution of the same,
She had a little art:
A glance, a smile, *et cetera,*
And then she had your heart.
To try to keep possession of
This organ of the breast
When once you had that loving glance,
No man has stood the test.
The way she broke and busted hearts
It really was a sin;
She only laughed at the poor fools,
Then merely "scooped them in."

CANTO II.

A neighbor had this lady fair,
A fine young man was he;
A sport, who tried to imitate
The *a la Francaise.*
Upon his lip was a mustache,
Where once there grew another;
Three hairs upon the one side,
And two upon the other.
He rode about the streets of G——
With all his pomp and show;
And on his wagon could be seen
The letters S. M. Co.
No peer there was in all the town
Who could his equal be;
Not one could boast to have the half
His stock of gallantry.
His youthful face, his noble mien
Would always captivate
The girl who chanced to look upon
His "level-headed" pate.
Enraptured girls would speak of him,
As "dearest, sweetest duck;"
And whilst they angled for his heart,
Would oft times mourn their luck,
The number who had failed to win,
Now counted to a score;
But *here* stepped in the pretty lass
Of whom I've spoke before
She saw at once how things they stood,
Then said quite prompt—"I am
Determined now, yes *now*, to fool
This chuckle-headed clam."

CANTO III.

But,——
Her sire, alas, he had to her
Emphatically denied
The company of this gay young man
Who lingered at her side.
Exceptions to this rule he made,
He made, no, not to one;
Therefore this "clam" she wished to win,
At home could not be won.

CANTO IV.

But home was not the *only* place
Her met she could unfold;
She smiled that soft, intriguing smile
So modest, yet so bold,
Upon the street, where e'er she met
This gay young man. I ween
He drank them to their very dregs,
And boldly waded in.
No supper could his brother get,
Because he† used to stay
Upon the streets to promenade
With this young lady gay.
In sunshine, moonshine, rain or snow,
In all states of the weather,
'Twas but to look upon the street
You'd see this pair together.
It was a Heaven this young man thought
To hear this siren's voice;
Of all the girls this young man knew
He thought this one his choice.
Her beauty held him with its charms,
Until he thought that she
Was but a Cleopatra of
The Nineteenth Century,
A rolling sea of hopes and fears
Did in his heart oft surge;
Because he saw that to one thought
His feelings did converge.

CANTO V.

The young girl saw the end was near
Of this she was most sure;
Therefore she thought it was high time
To end this sweet amour.
But now the course which to pursue
The farce to terminate;
She raked her brain from fore to aft,
Which way to seal his fate.
At last she hit upon a plan
Which far surpassed them all;
It was to extend this young man
A card, which bore: "Please call?"

CANTO VI.

He thought
To call upon this lady, did
A good time prophesy;
Therefore that very evening
He to her house did hie.

CANTO VII.

(Her *Pa* happened to be home that evening.)

CANTO VIII.

He stepped upon the portico;
He peeped beneath the shade;†
The old man softly ope'd the door;
And he‡ was sore afraid.
"Why came you here, you worthless cur?"
The old man loud did roar;
"Why came you here to this my house,
And sneak around the door?
Git up and git, you bandy legs,
My house no more pollute;
For if you do I'll raise you on
An ignominious foot."
He here advanced into the yard,
Took hold this worthy beau,
Then gently raised him o'er the fence
With the end of his big toe.
Some people passing by that way
A quarter hour later,
Saw something out into the street
Spread o'er with mud and water.
Examinations then they made,
And when they were complete,
They saw it was the young man
Who lived just up the street.
Of all predicaments I've heard,
This certainly surpasses;
He looked just like a pan-cake
All covered o'er with 'lasses.‖
A litter then they made him—
These friends of his most kind—
By placing 'cross two pitch-forks
A piece of window-blind.
They took him home—this young man—
And then with laudanum—
They bathed his physiognomy,
And then his cranium.
The explanation which he gave
To these, his friends, when done,
Was that he had been target for
An automatic gun.

CANTO IX.

That young man and maiden are strangers now.

Feb. 21, 1880. KYSER.

*The young man. †The window shade.
‡The young man. ‖Molasses.

A LONG DREAM OF LOVE.—The town of Randolph has been the scene of a romance which, in point of faithfulness on the part of the woman, is equal to that of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Miss Betsy Knight, who passed from this life a few days ago at the advanced age of eighty-five years, was in her girlhood betrothed to a young man living in Ohio, and shortly before the day set for the nuptials he was taken suddenly ill and died. Miss Knight, on hearing the news, refused to believe it, and has remained faithful to him all these years in the vain hope that he would return and claim her as his own.

THE meaning we attach to words depends on our feeling.

Letter from Wartburg, Tenn.

Messrs. Editors:—Hitherto our mail has been a tri-weekly one, being carried from Kingston, on the Tennessee river, a distance of twenty-four miles, on mule-back. It is rendered very irregular in the present season by bad weather; frequently the mail does not come in until a day behind-hand. But as soon as the mail contract is given to the Cincinnati Southern it will not only establish a daily mail but a regular one.

Up to the present no school tax has been levied in this county, and what schools exist are maintained by the scholars' individual expense. We hear a stipulated sum will be appropriated for school purposes this coming scholastic year. Thus you see we are gradually on the improve.

Our court system consists of the county court, which meets the first Monday of every month. Every one goes to town that day, whether he has any business or not. This is generally a gala day. The Circuit Court meets once in three months at the different county towns through its circuit. You will find a great many lawyers in town that day, coming from all parts of the State, to offer their advice and counsel when required; but this is not always wanted. The case of a man having his ear "chawed off" is the only really bad case on record that we know of that has happened recently. We are a peaceable people, delighting in tranquility and repose, but sometimes busting forth with enthusiastic vehemence, as was shown not many evenings ago by our having an actual party for the purpose of amusement. If Terpsichore could have been allowed but one glance at their performances, I am confident her marble features would have broadened into a fair smile. Also a carnival, held by the young men in town not long since. Quite a number arrayed themselves in hidcous costumes, representing different characters. Accompanied by music, they serenaded all the families of repute, making themselves at home wherever they could gain entrance to whatever delicacy they could find, it generally being wine. Usually a sufficiency of this beverage can be found at any private house. It is the famous "home-made" wine the Southern people can boast of. They grow grapes here especially for this purpose.

Wartburg can boast of three churches, a Lutheran, a Catholic and a Presbyterian. The Methodists hold their services in the same building as the last named. The Catholics only have service once in three months, when the priest makes his quarterly visit, while the other denominations have regular services every Sunday morning and evening.

A great amount of trouble is occasioned by land titles. It seems that several grants have been made to different parties for the same land, through the carelessness of some of the State officials in not recording the grants in years gone by. Now that the land has a prospective rise in value there are several claimants for the same land. These grants were issued several years back, when the land was comparatively worthless, to persons who would be respensible to the State for the taxes on the claims. They cover a large territory of country; some of them have 10,000 acres in them. It is unsafe to purchase land, unless you buy from persons who have lived here for some length of time and own their land by what is known as the "possessive title." Under this law a man can settle on a tract of land, have his boundaries recorded, and if he has undisputed possession seven years the land is his, unless in the case of minor heirs or insane persons, whom the law protects. A party of lawyers are investigating these titles. They say after everything is cleared up it will make quite a change in the owners of the land. They expect many law-suits and a great amount of trouble, but after a few months to put titles on a clear basis.

Feb. 16, 1880. L. C. A.

What They Say in Their Sleep.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Don Cameron: If Grant will not accept, I will take it myself, by gracious!

Secretary Sherman: I am undoubtedly the greatest person this century has produced.

Ex-Gov. Seymour: Gentlemen, your —(snores calmly, but firmly.)

Senator Conkling: What a rebuke my election would be to plebian Sprague!

Senator Blaine: Mr. Ingersoll is right. I am, indeed, a plumed knight. I am also a sea horse on wheels.

Gen. Grant: Do I look like a person who would decline a thing after going around the world to get it?

Senator Sharon: I am the rose of myself; I am the lilly of the valley. I am for a fact.

Hendricks: Once for all, I will play second-fiddle to nobody. (Kicks Mrs. H. out of bed.)

Col. Ingersoll: I am sure Blaine would do the handsome thing by me. I am in favor of that excellent person.

Mr. Tilden: It is not good for man to be alone. If I cannot find a wife, I will at least buy a dog.

A Diamond-Maker Found at Last.

A dispatch dated London, Feb. 20, says: Prof. Nevil Story-Maskelyne, of the mineral department of the British Museum, writes to the *Times* announcing the entire success of Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay, of Glasgow, a fellow of the Chemical Society of London, in producing diamonds. He says Mr. Hannay sent him some crystallized particles presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond, and these fragments easily scored deep grooves in the polished surface of a sapphire. Prof. Story-Maskelyne, after describing the various tests applied concludes as follows: "There is no doubt whatever that Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay has succeeded in solving the problem and removing from scientific chemistry the opprobrium which so long adhered to it; for, whereas the larger part of the great volume recording the triumph of that science is occupied by the chemistry of carbon, this element has never been crystalized by man until Mr. Hannay achieved the triumph, which I have the pleasure of recording to-day. His process for effecting this transmutation is hardly less momentous to the arts than to the possessions of the wealth of jewelry. It is on the eve of being announced to the Royal Society."

LEAP YEAR FUN.

Perhaps some of your lady readers, Mr. Editor, may not have thought that it is Leap Year, and that just now there is a chance for a "try" at women's rights.—Some of us have already found it out, and decided that Leap Year parties are "the thing," and maybe you would like me to tell your readers of one that was a complete success.

Living in a small village where amusements are few, and all the same pattern, "we girls" hailed with delight the coming of Leap Year, and the possible emancipation for a short time from the "what-will-people-say" rule that governs all social meetings at the present day, and so we have a party on New-Year's night. A committee visited each lady in the village, inviting her to participate in the fun, and to contribute either to the supper—which in our case consisted only of ice-cream and cake—or money, wherewith to pay for the hall, music and printed programmes. We all, married and single, "went in for it," indeed, I think the married people had the most fun; as in inviting the gentlemen the ladies requested that they should not reveal the name of their fair escorts, so that the meeting at the hall was full of funny surprises. One lady wondering who had invited Tom, or hoping that that odious Mary Jane would not invite Dick, or that Harry would know enough to decline that "flirtations" widow's invitation. I am free to confess that the surprises were not invariably pleasant ones. Two of the prettiest girls were floor managers, and well they managed too; though I did overhear one of them in despair begging a gentleman friend to raise his voice in her behalf, as she could not be heard for the hub-bub. But he refused, on the ground that a modest young gentleman should always be seen and never heard, and she was obliged to do her own screeching.

Of course no gentleman was allowed to ask a lady to dance, and just lots of fun come in right here. No one ever saw a woman that could write her name without a firm foundation for her paper, and was most amusing to see the dear creatures run for the wall or the nearest door-post, and then very likely putting her own name on her own card, and the gentleman's on his. One lady filled her programme in this way, and not remembering many of them, was obliged to wander around disconsolately picking up such masculine wall-flowers to dance with as she could.

The ladies escorted the gentlemen to supper, and waited on them, this latter coming very natural to the married ladies, the younger ones liking it, as they could see how it was for themselves, this "waiting on a great man."

But all pleasures have their sad side, and as the evening wore on the girls began to dread the going home, always before so full of pleasant possibilities. The gentlemen vowed that they would not yield—the girls must see them safe inside the paternal mansion. The girls begged and protested that it was "positively a shame," and that they "should die of fright," while the men laughed and enjoyed in prospective the sight of the waving draperies and flying feet disappearing over the prairies in the dim moonlight. However, I guess—I only speak from personal experience—most of the gentlemen relented after teasing the silly girls sufficiently, and the old way of a comfortable stroll and a lengthy leave-taking at her own door was indulged in. The party was a complete social success, and, moreover, left some good behind. Many a young lady realized for the first time in her life what a retiring young man feels when he receives that polite but chilly note, "very sorry, but a previous engagement compels me to decline," whon the poor fellow knows to a certainty that his invitation was received before that of his smooth-tongued rival. And perhaps some gentleman knows better now the delights of wall-flowerism, and will be a little careful how he writes his name four or more times on the pretty girl's programme, leaving others, just as fond of dancing and innocent enjoyment, to mope away the evening without a partner.

The month of February is emphatically the leap-year month, and just the time for these parties. Try it, girls, and you will all vote it "great fun."

FANNIE FEBRUARY.

Mud Flat, Jan. 15.

An Artificial Nose.

THE PATIENT READY TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC—A NOSE THAT IS MORE ORNAMENRAL THAN USEFUL.

From the New York Herald, Feb. 20.

Crowds of visitors are calling daily at Bellevue Hospital to see Thos. Coulter, the patient who is now the possessor of a nose which was but recently his middle finger. About three weeks ago the plaster of Paris bandage was removed from his face and a careful examination showed that the finger had grown fast to the site of the former nose. Dr. Sabine at once decided to sever the hand from the two joints which were thereafter to serve as a nose. During the two months in which the finger had been growing to the face the blood had retreated from the hand and arm because of its peculiar position, leaving them as white as snow. Shortly after the operation the tube through which Tommy breathed was removed from its position in the larynx. The patient is at present in a peculiar position. In order to have a shapely nasal organ the second joint of the amputated finger was crooked so that the elbow forms the nose. The end of the finger was stitched to the upper lip in a neat manner. The next step in the process was to remove pieces from the cheeks and forehead and allow them to grow on the lacerated and stitched portions of the new nose. The consequence is that there are now no nostrils at present and Tommy breathes through his mouth and ears. In order to avoid the inconvenient mode of inhaling and exhaling an operation is shortly to be performed with a view to providing the new organ with nostrils. Coulter's articulation is good, but his voice sounds as though he were speaking through a ram's horn. The surgeons in charge of the case are confident that they will be able to remove this impediment.

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise.

A Pretty Story of Two Lovers.

Once upon a time there lived beside the Rhine a beautiful lady. She had a lover who loved her, and whom she loved in return. But after he had wooed her—not one year but three—he asked her to marry him; and she, anxious to prove her power, merely answered:

"Wait."

"I have waited three years," he said, "but at your bidding I will still wait one more."

Then he went away and became a soldier, and praise of his bravery filled the land; but the lady was piqued by the thought that he had been able to leave her even a year, and when he returned she determined to punish him, though all the while she loved him well.

He knelt at her feet and took her hand in his, and said:

"Lady, I have come back to claim you for my wife."

But all she answered was:

"Wait longer; a patient waiter is not a loser."

"I will wait two years longer," he said, calmly. "If I do not lose all is well."

Then he left her again. She had hoped that he would plead for her, and that she would be forced to change her mind; but now he was gone—gone for two long years. How she lived through them she could not tell, but they passed, and again her lover was before her.

"I have waited patiently," was all he said. She yearned to cast herself into his arms, but pride was still strong within her.

"Wait longer," she said.

"No," he answered. "This is the last time. If I wait now I will wait forever."

At this she drew back haughtily.

"Then wait forever," she said, coldly.

He left her without a word. And now her heart sank in her bosom. She wept bitter tears, and repented in dust and ashes. When a year had gone by she could bear her woe no longer, and sent her little foot page to her old lover, bidding him to bear this message:

"Come back to me."

But the message the little foot page brought was just this:

"Wait."

Again she was left to her sorrow, and two years glided by, then once more she bade her page ride over the mountains to her lover's castle.

"Tell him I am waiting," she said.

The page rode away and rode back. He stood before his lady and doffed his cap, and repeated the message that had been given him:

"The patient waiter is not a loser."

"He is punishing me," thought the lady, and for two years longer she remained in her castle. Her heart was breaking—her health failed—she knew death was near.

Again she sent her cruel lover a message. "Tell him," said she, "that I am near my end, and that if I wait longer before I see him I shall wait forever."

The page returned and stood beside his lady's chair. His eyes were full of tears; his head was bent upon his breast; he sighed heavily and hid his face in his plumed cap.

The lady lifted her wan face.

"Speak!" she said. "The message!"

"Alas!" sighed the page; "I would it were a tender one."

"Whatever it may be, speak," gasped the lady.

"The only message I have," replied the page, is "Wait forever."

"I am well paid in my own coin," said the lady. "At last I have received all my answers back."

In a little while she died, and they buried her in the old churchyard, withea stone at her head and a stone at her feat.

When spring came there was grass upon the grave, and there also was a new plant strange to those who looked upon it—a plant with dark, glossy leaves, that crept slowly but surely along, clutching fast together every rough surface that it met in its path.

There had never been a plant like that on earth before. Now we call it the ivy, but this is what those who saw it for the first time said of it:

It is the lady whom her lover bade to wait forever. In this form she is creeping toward his castle slowly but surely. So she will creep on until she reaches the heart she threw away.

Generations have passed from earth. The castle is a ruin, covered with ivy, and the peasants will tell you that it has crept there from the lady's grave, point by point, over stone and rock, through the graveyard and over gates and fences. You can trace it if you choose, they say, but you do not try.

A SENSATION AT A COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.—The Seaford (Del.) *Index* says: We are informed that Mr. Samuel Roop, who teaches school about three miles from this town, had quite a little drama enacted in his school room a few days since. It appears that among the exercises of the school is that of composition and letter writing Friday afternoons. The usual task having been assigned, one young "Miss" demurred and refused to comply with the rules. On the following Monday the schoolmaster insisted that the pupil above alluded to should perform the task. In the meantime he had received information that two brothers of the girl would visit his "sanctum sanctorum" that day and, if he should persist in his demand, they intended to give him a sound thrashing. The undaunted pedagogue, however, armed himself with a revolver, and taking his position on the platform, calmly put his revolver on the desk and warned them of the deadly peril of an attack upon him. Amid profound silence, the young lady performed the task; the two brothers were speechless, and the schoolmaster was master of the situation. A meeting of the school commissioners was called the next day and Mr. Roop was fully sustained in his action. Samuel is a fearless teacher, and while we do not approve of using pistols in schools, we admire his pluck and cheerfully give him three cheers for enforcing the rules.

THIS is leap-year, and an exchange exhorts young ladies to assert their rights and claim their privileges early and often. "When the boys call tell them if they mean business you are ready to take their future happiness into consideration, but if they don't you've other fish to fry, and cannot afford to waste gas and fuel for the sake of simply being spoony."

Finding "Girl" in the Bible.

An English town-missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging house in his district which he had long desired to enter but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would thereby be endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock on the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who'se there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in and see who he is and what he wants," growled the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in the neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town-missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house and read and pray with us or our lodgers as much as you like; if you do not answer me right we will tear your clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length said:

"I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word *girl* is in the Bible but only once, and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel iii: 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am beat. I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word *girl*, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again; I found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know and does know what will come to pass, and surely his hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been overruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.—*American Wesleyan.*

A Dog's Long Swim.

The most remarkable instance of Jet's homing instinct occurred when we were forced to conclude he must have been taken away on some vessel, coming in near our place for some water. He had been gone all the week, and we were greatly in fear we should never see him again. On Saturday afternoon we had been out to a ledge of rocks, a mile off shore, in the sail boat, after weakfish, and lobsters, and as we made sail and turned for our home on the Navesink Highlands, one of the boys on the forward locker sang out, "There is something adrift over toward Sandy Hook. Let's run out and see what it is!" The sharp-eyed youngsters brought the glass to bear on the drifting object, and declared they believed it was something moving. So we put the helm down and steered for the speck on the water, which only the brightest eyes on board could make out. We ran on and on, a long stretch, and then the boy with the glass suddenly exclaimed: "I do believe it's our Jet!"

And so, indeed, it was. As we came by him and ran up in the wind to pick him up the dear old fellow recognized us and followed the boat, as she turned, with as grateful eyes as ever was seen in the world. When we dragged him aboard he sank into the bottom of the boat utterly exhausted. He could not raise his head when we got home, and we had to carry him up the bank on a seine barrow. It was many a day before Jet recovered from that soaking, and he was not at all free about going into the water again all summer. Where he had been, how he got there, and how he came to be swimming towards home, in the middle of Raritan Bay, of course we never knew.

The children adopted the theory that he had been taken to New York, had found a chance to jump overboard there, and had been paddling towards home when we found him. As the distance is nearly twenty miles, this theory hardly seems credible, but the fact remains, that the dog must have remained in the water a very long time, trying to return home. *St. Nicholas.*

A GOOD DEFENCE.—A fat old gentleman, who had been bit in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah's in a towering passion, declaring that it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following article as the ground for his defence: 1. By testimony in favor of the general good conduct of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a "calf." 2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. 5. My dog died six weeks since. 6. I never had a dog.

A COLLEGE professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: "These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity." Mr. Greeley replied: "I like Croton water very well, but it doesn't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe."

SAID a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it." "Is it true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you, but then, you see, it takes near so much water to run it."