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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 20, 1880. No. 46.

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.

BAYNARD'S
WHITE HOUSE
AND BILLIARD SALOON,
186 West Pratt St.,
Adjoining the Maltby House,
fe21y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

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.

WAGNER'S
Green House
RESTAURANT,
No. 190 WEST PRATT STREET.
R. L. WAGNER, J. O. WAGNER, } Baltimore, Md.
fe21y.

SHAW'S
COTTAGE HOTEL
No. 11 North High Street,
Near Balt. st.; one St. East of Shot Tower,
BALTIMORE.
☞ LODGING AND ROOMS furnished in best style.
☞ Only FIFTY CENTS per night.
On European Plan.
mh13y.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

GEO. E. LEARY. ELMER E. LEARY.
GEO. E. LEARY & SON.
Lumber! Lumber!
At LEARY'S FACTORY,
GREY'S INN.
A LARGE STOCK of WHITE PINE, VA. PINE, N. C. PINE, Va. White Oak, ASH and CYPRESS of all qualities and dimensions to suit the trade.
Also,
SHINGLES, LATHS and PALES.
The above mentioned Lumber has been purchased direct from the Mills in the North and South, without the usual expenses of wharfage, inspection, commission, hauling and refreighting, which expenses we will divide with our customers. Or, will deliver wholesale at any point in the river at 5 per ct.

Remanufacturing.
We have just perfected machinery to remanufacture the above Lumber into FLOORING,
Rustic or German SIDING,
Window and Door FRAMES,
CART FELLOES,
SLATS, STANDARDS,
PLOW BEAMS,
and RAILS
or in any desirable shape to suit.
Virgin or Shingle Cypress for FENCING a specialty.
GRAIN ground for feed Wednesdays.
☞ We solicit inspection and will give prompt attention to all orders.
GEO. E. LEARY & SON,
Jan. 3, 1880. GREY'S INN.
P. S.—As we are constantly employed at the Factory and have not the time nor desire to dun, those indebted to us will please call and settle at once.
G. E. LEARY & SON.

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.

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.

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—3t. and 39 others.

Examiners' Notice.
THE undersigned, appointed by the Hon. Board of County Commissioners, Examiners to enter upon the locality and proceed to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires that the
PUBLIC ROAD
leading from the upper end of High St., Chestertown, to Washington College shall be extended to a point on a direct line from Cannon Street,—HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, that they will meet at said point, on
Tuesday, the 6th April next,
at 10 o'clock A. M., and proceed to discharge their duty under a commission issued by said Board.
WILLIAM H. STEWART,
WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
BENJ. F. BECK,
March 6—tm. EXAMINERS.

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

Black Residuum.
This article has been used by a large number of Farmers in Kent county, on corn, in heavy clay lands with uniform success. The verdict of those who have used it is that
It secures a crop of Corn on such lands;
It is the cheapest goods on the market;
It is the most economical goods used;
No other goods approximate it in the profit derived from its use, giving sometimes three-fold as much corn as would be raised without it;
It prevents the insect from troubling corn.
☞ I invite attention to a few certificates and to a list of a few gentlemen who have used it:
Chestertown, Md., Jan. 10, 1880.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: I used your Black Residuum on corn last Spring. The field on which I used it was a heavy clay soil and generally frenches. I am satisfied its use paid me a clear profit of Five Dollars per acre.
Respect'y, THOS. J. VICKERS.

Chestertown, Nov. 16, 1879,
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: I was very much pleased with the Black Residuum I purchased of you last Spring. I used it on heavy clay lands on which I had never before succeeded in getting a crop of corn. It acted like a charm, giving me an excellent crop wherever I put it. I shall want more of it next Spring. It paid me a great deal better than any goods that I have ever used.
Respect'y, R. C. SMYTH.

Chestertown, Nov. 25, 1879.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear sir: You ask me for the result of my experiment with your Black Residuum. In reply, I used the Goods at the rate of about 250 lbs. per acre, costing me per acre $1.70 cts. I left part of my land without applying the goods for the purpose of ascertaining its value to me. * * I find I have made, clear of the loss of the goods, five dollars and eighty cents per acre. Respect'y,
EDWARD SLAUGHTER.

Chestertown, Feb. 11, 1879.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: I used your Black Residuum, mixed with super phosphates, on corn last Spring. I was very much pleased with the result; was troubled scarcely at all with insect, and my corn crop was largely increased. I am satisfied that its use paid me handsomely. Resp'y, J. P. NICHOLSON.

Chestertown, Feb. 25, 1879.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry, the "Residuum" obtained of you, last season, was applied to corn, to prevent frenching, a handful to three hills, with results entirely satisfactory. It is the most economical article I have used for that purpose.
J. W. COREY.

Chestertown, March, 15, 1879.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: I can confidently recommend your Black Residuum for corn on lands that usually French. I have used it for several years and have seen the results of its use in a number of cases, and have never known a hill of corn to french where it was applied. Its low price renders its use very profitable, more so than any goods I have used.
Resp'y yours, SAMUEL BECK.

Millington, Md., Feb. 14, 1879.
Mr. T. W. Eliason, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter received. In regard to the relative merits of your phosphate tried by me on corn, I will say to you that I used it on timothy sod, a piece of land that had been mowed for three years. I gave it a fair trial alongside of ——; also —— of your town. My opinion of the action of the three phosphates is in favor of yours; the corn started off faster, made a better growth all the time, and also had a better color, it being a very black green. * * The fact is, it made more corn and more fodder than where the other two were used. In applying, I mixed the Residuum and phosphate thoroughly together.
Resp'y yours, P. HENDRICKSON.

☞ The following is a list of the names of a few of the many gentlemen who have used it, and to them I beg to refer for further information as to its merits and value:

R. Hynson, Esq.,	John T. Skirven,
Andrew Woodall,	Lewin Usilton,
W. W. Stephens,	John W. Corey,
Rob't Nicholson,	S. Vannort,
Joseph Rasin,	Isaac Parsons,
T. A. Strong,	John Brice,
Geo. R. Beck,	Geo. S. Diehl,
Wm. Ford,	R. J. Lusby,
P. Hendrickson,	W. G. Trew,
Thomas Fowler,	Wm. T. Nicholson,
James Shuster,	Bartus Trew.
Jas. Beck, of Geo.,	

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
mh13-5t. CHESTERTOWN.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS'
NOTICE.
SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the County Commissioners for Kent county, at their office in Chestertown, until
Tuesday, the 23rd inst.,
for the erection of
TWO STONE ABUTMENTS AND REBUILDING BRIDGE AT GOOSE HILL.
Abutments to be two feet thick at bottom and eighteen inches at top, capped with inch white pine boards (sharp roof.) To be twenty-two feet wide—one abutment to have two wings, twelve feet long; the other to have two wings, six feet long. The breast walls to be as high as the road and the wings to be 2½ feet higher than the breast walls. The whole foundation for abutments to rest on a frame foundation of old logs covered with old boards, cut two feet long, laid crosswise the logs.
The BRIDGE is eighteen feet between abutments, and to rest on nine White Oak Joists, 5x20. The sills to rest on a plate on the wall 6x12. The floor to be eighteen feet wide, of two-inch White Oak.
Walls to be laid with cement and sand, in equal quantity, and the work to be done in a substantial manner.
Plan may be seen at this office until the above named day.
Proposals will state the earliest time said work can be completed.
T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk
To County Commissioners Kent Co.
March 6, 1880.

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.

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

ALICE CAREY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all;
Nor for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Nor for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Nor for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge;
Nor for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemed to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the dawn of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We loved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn days
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light;
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
That one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Discouraged.
It is easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and to have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet corner" in all the world, when there are those that would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, many more, who have to buckle on their armor and spend their heart's blood in the daily strife. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends to them fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh! ye whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily potions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

A Beautiful Thought.
How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims and expectations are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, on all earthly objects—that this world with all its pageantry, pomp and powers, is crumbling into dust—that this life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction of another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part who frames his plans with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. She has so blinded the understanding and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit! How little do they know of themselves! The soul is not of the earth and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its "glory changed," it will not always be as a prisoner here. Send it forth if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and, like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

[COMMUNICATED.]
Messrs. Editors:—It was my privilege some time since to hear the act, "Stand up for Jesus," denounced; the argument for the same being, "Does God want your puny help?" It is my belief that He does. Why did God want Moses' help when He gave the commandments to the world? Why did God inspire holy men to write the Bible? Did He not want *their* help? Is it supposed that the Church of England would have translated the Bible into the English language if it had not knew God would sanction the act? It is not through God's ordination that the clergy of the present date "stand up for Jesus," and expound His word. Does He not want *that* help? Of course we know God *can* do without the help of a mortal; but still He does not *wish* to do so. If it had not been for our forefathers the present generation, no doubt, would be in ignorance of a God. Has not God, through the aid of christianity, civilized the world? Is He not to-day, through its aid, civilizing the Orient, Oceanica, and even some parts of *our own* continent? It is not only our *help*, but our example and influence. It was your mother who first taught you to lisp the name of Jesus. Have you forgotten it? No; and it is to-day, no doubt, through her example and influence that you have the privilege and *great honor* of "standing up for Jesus" and proclaiming yourself a "child of God." KYSER.
Galena, March 10, 1880.

THE small boy never wishes he was twins except when two different Sunday School Christmas trees are being held the same evening.

JUDGE LYNCH'S favorite motto: "Westward the swath of hemp-ire takes its sway."

American Girls in Paris.
What is richest and most uncultivated of American girlhood drifts toward the Faubourg St. Germain, and there casts anchor. The American belle, who has not been "raised" in Virginia, or that Athens of the North, Boston, imagines that untitled Europeans are trashy whites. She would give every cent she hopes to inherit from her father in exchange for the right to wear a "Countess' comb."
A notion has somehow taken root in fashionable young ladies' academies in the States that it is felonious for a woman whose husband's nobility is not genuine to have a cornet on her stationary and back-comb. This notion is attended with the happiest consequences for the aristocracy of France, which has been rewarded a thousand-fold by American heiresses and widows for the services rendered to Washington and his confederates. The law re-establishing titles passed under the Empire, is yet in force; but, practically, any one who pleases can make himself or herself noble. Mlle. C—— P——l is a "Baroness" at her place near the source of the Loire. She borrowed the title form the Baron of the Loire who transferred to her his proprietary rights; and, what is more noteworthy, every friend of hers who has since gone on a vssit there assumes during his sojourn the primal owner's name and title. I heard no less a personage than the late Bishop of Orleans lament this desecration of an ancient nobiliary title.
A hemispheric beauty, who can afford to have carriages and horses in her mews, is nearly always, if she is not on the stage, "Madame la Comtese" with her porter and the tradespeople with whom she deals." Nor are instances wanting of women in the monde comme il faut ennobling themselves, though their husbands remain simple bourgeois. I know of a remarkably pretty American, the wife of an artist of talent, the son of a simple miller, who has had "La Comtesse X——" inscribed on her cards.
In point of new blood, that which flows from the United States into the French veins is the best. It has, at least, vigor in it and it goes with cheerful if not refined manners. It also goes with better morals, though some of our fair friends from across the Atlantic soon learn in Paris to do as Paris does.
There are in noble circles here some fearfully objectionable English women. I have met one at a Henri Quinquist celebration, who expressed monarchical sentiments with a Tower Hamlets accent. An heiress, let her be from Chicago, Lambeth or the Barbican, who pays a great sum to a good-for-nothing noble for the right to be called "Madame la Marquise," values her rank according to the money it costs her to obtain it, and to the sacrifice she made in rejecting a suitor with whom she could have lived more happily than with the Marquis. The airs she assumes are taken very seriously by French women who have no coronets to stick on their back-combs and pocket-handkerchiefs; and they have a profundly irritating effect on Parisian bourgeoises, who become too angry to be amused at the absurdity of the ennobled lady's pretensions.

Ordering Meals.
"What shall I get for dinner?" is a common question of the housewife; and as frequently the husband replies, "Get whatever you please." A practical woman writes to an exchange that no one but a perplexed house-mistress can realize the desperation it may cause an harassed woman with a variety of tastes to please and a purse that will not stretch. People talk of clergymen and the strain they undergo, writing one if not two new sermons weekly! Fancy 365 dinners, each different and yet to suit various tastes! And then unlike sermons, our dinners may be critiesised at once, and generally are so, pretty unmercifully too. Besides, daily, it is more convincingly demonstrated that of what he eats a man's prospects depend. And then people talk of the narrowness of woman's domestic work. "The woman tempted me and I did eat," seems as apt an excuse to the Adam of the present day as it did to his forefather in days gone by in the pleasant garden of Eden. We are to be held responsible for most of the ill-temper, ill-health and general failure of our mankind; and then we are scoffed at if we look serious when the dinner question turns up. It is serious. Fancy settling breakfast, dinner and supper in duplicate every day, and providing daily a pleasant change to several fastidious tastes each meal.
The same writer also adds that those who are obliged to depend on "cook," are even worse off. No one who has not tried it knows the worry the daily visit to the kitchen is to many women. As time goes on they, like the proverbial eel, become used to it; but for the first few years of married life, at any rate, there is no doubt it is a kind of daylight nightmare to many wives, whose meals are haunted by visions of its successor, and as to how "cook" can be induced to utilize the remains of the cold mutton, and whether what is left of the fish can re-appear at lunch.

IT DOES MATTER.—Fallacies are very long-lived. We overheard a conversation the other day in which the old delusion came out, as fresh as ever: "After all, it doesn't matter what a man believes so he does right." We passed on our way, wondering if the speaker would be willing to apply his principle to anything except religion. Does it make no difference in a man's business operations whether he believes in honesty or knavery? Does a man worth of the suffrage believe one way and vote another? And shall it be said it makes no difference in a man's character and destiny whether he believes in virtue, goodness and righteousness? Does it have no bearing on a man's daily life to believe he shall reap what he sows. Is there no inspiration to right doing in a firm belief in a holy and merciful God? It is time that the old fallacy which denies this should be rooted out. Thinking, feeling and acting are connecting links in our being. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."—*Golden Rule.*

AN old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

A Ride Through the Air.
Let us try the elevated railway and see what it is like. We will take cars down town and go up to Central Park and perhaps beyond. At the down town station near Trinity Church where the trains start from, we pay for our tickets, and pass out upon the platform. Well, really, this is a railroad in the air in earnest. There are engines standing about, some with steam up ready to start, others running under a pipe to get water. There is a bridge over the water pipe, and on top are men with wheelbarrows, wheeling coal. One opens a trap in the bridge, shoots his barrow-load of coal down the trap, and it falls through a funnel in the top of the cab of the engine. At once the engine moves out of the way to make room for the next. Quick work is essential on a railroad that runs 800 trains in twenty-four hours. Opposite is a switch-house and in it we can see the man who controls all the switches here. See, he has moved a lever, and, up the track, we see the signal-arm move. There is a train coming. The signal says "all clear," and the train comes down, crossing over from one side of the bridge to the other, running up to the side of the platform. Men stand ready to cast off couplings, unfasten the air-pipes for the brakes and loosen the bell rope. The engine moves away to the cooling place, and at the same time another engine backs down and is coupled on; the down passengers have all stepped out, and the up passengers have taken their places and the train is off in less than two minutes. At once an engine rolls up past the platform and takes its place ready for the next train. The arms on the signal posts move up and down and another train comes down to the platform. If the business is very active, one train follows another in about a minute and a half. We'll take a train and go up town. The car is wide, handsome, neatly carpeted and with broad and comfortable seats. The buildings split past on either side and we can look into the second story windows and see the people inside. It's a mere glance for an instant and then it is passed. The people inside do not appear to mind it much. Well, when a railroad train shoots by your window every ninety seconds you can't afford to look at every one of them.
The train pulls up at a station and more people get in, and in less than a minute we are off again. Now we come out on a wide street and we can look through the windows to the street below. There is a blockade there. A truck has broken down on the horse-car track and the cars are stopped in a long line. How lucky that we can fly right over the whole affair, crowd and all, and leave them far behind, while the drivers below are quarrelling as to who shall get out of the way! On we go up town, stopping at station after station, making two more curves and then coming to Sixth avenue. Now we spin along in fine style, and as the road is in the middle of the street we have a good chance to see the shops and sidewalks below. We go in this way for nearly three miles, pass a branch road leading off to the left, and then stop at Fifty-eight street. Here we are at Central Park in twenty minutes from Trinity Church, making twelve stops.

Necessity of Amusement.
There are, even now, some old fogies who would have men and women work from morning till midnight, day after day, week after week, and year after year, without relaxation or amusement of any sort. But just as the man is merging into the machine, and learns to go his rounds like a horse in a bark mill, in a sudden fit of perversity he dies. Just as you get him to believe that riding and fishing, walking and fencing, dancing, attending the theatre or concert-room, in moderation even, is a waste of time, you have to send for the doctor, the undertaker, or the superintendent of a lunatic asylum. The philosophy that would adjure innocent recreation would also take away the spring and youth, the former from the seasons, the latter from human life. The fact is, human nature craves relaxation and excitement, and we are rapidly waking up to the fact. As a people we have been overworking ourselves, for eight or nine generations, and the system is beginning to tell upon us. The careworn look of our citizens exhibits the sad story at a glance—we require more holidays; our recreations are too irregular, too few and far between. We stand in need of invigorating sports and of plenty of healthy amusements. We should be more intellectual even, if we devoted less time and thought to the culture of the intellect; we should become more manysided, less fantastical and should enjoy a healthier old age. Those people who turn their faces against rational amusement had better blot out the sunshine and strip the earth of its flowers. Recreation is essential to perfect health and happiness.

A THOUGHT.

The summer rose the sun has flushed
With crimson glory may be sweet—
'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
Beneath the winds and tempests' feet.
The rose that waves upon its tree,
In life sheds perfume all around;
More sweet the perfume floats to me
Of roses trampled on the ground.
The waving rose, with every breath,
Scents carelessly the summer air—
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare.
It is true beyond our ken,
And yet a truth that all may read—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.
The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of a heart all full of grace,
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the Cross became its vase.
—*Father Ryan.*

"I SEE they have wine at dinner, and I do love it," whispered Mrs. Jones to her rather deaf neighbor, Mrs. Smith, at a dinner party. And the deaf lady unconsciously broke up all friendly relations between Mrs. Jones and the hostess, by saying in a loud tone, "Goodness gracious, Mrs. Jones, I don't know why you should love to whine over such a good dinner as this."—*Oil City Derrick.*

A VERY tedious old actor, whose Hamlet occupied four hours, was once playing the part in a country town, and with plenty of emphasis and no discretion was "lading out" the celebrated soliloquy, "To—be—or—not—to—be," when an irreverent gallery boy called out to him, "Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach."

A Corpse's Freak.
Several days ago Mr. J. McCloud, of Faulkner county, died of rheumatism of the stomach. A large party volunteered to sit up with the corpse, and when night came many sad faces of many sad women and men were seen, sallowed by the mellowing light of tallow candles. The minister came, and entering the room remarked: "Earth to earth and ashes to ashes." The corpse lay on a table covered with a sheet. "He has gone over the road we must all travel," said the minister. A night-bird, with a mournful cry, answered.
A daughter of the deceased came in with an apronful of tea-cakes, which, with a slow shuffle, she distributed around the room. "We should prepare to follow him," said the minister, expletively, blowing cake crumbs toward the corpse as though he wished his words to waft away with winning sweetness. The night-bird again cried out, and the company sat silently, chewing cake.
"I thought I saw the sheet move," said one of the watchers. "See if there is a cat under it."
The company sat still.
"I am confident that the sheet moved," said the man.
The minister arose and lifted the sheet, and standing, he looked at the pallid face of the dead man. The corpse's head left the table. The minister fell back. Stiff, stark and terrible the corpse slowly arose from the table and attained a sitting posture. The legs remained stretched out and the arms remained folded.
The women shrieked and ran from the room, and the minister, reprimanding them for their weakness and want of confidence, climbed a fence and stood in a turnip patch. When the frightened people saw that the corpse did not intend to follow, they went back into the house. The corpse still retained the upright, rigid posture, stiff as the attitude struck by an amateur on the stage.
With fears somewhat allayed, the minister advanced and, placing a hand on the dead man's breast, pressed him backward. Proportionately as his head went down, his heels came up, and when his head touched the board his heels were high in the air. The cause of the dead man's freak was then discovered. The muscles of the stomach, distorted by rheumatism, were contracting. It required the efforts of two men to straighten the corpse. A gentleman who was present declares he never spent such a fearful night, and with Clarence adds: "I would not pass another such night, though 'twere to buy a world of happy days; so full of dismal terror was the time."

Why She Missed the Boat.
San Francisco News-Letter.
She was to meet her adored one on the 9 o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out, when it struck her that she had forgotton to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this, she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lilly-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of blonde must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of black court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign board on a thinly frozen pond. Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bar.

A HAPPY BLIND MAN.—There is no better evidence of how a man of true moral courage can rise above any calamity which befalls him than that which is afforded by Prof. Fawcett, the blind member of the English Parliament. In addressing an audience of blind people lately he told them that when he lost his sight he was determined he would still enjoy the outdoor amusements of which he was so fond. To-day, he says, he can take long walks with a friend, skate for hours at a time, follow the hounds at a good round gallop, and land a salmon almost as dexteriously