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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.

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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 twenty-five 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.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

LEWIN USILTON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 11th day of January, 1881.

HARRIETT M. USILTON,
JOSEPH R. USILTON,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS BAKER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

CHAS. H. BAKER,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN MASLIN,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of July, 1881: otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

SAMUEL CACY,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES A. MORRIS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

L. M. BEAN,
Jan. 15, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES LAMB,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the twelfth day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of January, 1881.

JAMES T. LAMB,
Jan. 8, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

Ratification Notice.

M. Bannon, Trustee,
versus
Emeline Biddle and Martha M. Biddle.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January 8, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale made and reported by MICHAEL BANNON, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Emeline and Martha M. Biddle, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the eighth day of March, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the eighth day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $14,500.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 8, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Kunigunda Lybold, assignee, &c.,
versus
George W. Lybold and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, October Term, 1880. In Equity sitting.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by Mrs. Kunigunda Lybold, assignee of the mortgage in these proceedings mentioned be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the eighth day of March next.—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published at Chestertown, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the eighth day of February next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $425.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 8, 1881—4t.

Law Cards.

C. T. WESTCOTT,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

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.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. de-tf.

FOR SLEIGH BELLS go to THOS. L. HINES & Co's.

WM. H. LAMBERT & CO.

Have taken the store room lately occupied by SAMUEL MERRITT, and have just opened

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, &c.

to which additions will be made as the needs of their customers may require.

They solicit a liberal share of public patronage.

WM. H. LAMBERT & CO.
Jan. 15—3t.

Read and Remember

—THAT—

JAMES A. SHAW

Has just returned from the city with a large lot of

BOOTS & SHOES,
FURNITURE,

Express Wagons, Leather for half soles, Pump Leather, Shoe Findings, and

Seasonable Goods.

Cigars and Tobacco, all of which will be sold at a very small advance.

Flour by the barrel, sack or pound.

JAMES A. SHAW,
d18. COURT STREET.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

—IN—

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,

&c., &c.,

No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

janly.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.

J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

1881 *WHEATLEY'S* **1881**

UP TOWN GROCERY.

We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a

Full line of GROCERIES

Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.

Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c.

A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar-cured Hams* kept on hand.

Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.

We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.

WHEATLEY BROS.,
jan3. Corner Store, Up Town.

New Goods! New Goods!

And you can buy Goods as Low as the Lowest, at

J. A. PERKINS'.

New Currants, Raisins, Citron, Mince-Meat, Cranberries, Prunes, Nuts of all kinds, Canned Goods, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Candies.

Also, a Fresh supply of PROVISIONS. Canned Tomatoes, String Beans, Peas, Corn, Peaches, Crabs, &c.

The best New York Buckwheat by bag, barrel or pound, at low figures.

Home-made Sausage, Hams, Shoulders, Side Bacon, Pure Cream Cheese, Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Onions, Salt by sack or smaller quantity. Also, Clifton Mills, Pontaxat and Kirkwood Flour, by bag, barrel or pound. Mackerel by barrel or kit, or smaller quantity; Smoked or Salt Herring; Corned Shad, which we sell at close figures.

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

Country Produce wanted for cash or trade.
Dec. 4, 1880.

SPECIAL OPENING

OF

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

SHOES!

I HAVE just received from Phila. the largest and best selected stock of Shoes I have ever before opened. Our stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is strictly FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.

We call special attention to our

Childrens' SOLAR TOP FOR SCHOOL,

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.

We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.

MRS. KATE GILL,
sep18. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

A PAIR OF BOOTS would be a good Christmas gift. Call and see my large stock. T. D. PIERCE,
d18. opp. the Bank.

THE SPARROW IN THE SNOW.

He hopped down cheerily into the snow,
Brave little barefoot Brownie—
As if snow were the warmest thing below,
And as cosey as it is downey!

And his brown little knowing, saucy head,
In a way that was cutely funny,
He jerked to one side, as though he said,
"*I* don't care if it *isn't* funny.

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" he said,
And he winked with his eyes so cherry,
"For somebody's left some crumbs of bread,
So my prospects are not all dreary.

"And what's a cold toe, when I've got a whole suit
Of the cunningest warm brown feathers?
I don't care if I haven't a shoe to my foot,
I'm the bird, sir, for all sorts of weathers.

"*I* don't fly away at the first touch of frost,
Like some of your fine tongued birdies;
I *don't* think everything's ruined and lost
When the wind mutters threatening wordies.

"I *don't* care!" he chirped; "I don't care! I don't care!
It might be a great deal colder;
But I'm a fellow that knows not fear—
Old Winter but makes me bolder!"

Ah, plain little hardy, brown-coat bird!
Through life I'll try to remember
To meet its winters with cheerful word,
Like thee to brave my December.

Interesting Notes of Travel.

GEORGE COLTON AT BETHLEHEM—THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The following interesting notes of travel are extracts from one of Mr. Geo. Colton's charming letters, written by him whilst upon his recent trip through Europe and the East:

A RACE WITHOUT A BEGGAR.

Then, casting my eyes eastward, the Mount of Olives loomed up in the distance, and across the valley of Jehosaphat, quietly resting upon its slope, was the burying-place of the Jews. Their grave-stones, instead of being upright, were lying flat upon the ground, and looked as if some mighty tempest had passed over them, and leveled them to the earth; but these flat stones mark the resting place of many of their sires, and it is to this spot, more sacred to them than any other on earth, that the Israelite, wherever he may be, turns his longing heart, and hopes at last in this spot to lay his bones when the great battle of life shall be ended. And, speaking of the Jews, I want to say just here that in all my travels and that among the thousands of beggars I have encountered, I have never yet seen a Jew beggar. There is a great deal of poverty among them in Jerusalem, but they are cared for by the contributions from foreign synagogues and donations from wealthy men abroad. They don't beg. It was Friday, and I knew I should never have another opportunity to see the Jews in their wailing-place, and I determined to go. So, passing up several streets, we entered at last a narrow court, with high walls, just back of the temple, where a large number of the descendants of those who called themselves "God's chosen people," had congregated. I was very much disappointed in them. I had pictured to myself a crowd of careless, ill-clad, dirty creatures met together for the purpose of attracting sympathy and receiving alms; but instead, I saw before me venerable patriarchs with flowing beards, dressed in their silken gowns, young men nicely attired, and elderly women and young maidens, too, all neatly dressed and clean, whose appearance indicated that they belonged to the better part of their society. I took my seat against the wall and watched their proceedings with much interest. There was no attempt at display, and as I saw them kiss the wall of the temple and heard their cries and lamentations, and saw the tears that were coursing their way down their manly cheeks, I would as soon have doubted the sincerity of my own Christian friends as to have doubted them. They would read what seemed to be portions of Scripture taken from the Prophet Jeremiah, and then I would hear them exclaim, "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" in such affecting tones that my heart was drawn out in sympathy for them.

THE SINCERITY OF RELIGION.

I remained for a considerable time watching them, and the grief of the women was at times so intense that one of the leaders would gently lay his hands upon them and lead them away. The spectacle had quite unnerved me, and my mind was filled with strange and conflicting thoughts, and I wanted to be left to myself that I might collect my ideas. It was quite late in the afternoon, and I hurried the party on, and dismounting at the hotel I passed out the Jaffa gate and took a seat in the shade formed by a projecting rock, and there, far away from the busy throng, I felt that I might commune freely with my own heart. For many years I had been trying to divest myself of everything like religious sectarianism, and my travels during the pas six months had strengthened my purpose, and I felt that I could cover with the mantle of charity all the imperfections of our weak humanity. I had seen the Turk at Constantinople drop his merchandise in the midst of a sale that might have yielded him handsome profits; turn his face towards Mecca, bow, drop and press his forehead to the ground and for more than half an hour engage in solemn prayer regardless of the giddy crowd by which he was surrounded; and this he did five times a day. And for what? Is it mockery? Not so! He does it believing it to be his religious duty and that it will appease the wrath of his offended God and entitle him at last to a resting place on high. I have seen the Jews performing their religious devotions in their synagogues, believing as sincerely that Shiloh has not yet come, but that He assuredly will come as a mighty prince and restore to them their beloved and lost inheritance, as sincerely as we do that Christ has come into the world and died—the just for the unjust—that He might bring us to God.

And then there passed before my mind the other numerous Christian denominations, many of whom had sealed their faith with their precious blood, and all of whom I believed to be honest and sincere; and like travelers bound for the same city yet reaching it by different ways, so they, while professing different articles of faith and pronouncing different ecclesiastical shibboleths, are all trying to reach the same city above, whose founder and builder is the living God. While thus musing the following passage of Holy Writ came into my mind: "God is no respecter of persons, but in every land and in every nation they that love Him and keep His commandments are accepted of Him." And how thankful I felt that we were to be judged by this impartial Being, whose ways are not as man's ways, who looks at deeds and not at creeds, and who regards actions and not professions. How long I might have remained thus I know not, had not the braying of the camels and the stamping of the donkeys' feet, mingled with the shouts of the noisy Arabs who were putting their beasts away for the night, aroused me from my revery. When I arose the sun was just going down behind the mountains of Benjamin, and its last lingering rays were gilding the tower of David and lighting up the far-off Mount of Olives. I returned within the city's walls a wiser, I am sure, and, I trust, a better man.

EN ROUTE FOR BETHLEHEM.

Our arrangements fer the trip being completed, we set out from Jerusalem one morning for Hebron, taking the road to Bethlehem, passing through the valley of Baphalm to Rachel's tomb. No one familiar with the Scriptures and acquainted with the geography of this country can doubt for a moment that Rachel's tomb has remaided undisturbed, at least its interior, since the day it was erected, and everything points to its location with unmistakable exactness. The sacred history tells us that when Samuel annointed Saul to be king of Israel, Saul was in search of his father's asses; and Samuel told him he should find two men by Rachel's sepulchre at Zebar who would tell him all about the beasts he was in search of—I Samuel, 10th chapter, 1st and 2d verses. Rachel died in childbirth when Benjamin was born, and here Jacob buried her, and it has been her tomb to this day. The tomb is rather plain-looking, but in its size quite imposing, being nearly nine feet in height and probably from ten to twelve feet in length. Before you reach this spot, however, your guide will point you out the convent of Elijah and will tell you that the spot on which it stands is the identical spot where the juniper tree stood, under which the old prophet rested when he fled from the threatened wrath of Jezebel. The good book, however, tells us that Elijah went from Beersheba a day's journey into the wilderness, which would take him many miles in another direction. And speaking of Elijah, have you ever thought with all his goodness and virtue how egotistical he was? You remember that when the word of the Lord came to him in the cave saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" he replied that the children of Israel had forsaken their covenants, thrown down their altars and slain the prophets with the sword, and that he, he only, was left. The Almighty not caring to rebuke him then, preferring to break it to him in a milder form, after showing him mighty displays of His power asked him the same question the second time, and received the same answer. It was then that He told him among other things that he should annoint Elisha, the son of Shaphat, to be prophet in his stead, as if to show him he had not forgotten his egotism, said that there were still left in Israel seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal or kissed him with their lips, (I Kings, XIX, XVIII.) There are plenty of people living now who, like Elijah, think they are the only Christians, while all others have forgotten their covenants and gone astray. But enough of this and on to Hebron. By continuing his journey, the traveler late in the afternoon reaches Hebron, which he finds to be rather a modern city, and apart from its being the burial place of many of the faithful in the cave of Machpelar—where Abraham and Sarah were buried; where Jacob and Esau lived, and which for seven years of David's reign was his royal abode—I repeat but for that and a few other associations, it would have but few attractions even to the Christian. The country around Hebron is quite fertile, and the town is situated on the slopes of Mamre. And this is "Hebron, in the land of Canaan."

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF CHRISTIANITY.

By making an early start from Hebron—say four o'clock—and moving at a steady gait, you reach Bethlehem by eleven. The town can be seen some distance off, and sits like a crown upon the distant hill, which has a gradual rise nearly all the way from Rachel's tomb. The grounds around Bethlehem are very productive, and the city, as it rests upon the ridge of the hill, presents a very favorable appearance. The majority of the people are Christians, and the women go with unveiled faces, and some of them are quite good-looking. It is astonishing how rapidly they develop; many of them marry at eleven and become mothers at twelve years of age, and if they remain single until they are fifteen they are placed upon the old maid' list. When we reached Bethlehem we went immediately to the Latin convent, where we were very kindly received by the Monk in charge; but when we told him we only wanted the use of his dining-room, having our provisions with us he seemed mortified and disappointed, and said that he certainly expected the three travelers to dine with him. I told him I could not think of taxing his liberality to that extent, but it should be all the same, and when we placed in his hand a piece of gold coin his eyes sparkled with delight, and he seemed to be perfectly at ease. After lunch we went with him to the Church of the Nativity, and saw the same sight that had mortified us so at Jerusalem—I mean the Mahommedan soldiers guarding the church with muskets and drawn swords. The Chapel of the Nativity is 40 feet long and brilliantly lighted up with thirty silver lamps that are never suffered to go out. The floor is inlaid with precious stones, and you will be pointed out the exact birthplace, which is signified by a slab of white marble set around with jasper, in the centre of which is a silver sun, with the following inscription: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est.*" You will also be shown where the Star in the East that directed the wise men rested, as also the room used as a study by St. Jerome when he translated the Bible in Latin; also the place where he was buried. Notwithstanding the many miraculous stories told in relation to this country, I have not the slightest doubt about this being the place where the Saviour was born and of which it was said: "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea." Tradition for centuries has handed it down as the spot that brought into the world Him who spake as never man spake. The sacred records concerning Bethlehem and its environs are deeply interesting; the home of Ruth, the residence of Boaz, the native place of David, and the place where began the wailing of the mothers whose innocent children had been so cruelly slain. When the Christian visits this country, with all its sacred associations fresh, as it were in his memory, and looks upon all the sacred things, the plains of the shepherds, where they saw the glorious light and heard the joyous anthems proclaiming the birth of the Saviour, what other place on earth can compare with this?

We saw in the streets of Bethlehem several parties of Arabs playing checkers. They would seat themselves in the hot sun, and mark off their boards in the sand, and one would take smooth stones for his men, while the other would use olive berries. I watched them for some time. They made their moves with as much caution as if they had made it a mathematical study. They seemed delighted at the interest I seemed to take, and soon challenged me for a game. But I had other and more important business on hand, and therefore declined the invitation.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see thro' those same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole-hill seems a mountain,
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's trials,
Every one has cares and trials,
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather,
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

The Lamb Merchant

A soldier in the Duke of York's army, many years ago, lost his right arm and one leg in battle while fighting in Holland.

Of coure he had to be sent home when he couldn't fight any longer, and this home was a small but cosy cottage near London.

In it were a wife and four children, who welcomed the crippled soldier with tears of thankfulness that his *life* had been spared.

They were all too young to go out to work. He could he earn bread to fill these little mouths?

All at once a bright thought struck him. He was a Scotchman, and remembered seeing, when a boy, thousands of sheep and lambs that covered his native hills, and this may have put the idea of lamb-making into his head.

The children could make the lambs and he would sell them.

It *was* a bright thought—for soon this poor lame soldier was a very hero in the children's eyes.

The stamping of his wooden leg was listened for and hailed with delight by the little ones in every town and village round London.

As soon as they heard his welcome cry—

"Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I'd not come here with lambs to sell!
Dolly and Molly, Richard and Nell,
Buy my young lambs, and I'll use you well!"

they would crowd round his well-filled basket with their pennies and pull out the fleecy "little darlings," and think that every tiny face, as they sorted them over, was the prettiest.

Fifty years ago the little boys and girls had very few dolls and toys—and some of them you would think very homely, no doubt—so it was no wonder that these lambs made by the lame soldier's children found a ready sale among the little folks.

They were made of snowy white cotton-wool spangled all over with Dutch gilt. The head was made of flour paste, moulded into the prettiest faces—just like a *real* lamb—and you know how pretty they are. There were two jet black spots for eyes; and the horns and legs were made of twisted shining tin. For a collar, a piece of pink tape tied in a bow.

The lambs were only two cents apiece, so it was no wonder, indeed, the lamb business increased until both mother and children were busy all the time, and the lame soldier became a famous lamb merchant through all the south of England.

He made a comfortable living for his dear ones in the straw-thatched cottage, though the nimble little fingers helped to make this happy home for father and mother.—*Youth's Companion.*

GIRLS, if there is one thing more than any other that holds the young men of our day back from matrimonial ventures, it is the disheartening spectacle so often presented to them of your own dear papa and mamma walking into church glorified respectively by a $12 ulster and $30 bonnet. That's what scares the boys.

"WELL, you are the brightest goose I ever saw!" exclaimed Jones to the partner of his joys and sorrows. And Mrs. Jones smiled upon him with a seraphic smile as she remarked, "Oh, Jones, you are such a self-forgetful darling."—*Boston Transcript.*

THIS is a nation of 50,000,000 people, and yet one little darkey with sore ears has kicked up a fuss which has made his name more familiar than that of any Vice-President we ever had.—*Free Press.*

"IN an angry instant a man may do what a lifetime of repentance cannot undo," says Henry Ward Beecher. True, Mr. Beecher, he may break an egg.—*Boston Post.*

TRIAL OF HENRY A. WEST, THE MILLINGTON "CONFIDENCE" MAN.

HE TELLS HIS STORY IN COURT WITH A BRASSY BRAZENNESS UNSURPASSED.

The trial of Henry A. West, on an indictment for the larceny of $109.25 from Mrs. Julia Power, wife of Dr. E. J. Power, of Millington, last October, was commenced in the Criminal Court of Baltimore city on Thursday of last week and concluded the following day with a verdict of not guity. The following account of the trial is taken from the Baltimore Sun, from which it appears that considerable latitude was allowed by the Court for the prisoner to display his "talents:"

"Mrs. Power, Miss Ida Hughes and Miss Florence Power, witnesses, had seats within the bar railing. State's Attorney Kerr conducted the prosecution and Geo. Cramer the defense. West, who sat in the prisoner's dock, is a smooth-spoken, good-looking, rather well-dressed man, of medium height and inclined to stoutness. He has a glossy black beard and mustache and looked about forty years old.

"It is said he got into the good graces of the people where he lived by his musical tastes in the choir. Mrs. Power testified to a slight acquaintance with West in Millington; to coming to Baltimore with her children and Miss Hughes during the October celebration, and West's coming to their boarding-house. She took out some money for shopping, and counted out $109.25, on the piano in the parlor, intending to purchase a government bond with it. They all went out together to make purchases in stores and get the bond. West offered his services, politely taking charge of her satchel, and, having possession of the money, he disappeared on the street. About five weeks afterwards he was arrested in Washington and lodged in jail here, where he has remained to this time.

"The testimony of Miss Hughes, Miss Florence Power daughter of Dr. Power, and his son, a lad about ten years old, was in general confirmatory.

"An effort was made to introduce for the defense the fact that letters had been written by Mrs. Power showing hostility and malice to West, but she denied writing such letters, and only a simple letter of inquiry by her about West was given in evidence. A juryman thought she had testified to writing other letters, but on being recalled she said she had not.

Detective Freeburger testified that Mrs. Power came to his office and made complaint of the larceny.

West, on the stand, took over an hour to tell his story to the jury. He wandered pretty nearly all over creation, gave a comparative estimate of the manufacturing activity of Manchester and Millington, small towns in Maryland, a dissertation on bonds, interest, and the unexampled credit of the government of this country, with a few criticisms on the fair sex, frequent compliments being thrown in to himself as a ladies' man, and a figure of mark bound to create a sensation in his best suit on the streets of a small town. He said he came from New York, having served an apprenticeship of seven years at French clock and watchmaking and repairing of musical boxes and sewing machines. He always spoke of his "profession," never calling it his trade. He went first to Lancaster county, Pa., but found them so far advanced there in his profession that his chances of successful competition looked small. He therefore went to Manchester, Carroll county, Md., but left after a three days' stay, not finding it at all like its English namesake as a place of great business, cigars being the only noteworthy manufacture he was able to find in three days' experience and little money passed about. Millington seemed more attractive as a place of business enterprise. In Manchester his landlady, a former Baltimore lady, had great store of solid silver, and many ladies had gold watches, but though he had free access all about the house, there were no complaints of him. He spent six weeks in Millington, with two weeks at Cape May in midsummer. The first Sunday evening he went to church and so impressed the ladies that the next day one of the most charming belles in the town came to the little place where he carried on his profession to get some jewelry repaired, and told him how much a young lady who sat behind him admired West. [Laughter.] He offered her his professional card, saying he had no other means of introduction, and the young lady gave him her address on a piece of paper and invited him to call. He did so, dressed in a very attractive manner, and when he and the young lady in her best clothes promenaded the town all the inhabitants opened their doors and windows to gaze upon the pair. [Great laughter in court.] He was sick soon after, and received five bouquets in one afternoon. [Renewed laughter.] His physician was Dr. Power, whom he praised as a good doctor and a gentleman. He said he was fond of good company and fond of young ladies. His only fault was to fight the faro bank, and that was why he went to a small town, he said. He was very minute, and even told how the young belle brought a brass watch to him to have fixed, for which he charged one dollar. He met a young lady from Queen Anne's who was very lively and entertaining, and invited him to visit her at her home. He forget to mention that when he was sick Dr. Power gave him the largest pills he ever saw to take every two hours, and he was reduced from 174 pounds weight so that he could not make a shadow. He finally came to the point and said while with Mrs. Power and her party on the street he was suddenly seized with the bank-fighting disease and went off to Washington city. At a place he knew well, Edward Jones & Bros.'s, he lost all his money, and pawned his coat and other clothes. He then tried to get the detectives to get his money back, which the chief said he could do or break the bank, but he did neither. He then gave himself up.

The jury came into court at ten minutes before four o'clock P. M., Friday afternoon, saying they had not agreed. The foreman, Mr. Joun Morehead, asked the court if the jury could ask for information on a question of law. Judge Pinckney said, certainly. The foreman said there was a difference in the minds of the jury as to when an act of larceny was committed—whether at the taking of the money or at the conversion of the money? The judge replied, that the jury are the judges of the law as well as of the facts in the case, but it is their privilege and their right to ask the court to enlighten them, and it was the right—indeed the duty—of the court to instruct them on questions of doubt as to the law, but also to tell the jury that they were not bound by the instructions of the court. The point is a clear one, and there need be no hesitation about it. "The larceny, the felonious intent, must be at the time of the taking." The jury were about to retire, when State's Attorney Kerr, apparently not satisfied with the answer of the court, began a remark in expression of his view of the law, when the court said: "I have answered the inquiry of the jury. If you have any question to propose, I will answer it, but it is too late to argue the case."

The jury retired, and in ten minutes returned with a verdict of not guilty.

West, who appeared quite self-possessed, walked out of the prisoner's box with head erect, while the bailiffs thundered "Silence!" and made the only noise.

The State's Attorney claimed on the trial that to constitute larceny it was not necessary that the accused should have gotten possession of the article originally; that the taking with intent to convert the property to a person's own use and going off with it was larceny. Mrs. Power testified that the money was taken without her consent, but West said she gave into his possession to purchase the bond for her, and while thus in possession of it the faro-bank fighting spirit carried him away.

The Agony of Getting Up.

"The greatest trial in the life of a Southern farmer boy is getting up summer mornings," remarked a gentleman as he sat with a party of friends. When I was a boy the voice of my father, calling me mornings, struck terror to the core of my heart. Just about daylight, in that hazy time of day when you can gape into paradize, the old gentleman would step to the foot of the stairs and call:

"John, oh John!"

"Y-e-e-s, sir."

"Get up. Broad daylight. Get up and feed the horses while your mother is getting a bite to eat. Hurry up. We must finish that corn before it rains. Are you coming?"

No answer.

"John."

"Y-e-e-s sir."

"Are you coming?"

"Yes sir."

Who could get up at such a time? Who could break a spell born of heaven? Another stretch. The refreshing air comes through the window. How delightful. A winking struggle between consciousness and delightful oblivion. A gentle doze. I dream that I am up. I go out to the stable and begin putting the gears on my horse. In tying the band string I lift the horse from the ground. He goes up in the air, and catching hold of the ham-string I float with the animal out of the door and around the lot.

"Git out of this bed, sir," and my father grasps me.

"I—I thought I was up. I'll get up."

"Get right up here," and he hands me my pants. I take hold of them. My eyes are so very heavy that I can't see. I feel strange. I seem to be coming from the spring with a bucket of water.

"Put on them breeches, I tell you. Well, if he hasn't gone to sleep trying to put on his clothes?"

Finally, I put on the pants and reach for my jacket. Hurry up, says the old gentleman, turning from the door to see how well the work is progressing. I sit on the side of the bed and begin putting on my socks. The old man has gone down. I pull on one sock and lean my head against the bedpost. I lose all presence of mind. Again I doze.

"Whack, whack, whack."

"I'm up. Oh, dog-gon-it, I'm up. I won't do it any more. Oh, oo-ugh."

"Come on, this minute, sir."

Everything is clear. I am wide awake. I hear the steaming tea-kettle as I pass the kitchen door, and even whistle as I cut oats for the horses. I suppose that nearly every Southern boy whose parents were not wealthy has gone through a similar experience.

Prudent Yankee Constable.

Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

Very promptly—"Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keerful, a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution of four dollars against the old widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house, and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks one at a time round the house pooty much all day; and every time he catched a duck he'd set right down and ring his neck and charged mileage; and his milage 'mounted to more than the debt. Nothing mean about it as I know, but I always thought after that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

A NORFOLK, VA., youth knocked a girl down with a brick and broke three of her ribs because she wouldn't marry him. As a "striking" case of love this takes the prize.

"MR. JONES, father wants to borrow your paper. He only wants to read it." "Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it."

MODESTY of opinion is a very becoming virtue. There is an old and true saying that nobody but the fool is always right.

A BOOK agent was found the other day who had the cheek to try to sell a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to a blind man.

THE man who spends too much of time building castles in the air is not likely to hold much real estate on this earth.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

PROF. VON SCHWEINHUND STRUCK WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CAN'T GET HOME—HIS THEORY EXPLODED BY A POLICEMAN'S DISCOVERY.

The recent remarkable experience of Prof. Von Schweinhund, of the Milwaukee Polytecnic Institute, promised at one time to be of great interest to all philosophers, and especially to electricians.—Although this promise was not fulfilled, it is nevertheless true that the experience in question was quite unprecedented, and deserves the attention of all thinking men.

On the night of the 21st of December, Prof. Von Schweinhund was spending the evening with a number of friends at the residence of —— Smith, Esq., discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned in connection with Milwaukee beer.

At about 1 o'clock A. M. it occurred to him that Mrs. Von Schweinhund would be uneasy at his prolonged absence from home, and would undoubtedly sit up for him and welcome him with an energetic tongue in an exceedingly warm manner. He therefore took a final glass of beer, put on his capacious ulster, and bade the company farewell.

The night was exceedingly cold, and the pavement was unusually active in its motions. This, together with a weakness in the Professor's legs due to a severe cold in the head, led him to pause by a convenient lamp-post to collect his scattered thoughts. He rested for several minutes, unbuttoned his ulster to look at his watch, buttoned it up again, and summoning his energies prepared to resume his walk. To his great alarm he found that he could not move from the spot! An unseen and unknown force held him tight to the iron lamp-post, and his most frantic efforts could not enable him to release himself.

His first impression was that he had been tied to the lamp-post by thieves while resting himself, but he could not discover the slightest trace of any rope, and was thus compelled to abandon the hypothesis. Soon he began to feel a strange sensation of something very cold in the region of his breast and abdomen. It was clear to him that a cold current was running from his breast-bone downward, and, being a profound philosopher, he reasoned that, as he felt this current in front, it must really be in active operation somewhere else, and was, undoubtedly running down his spinal column.

After deep meditation, he suddenly remembered that he had heard that certain streets in Milwaukee were soon to be lighted by the electric light. He looked upward at the lamp above his head, and saw that it was not only extremely bright but that it seemed to be divided into three or four separate lamps. He now comprehended the mystery of his imprisonment. The lamp-post to which he was fastened was evidently one of those to which the electric light had been applied. The electric current passing through the iron lamp-post had beeen switched off by the attraction of his spinal column, and was flowing through him, producing the sensation of extreme cold, and fastening him with a force of several tons to the lamp-post.

The horror of his situation now clearly stared Prof. Von Schweinhund in the face. He saw that not only would he be held to the lamp-post until some one should come to his assistance and turn off the electric current, but that in all probability the electricity would gradually disintegrate his spinal marrow, and thus either kill him outright or reduce him to a miserable, spineless, gelatinous wreck. Moreover, he feared that the cold produced by the current would affect his heart, and by disturbing his circulation bring about a fatal result. In these circumstances he lifted up his voice and howled for help, but the silence of the midnight streets remained unbroken except by his agonized voice.

About 2 o'clock