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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, MARCH 13, 1880. No. 45.

The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,
—AND—
CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
☞Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

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.

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.

Boarding and Lodging.
PERMANENT and TRANSIENT.
THE undersigned would respectfully invite his friends and the public generally in Kent and adjoining counties to give him a call. First class accommodations for gentlemen and ladies.
Terms most moderate.
Resp'y, JOHN SMITH,
mh6y. 36 Conway st., Baltimore.

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.

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.

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.*

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,
200 Baltimore St., opp. Hanover,
jan24-3m. Baltimore, Md.

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

BAKERVILLE
Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shops,
IN FULL BLAST!
Work done cheap and with greatest dispatch. After thirty years' experience I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction in every case.
☞HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
JAMES M. POTE & SON.
Feb. 28, 1880—6m.

NOT DEAD! NOR YET SICK!
WHAT not dead, nor even sick?
Why, the Rag-baby, to be sure!
All citizens of the State who are in favor of Taxing Government Bonds, as other property is taxed; who wish these bonds paid in full as soon as possible, in the lawful money of the Nation; all who care to understand the "true inwardness" of the Greenback Labor Party, are invited to meet in the G. L. Club room, in Baltimore, at 11 o'clock A. M., on
TUESDAY, Mar. 16, 1880
A cordial welcome to all.
By order State Exec. Committee, G. L. party, of Maryland.
OLIVER N. BRYAN, Chm'n.
B. B. KNELL, Sec'y. fe21-3t.

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.

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,
fe7-tf. CHESTERTOWN.

HEAD-QUARTERS
—FOR—
Clocks and Lamps!
SPARKS,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.
A new stock just received; we are selling them very low. Call and see.
SILVER PLATED WARE.
We shall continue to keep 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 Goods 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.

STATIONERY,
WRITING PAPER, ENVELOPES, Fancy Box Paper, Pens, Ink, Blotters, and all necessary Writing material, may be found at STAM'S
Jan. 10, 1880. DRUG STORE.

KIDNEY WORT!
A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY, for Chronic Liver and Kidney Diseases, for sale by
mh6. C. F. STAM, Druggist.

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

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

O. A. GODWIN,
PURCHASING AGENT,
On the Steamer B. S. FORD,
Can always be found at his post, ready to accommodate the Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, and all wishing goods of all descriptions purchased, or delivered to any point in the city. Also, letters.
Having considerable experience in purchasing goods, and a large acquaintance of the first merchants of Baltimore, he can purchase goods as cheap as can be had.
Charges for delivery of letters, bundles, &c., as well as commission on goods, very moderate. All I ask is a trial.
fe21y. O. A. GODWIN.

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.
GOLD AND SILVER WALTHAM WATCHES,
SOLID GOLD and SET RINGS,
SOLID and ROLLED GOLD JEWELRY,
Consisting of
CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, and BREAST-PINS.
Also, large stock of SPECTACLES, Eye-Glasses and CLOCKS.
☞Watch and Clock Repairing a specialty. mh6y.

JUDSON'S
STEAM SAW MILL.
WE have erected a NEW AND COMPLETE STEAM SAW MILL, and can *guarantee first class work.* We are prepared to saw all kinds of Timber from five feet in length and of any thickness. After the first of April we will keep on hand all kinds of PLANK.
WHEELWRIGHTS look to your interest and give me a call.
Persons in need of *HOUSE FRAMES SAWED* can be accommodated.
We have gone to considerable expense and trouble, that the people of this and the adjacent counties need no longer go to the city to buy.
Persons in need of information at a distance can write to us. We are but one mile from Quaker Neck Wharf, and can ship orders to any point desired. Work done cheaper than ever was known in this county.
ARTHUR JUDSON & CO.,
Quaker Neck.
Post Office—Pomona. fe28y.

Co. Commissioners'
NOTICE.
SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Commissioners of Kent Co. at their office in Chestertown, until
Tuesday, March 16th, inst.,
for the erection of a
STONE ABUTMENT
at the Southwest end of Morgan's Creek Bridge: Said abutment to be built on frame foundation of White Oak, consisting of timber 6 inches by 10 inches; the two breast timbers to be 22 feet; the two timbers on upper side to be 16 feet; the two timbers on lower side to be 25 feet, and the middle timber 16 feet; the shore timber to be 25 feet, to be covered with Oak boards two inches thick, for the wall to rest upon, and filled in with dirt. The Wall to be three feet thick at bottom, tapering to 18 inches at top. Side walls to be 12 feet high, covered with board (sharp roof). The front wall to be on a level with the draw and the wings to be 2½ ft. above the road bed; with a timber for draw to rest on, 6x14, and cap timber to hold the dirt 10x10.
Walls to be built in cement one-half sand, and in a substantial manner.
Plan may be seen at this office, until the above named date.
Proposals will state the earliest time said work can be completed.
By order,
T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk
To Co. Commissioners Kent Co.
Feb. 28, 1880.

ROAD NOTICE.
THE undersigned hereby give the notice required by law, that thirty days from the date hereof they intend to apply to the Hon. Board of County Commissioners for Kent county, to
OPEN A PUBLIC ROAD
IN THE FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT of KENT CO.,
commencing at or near the division line between Jonathan Hodgson and Stephen Boyer, on the road from Masseys to Smyrna, and running South near the present neighborhood road, through Mrs. Dulaney's land till it strikes the land of John F. Whittington; thence in a West direction with or near the line of said Whittington and Delaney and on or near the division line of Samuel Hurlock and said Whittington, till it strikes the West corner of said Whittington's land; thence in a Southerly direction by or near the line of said Whittington till it strikes the neighborhood road through the said Hurlock's and the Spear land, and thence by and with or near the said neighborhood road till it intersects the road from Masseys to Millington.
JOHN F. WHITTINGTON,
JAMES R. JONES,
JOHN McFEE,
SAMUEL CACY,
D. C. BLACKISTON,
Feb. 21—5t. and 39 others.

JOHN W. RASIN,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchant,
254 N. WATER ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
☞Consignments solicited of Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and Live Stock.
N. B.—Calves a Specialty. mh6tf.

CLOVER SEED.
12,000 LBS. CLOVER SEED FOR SALE, at R. F. PARKS'.
Chestertown, Feb. 14—tf.

$50,000 TO LOAN ON GOOD FARMS in Kent county, at low rates.
THOMAS HILL,
Fayette & St. Paul sts., Baltimore, Md.
jan31m.

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.

FINE Sugar-cured HAMS and Broiling Beef.
C. A. Gambrill's Patapsco Extra, Orange Grove Flour by the lb., bag or bbl. at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

FINE CHINA TEA SETS, very low, at SPARKS'
fe14. opp. Court House.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF MARCH.

I look out from my window
And rejoice that it is Spring,
This beautiful March morning
I hear the robins sing,
I see a golden crocus,
And regal violets too
Close by doth bend a snow-drop
'Mid emeralds dipped in dew.

I on a sunbeam wander
Down to the river side,
The naiads 'mid the mosses
Are crowning nature's bride;
A rainbow-arch is roofing
Each bower where beauty dwells,
Wind harps are mingling sweetly
With March's bridal bells.

Wood-nymphs prepare to gather
Along the sunny spots,
The sweet pink-lipped arbutus
And blue forget-me-nots;
The heart's-ease looketh upward
With almost human eyes,
Enrobed in gold and purple,
Brighter than Tyrian dyes.

Thy sunbeams, March, are welcome,
Opening the gates of Spring,
The ancient halls of nature
New songs of praise do sing;
The air is filled with music
That floats from strand to strand,
Changing March buds to fruitage,
Grain into gold, the land.

MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, March 1, 1880.

THE CHURCH ROAD.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I at last hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat; fast time and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking cars on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on the road. It's run right up to rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train despatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; a passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in this country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers on board."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ah," said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the roundhouse to the terminus. Takes heaps of water to run it though; double tanks at every station and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country, and these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the road ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting: "Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

High Heels and Weak Eyes.

One of Boston's most "eulchawed" young ladies went one day to an oculist with a trouble with her eyes that threatened all manner of frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. "I can walk and ride and drive and do anything with my strength; if it wasn't that my eyes are in such condition I could enjoy so much, and now I can enjoy nothing," was her woeful complaint. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. This sounded like the most extraordinary request. Had the good doctor lost his wits? and, thinking something of this kind, the foot in its smart kid boot, with the wicked, tall little heel the young lady was so proud of, was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face; then—"Go home," he said, "and take off those heels; keep them off for a month and then come back to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are!" In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It may not follow that all young women equally devoted to wicked heels will be affected in a like manner, but it serves to show that there is the possibility, and always the certainty, that with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where all those delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come some disarrangement and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health, and, consequently, with the enjoyment and good looks of the wearer.

King Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the manner in which he is said to have earned the distinction:

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artizans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," said the carpenter. To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?"

And the reply was:

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," said the mason.

A third stated that he was a stonecutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and seemingly, almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the King.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself," he replied.

Whereon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

THE idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all efforts for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook.

"13, 14, 15."

The epidemic has reached us and is increasing. Sage and sober men sit for hours at a stretch and shove the little blocks about. It is called the "gem puzzle," and was invented by N. P. Chapman, a postmaster in New York State, who, like postmasters in general, had a great deal of loose time on his hands and wanted something to amuse himself with. There is a little box in which are fifteen little blocks, numbered from one to fifteen, as follows:

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12
13 14 15

The vacant space gives room to move. The "puzzle" is to mix the blocks up, and, by moving them around get them back in numerical rotation again. This can readily be done save when the last three figures come out 13, 15, 14, which is the hard combination. Many now place the blocks in the box in this manner, the two last numbers transposed, and try to get them straight. This is what is filling the lunatic asylums of the country. Some declare it "cannot be done" without turning the box, while others say that they have done it and can do it again, only they can't hold on to any rule for the moves. The number of combinations run into billions. Two Boston firms are turning out the puzzles at the rate of 2,000 a day, and yet the demand is not supplied. Nothing of the kind ever before put Americans to such a pitch of excitement. The Presidential booms, the third-term business, and even the speech Senator Bayard made at Dover 19 years ago are forgotten, while newspapers like the N. Y. *Herald* and Philadelphia *Times* devote whole columns to telling how "13, 15, 14" can be transferred into "13, 14, 15." It is a very simple thing to look at. Everybody says right off: "I can do that!" and, well—while he thinks he is on the eve of doing it he never gets nearer than one of it. If this thing is not suppressed we are in a fair way to become a nation of lunatics.

"John, dear, the baby's crying!"

"Oh, well, confound it, Maria, don't bother a man while he's doing this inf—blessed puzzle. Go out and buy him one for himself; it'll keep him quiet."

"Yes, love, I will, in one minute—just wait till I get this—how was it I had it just now?—14—13—15—oh, dear!"

Let's muzzle
The puzzle
Inventor.
Let's take him
And shake him
Instanter.
Let's break
All his bones,
Let's make
What he owns
Of intellectual twirl
In perpetual whirl,
As our
Mind power
Is hurt by this mean
Eternal
Infernal
Gem puzzle machine.

The Great Puzzle Solved!

Many of our smallest Chestertown boys manage by *chance*, pretty often, to bring out the numbers all in order, while others of older years and keen calculating brain will work for hours with no nearer success than "13, 15, 14." The puzzle may be readily solved in this way: First bring the blocks to the following arrangement:

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 11 10 12
13 15 14

Then make the following moves:

Place 14 under 12, 10 to right of 15, 11 over 10, 15 to right of 9, 10 next to 13, 14 next to 10, 12 next to 14, 11 over 12, 15 over 14, 10 next to 9, 14 next to 13, 15 next to 14, 11 next to 10, 12 next to 11.

How ridiculously simple! And yet so hard to explain after all!

A SEALED PROPOSAL.

BY W. SCOTT WAY, of the *Middletown Transcript.*

"What are 'sealed proposals,' Tom?"
Archly asked a bright-eyed Miss,
Whose mouth up-turned like a rose-bud sweet,
Seemed asking for a kiss.

"Why, Fanny, dear, I'll illustrate;
'Tis plain as a, b, c,
Give me your hand—you have my heart—
And now * * * 'tis sealed—you see?"

Mrs. Fitch's Diamond Necklace.

News of the present whereabouts of the magnificent diamond necklace which was presented by the Khedive of Egypt to Mrs. Fitch, daughter of Gen. Sherman, seems to have been obtained from a diamond merchant by the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* It will be remembered that this necklace was deemed worth $200,000, and Congress remitted the duties, $20,000, for the non-payment of which it was long detained in the New York custom-house. "After this," says the informant, "the necklace was sent to Washington and, with Gen. Sherman's sword, deposited in the United States Treasury for safe keeping."

Upon further inquiry, Lieut. Fitch ascertained that the yearly tax on the diamonds in St. Louis county, where he then resided, would be much more than his salary, and he once more found them an elephant on his hands. His father-in-law, Gen. Sherman, took pity on the boy and returned the necklace, with thanks, to the donor in Egypt. Upon receiving them the Khedive wrote to the General, saying that it was not his desire that the diamonds should be given to any one member of his family, and, having learned that he had four daughters, it was his wish then that the diamonds should be mounted in sets and exually divided between them.

These daughters are Mrs. Fitch, nee Minnie Sherman, Ella Sherman, Lizzie Sherman and Rachel Sherman. The necklace was then returned to the Sherman family, and mounted in four magnificent pendants, four pairs of splendid solitaire earrings and eight rings. These four ladies are now the happy possessors of four complete suits of diamonds, the value of each suit being at least $75,000. This makes each of them rich in her own right through the generosity of Egypt's late ruler.

"NEVER," says Josh Billings, "take a bull bi the horns, young man, but take him by the tail, then you ken let go when you want to."

Strange Marriages Last Year.

Marriage by telegraph has become quite a common thing in this country. On the 22d of May, 1879, Mr. L. W. Walker and Miss M. E. Buddington were married, the bride being in the Northwestern Telegraph Company's office at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the groom in the office at Owatonna, Minnesota. "The ceremony," says a local report, "began at eight o'clock, and in a short time the couple, having responded to the conundrums usually propounded on such occasions, were pronounced man and wife, and were dismissed with a benediction. The bride wore an evening dress of black, with black crepe shawl, and bore in her hand a boquet of flowers." Upon this marriage a legal newspaper commented that, as an ordained minister's authority to marry extended only "throughout the State," the bride only was married; that the statute providing that the declaration of both parties must be made in the "presence" of the minister was violated; that witnesses were not present, or, if they were, they must have witnessed the bride's marriage of the telegraph operator, and that no certificate could have been given specifying the place of the marriage. Among the marriages last year that were odd in the manner of their celebration, may be mentioned that of Mr. Horace Tell and Miss Jones, on a public road in Calvert county, Maryland, in July. They set out from home at 7 o'clock A M., and so did the clergyman. At the point were they met the happy couple were united on horseback, beneath a shading oak. June 18th, 1879, at Monticello, Illinois, the Rev. Ducan McMillan of Utah was united in marriage to Emily Kent Johnston, daughter of the Rev. Adam Johnston, who officiated. The ceremony took place under two grand hickory trees, the branches above forming a natural bower. Guests assembled under the trees, and the bride and groom came to the shade preceeded by two little girls, who dropped lillies on the path. A Mormon bishop named Allen performed a wedding on the line between Utah and Nevada, having one foot in the State and one foot in the Territory, while the bride was in Nevada and the groom in Utah. In New Haven, Connecticut, there was a marriage on the stage. At the close of the regular performance it was announced that "Mr. James Jones, of Jones and Creston, the rifle shots would be united in marriage to Miss Josephine Blanchard, a member of the company." After Mrs. Ferrand and Ross sisters had finished dancing, the curtain was lowered and the orchestra played the "Wedding March." The curtain was then rung up, disclosing the happy pair, surrounded by the entire company after the applause had ceased, Hugh Dailey, a Justice of the Peace, stepped forward and performed the service of the Episcopal Church. The audience kept order till the service was over, and then applauded and called the happy pair before the curtain. Mr. J. C. Sexton, of Cleveland, Ohio, bade a large company to his house on Euclid avenue, to see some private theatricals. At the conclusion of the play the guests were asked to keep their seats. The curtain went up, and the unexpected tableau was presented of the host's granddaughter, Miss Addie Sexton, in bride's robes, with her betrothed, Mr. Otto Arnold, standing under a wedding bell of flowers before Dr. Noakes, rector of Emmanuel Chapel, who read the Episcopal service and married them, the bride concluded the ceremony by repeating Alice Cary's poem, "The Marriage-Wreath." Mr. Gibbons, of Orangeville, Indiana, would not let his daughter marry James Scarlett. She went down to the river with a bucket for water, and found there Squire Lem Ross, Mr. Scarlett, the necessary witnesses, and two horses—one with a side-saddle. The marriage took place, and the happy couple left for the country. While all this was going on the old man was at home at work in the garden. When he heard of it he allowed that if he'd "been thar somebody would' a' got hurt, so they would." Near Lithonia, De Kalb county, Georgia, a couple of runaway lovers were married standing on a log in the swamp. They engaged the services of Rev. E. H. Clark, who reached the rendezvous about nine o'clo'k at night. The lovers were hidden in the swamp, and as the reverend gentleman passed through whistled to him and called out: "Here we are!" In a few moments they were man and wife, and went on their way rejoicing. Mr. Joseph Pentz took a rifle to his wedding at St. Mark's Gap, Texas. The sexton tried to persuade him to leave it at the door on entering the church; but he persisted in carrying it across his shoulder as he walked with his bride up to the altar rail. His explanation was that a rival suitor had threatened to shoot him on this occasion, and he meant to be prepared for defence. At Port Townsend, Oregon, a suitor took his license, the clergyman, and a Winchester rifle to the girl's residence, where they were married in the front yard, he keeping off father and uncle with his weapon.

A GOOD DEED REMEMBERED.—About a year ago, in Millerstown, Pa., Miss Mary E. Logan, who kept a restaurant, during the sickness of a man named Eugene O'Keefe, who had made money by a lucky investment in an oil well, showed him a good deal of attention in the way of nursing. When O'Keefe got out he went to Texas, where he died last week. By his will he made Miss Logan his sole heir, without conditions. The estate consists of 18,000 barrels of oil, the oil well, and other property amounting to about $25,000.

A LADY told me something which ought to have remained a secret with her sex. It is that a woman in choosing a lover considers a great deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself.—*Forney's Progress.*

IT is said that when Gen. Sherman goes to a ball he kisses all the misses and never misses a kiss. Or words to that effect.

THE question before the committee is: Can a boom once boomed be reboomed, or does it boom itself out at the first boom?

"I THOUGHT it was later than it is, but it isn't," was the remark of a young man, who wasn't of Irish extraction either.

To Keep Teeth Clean and Healthful.

As I am not aware of anything practically new in the way of dentrifrices, I can only allude tho them as auxiliaries or assistants in promoting cleanliness, and in neutralizing the abnormal acidity so commonly present in the oral cavity. No one has yet discovered the magic prophylactic, notwithstanding the absurd claims of the venders of various nostrums, such as "Sozodont." Of this article I will testify to what is also well known by most dentists, namely, that it destroys the color of teeth, turning them to a decidedly dark yellow.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes, by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a cross-wise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the bucal and posterior surfaces of the third molars, and the lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth. I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the one most neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud-shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of. One of these, named the "Windsor," I have tried faithfully for twenty months past, and introduced it very generally in my practice, and I feel that it meets the indications better than any other within my knowledge. The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the quill toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metalic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients.

The value of a decided polished surface of the tooth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest. I do not think many dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which are now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face. We know that the general idea among the people is, that interfering with the furface of the teeth destroys the enamel, but we also know that this is a popular error.—*G. A. Mills, in Dental Cosmos.*

A Fish Story.

A Boston correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* tells the following remarkable story. The scene is laid in Long Island, where, on the shore of a pond, the correspondent was watching the play of swallows as they skimmed just over the surface of the water shortly before sunset. "About a hundred yards out was a bed of lily pads; and as the swallows skipped it, occasionally a good sized ripple could be seen, and sometimes a break from the edge indicating a fish there. This fastened my attention to the particular place. I have often seen cats play with swallows, swooping at them, but the idea of fish doing the same was something new to me. Presently I saw a clean breach, and a fine large pickerel showed his whole size and got a swallow, too, as he disappeared beneath the water. This I saw repeated several times, and I called the attention of my companions to this novel sight. While we were watching we saw two large fish break at the same swallow, the fish coming from opposite directions, and each head on to each. Both missed the swallow, but singular to relate, only one fish was seen to fall into the water, and neither was seen to pass the other. My companion and myself looked with wonder. There was a great commotion in the water with a continuous spattering, and a boat being handy we jumped in and rowed to the spot, and picked up the largest pond pickerel I ever saw. When we had him in the boat the mystery was solved: the smaller of the fish had, in his eagerness for the swallow, jumped clear down the larger one's throat, and only the tail, to the extent of about an inch, showed. The large fish was completely rent asunder and killed by the catastrophe. Both together weighed 22 pounds.

The Poor Indian.

Very few of our readers probably realize the fact that in this free republic, from which we have abolished slavery, there are 275,000 men and women whom the law does not recognize in any sense as human beings. These are not foreigners nor convicts. The United States Government throws its protection around the person and property of the heathen Chinaman and the murderer escaped from a foreign prison, though neither is an American citizen. Even the poorest field hand, in the old slavery times, had some