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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 27, 1880. No. 47.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

HEADQUARTERS for LIME, HAIR, and Whitewash BRUSHES, at THOMPSON'S, Up town.

Examine & You will buy
OEHM & SON'S
SPRING CLOTHING!
In Preference to All Others for
Style! Durability! Finish! Cheapness!
MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS fitted up with NEW FRESH GOODS, carefully made, and of latest designs, which we sell at REDUCED PRICES; having bought and manufactured our entire Spring Stock before the recent marked advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor.
GREAT BARGAINS in all our Departments.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
☞ Samples and Self-Measurements will be sent free on application.
C. N. OEHM & SON,
Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.
230 W. Pratt Street, } *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*
55 Hanover Street,
March 27, 1880.

Piles! Fissure! Fistula!
DR. A. M. WORTMAN,
128 North Eutaw St., Baltimore.
A RADICAL CURE GUARANTEED OR NO PAY in all the above diseases,
Without the Knife, Ligature, Caustics, Loss of Time, or Pain.
Nearly **600** cases cured in Baltimore and vicinity alone attest its merits, among whom are some of the most eminent men of Maryland.
☞ *Send stamp for 20-page Pamphlet of names, and read the evidence!*
☞ Among the many prominent citizens of Maryland cured under our treatment we need name but the following: Rev. Dr. D. A. Shermer, Rev. Thos. McCormick, Rev. Prof. Geo. S. Grape, Rev. W. F. Ward, Wm. B. Wilson, (of Wilson, Colston & Co., Bankers.)
Rev. Dr. L. W. BATES, one of the most distinguished ministers of the M. P. Church, wrote and published the following editorially in the *Methodist Protestant:*
"Any in need of his (DR. WORTMAN'S) services may employ him without hesitation. From knowledge of his practice for the past two years, I have no doubt that he will cure nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in every thousand. I speak, not only from personal experience, having been cured by him after twenty-two years of suffering, but also from a knowledge of a host of patients who applied to me as a reference. Out of some twenty-five or thirty cases that came under my observation, through this means, he has not failed in one. L. W. BATES."
☞ OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 5. *Consultation FREE.* mh6-y.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

COLEMAN & ROGERS' *Pharmacy,*
AND MINERAL WATER DEPOT,
176 W. BALTO. ST.,
And No. 6 North Ave., BALTIMORE.
PURE DRUGS, Pharmacuetical Preparations, and Natural Mineral Waters, (native and foreign) also
Genuine PERFUMES,
EXTRACTS, COLOGNES,
Soaps, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Hair Brushes, Flesh Brushes, Gloves and Straps, Pomades, Cosmetiques, and Hair Oils of the most Celebrated French, English & Domestic Makers.
☞ You are invited to call and examine our stock. mar13-y.

FREDERICK STALFORT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of New and Second Hand
CARRIAGES,
Jaggers. Wagons. 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.*

"ELECTRIC POLISH"
The best thing you ever used for cleaning gold, silver or plated ware; used by Canfield & Co., Baltimore. Buy a bottle and you will never be without it.
For sale at SPARKS'.

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.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.

'Tis time the wounds were washed and healed,
That the inward motives be revealed;
But now, what'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tones of saintly lore;
Pray if you must in your heart;
But give him a lift—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives them a lift when they are down!

Wedding Days.

From the London Truth.

The wedding day may be the most eventful day of a woman's life, but it is not the happiest, though it is conventionally called so. Nor is it the man's. Both the chief parties to a wedding cut rather awkward figures and play difficult parts on the day when they are made one in the presence of a great concourse of friends, neighbors and indifferent folks. The only brides who can really enjoy a wedding day are those who do not much care for their bridegrooms or who have struggled toward marriage under circumstances which convert their wedding day into splendid personal triumphs. In humbler life when a girl marries a man who is her superior in station, she must experience a moment of exquisite delight when her union is consecrated amid a circle of envious friends.

But to ordinary couples who love each other, and whose match is so well assorted in respect to age, station and fortune that it excites no wonder, the wedding day is certainly a tiresome one. The two young people are impatient to be united, and they glory in the day which is to make them man and wife; but all the formalities of nuptials seem to them tedious. The bride expectant rises in the morning, unrefreshed by a sleepless night and nervous in anticipation of the day's proceedings. A glance at her mirror shows her that she is not looking her best. Correctly speaking, a man has no rights over his bride till the wedding service is over, and consequently has no business to kiss her before strangers, but at court weddings royal bridegrooms settle the difficulty by a compromise, and kiss their brides on the hands. Lucky the bridegrooms who can laugh on a wedding day.

The worst of a dismal bride-groom is that his glum looks may work upon his bride's nerve; and make her cry. There are brides who feel called upon to sob in church, at the breakfast and again at the hour of departing. Anything is better than this. The bridegroom cuts a more miserable figure when he is made to appear as a brute who is carrying off an impressionable maiden against her will, and the bride herself does not shine out to her greatest advantages when she lapses into the melting mood several times over in one day. Some tears are, of course, excusable, and one honest, unpremeditated outburst at the moment when the newly-wedded wife leaves the home where she has been so happy is but a proof of good-heartedness, which the bridegroom should note as a glad augury, seeing that cold-hearted girls do not, as a rule, make warmly attached wives. On the whole, however, let a wedding be mirthful without levity; and, as it is the bridegroom who strikes the keynote of the prevailing sentiment at a wedding, let him clothe his features in serenity.

YOUR OWN INCLINATION.—In choosing an occupation for life, follow your own inclination, if possible. If a boy is intent on being a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant, it is useless to attempt to make a farmer of him. Let him go. The instincts of his nature teach him his position ln life. A close view of the world, however, will soon convince any one that many have mistaken their calling. No matter for that. The man who has failed in his first love would not have been happy had he been thwarted by others in his early choice. To him labor would have been a burden and life a servitude. Consult tenderly with the promising boy—set before him, but not in too highly colored pictures, the advantages and objections to the various vocations of life; then let him carefully select his choice. But press upon him the importance of living honestly, industriously, but to aim higher, with a determination to rise above all competitors in the quality of his work and in the rectitude and virtue of his life. Having done so much, leave the rest to him.

PHILOSOPHERS and politico-economists insist that there is absolute impartiality and evenness in the general arrangement of affairs in our world. If this be not true, it is wise to believe it is so; and yet there occasionally crops out a hard fact that stares that theory completely out of countenance. One of these facts was apparent at a recent ball in Washington, whereat Mrs. Astor, of New York, appeared glittering in the glare of $800,000 worth of diamonds. She wore earrings that cost $50,000 each, and around her valuable neck were three strings on which there were five hundred diamonds of the value of $1,000 each. Besides the diamonds, she wore pearls of great price, and laces and things of fabulous flimsiness, that made up her total value for that evening to over $1,000,000. About that same time there were tens of thousands just as good women as she who were so hungry that they didn't know where to sleep that night. And it is somewhat difficult to see wherein the evenness and impartiality of things is evidenced by such a condition of facts.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave for two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

AT dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of that sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.—*Boston Transcript.*

RECALLING OLD DAYS.

Life at the Jackson "Hermitage"—A Chat with the Widow of Old Hickory's Adopted Son—How she Met her Husband in Philadelphia—A Quiet Life Passing Away—The Aged Servants.

A Nashville (Tenn.) correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: Of all that is now written of General Andrew Jackson—his brilliant military career, his home at the White House and subsequent peaceful life at the Hermitage—very little is said of a quiet life now passing away within its walls. There now dwells an elderly lady, the widow of General Andrew Jackson's adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr. For many years she has been an invalid, and visitors to the Hermitage never catch a glimpse of her and do not know that within the stately edifice is one who participated in the gayeties of the White House, was the constant friend and companion of "Old Hickory," and when he retired to the Hermitage he had prepared for his declining years her hand smoothed his dying pillow. This lady's name is Mrs. Sarah York Jackson, and her life has a history in itself interesting. In early girlhood she was a resident of Philadelphia and has relatives now living there, of whom she constantly speaks.

A CHAT WITH MRS. JACKSON.

In a conversation with her one day I asked her incidentally when and where she met her husband. She smiled at the question as if all the romance of her youth returned to her, and said: "Why, I first met him in Philadelphia, on the street. I was with a lady friend, he with a gentleman. As we passed I turned—it was not exactly the thing for a young lady to do—and looked at him, only to find that he had done the same thing. He called that evening, and so began the acquaintance which ended in our marriage. That was during father's (meaning General Jackson, whom she always speaks of affectionately as 'father') first administration. We went directly to Washington, and the White House was our home as long as father was President." This little reminiscence seemed to brighten the lady not a little. She was seated in a cushioned arm-chair in a rather gloomy looking room, immediately back of the room in which Gen. Jackson died. Her eyes are bright and black, her raven hair showing few silver threads and her complexion retaining its purity, which, in her youthful days, made her a dazzling beauty.

It has always been understood by those who know them best that when the youthful Mrs. Andrew Jackson went to the White House there arose a question as to whom the honor should belong of presiding as lady of the White House. Mrs. Andrew J. Donelson was already in that position and had filled it acceptably and gracefully. General Jackson desired that she should still preside, and the younger lady yielded any claims she might have had.

In my conversation Mrs. Jackson remarked that she first visited the Hermitage before the birth of her eldest son, whom she named Andrew Jackson, and who is now Col. Jackson, the stay and support of her declining years.

"None of your children were born in the White House, I believe, Mrs. Jackson?" "No, they were all—four in number—born here at the Hermitage."

LIFE AT THE HERMITAGE.

When the terms of Jackson expired and he repaired to the Hermitage, Mrs. Jackson, her husband, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and their family constituted the household, afterward increased by the admission into the famtly circle of Mrs. Marion Adams, sister of Mrs. Jackson.

In the course of time General Andrew Jackson passed away and was placed in the mausoleum he had so long before provided for himself by the side of his wife, to whom he was so fondly attached. The years flowed peacefully on, the young people had grown up and many brilliant scenes of gayety awakened the echoes in the building and were reflected in the long mirrors. The marriage of the only daughter of the household, named in honor of the beloved and long-departed wife of Gen. Jackson, Rachel, was an event that broke into long, tranquil years.

Then came the distracting times of the war. Three young men—two of the Jackson sons and one Adams—went into the Confederate service. One only returned, and that was the one now living, Colonel Andrew Jackson. The latter went through the vicissitudes of war with honor, but was, at the close of the same, a prisoner at Camp Chase. While here he first heard, through a chance paragraph in a newspaper, of his father's death. It seemed that while indulging in his favorite pastime of hunting, Andrew Jackson, Jr., had shattered his hand; the wound produced lockjaw and death. Said Col. Jackson: "The day on which I read that paragraph was the blackest, gloomiest one of the whole war. I thought of my sorrow-stricken mother in her lonely home, and myself unable to go to her or help her."

In a few months the unhappy struggle was ended, and Col. Jackson returned to the Hermitage and to his widowed mother. Life now flowed on in a listless way. It had taken on a quiet, subdued tone, shadowed by the newly-made graves in the corner of the garden, only a few steps from the mansion. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Adams, together, were going hand in hand through the remainder of the voyage of life. No bustle and stir of the busy outside world broke in upon them now, either with its cares or its gayeties. From time to time, when the evenings grew long, and they, with Col. Jackson or some of the bright young grandchildren, gathered around the blazing fire, a visit to their relatives in Philadelphia would be discussed. Both ladies desired once more to visit their native city and mingle again with their kinsmen and friends of long ago. The pleasure of the trip would be canvassed, the cost counted up, and alas! the slim purse was always found too attenuated to admit of the expense. Then the bright anticipations would fade, the trip be given up and the humdrum life flow on in its unbroken channel.

But there again came a change in this quiet life, and a sad one. Mrs. Jackson for years had been sustained and cared for by her less feeble sister, Mrs. Adams, but to the latter came a long and serious illness. Slowly she began to recover, and when convalescence seemed certain she met with an accident, causing relapse, and she succumbed to the inevitable. Her death occurred about two and a-half years ago.

After the death of Mrs. Adams Mrs. Jackson's daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, besought her mother to leave the sad Hermitage and make her home with her, but Mrs. Jackson sadly shook her head and said: "No; it will not be for long now!" It would not be long ere she joined those gone before. Here at the loved Hermitage she had passed her days of early motherhood, had heard her children's infant prattlings re-echo through the long hallways and listened to the patter of their young feet in and about the doorways. They have grown to manhood and womanhood beneath that roof, and had passed out from it to the duties of life. All her joys and all her sorrows had been witnessed here, and in its peaceful solitudes she desired her own life to glide away.

THE AGED SERVANTS.

The servants at the Hermitage now are an aged couple—"Gracey" and "Alfred"—and any one visiting there finds them offering themselves as escort to the tomb. Their youth was spent in the service of the Jackson family, and now in their age they do not care to leave it. It is upon this faithful couple that Mrs. Jackson relies for household assistance. Speaking of them she said Gracey had been her own handmaiden, and had been with her during all her married life. She domesticated herself with the Jacksons by marrying Alfred, body-servant of Gen. Jackson, after they came to Tennessee. Mrs. Jackson said: "I do not know what I would do without Gracey. She knows my ways and my needs, she anticipates my every want. She is stout and well, and I do hope that her life will last longer than mine."

Treed By Wolves.

The wolves have been unusually numerous all winter in portions of Elk and McKean counties, Pa., and large numbers of sheep have been killed by them. Heavy rewards having been offered for their extermination, Richard Davidson and Porter Smith, of Jersey Shore, recently started out on a grand wolf hunt. They proceeded to the haunts of the wolves in a light wagon drawn by two horses, and were accompanied by a boy, who insisted on going along. The wagon and horses, with the boy, were left in a deserted stable, and the men constructed platforms in two small trees and arranged ropes so that they could ascend and descend rapidly. The wolves soon made their appearance and four of the pack were shot. They then discovered that by a strange blunder they had left their ammunition in the wagon, and were without either powder or ball. They were thus treed by the wolves, and remained in that situation all night. A small portion of meat seasoned with strychnine was thrown down, which killed one of the ravenous pack. At last a number of the wolves left the trees, and the crack of a revolver soon afterwards indicated that the wolves had found the stable sheltering the boy and the two horses. About sunrise the wolves retreated. The boy was found perched on the roof of the stable, almost dead with cold. One of the horses had been killed and partially eaten, while the other was loose in the stable, but not seriously hurt. The horses had crippled two of the wolves, and they were soon dispatched. Another wolf had been killed by the pistol shot of the boy. The dead carcass of the horse was sprinkled with strychnine, which put an end to four more. Kindling a fire, they partook of breakfast and slept for several hours, taking watch by turns, and about noon started on their return, with the hides and scalps of thirteen wolves, making it pretty certain that the entire pack were destroyed. The adventurers received $130 in bounty, and the skins are worth $50 additional, making a pretty successful trip after paying for the old horse.

LINES

To the Memory of a Beautiful Child, WILLIE HEPBRON.

I knew thee not, and yet I know
Thy face was sweet and fair;
That thy blue eyes, when looking up,
Gave coloring to the air.

Sunbeams entwined thy hair of gold;
It was so soft and bright
That every ringlet gave the stars
A ray to light the night.

I knew thee not, and yet I know
Thy heart was warm and true;
That thou art now in Paradise,
Where skies are ever blue.

Emeralds all the pathways pave,
And through the perfumed air
Are ever floating songs of praise,
For Christ Himself is there.

I knew thee not, and yet I know
Thou art by silvery streams,
And sometimes may an angel be,
To visit us in dreams.

MATILDA CANBY.

LEAP YEAR PARTIES.—"Leap-year gives young ladies a gentleman's privileges in making love." Perhaps it does. But no respectable young man will have anything to do with a young lady who takes a position on the street corner and winks at the gentlemen as they pass by. Nor would it look well for a dozen or more young ladies to loaf around in front of a church an hour and a half Sunday nights, sparring and knocking one another's hats off, and dancing a tra-la-la on the sidewalk in order to kill time until the congregation is dismissed, and then buckle up to a young man and escort him home. Not any!

A PERSONAL DEVIL.—"I believe in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true,"—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid looking woman rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and led him slowly out, and the assembly knew then, for the first time, that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

JONES, who was inveighing against the short-comings of Benson, a Custom House Inspector, was reproved by Brownlow with the charitable remark: "You should not judge Benson so harshly, Jones; put yourself in his place, now"— "That's just what I have been trying to do the last six months," broke in Jones, unthinkingly giving himself away.

Self-Help Illustrated.

A CRIPPLED SAILOR GRADUATES AS A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

Conspicuous among the graduates at the recent commencement of the Maryland University Medical School was Dr. Wm. W. Stevenson, a native of Baltimore, who, at the early age of nine years, was thrown on the world to hew his own fortune. He adopted a seafaring life, and on one of his voyages, in a storm off Cape Horn, fell from the mast and broke both legs in several places. On his return to Baltimore he entered the Maryland University Hospital in such a mutilated condition that his life was despaired of. His condition became so critical that the surgeon determined to amputate one of his injured limbs at the hip-joint, and he was actually placed on the operating-table to undergo the operation, but the surgeon declined to proceed on the ground that the patient would probably die in a few hours, and that it would be cruel to cause him needless pain. Contrary to the surgeon's opinion, by skillful treatment and careful nursing, and especially through the tender care of a sister, his constitution triumphed over his physical infirmities, and he recovered sufficiently to hopple around on crutches. His active spirit could not brook idleness, and accordingly he solicited the vacant position of a wardmaster of the surgical wards, to which he was appointed on probation. His amiable disposition won the friendship and good will of his patients, who voluntarily assumed the labor of keeping the wards in order. He was unremitting in his attention to the sick under his charge, studied the nature and symptoms of their diseases, and strove to ameliorate their sufferings and promote their convalescence. He evinced a decided predilection for surgery, rendering efficient aid to the surgeon whenever an operation was performed, and taking care of the patient afterwards. Wishing to understand the theory as well as the practice of medicine, he employed his spare time in studying anatomy, but experienced great difficulty in mastering technical terms, owing to his lack of a classical training. His tastes for the science of medicine and studious habits attracted the attention of members of the faculty, who urged him to enter the medical school, and adopting their advice, he matriculated in that institution two years ago. He applied himself with unflagging industry to his lectures and studies, and commanded the respect of the professors. He graduated with distinguished honors, being awarded the Miltenberger prize for proficiency in obstetrics, and evincing marked excellence in other branches of medicine and surgery. There is not, probably, another instance on record of a battered, ship-wrecked sailor entering a hospital as a patient and leaving it a promising physician and surgeon.—*Balto. Sun.*

The "Gem," or 13, 14, 15 Puzzle.

The Havre (Md.) *Republican* states that Mr. E. Larkin, Engineer in charge of the Susquehanna Bridge at that place, some years ago was quite a numismatologist, and in his collection, has a coin or more properly speaking, a medal, which he bought some twenty years ago as an "astrologist's coin." The medal itself is of copper, 1 5-8 inches in diameter, and 3-16 in thickness; on one side, crowned and clothed in a gown, with book in hand, is an upright figures, over which appears the word "Jupiter," in plain Roman letters. On the reverse side is a square, sub-divided into sixteen sections, numbered so as to add thirty-four (34) in each direction as per the following plan:

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

The above plan of arrangements, counts thirty-four (34) each way, and it is plainly evident that the party who revived this puzzle, obtained the same from a coin similar to the one in Mr. Larkin's possession. Mr. L. has had the medal in his possession some twenty-five years, during which time it has quietly lain among a lot of other rare coins, consequently has not been abused by handling, and judging from its battered and general appearance, and the fact that Jupeter, the "Supreme God of Heathens," is the principal figure, we take it to be from a coninage of very ancient date. This discovery will revive the interest in the new puzzle, and destroy all claims that have been made of its being of recent invention, and confirms the old adage, "that there is nothing new under the sun."

"That Was My Pot You Tuk."

Father Scully, whose course on the school question is attracting so much attention, says the *Boston Journal*, was chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment during the war, and, as such, was zealous for the moral welfare of the men under his care. He was especially opposed to gambling, and never hesitated about acting vigorously whenever occasion required. One day half a dozen of the officers were having a little game of poker, and, as the "pot" amounted to $9.75, there was great excitement as to who should be the winner. Just as the question was decided, Father Scully sprang in under the tent flap, grabbed the stakes and put them in his breast pocket, with the remark, "There it is, and there it will stay!" No remonstrance was offered, and he walked off with the confiscated currency.

In a little while pay day came round, and the usual collection was taken up for the chaplain. Father Scully was soon informed of the amount, and sat in his tent waiting for it to be brought to him. In a short time the officer who had taken the collection—and he was one of those who had been disturbed at the little game a few day before—approached with the money, which he handed over. The chaplain counted it, and then turned sharply to the messenger with the question: "Where's the other $9.75?" The officer had been waiting for this moment of triumph, and, drawing himself up, he slapped his hands on the breast of his coat and answered: "There it is, and there it'll stay; that was my pot you tuk." And it did stay there.

"HOME, home, sweet home, there is no place like home"—even when it is mortgaged for twice its value.—*Gonzales Enterprise.*