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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 ines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each ubsequent 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 subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ARAMINTA W. SKIRVEN,
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 16th day of August, 1881, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.

JAMES A. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 5, 1881—4t. Exec'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

SAMUEL L. BELL,
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 16th day of August, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.

JAMES P. CAROTHERS,
Feb. 5, 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 d. b. n. c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
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 26th day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of January, 1881.

AUG. L. VANNORT,
Jan. 29—4t. Adm'r d.b.n.c.t.a.

Ratification Notice.

Edward Crew and others,
versus
James R. Crew and others.

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

ORDERED that the resale made and reported by JAS. A. PEARCE, Trustee for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings of this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the seventh day of April, 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 seventh day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1200.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Feb. 5, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the Sale of the Real Estate of John Mitchell, (colored,) made and reported by CHAS. C. STRONG, Collector of Taxes for 1878, for the Fifth Election District of Kent County.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with; it is this seventeenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by this Court, that the sale made and reported by Charles C. Strong, collector of Taxes for 1878, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the First day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County aforesaid, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the first day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of Henry Clarkson's heirs, made by THOS. C. MASLIN, collector of Taxes for 1879, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law having been complied with, it is this seventeenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by the Court that the sale made and reported by Thomas C. Maslin, collector of Taxes for the year 1879, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks on or before the First day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of Henry Clarkson's heirs, made and reported by CHAS. C. STRONG, collector of Taxes for the years 1877 and 1878 respectively, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE Report of Sale and proceedings in the aforegoing case having been read and considered, and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with, it is this nineteenth day of January, 1881, thereupon ordered by the Court that the sale made and reported by Chas. C. Strong, collector of Taxes for 1877 and 1878, respectively, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the second day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks on or before the first day of March next.

JOS. A. WICKES.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 22, 1881—4t.

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS a Specialty.
oc23. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

TOULSON'S PHARMACY

Fresh Drugs,
MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
FANCY ARTICLES, &c.

I HAVE now in stock a full supply of Fresh Drugs, which have been obtained from only first-class dealers, and which may be relied upon as of best character.

The PRESCRIPTION Department is complete in every particular. Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and dispatch, (being under my own personal supervision) and in most improved pharmaceutical manner, from English, French and American drugs, at the very lowest possible figures.

PATENT MEDICINES of every description furnished at short notice.

A Full Line of Fancy Articles.
CHOICE PERFUMERY
in great variety.

☞ I can suit both Old and Young in SPECTACLES and EYEGLASSES, of very superior PEBBLE GLASS.

School Books, Stationery, &c.
at the lowest prices.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO!
Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars. Gravely Tobacco, &c., &c.

A trial is respectfully solicited. I am determined to spare no effort to please all who favor me with their patronage.

M. A. TOULSON,
feb5. Bordley's Corner.

For the New Year

GOOD GOODS at LOWEST PRICES!

J. H. SIMPERS,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, FLANNELS, KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Skirts, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES!
BOOTS and SHOES!

A SPECIALTY—at Lowest Prices.

Hats and Caps,
Carpets and Oil Cloths.

GROCERIES:—Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, &c.

Full Stock! Lowest Cash Prices!

☞ Be sure to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
Jan. 22, 1881. J. H. SIMPERS.

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.
jan1y.

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.

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 GOOD TIME-PIECE is a pleasure in any family. Keeps the men folks in a good humor, because meals are always ready. If you need one the best place to buy cheap is at SPARKS',
oc9. opposite Court House.

GARDNER PERFORATED CHAIR SEATS.
Cheap at
LOUIS K. STAM'S,
apr3. *Furniture Store.*

CENTENNIAL and VICTOR COOK STOVES, acknowledged to be the best Cook Stove in the market. For sale by
oc23. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

Written for the Kent News.

"I WILL."

As you stood at the altar fair girl, last night,
And uttered the life-binding "I will,"
Did you think as you whispered it soft and low,
That it meant for *good* or for *ill?*

Not for a day, or a month, or a year,
But so long as you both may live;
And in saying "I will" you have pledged your life;
What greater gift *could* you give?

Have pledged your love, your life, your trust,
To one who may prove untrue,
Who may break the heart he has wooed and won,
And leave you your folly to rue?

All this I thought as you trustingly stood,
With your idol by your side;
And I prayed that God might keep you as bright
As you seemed that hour in your pride.

Prayed that the one who had won your love,
And the depth of your woman's trust;
The one who had promised to "cherish and love"
Might always be loyal and just.

So that when the snows of age shall dim
The eyes that are now so bright;
They may find the hearts as warm and true
And as light as they seemed last night.

Cling to each other, to God, and to right,
That the union may not be for ill;
And after years may find no regrets
For the night that you whispered "I will."

ALICE.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

COL. WM. H. SPARKS—PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF EVERY PRESIDENT BUT WASHINGTON—JEFFERSON, MADISON AND STORY—SECESSION IN 1820.

Atlanta (Ga.) Correspondence of the Phila. Times.

ATLANTA (GA.) JANUARY, 1881.

Almost any day, sunny or wintry, there can be seen on the streets of Atlanta a short, thickset, sturdy old gentleman, bearing erectly on unusually broad shoulders an immense head, surmounted with a crown of white hair. A trifle reserved, holding himself like a gentleman and man of affairs, with ruddy face and quick, penetrating eye, holding a stout cane in his hand, less for support than in deference to an old habit of the Southwest, the stranger who sees him unusually inquires of some one for his name. Any bystander will inform the inquirer that it is "Colonel W. H. Sparks, an old veteran, who has known more distinguished people than any man living." I do not think there is so remarkable a link between the past and present to be found anywhere. Colonel Sparks is not a centenarian, being only about eighty-three, and he has none of the querulous weakness or vagueness of old age. He is still good for a ten mile tramp; is a decisive and brilliant talker and altogether a compact, vigorous old gentleman. He has been prominent in politics and society all his life, and as legislator, writer and wit has been famous for more than half a century throughout the West and Southwest. He has known personally every President since Washington and has the most entertaining gossip about each of them. He was the intimate of Henry Clay, Prentiss, Crawford and most of their contemporaries; sat opposite Aaron Burr at the table for three months; heard the story of the execution of Andre from the lips of the man who superintended it; heard all the small talk of the meeting of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from the mouth of John Adams, and is, in short, a perfect treasury of gossip and personal history.

Your correspondent asked him this morning if it was true that he had been personally acquainted with every President of the United States, except Washington.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I have had the acquaintance of every man who occupied the Presidential chair since George Washington left it; the friendship and confidence of most of them—certainly of the greatest of them."

"Where did you meet John Adams? He must have died when you were very young."

"There is a story connected with that. I was at Cambridge with three young Southern chums. We were discussing the best way to spend our Fourth of July and determined to spend it with Ex-President Adams. I wrote a letter soliciting the privilege of calling on him and destroyed a quire or two of paper in forming the request. Mr. Adams replied that he would be happy to see us and instructed us to stop at a certain hotel in Boston. As soon as we were registered the landlady informed us that Mr. Adams' carriage was awaiting us. At the door we found his coach, drawn by four horses and equipped with great pomp. We were rapidly driven to his home, where he welcomed us cordially, being touched, I think, at the respect shown him by Southerners. He gave us a most graphic account of the signing of the declaration and the election of Washington as commander-in-chief. While we were with him he received the first of those letters from Jefferson that led to the correspondence between them. He read it to us and said: 'This is the finest letter ever written by an octogenarian.'"

"Did you know Jefferson intimately?"

"I knew him well. I was once traveling through Virginia with a young friend and stopped at a small tavern. As we were sitting in the tap-room four distinguished-looking men passed up stairs and entered a small room. I inquired as to who they were and were told that they were Ex-Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Chief Justice Marshal and ——. I at once determined to see them and knocked at the door of their room. Mr. Jefferson came to the door, and I stated that we were Georgians who desired to pay our respects to himself and his friends. He took us cordially by the hand and introduced us to the company. Mr. Madison was sitting in a corner, with his head tied up in a handkerchief, and merely grunted when we were presented. We soon secured attention, as we had just left Washington and bore to these distinguished men the first news they had of the Missouri Compromise. When we left, after an hour's stay, Mr. Jefferson followed us to the door. He took our hands in his and bending his head foward—it was as flat as a board on top—said: 'Go home, young gentlemen, and prepare to devote your talents and your lives to the service of your country. This Compromise has only scotched the snake, not killed it, and it will yet tear this country asunder. The South will need your services.' How prophetic were these words. I have since given the lives of my sons to the service he then dictated to me."

"Was there much open talk of secession then?"

"Let me tell you of a scene in Mr. Crawford's room just prior to the passage of that compromise. Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia was then the most powerful man in Washington. His rooms were the redezvous of a band of lofty and ardent spirits, such as Loudes, Calhoun, Clay, Troup, Randolph, Forsyth. He would have been the candidate of his party to succeed Madison had he not declined to oppose Mr. Monroe. He was sent to France as Minister to succeed Mr. Livingstone, who was hard of hearing. Crawford could not speak French, and Napoleon said after his reception: 'America has sent me two Senators, one of whom was deaf and the other dumb.' On the night I speak of there was a meeting at Crawford's rooms to discuss the Missouri question. Mr. Holmes, of Maine, was present. Mr. Crawford was lying, as he was wont, on a sofa. Addressing the Southern men present he told them that if they held slavery of more importance than the Union the time had come for them to secede, but if they held the Union of more importance than slavery they must go home and begin gradual emancipation. He added that the slave States were strong enough then to go in peace and preserve their institutions, but that they could never hope to maintain slavery in the Union." At this Mr. Randolph jumped up and said:

"Then let us go, and at once. Mr. Clay will be here to-morrow. I have not spoken to the fellow for years, but I will go to him to-morrow and beg him to go to his people and urge them to quit the Union. I will go and urge mine to do the same, and I will follow his leadership to the last."

"Can Mr. Randolph be in earnest?" asked Mr. Holmes, of Maine.

"Intensely so," replied Mr. Crawford, "and the course of your people, Mr. Holmes', are forcing Mr. Randolph's views upon the people of the whole South."

The next day Mr. Clay arrived from the West. The greatest anxiety was felt as to his course. His influence was tremendous, and the West especially was training under his lead. I shall never forget the scene when Mr. Clay entered the House the next morning. He was dressed in a suit of spotless black, and, pale and majestic, he walked down the aisle with the slouching stride of a racehorse. By an involuntary movement every member rose to his feet, in courtesy to the great man. Mr. Randolph stepped into the aisle to meet him. When Clay saw him he seemed to grow a foot in length, but his face never lost its tranquility. Mr. Randolph was much excited and said: "Good morning, Mr. Clay."

Mr. Clay bowed politely. Randolph then went on excitedly:

"I have a duty to perform. So have you, sir. Leave your seat here as I will leave mine. Tell your people as I will tell mine, that the time has come when, if they would save themselves from ruin and preserve the liberties for which their father's bled, they must leave these people of the North. Do this, sir; although I never did before, I will follow your lead in the effort to save our people."

Mr. Clay listened quietly and without apparent surprise. When Randolph had concluded he said, without raising his voice:

"What you propose, Mr. Randolph, requires more than momentary consideration," and passed on. In a few days his famous speech on the compromise was made, and the trouble passed over for the time.

"President Jackson was a remarkable man. Did you know him well?"

"I did. I married the daughter of Abner Green, at whose house Jackson's wife lived while she was awating her divorce. I and she and our child spent the night with Jackson at the White House. I remember that there was in the corner of the fire-place a box full of corn-cob pipes, out of which the stems protruded. I asked the President why he was so fond of corn-cob pipes. He replied: "For the simple reason that they burn out before they begin to stink."

Col. Sparks was eloquent in his praise of "Old Hickory," and developed two points that are interesting and new. Said he: "It is not at all certain that Jackson was born in South Carolina; indeed, the special proof seems to go to show that he was born in Ireland. Judge Alexander Porter, of Louisiana, was an Irishman, and his parents lived in the neighborhood of where Jackson's parents lived. He visited Europe shortly before his death, and made dilligent inquiry into the history of the Jacksons, and learned enough to satisfy him that Andrew was born in Ireland and brought to America when two years old. Judge McNary, who had investigated, held the same opinion, and always contended that Jackson was four years older than he thought he was."

He says further: "Jackson once told me of the advice his mother—a little dumpy, red-headed Irish woman—gave him when he left for the last time. 'Andy,' she says, "you are going into a wild and strange country and among rough people. Never tell a lie, nor take what ain't your own, nor sue anybody for slander or assault and battery. Always settle their case yourself."

"Jackson was a negro trader, despite the proof to the contrary made by his friends. He had a small store at Brainsburg, in Caliborn county. At this trading point he received the negroes sent to him by his partner and sold them to the neighborhood and into Louisiana. I have now several bills of sale of negroes signed by Jackson, in which his signature runs clear across the page. He quit negro trading because he sold an unsound negro into Louisiana and had to stand a loss on him. He and his partner quarrelled in adjusting this loss and he quit the business."

"Were you acquainted with any intimate friends of Washington?"

"I knew intimately the man who knew him perhaps better than any other man ever did—Colonel Ben Talmage, who was Washington's favorite aide. The circumstances under which I knew him were interesting. I passed the old gentleman one day as he was mending his gate. I raised my hat and bowed profoundly, He was struck with my evident respect and asked Reeve who I was and why I had been so respectful. I replied: 'Say to him that I could never walk into the presence of a man who has had the confidence of the great Washington with my hat on my head.' This reply pleased him so much that it gained me a place at his fireside."

"He was full of reminiscences of Washington?"

"Oh, yes; and very entertaining it was to hear him talk familiarly of the Father of his Country. He said that no character in history had been so consistent as Washington's. He was stern, slow, reserved and cold. Even Hamilton, whom he loved and trusted above all men, never ventured upon the slightest intimacy. I never saw General Washington laugh and only once or twice did I ever see him smile. I never saw him exhibit the slightest surprize or impatience. I was with him when he received information of Arnold's treachery, and he received it as impassively as if it were an orderly's report. Of all the officers of the army Greene was his favorite, and he was right—for Greene was a superior military man to Washington. I heard Washington say that Greene was the only man who could retrieve the mistakes of Gates and save the Southern country. Mrs. Washington was less amiable than her husband. She always remembered that she was wealthy when she married Washington, and she never let him forget it. One of Washington's strongest points was the quickness with which he read men. He mistrusted Burr from the very first, and was rarely deceived in men." In this strain I have heard Col. Talmage talk of Washington by the hour. And let me remark here that I have known many women who knew Washington. I never yet saw one that liked him. Gov. Wolcott told me that he heard Mrs. Adams say she never believed that Washington had been "more than polite to Mrs. Washington."

"Was this Talmage the same who superintended the execution of Andre?"

"Yes, sir; and I have heard him tell of that sad affair a score of times, and always with tears. It was he who begged Washington to at least allow Andre to die a soldier's death." Said he: "The saddest duty I have ever had to perform was communicating his refusal to Andre. He saw my embarrassment and feeling as I approached, and rising said, "I thank you, Colonel, for the interest you have taken in my case, but I see that it has proved of no avail; yet I am none the less grateful." He paused a moment and said, "It is hard to die—and to die thus. I have only a short time, which I must employ in writing to my family. Shall I see you to-morrow, or is this our last?" I told him it had been made my duty to superintend his execution. "We will part then at the grave," he said, covering his face with his hands sank sobbing into his chair. When we met at the scene of execution the next morning, he asked me to secure his watch which had been taken from him at headquarters, and send it to his family. I made him the promise, but never secured the watch. As he saw his grave a shudder ran through his frame and he said: "I am to be buried there. One word, Colonel; mark it, so that my friends may find it when this cruel conflict shall have ended." These were the last words he ever spoke to me. He pressed my hand, turned and ascended the scaffold with unfaltering steps. In a few moments all was over. Many a time have I heard Colonel Talmage tell this story, and a precious privilege I esteemed it to hear from the lips of the man who had superintended it the story of the execution of Andre."

"Who is the most eloquent man that you ever heard?"

"I have heard nearly every prominent man that has figured in American history, and never heard any man to equal S. S. Prentiss. He and I were close friends for years, and up to his death. His speech in Faneuil Hall was the grandest effort ever made in that body perhaps. A venerable Judge, of New Jersey, told me a strange story concerning Prentiss' powers. He said:

"I never believed any living man could enchain my attentiou for three hours, as he is said to have done the audience in Faneuil Hall, so I took the first chance of hearing him. I found an enormous crowd gathered and was unable to get a seat. As he began to speak I took out my watch to note the time. The first words that he uttered attracted my attention. There was something in his eye that startled me, and the words came bubbling up so full of power, eloquence and originality, that I found myself enthralled. His flights of passion were so heart-searching and superb that I find it impossible to take my eyes from his face. At one time I remember I felt as if I should faint under the intense feeling he produced. I forgot the presence of the crowd—I forgot my seventy years of age, although I was standing—and when at last, his physical powers failing under the enormous pressure they were subjected to, I found that I was still holding in my hand the watch that I had taken out three hours and fifteen minutes before. My attention had been so completely absorbed that I had failed to return it to my pocket. At my side stood an old man—a minister of the Gospel. He was livid with excitement, ahd his lips trembled as he said: "Will you ever doubt again that God inspires man?"

"Did you hear Prentiss speak often?"

"Frequently. The greatest speech I ever heard him make was in a courtroom. It was in the prosecution of a prominent man for fraud. Prentiss spoke for hours, producing the most wonderful effect. I returned from the court room with him, and remarked that his conversation flagged. He said at last, "I was never so much fatigued. I feel as if I did not have an idea in my head."

"You have poured out enough to-day to empty any head," I remarked.

"And yet," he said, "I have made a signal failure. I exhausted my quiver in the effort to pierce that man's armor, and reach his vitals, but his integuments were proof against my shafts and I have failed."

"Failed! Why, you made the most powerful and telling speech of your life."

"Yes, upon the audience perhaps, but not on the victim—he escapes uncrushed. I care nothing for the crack of the rifle if the bullet flies wide of its mark. I wanted to reach his heart and crush it to remorse and confession—but I have learned that his obtusity is superior to my invective."

This was Prentiss' way. He had a terrible and earnest purpose in his oratory. Poor fellow. His greatness was his ruin. His genius burned so fiercely that it wore his system away, and created the demand for artificial stimulants. The mere fact that liquors ruined one man like Prentiss is sufficient to have it banished entirely from the world. He said to me once: "The great mistake of my life was in leaving my Northern home. There home influences might have restrained me, before this fearful habit got hold upon me." Prentiss was a chivalric man in the highest sense of the word. He and H. S. Foote had a bitter feud, that at last culminated in a duel, in which Foote was wounded. A short time afterwards Prentiss was with some friends in Cincinnati, and a toadying fellow sought to curry faver with Prentiss by abusing Foote. At last he went so far as to denounce him as a dog. At this Prentiss turned sharply on him and said: "Stop, sir! You shall not abuse Mr. Foote in my presence. If he is a dog he is our dog and he shall not be abused."

But space fails for a further recital of the reminiscences of Colonel Sparks. I have only written down a tithe of the graphic and entertaining things he told me, and he only drew casually upon his enormous fund of personal information. He has embodied much of the gossip and history of the century in a charming book called, "The Memories of Fifty Years," but when he dies there will perish with him more information concerning the great men of this country than was ever before locked up in the heart of any one man.

ROUGH!

While passing by the old horse trough
I heard a hacking hollow cough,
And, turning, met my neighbor Gough.

The wind was blowing raw and rough;
Said I, "Old fellow, rather tough?"
"Ah yes," wheezed he, 'tis tough enough!"

He limped along perhaps a block,
Then said, "Sharp pains afflict my hough;
Would I were by some sunny lough,

"Or managing the well-yoked plough
Or resting 'neath the rustling bough,
Lulled by the gently murmuring sough.

"But vain are all these wishes, though,"
Quoth he in accents sad and low;
"Alas, I fear my cake is dough!"

With pain I heard my old friend through,
And when at last we bade adieu
I felt his fears would soon prove true.

STORIES OF CARD PLAYING.

Many strange stories are told of card-playing. Hone, in his "Every-Day Book," gives an account of a child being played for at cards at Durham in 1735. The parents wagered it against the modest stake of four shillings, and it was won by the opposite side. A quaint little book, published in 1796, and entitled "The Amusements of Clergymen," has a good deal to say about cards. The title of this work is somewhat misleading, as it alludes to most "amusements" only to prove them unlawful, at least for the ideal pastor. Not only are cards, hunting and theatre-going prohibited but the generally considered innocent recreations of fishing, chess and music are equally interdicted. In fact, the "amusements befitting a pious clergyman" resolve themselves into gardening for an outdoor, and shuttlecock for an indoor, amusement; the worthy author strongly commending this childish game as one that "gives us good exercise, makes us cheerful, doesn't empty our pockets, and requires little skill to learn. Respect the man who invented shuttlecock." As might be expected, this writer is very severe on cards. He denies their utility, even as a means of amusement for the sick or aged, enforcing this opinion by the anecdote of an old lady, who, having "lost the use of her speech and both of her hands by a paralytic affliction," was advised by her doctors to play whist for her amusement. A friend sorted and held the cards before her and the patient nodded at the one she wished played; but it unfortunately happened that these signals were occasionally misunderstood, which "threw the old lady into such fits of fury that she derived injury rather than good from this prescription." Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," tells a ghastly story of another old lady whose passion for cards was such that she played them even on her death-bed; and, expiring before the conclusion of the game, her partner took her cards, and the players finished the rubber before calling for assistance.

According to Scottish superstition, Glamis Castle incloses a band of yet more inveterate gamesters—a certain wicked earl and his associates, who, four centuries ago, being remonstrated with by a pious chaplain, swore that they "would continue card-playing to the end of the world." The legend states that the room in which they sat immediately sank under the castle, and there the gamblers play still, the rattle of the dice and the voices of the gamesters being audible on stormy nights.

The love of cards still exists in Russia. An old number of *All The Year Round* gives an amusing anecdote of a Russian priest who was so devoted to this amusement that he played up to the last moment before commencing the Church services. On one occasion, having a particularly good hand dealt him, he thrust the cards into his pocket, intending to return and finish the game after the service. Unluckily the cards fell out on the church floor, to the extreme scandal of the congregation. The witty priest, however, was fully equal to the occasion. At the conclusion of the service he beckoned up one of the choristers and asked him the names of several of the cards, which the boy knew correctly. He then suddenly asked the lad the name of the next saint's day, which the child could not tell. Then cried the priest, turning to the congregation, "you teach your children the names of every card in the pack and leave them ignorant of their religion. Let this be the last time I am compelled to bring playing-cards into the church to shame you," and picking up his hand he made an honorable retreat.

THE man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a cambric needle into a millpond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

PUTTING it neatly. Said the little pet of the household on her last birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma; but—I've been hoping it would be twins."—*Peck's Sun.*

HUGGED BY A BEAR.

The Keystone State's Female Hunter Entering Bruin's Lair—She is About to Carry Away a Pair of Cubs When Attacked—A Terrific Slide Down a Hill.

A dispatch from Damascus, Wayne county, Pa., says: Lottie Merrill, the female hunter of this section, has just had another adventure worthy of record and one which came so near costing her her life she will probably in the future never resume her masculine sport. A few days ago, just after the great sleet storm which swept over the country, Lottie determined to go deer hunting. Donning her snow shoes she started to cross Drig Swamp, a dense mass of scrub oak and laurel. When she had reached the centre of the marsh she discovered the footprints of a very large bear on the crust. She followed the trail out of the swamp for about two miles, when she discovered the den which the animal inhabited. Entering the den she found two little cubs on a bed of leaves in one corner. They were about the size of kittens and were easily captured. Lottie was just emerging from the cave when she was met by

AN IMMENSE SHE BEAR.

The bear had heard the cubs yell, and was making all possible speed to rescue them. Before Lottie could draw her rifle to her shoulder the animal was upon her, and, grasping her in her paws, gave her such a terrible squeeze that she fainted, when the bear, thinking her dead, released her grip. She fortunately regained consciousness quickly, and while the old bear was playing with her cubs, the plucky hunter drew her rifle and shot her in the side. The bullet did not strike the animal's heart, and as the brute dashed at her again Lottie drew her hunting-knife and with one bold stroke nearly severed the bear's head from the body. Lottie was just congratulating herself on her successful escape, when the dead bear's mate made his appearance. Lottie's rifle was unloaded and she was totally unprepared for a second encounter, but determined to "fight it out." The struggle was a long one. Fortunately the young lady was not encumbered in her motions by petticoats, for in all her hunting expeditions she has worn

PANTALOONS OF DOESKIN,

with a long blouse. When, finally, Lottie thought the bear was dead, she stooped over to cut his throat, and the animal, with one stroke of his monstrous paw, tore the clothing almost completely from her body. During the protracted struggle the bear had reached the edge of a cliff fully a hundred feet high and sloping at an angle of more than forty-five degrees down to the Wallinpaupack creek. As the animal grabbed Lottie he commenced sliding on the slippery crust down this almost perpendicular slope. Lottie was carried with him, and every foot of distance traversed added to their velocity. When the reached the foot of the slope they struck against a tree, completely killing the bear and breaking two of Lottie's ribs, her left arm and one of her limbs. She managed, however, to crawl about a mile to a house, where she received medical treatment. The first bear killed weighed when dressed 403 pounds, and the male one 484 pounds. Lottie, who is improving slowly, has the cubs in her possession, but she says it will be some time before she will take another expedition of this kind.

Longstreet and the Sultan.

Mr. Gleaves, of the United States Navy, describes, in a letter to a relative in Nashville, Tenn., the ceremonial attending the presentation of Gen. Longstreet's credentials to the Sultan. "When," he says, "an officer announced that the Sultan was ready, the minister, escorted by a pasha on each side, and the rest of us falling in an order resembling that in which the animals are said to have entered the ark, passed out of the room, up the grand staircase, between files of rigid officers, 'all gleaming,' like Byron's Assyrians, 'in purple and gold.' Crossing a large saloon, handsomely upholstered and ornamented with a glittering chandelier, we bowed ourselves over the threshhold of the audience room and stood silent in presence of Sultan Abdul Hamid II., at present the most talked of, and from his political and religious surroundings, the most interesting monarch of all Europe. General Longstreet was first presented, and made the conventional speech, which was interpreted by the minister of foreign affairs, a shabby, stupid old fellow, enveloped in gold embroidery. The address was very happy and charmingly delivered. The truth is, we are all in love with the old soldier, and feel very proud of America's representative. He was the finest looking man at the palace and the most finished courtier could not have borne himself better. After handing the Sultan the credentials Mr. Heap was presented, and then the officers in order according to their rank. Each one having stepped up and made his bow backed off. When the audience was over all backed out of his presence. Several officers of the palace were present during the interview, and stood in a fixed line on his right. The audience chamber was large, but quite plain; there were a few landscapes in oil and a persian carpet in brilliant colors, but the gem of the room was a superb rug of satin, on the edge of which the Sultan stood. Having retired to the waiting room we were presented to Osman Pacha, the hero of Plevna, now grand marshal of the palace, and to the minister of foreign affairs. Sherbert was served and cigarettes. Soon an invitation came down from the Sultan inviting the ministers and officers to dine next day on the admiral's ironclad. Soon afterward we left the palace. Such was the presentation at the imperial court.

A TUTOR of a college, lecturing a young man on the irregularities of his conduct, added with great pathos: "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hair's in sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig."

THE average woman does not pretend to believe half she reads or what her neighbors tell her. It is only when she whacks up a dollar to a clairvoyant that she expects to get the real old solid gospel truth.—*Free Press.*

A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION.

Several nights ago Rev. Mr. Mulbury, Presbyterian minister, and Rev. Mr. Sassafras Swing, Methodist circuit rider, stopped at a hotel in Little Rock. The two men had held union meetings together and were friends. They agreed to occupy the same room, and when they had been "shown up" a pleasant conversation on the general welfare of the Church was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Mulbury.

"Yes," said Brother Sassafras Swing, placing his feet on the round of the chair, and beginning the work of removing his shoe, "it is good the preachers of different denominations talk to each other."

"It advances the cause," replied Mr. Mulbury. "It moves the Gospel car with more celerity for ministers to exchange ideas."

"Mr. Mulbury, why is it you al'ers say ministers? You ain't ashamed of preacher, are you?"

"I say minister becausc it is correct. I was taught at college to speak correctly, and I intend to do so."

"Peter, the fisherman, didn't have no such foolishness."

"No, and Peter could not present the Gospel so eloquently and feelingly as Paul."

"Paul might have had more book larnen, but when you struck him on the subject of horse sense, Peter was the captain. I have said it many and many a time, and I expect to say it many times more, that I'm glad that I never rubbed my back agin a college wall."

"That's intended as a fling at me," said Mr. Mulbury, emphatically. "Anybody could discover the fact in a moment, Mr. Swing, that you never rubbed your head against a college wall."

"I can preach all around you, all the same."

"You couldn't preach a genuine sermon to save your life."

"Well, I'll just bet you 1,500 bundles of fodder and a young heifer that I can preach the socks right offen you. And don't you forget it, I've rid a circuit too long to be bullrigged by a school-house topknot."

Mr. Mulbury's face flushed. He looked at his companion for a moment, arose and said:

"I dislike to use violent language, but allow me to say that you are an ignorant old liar."

Brother Sassafras Swing sprang to his feet, kicked his shoes out of the way, shoved up his sleeves and exclaimed: "I didn't want no truck with you, but you've raised my bile. Cut your capers."

The two men dived at each other. Mr. Mulbury jammed his thumb in Swing's eye and exclaimed: "He that hath eyes to see let him see." Mr. Swing reached around, caught Mulbury's ear between his teeth and muttered: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

The porter heard the racket, rushed into the room and attempted to separate the men, but Swing bit him on the leg. Finally the clerk and two drummers rushed in and dragged the men into the hall.

"The uneducated brute!" panted Mr. Mulbury.

"The school-house topknot!" puffed Brother Sassafras Swing. "I can fan the tecks offen him any time." It has been considered better not to take the case into court.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

That's All.

A small, dapper, bilious-looking man, with little eyes, long nose, and a pointed chin, rushed into a wholesale book store on Court avenue, Des Moines, Iowa, recently, and asked one of the clerks if they had a book entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor." The clerk, who was very obliging, as all clerks in that store are, began to look for the desired article. He went over every shelf where it was likely to be, but could not find it upon any of them. Then he went down in the basement—the bilious-looking man following him—and dove down to the bottom of several boxes of books that had been laid by for want of a demand for them, scoured the shelves, searched the drawers, but found it not. Then he went up to the second floor and resumed his search among more old books, unpacking several boxes, and overturning a large quantity of goods. He was about to give up the search, and told the man he didn't believe the book was in the store. But the man said he wished he would find it if possible; so the clerk went up into the third story and prowled again for half an