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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. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881. No. 4.

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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.

JOHN C. SUTTON

AGENT FOR

THE OSBORNE

Self-Binding

HARVESTER.

SAME MACHINE USES EITHER

Twine or Wire.

Six Years of Unexampled SUCCESS.

Binds Tighter—Ties a Firmer Knot—Less Complicated—Less Liable to get Out of Order than

ANY OTHER BINDER.

It SAVES all your Grain.
Cuts LODGED as well as standing grain.
Saves Hiring and Feeding Poor Binders.
It needs no Compresser; therefore does away with that much machinery.
No extra "tomfoolery" machinery.
Cuts a Wider Swath—6, 7 or 8 ft.—Take your choice,

AND REMEMBER

There are MORE OSBORNE BINDERS at work on the Peninsula than all others combined.

Have worked longer and GIVEN BETTER SATISFACTION.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Have a FULL LINE OF EXTRAS.

John C. Sutton,

Has at Locust Grove Station EXTRAS and MACHINES, and

HIMROD,

THE OLDEST BINDER MAN ON THE EASTERN SHORE,

to help you through the Harvest.
April 30, 1881—tf.

FOR the HARVEST Of 1881.

I OFFER THE BOYCE IMPROVED

Self Rake Reaper

It is the lightest and we believe the most durable and desirable Reaper made. For proof of this come see sample Machine.

THE "SHELDON"

Hay and Grain Rake

which I have been selling for the last three years, is the best Rake on the market. As I can only get Fifteen of them this season, those in want had better send in their orders at once. For proof that the Sheldon is the best rake out, ask
J. A. Miller, A. Hurlock,
J. H. Hossinger, J. W. Skirven,
S. J. Roseberry, W. D. Carter,
T. S. Wilson, J. A. Toulson,
W. S. Bowers, S. F. Cooper,
W. S. Thompson, Jas. Burch.

Will be glad to answer all letters of inquiry and happy to have my friends and the public call on me at my office.
Office Hours from sunrise to 9 P. M.

WM. HEPBRON.
LYNCH'S, May 14, 1881—3t.

C. M. LUCAS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.

Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable

JEWELRY,

consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.

Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meridan Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

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.
jaly.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

There is nothing more useful about a house than a CARPET STRETCHER. Call and secure one.
apr30. T. L. HINES & CO.

WM. LEA & SONS and C. A. Gambrill & Co's Best Grades of FLOUR. For sale by
oc2 T. W. ELIASON, JR.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.
s8ep1

Wake Up! Cheer Up!

GOOD TIMES ARE COMING!

IT HAS COME TO MY NOTICE that many people of this town and vicinty are purchasing their Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Bags, &c., in Baltimore, Philadeliphia and other towns.

In order to Keep the Trade in Chestertown,

so that Chestertowners may save their time and money, I shall hold out for the future

Greater Inducements than Ever Before!

And convince ALL and everybody who wish to buy that I will sell all of the above named goods at **LOWER PRICES** than Baltimore, Philadelphia or any other town, for the following reasons:

1st.—I **Manufacture every article myself,** and so save a profit of at least 15 per cent. to manufacturers, which I can give to my customers.
2nd.—I buy and sell **directly for Cash,** and can sell cheaper than those who buy on long credit.
3rd.—My expenses are very small, not half as much as in Phil'a or Baltimore.
4th.—I have several stores, and buy large quantities for less money than those who buy in small lots.
5th.—I carry as large a stock to select from as stores in Philadelphia and Baltimore, or any large city, and UNDERSELL THEM.
6th.—I can afford to sell cheap, because I am satisfied with a small profit.
7th.—I GUARANTEE every article as it is represented, or no sale.

☞ I respectfully invite everybody to call and examine, at the

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

UNDER THE OLD MASONIC HALL,
Main Street, Chestertown, Md.
May 28, 1881.

Look for the Best!

You'll find them by calling ON

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WE CLAIM to make as good

Cultivator Teeth

AS CAN BE MADE. We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.

BUY OUR

Iron-Frame Cultivators.

They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

☞ The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. Jacobs,	Abraham Hurlock,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	Wm. H. Stewart,
Geo. W. Davis,	Thos. J. Vickers,
S. J. Roseberry,	Thos. J. Tucker,
S. A. Merritt,	W. F. Massey.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 7, 1881. Chestertown.

HYLAND & CO'S
CELEBRATED
IRON FRAME
CULTIVATORS!

THESE celebrated CULTIVATORS, made by HYLAND & CO., are surpassed by no other manufactured in this country. Our *CULTIVATOR TEETH* are a new style FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH that has ever been introduced in this county. They can be used with either wood or iron frames. They are made of the very best *Polished Saw Steel*, and are sold for less money than any other make of tooth. The plates are reversable and the shanks stationary.

They can be had at our shop in Galena or Chestertown.

Persons wanting *NEW REAPERS*, or needing old Reapers and Mowers repaired will please bring them in early, as we sell low. For testimonials we refer to the following named gentlemen:

B. F. Sappington,	Henry W. Carvill,
V. Hendrickson,	A. Hurlock,
Wm. Ford,	G. W. T. Perkins,
J. Ambruster,	E. F. C. Perkins,
G. H. Watts,	J. P. Hendrickson,
Samuel Cacy,	R. H. Corbaley,
R. C. Johnson,	Jos. W. Peacock,
Andrew Woodall,	Henry J. Gray,
and many others in Kent, and	
Wm. Knight,	Duncan Veazey,
Wm. Ward,	of Cecil county.

☞ We are also selling the justly celebrated *WALTER A. WOOD'S TWINE BINDER.* Farmers will please give us an early call.

W. A. HYLAND & CO.
May 14, 1881.

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,
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

WOOD! WOOD!

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks. WILLIAM PERKINS.

Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown,
Aug. 30—tf.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER, the best in the market, for sale by
d18. WHEATLEY BROS., up town.

T. J. McWHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL
LIME, PHOSPHATES.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;

J. J. Turner & Co.'s

FERTILIZERS,

which are the best in the market.

☞ They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7-1m. MILLINGTON.

For Spring and Summer!

Just Received March 3, 1881,

A Large Lot of

SHOES

for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.

Give me a call.

JAMES A. SHAW,
mb5. COURT STREET.

Spring 1881!

JUST OPENED AT THE
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
OF

MRS. KATE GILL,

A Fine Spring Stock of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

SHOES!

This stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.

We call special attention to our

Children's School Shoes,
Ladies' Fine Gaiters,

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

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,
mh19. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

CHESTERTOWN

Marble Yard

W. REGISTER,
MARBLE CUTTER,
CHESTERTOWN,

Is prepared to make MARBLE MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES, of any pattern, and warranted not to fade after put in place.

He flatters himself that his work and prices offer extra inducements to persons wanting anything in his line.

Call and examine specimens of work at his Yard near the Market House.

April 9, 1881—6m.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.

FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, HILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,,

will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

LAWN RAKES and MAGIC HOES, just received and for sale by
May 7. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
Store House and Dwelling,
IN GALENA.

BY virtue of authority contained in a mortgage from George W. Sutton to the Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent county, Maryland, dated May 25, 1875, and recorded in Liber D. C. B., No. 1, folio 390, &c., the undersigned, attorney named in said mortgage, will offer at Public Sale at Pennington's Hotel, in Galena, Kent county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, June 11, 1881

At 11 o'clock A. M., the

Store House and Dwelling

of George W. Sutton, situated in Galena, on the eastern side of the public road leading to Georgetown, adjoining the property of W. A. Hyland, & containing

ONE-HALF OF AN ACRE, more or less.

THE BUILDING

is almost new and conveniently fitted as a Store House and Dwelling, under one roof and with a Cellar. The Store Room, with Shed and Cellar, is ample and convenient. The Dwelling has two rooms on first floor and five rooms on second floor.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half the purchase money cash on day of sale, and the balance in six and twelve months, with interest from day of sale; credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with approved security. Purchaser to pay for deed.

JAMES A. PEARCE, ATT'Y
named in the Mortgage.
G. W. JACOBY, Auct'r. my14-ts.

SUMMER GOODS
AT
J. H. SIMPERS'.

DRY GOODS.—DRESS GOODS, Linens, Lawns, Percales, White Goods, Muslins, Prints, Table Damask, Cassimere, Cottonades, &c.

NOTIONS.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, TOWELS, Collars, Cravats, Fancy Soap, Combs, Brushes,
Hamburg Edgings and Inserting, Swiss Embroidery, &c.

Shoes! Shoes!

Ladies' & Misses' Kid fox'd But. Gaiters.
" " " Peb. But. Gaiters.
" " " Kid Button, Lace and
Fancy Strap Slippers; Men's and Boys' Gaiters, Calf English Ties & Plow Shoes. Shoes a specialty. Prices the lowest.

Straw Hats,

Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth.

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c.

☞ "Quick Sales and Small Profits." ☜

A call is solicited.

J. H. SIMPERS,
April 30, 1881. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Valuable Business Stand
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms, the

Dwelling and Work Shops,

at LOCUST GROVE, now occupied by Wm. H. Kelley. The dwelling is in good order, has nine rooms, and very convenient out-buildings to make it a comfortable home. A pump at the kitchen door, and large Garden well stocked with fruit and vines.

The Shops are large, and in good repair.

Adjoining the above is a fine LOT of five-eighths of an acre, planted with a variety of fruits and vines, just coming into full bearing. Apply to

J. A. B. MARTIN,
Locust Grove, Md.,
or REV. J. MARTIN, Shrewsbury Church.
apr30-tf.

Beautiful! Artistic! Antique!

FINE MAJOLICA WEDGEWOOD, and CHINESE WARE.

A large Show Window full!
Stop and look as you go by.

Also, a case inside our store full of beautiful SILVER-WARE of the very finest Triple Plate.

☞ We are glad to have you come in and look. You are always welcomed.

C. F. STAM, Druggist.
May 21. 1881.

REMOVAL.

SAMUEL GORMAN,
Successor to late Edw. Carty,

Practical Pump and Well Maker,

up town, near the Catholic Church. We have ample facilities for doing all the Pump and Well work in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and defy competition in prices or workmanship.

I give my own personal attention to all work entrusted to my care. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept on hand.

March 26, 1881—tf.

CHARLES JOHNSON, Pump Maker
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

TAKES this method of informing his numerous friends in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, where he has already done much work, that he is prepared now to fill all orders that may be left with his brother—THOMPSON, the butcher, Chestertown. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

my14-6m. CHAS. JOHNSON.

A CARD.—Mr. S. MERRITT, lately in the clothing business in this town, is now with A. Friedman at the New Clothing House in the Masonic Hall building, where he will be pleased to receive a call from his old friends and customers. tf.

A large line of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Infants' SHOES, and of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes, for sale by
apr2. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

GAS TAR—GAS TAR.
Reasonable Figures, at
apr30. L. K. STAM'S.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Sometimes there comes over me an itching to trouble the types. During one of these paroxysms the fitful brain gave birth to the following effusions, which you can use as you think best:

SAN FRANCISCO.

There, miles on miles, in the western haze,
So far to the eye it seems a maze,
The mountains across, in the distance dim,
Down on the ocean side like a maiden trim,
Stands the city with gates of gold.

There street on street, in gentle curves,
Shaded by trees whose leaves unfurls,
As the storm comes on like a thing of dread,
When the lightning weaves its fiery thread,
Amid the clouds from the ocean bed.

Hurrying and scudding from street to street,
German, Irish and Chinamen meet;
The Indian, Japanese, Mexican and Jew,
In a babel of tongues the whole day through,
Is chased the goddess of wealth.

Though the birds sing a loud carol of song,
Though nature springs with new life along
Where the rivers leap or the grasses grow,
Or where in abundance the rocks o'erflow
And drop their sands of gold.

Few hearts are touched by the heavenly flower,
To the new life born of Calvary's shower
Shed on the Cross in our Saviour's day,
Or through the clouds as they break away,
Behold the heavenly light.

Few, very few are the moments of prayer,
They cannot be spared; the bubble of care,
Like a mirage enchanting, leads on the mass
Until the dark waters of lethe they all pass
To the unknown distant land. C. H. D.

Temperance in the P. E. Convention.

A LIVELY DEBATE.

The third and last day's session of the Protestant Episcopal Convention of Maryland, held at St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, last week, was enlivened by a warm debate on temperance. Hon. Montgomery Blair opposed any expression of opinion upon the subject, as it looked like the subordination of the church organization to some other organization.

VIEWS OF EX-SENATOR WHYTE.

Hon. William Pinkney Whyte took the floor and made an eloquent and able defense for the temperance cause. He said it was the business of the convention to consider the report which they had appointed a committee to prepare at the last convention. Something should be done by the convention in regard to this great evil. Intemperance was a terrible sin, the most heinous of all sins and the mother of many crimes. Three-fourths of the crimes which fill the penitentiary were committed under the influence of strong drink. Knowing its perils and dangers, for many than forty years he had abstained from the use of any kind of strong drink. The Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland should not withhold encouragement and God-speed for so grand a cause. It was the duty of the convention to dispose of the report of this committee, and in God's name and for the sake of temperance pass resolutions of encouragement. He offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That this convention expresses its sympathy with the work going on in England, and among churchmen of this country, for the suppression of drunkenness and the promotion of the cause of temperance.

How Eugenie Once Set the Fashion.

Among the benefits which the world owes to the establishment of a Republic in France must be reckoned the marked improvements which have taken place of late years in the fashions for ladies. It will be acknowledged that ladies now dress more prettiy, if not more sensibly, than they used to do, because fashions have become less absolute now than they were, and ladies are freer to choose what suits each of them best. It was not so in the days when the beautiful Empress Eugenie shared the throne of Napoleon III., and set the fashions to all Europe. In those days Parisian dressmakers used to spend the season of Lent in wondering what new style of garment Her Majesty would appear in at the annual Easter outing of Longchamps, for, as everybody knows, it was at Easter, when the whole of the "great world" used to stream toward Longchamps in their carriages, that the fashions for the coming year were shown forth.

The Empress, by way of doing equal justice to all the tradesmen of the capital, used to have her dresses made at home, keeping a staff of twelve expert seamstresses for the purpose, and a costumier, whose business it was to sketch models for new dresses and bonnets. This great man's labor was not performed in jealous secresy, for his sketches were examined and debated upon by the Empress and the principal ladies of her court; so that when some novelty was adopted two or three of the leading milliners of Paris always had cognizance of it, through the orders given by these ladies. But to the mass of milliners, as well as to the public at large, the new fashions always came as a surprise; so that immediately after Easter there would be a grand rush of ladies, clamoring to their modistes to trick them out as fast as possible in that "sweet new thing" that had looked so becoming on the Empress, the Duchess de Mouchy, the Marquise de Gallifet, and others.

It was a grand time for dressmakers. The Easter orders they received were sometimes of a kind to set all the silk factories in Lyons working double tides, and to give lucrative employment to thousands of Parisian working folks of both sexes. Sometimes, too, the capriciously sudden introduction of some startling novelty would operate as a revolution in the trade, as happened when the spoonbill bonnet was abruptly cast aside for the bonnet no bigger than a cheeseplate, which lay flat on the head. This unexpected novelty must have thrown myriads of spoonbills out of wear within less than three months, and was presumably regarded as an unmixed boon by the operatives who were required to manufacture large stocks of the new article. All these violent changes, however, are now things of the past. There are now no recognized leaders of fashion in Paris, and though every year brings some new modes with it, these are neither so generally nor so rapidly copied as they used to be. Then some fashions which have been found comely and convenient have maintained their prestige for several seasons in succession, defying all extravagant attempts to supercede them.—*London News.*

A Romance in Real Life.

THE STRANGE GOOD FORTUNE OF A POOR GIRL.

From the Smyrna Times.

Fiction is not alone in creating all the sudden and remarkable conditions of life. It has its counterpart often in actual life as romantic as that wrought out in the imagination of the novelist. Some two years ago a girl in plain attire, as a change from her daily toil, went to one of the public squares of Philadelphia as thousands of others go to enjoy the shade, look out upon the carpet of green and take in the exhilarating fresh air. An elderly gentleman happened to be passing through the park for much the same purpose, when the fatigued, contemplative demeanor of the young woman attracted his attention and he ventured to remark to her (looking with the eye of an old physician) that she was working too hard, telling her where at the home of a friend she could have an easier life.

Some months in this family proved her, as he had first read her physiognomy, to be kind and obliging, such an one as he wanted to see after his comfort in the place of the housekeeper that had been robbing him, and he put her in charge of his house on Walnut street. She filled her office so well that the last winter through due process of law she became his adopted daughter and heiress prospective to a large part of an estate of several thousand dollars. Dr. Joseph Leon is now 80 years of age, a widower, without children and near relatives. His adopted daughter, who now stands to him with all the rights and privileges of an only daughther, is the daughter of Thomas Maloney, last year farming near this town, but now a resident of Thoroughfare Neck. Lottie Maloney is now by legal sustnte Lottie Josephine Leon—a new name with a new and probably undreamed of existence. The old gentleman and his daughter purpose visiting this vicinity the coming month.

A NEW YORK "99 cent store" was robbed a few nights ago of eleven gold bracelets, six watches, three diamond pins, fourteen gold brooches and fifty-four finger rings. The loss is estimated at two dollars and twenty cents.—*Norristown Herald.*

Lies march on rotten legs; who lies will steal.

SENATOR BECK TELLS A STORY.

A SLEEPY-LOOKING ANIMAL TRANSFORMED INTO A MILE-A-MINUTE NAG.

"That is a very fast train that flies between New York and Philadelphia, but I don't think they will ever get a railway train that will go so fast as I once was carried over the old Bloomingdale road." So said Senator Beck the other day to a number of his brother Senators. They were sitting in the cloak room, smoking cigars of varying fragrance. The new Senator from Nevada, Mr. Fair, puffed at a cigar about whose richness of flavor there could be no doubt, but he became so interested in the anecdote that the Senator from Kentucky told that he permitted the cigar to rest between the first and second fingers long enough to lose the flame and therefore the fragrance. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, stood leaning against the wall, his face at times almost concealed by the delicate smoke that ascended from Senator Vest's cigarette. The grave Senator from Texas, Mr. Coke, was sitting in an arm-chair just within the threshold of the cloak room, where he could enjoy his Partage, and at the same time see and hear all that was going on upon the floor of the Senate. But when the first sentence of Mr. Beck's story fell upon his ears, the droning utterances of Mr. Dawes and the dreary roll-call lost all interest. There were other Senators standing near, and their evident interest encouraged Mr. Beck to tell the story with even more than his usually vividness of description.

"I don't remember just what year it was," Mr. Beck said, "but it was before I came to Congress, and when I was quite a young man, that I was in New York city. It was in the day when the old Bloomingdale road was a favorite drive for New Yorkers with fast horses. Now I like a fast horse myself, and I thought I had ridden behind some. One afternoon I was up town in New York, and a gentleman came along whom I knew. His name was Captain Norris. He was driving a dreadfully bony and angular looking mare, and when he asked me if I would like to take a seat beside him, I was almost ashamed to get in behind such a specimen of horseflesh. Still I knew that Captain Norris was something of a lover of horses, and besides I couldn't in courtesy refuse him. So I got in. The sleepy-seeming old mare jogged along in a most tiresome way. Her head hung down, and it seemed as though it was all she could do to drag her legs along.

"We'll go out the Bloomingdale road, if you don't mind," the Captain said, "and see some of the steppers."

"Well, that would be pleasant enough, for I thought I would have a chance to see a brush or two between some of the noted horses of New York of that day. I said to the Captain that I almost wondered why he wasn't out with a stepper himself, knowing how fond he was of fast driving. He said that sometimes he did take a fast horse out, and I remember looking at the dingy, bony old mare, and feeling for the Captain some of the shame which I thought he ought to have felt for himself. I noticed, too, that the people whom we passed, who recognized him, were staring at his mare, and I thought that they were wondering how it happened that Captain Norris was out with such a plug as that. Well, by and by we got on the Bloomingdale road, and one after another team passed by. I observed that now and then the gentlemen who were driving noticeably fine and speedy animals would turn to the Captain as they were alongside and intimate a desire to match speed with him. The Captain would shake his head, and sometimes would reply, 'No, you are no good,' and he said this in a bantering way, as though to return banter for banter.

"Then we jogged along, and I was really getting sick of it.

"By and by a noble animal passed us. The gentleman who was driving looked, as he passed, around at the Captain. I noticed that the Captain nodded, and that he took a little firmer grip of the reins. The gentleman slowed up a little, sufficient to let us pass.

"Try it, Cap," he shouted.

"The Captain nodded.

"I saw that the mare lifted her head a little as the grip on the reins tightened, and put some little animation into her feet. By and by we heard the clatter of hoofs back of us. I looked around and saw that the gentleman was coming at a splendid pace.

"'See if he passes us,' said the Captain, and he made one little chirrup to the mare.

"Gentlemen, I have seen transformation scenes. I have seen the old man in the opera of Faust changed in an instant to the handsome young fellow. I have seen a politician change his coat, but I never saw such a transformation as then happened. The mare lifted her head. Her ears no longer hung limp. They were erect and tossed back to catch the sound of those approaching hoofs. Her dingy body seemed to gleam, and her legs looked like the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. She was all fire, all animation, all electricity. I could think of nothing but a locomotive rushing along at the rate of a mile a minute. Heavens, how the wind cut my face!

"'Look out for your hat, Beck,' said the Captain, and I pulled it down over my ears. I glanced quickly at the Captain. He held the reins firmly, and his eyes were fixed ahead. We were plunging ahead on a whirlwind. I thought what a beauty that mare now is, and I thought that there was only one end of it all—annihilation. I grabbed the seat firmly with both hands, and I pressed my feet against the dashboard. The wind moaned in my ears, although we made the breeze ourselves. I could hardly breathe. I could not see, except away ahead. I knew that we were passing team after team, and I could hear the people cheer. I shut my eyes; I thought the crash would come. I would have begged the Captain to stop, if the speed had not been so great that speech was impossible. I said to myself, James Beck, your day has come. Whew-w-w-w! How we were flying! There was no motion excepting speed. We were flying over the road, horse and riders, seemingly impelled by an unseen, irresistable power. I opened my eyes once and saw some men away ahead waving their hats. In an instant we had reached and passed them, and as we went by the three men mingled into one. When will this end? I wondered. The suspense was awful. I wanted whatever was going to happen at once. It seemed as though we had been an hour riding, when the speed slackened, slower and slower, and at last the mare stopped. I opened my eyes and saw that we were standing at a small roadside inn.

"'Are we through, Captain?' I tremblingly inquired.

"'Yes,' he said, laughing, 'let's take a little Santa Cruz.'

"The Captain turned the mare over to the hostler, and we went inside and I helped myself pretty liberally.

"'Captain, you gave me a great fright,' I said. 'I had no idea that mare could go. Why, she's fit to be a racer.'

"'Yes, I don't know but she is,' said the Captain, nonchalantly.

"'How long were we coming down here?' I asked.

"'About eight minutes.'

"'How far is it?'

"'About four miles.'

"Here a man touched me and drew me aside. 'Don't you know that mare, man?' he asked.

"'No.'

"'That's Lady Suffolk.'

"The fleetest mare of her day," said Senator Butler.

"Yes," replied Senator Beck. "By and by we started home, and as we trotted leisurely back we met the team that had first passed us, and which we subsequently passed on the lightning's wings. Then I knew why everybody stared at the mare.'

"Senator Beck, Mr. Butler, your names are being called on the roll by the Clerk," said a page, looking into the cloak room, and the Senators went out to take their part in the deadlock proceedings.

A SYMPATHETIC small boy:—Papa: "That picture shows the story of Promethea and the vulture that fed on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew for him to eat it again." Sympathetic child: "Poor, dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day!"—*Rome Sentinel.*

CORKLING is in a bad fix. He has taken the Administration by the horns, and now he can't let go. He ought to have read and profited by Josh Billings' advice to a young man: "Never take the bull by the horns, my son; always take him by the tail, and then you can let go when you wan't to."—*Middletown Transcript.*

WHEN a despondent Philadelphia wife attempted to escape the troubles of this world by drinking a quart of coal oil, her unfeeling husband forced her to swallow a yard of lampwick, and now uses her at nights to read by.—*Phila. Sun.*

A Beautiful Little Story.

From the Home Journal.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North river, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with friends. It was growing late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparation to retire to the berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine looking boy, of about six years of age, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height, and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair in thick clustering curls.

After walking about for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper birth, while the little fellow undressed himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if sunlight from his young, happy heart resided there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place, but instead of this he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, put his hands together, so beautifully child-like and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt; he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him, Christian men, retiring without prayer; or if prayer at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now! How many times had her kind hands been laid on the sunny locks, as she taught him to lisp the prayer?

A beautiful sight, it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless crowd. He, alone, of this worldly multitude, drew nigh to Heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp that prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathered about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice, harp and violin; but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose, kissed his father very affectionately, who but him into his birth for the rest of the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it until morning. When morning came, the confusion of land prevented me from seeing them again. But, if I ever meet that boy in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother who taught him.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who train their chirdren to pray, even at home?

Jones and the Baby.

"It seems to me," said Jones to his wife, who was walking around the room, with the baby in her arms, "that woman makes a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a child to sleep. Now, I would chuck him into bed, and let him squall it out."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Jones, quietly, "that all men are born idiots."

Jones couldn't for the life of him, see what the fact had to do with putting the baby to sleep, but he wisely held his peace.

The next evening, Mrs. Jones came into the sitting-room, where Jones was reading the market reports, and said:

"I am going down to mothers after that recipe for yeast. Baby is asleep, but, if he should awake, I presume you could put him to sleep again—men are so handy with babies."

"All right! I'll put him to sleep in less than no time; run along, my dear," said Jones, cheerfully.

Mrs. Jones vanished, and Jones resumed his paper.

Soon after his wife's departure, Jones heard a little premonitory grunt from the vicinity of the bed room.

"Hullo! what's that?" exclaimed Jones, as he assumed a listening attitude.

He soon found out, for the juvenile member of Jones' family set up a series of yells that would have done credit to a prima donna.

Jones dropped his paper, rushed into the bed room, seized his offspring and carried his wrong end up back into the sitting room.

The suddenness of the attack, and the unusual position, so astonished his babyship that he forgot to scream for a few seconds, but when Jones righted him up, and offered him a pair of sleeve-buttons for playthings, Johnny shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and began again with renewed vigor and determination.

Jones abandoned the sleeve-buttons, and tried to "cuddle" the baby up after the maternal fashion, but baby sternly refused to "cuddle," and, with a degree of energy, for which Jones was wholly unprepared and which, evinced a total lack of respect for the "author of his being," Johnny grabbed the paternal whiskers with both hands and howled louder than ever.

Jones released himself, smoothed his cherished whiskers, deposited his heir on the sofa, retreated to a safe distance, rubbed his face carefully, smiled in a vague kind of a way, as if he didn't know exactly where the fun came in, wondered "what the dickens Maria would do under similar circumstances."

Baby put his fist into his mouth, and looked as though he wondered what his paternal ancestor would do next.

"There now," exclaimed Jones, immensely relieved, "he is papa's pitty little sonny, so he is."

"Sonny," promptly resented this by a long drawn yell that struck terror to the soul of his dismayed parent.

Jones was at his wit's end. He grew reckless. He whistled to that baby; he sang; he made faces; he cut a series of antics that would have driven a ballet-dancer mad with envy; but all to no purpose. Baby had evidently taken a contract to furnish so much yell in a given time, and was bound to do the square thing.

When Mrs. Jones returned she found a demoralized-looking man wandering around the house, with a baby on one arm, while with his disengaged hand he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow with the tail end of the baby's night dress.

"It seems to me," remarked Jones, as she took the baby, "that men make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a baby to sleep. Now, I—"

The front door closed with a bang. Jones was on his way down the street to 'see a man.'

AFFECTING REUNION OF TWO BROTHERS.—Nick Vallenato, an Italian harpist, has been for several years settled at Port Jervis, N. Y. Last fall an Italian boy, playing the violin, was wandering along the Erie canal, and one Saturday evening he entered the little village of McAfee Valley, in Sussex county. Hearing that there was to be a dance at the hotel the following Friday, he asked if he should come and play for them. He was then told that a man had already been engaged, Nick Vallenato. The moment he heard the name the boy exclaimed, "He is mine brudder! Mine brudder sat I have no see so long." The boy played about in the neighborhood and was on the spot again when Nick came. He was told about the boy being his brother, but he doubted it, not being able to recognize in the grown boy the little fellow he had left in Italy. Greatly distressed, the lad sat down with tears in his eyes. Suddenly he grasped his violin and commenced playing, "O Italy, thou our mother." This being a tune that Nick had himself taught his brother, in a moment the recognition was complete, and in one another's arms they laughed and wept in their heartfelt joy at the meeting.

THE resign