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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, JULY 30, 1881. No. 13.

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.

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 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 subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN W. PEARSON,
late of Wilmington, Del., 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 24th day of January, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1881.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
July 23, 1881—4t. Executor.

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. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ROBERT RUTH,
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 24th day of January, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1881.

MARION deK. SMITH,
July 23—4t. Adm'r.

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

JOHN BRYAN,
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 24th of January, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 5th day of July, 1881.

JOHN BRYAN, JR.,
July 9, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

Ratification Notice.

Richard Hynson, James A. Pearce and Michael Bannon, Trustees,
versus
D. C. Blackiston.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, July 9, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of D. C. Blackiston, made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, JAMES A. PEARCE and M. BANNON, Trustees, under a certain Deed of Trust from David C. Blackiston and wife, dated February 18, 1881, and recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 1, folios 570, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twelfth day of September next,—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 Twelfth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $21,557.57.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 9, 1880—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent Co., Maryland,
versus
George W. Sutton.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, June 28, 1881.

ORDERED, this twenty-eighth day of June, 1881, that the sale made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, the attorney named in a mortgage from Geo. W. Sutton to the Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent county, Md., dated May 25, 1875, to sell the real estate mentioned therein, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 31st day of August next,—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 thirty-first day of July next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,310.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Robert R. Hatcherson and others,
versus
Nathaniel C. Crow and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, July 2, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate in the proceedings in the above cause therein mentioned, made and reported by CHARLES H. BAKER and RICHARD HYNSON, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of September next,—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 fifth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $14,034 60.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of Effa Woodland, made and reported by RICHARD H. CORBALEY, collector of taxes for the year 1877, in the first election district of 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 July, 1881, thereupon ordered by the Court that the sale made and reported by Rich'd H. Corbaley, collector of taxes for 1877, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Third Monday of October next; Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks prior to the first Monday of September next.

FREDERICK STUMP.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 23, 1881—4t.

LADIES' and Misses' Kid Fox But. & Lace Gaiters, at various prices.
April 30. J. H. SIMPERS.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Cringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Educational.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE AND SEMINARY open Sep. 7. Climate unsurpassed. Extensive buildings. Experienced instructors. Both sexes admitted and graduated. For Catalogues address REV. A. M. JELLY, D.D., Pres't, New Windsor, Md. jy23-1m.

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY for girls. Founded 1832; 15 miles from Baltimore. Thorough instruction, careful training; influences of a Christian home. REV. ARTHUR J. RICH, A. M., M. D., Reisterstown, Md. 2m.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—Next session commences Tuesday, Sep. 20. For catalogues or further information address WM. H. PARKER, Pres't, College Station, Prince George's co., Md. jy23-2m.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

Increase of boarders 100 per cent. in three years. Two degrees conferred, or select courses. Buildings large, modern conveniences. Beautiful, accessible city. 45th year begins Sept. 8, 1881.

For catalogues, address Rev. J. M. WILLIAMS, President, Wilmington, Del. jy16-2m.

Episcopal Female Institute
WINCHESTER, VA.

REV. J. C. WHEAT, D.D., PRINCIPAL,
Assisted by competent and experienced Teachers.

Especial facilities are afforded for the study of Music, the Modern Languages, &c., and the terms are moderate compared with the advantages enjoyed. The location in the Great Valley of Va., is noted for healthfulness.

The eighth annual session begins Sep. 8, 1881. For circulars address the Principal.

References:—Rt. Rev. H. C. Lay, Rt. Rev. W. Pinkney. jy23-6t.

The Bayard Institute
FOR
YOUNG LADIES,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

ITS AIM: The cultivation of Good Taste and Good Manners as the foundation of all after life education. Eighth Session begins Sept. 24.

TERMS PER ANNUM: Including Board, Tuition in English, Latin, French, Music, and use of Piano and English Text books - - - $250. A reduction of ten per cent. to pupils from the neighborhood who return to their homes on Fridays. Number of boarders limited.

Candidates for Honors must be present at the beginning of the session and remain throughout the school year.

For circulars, address
MISS TILGHMAN,
Middletown, Del.

REFERENCES:—Hon. P. F. Thomas, Easton, Md.; Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay, Easton, Md.; Hon. Wm. Knight, Cecilton, Md.; Hon. J. B. Groome, Elkton, Md.; Hon. John P. Cochran, Col. Jos. Clayton, Middletown, Del. jy2-2m.

T. L. SUTLIFF,
Real Estate Agent
AND CONVEYANCER,
CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S Co., MD.
jy23-6m.*

C. F. STAM,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST

PREPARES MEDICINE
FROM THE CHOICEST
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

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,
mh5. COURT STREET.

A List of Miscellaneous Articles
FOR SALE AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Perfumery, Colognes, Extracts, Soaps, Clothes-Brushes, Gold Pens, Pencils, Boxes of Fancy Paper, Fine Stationery.

BOOKS.—Seaside Libraries, Franklin Square Libraries, Book Bags, Pens, Inks, opying Pencils, Prayer Books, Hymn Books and Bibles. Also, the Revised Edition of the New Testament, which will be in stock in a few days.

These goods are all fine goods, selected with the greatest care, and are now offered for sale at the lowest possible prices, by
COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.
May 21, 1881.

A CARD.

To the Business Men & Legal Profession of Chestertown:

HAVING been reappointed CONSTABLE by lawful authority for my 3rd term for Queen Anne's county, and given good and sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of all the duties of the said office, I solicit a share of the business of Chestertown.

I promise to give my undivided attention to all business intrusted to me, and make prompt returns of all moneys collected by me. I will solicit for a reasonable commission or bring suit according to law as instructed.

M. C. CASEY, Constable,
CRUMPTON, Q. A. Co., MD.

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

BLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

RICH'D J. FOARD,
DEALER IN
Grain
CHESTERTOWN,
MARYLAND.

New Wheat
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
OFFICE in F. Platt's Hardware Store, next to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store, High street. June 18—3m.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
a23-tf.

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted
for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

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—tf. MILLINGTON.

Notice to Farmers!

RAMBO LIME.

MR. H. E. COOPER
Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT in Kent Co. to furnish the
Genuine Rambo Lime
at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.

The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*

Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.

We challenge all tests.
R. McCOY & CO.

ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
apr30-3m* NATHAN RAMBO.

PHILADELPHIA
CREAM MEAD
IS THE MOST POPULAR DRINK NOW SOLD.
T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.
June 25, 1881.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.

FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

WHY CAN'T WE?

I really think it is a shame
A woman can't propose,
Instead of waiting the caprice
Of obstinate young beaux;
Our foolish custom ne'er allows
A timid maid to choose,
But she must listen to man's choice,
And take him, or refuse.

They tell us when the leap-year comes
This privilege we have;
But 'tis an idle tale, I vow—
We're nothing but man's slave;
I wish some one would make a law,
To take effect direct,
That man should henceforth sit and wait
And woman should select.

Why, if a woman now declines,
If asked sometime or other,
And thus lets one proposal slip,
She ne'er might get another.
But man can poke his nose around,
And pick where he's inclined to,
Or he can let the matter pass,
Just as he has a mind to.

It clearly is a shameful thing,
To say the least about it,
That man alone should have a choice—
Male bipeds, do you doubt it?
If custom gives the van to man,
Why don't they do their duty,
And pop the question *sans delai*,
To every smiling beauty?

PLUCKY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious old dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform?" Why you can't look over the counter."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing very fast—there! see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes if they weren't."

"She can't keep me in shoes, anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might be your age, sir," responded the man with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she couldn't find five cents in her pocket-book, because the boy that took the ashes stole it—and—I—haven't—had—any—any breakfast, sir."

The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple reply.

"Humph! Where's your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! you don't say. That's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow anyhow. Let me see"—and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his.—"Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his left ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter. "Yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

Tommy shot out of the shop.

If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight, cracked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it mother! I'm took! I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels the clerks call 'cash!' I'm that! Four dollars a week! And the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for I'm the man of the house now!"

The house was only a ten by fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked faint; and then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms and hugged and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now.

"COME on the porch, Miss Maud, and I'll show you the comet." She went. He gently placed his left arm about her waspish waist, and, pointing skyward, slowly inclined his head. Just then their eyes met. "I see your game, George; you can't com-et," she cried, and quickly detaching his arm, the timid creature ran shrieking away.

LINCOLN'S LOVE.

A NEW STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ENGAGEMENT TO MISS MARY OWENS—THE MATCH BROKEN OFF BY LINCOLN'S FAILURE TO CARRY A BABY.

Correspondence of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

I left off just as our host, Mr. W. G. Green was about to relate how the match between Abraham Lincoln and Mary Owens was broken off. It was this way, said Mr. Green. My cousin, Nancy Green, had a great, strapping baby that she was in the habit of lugging about with her wherever she went. Possibly Lincoln didn't have a passion for babies; at any rate he was not in love with this one, and I remember very well that when his own son Bob was in the cradle Lincoln used to lie on the floor reading and let the future Secretary of War split his lungs yelling to be carried about the house. If Mrs. Lincoln happened to arrive home about this time there was trouble in the family for a few minutes, but no remonstrances or appeals could ever make him a good nurse. He would read, and, so far as appearances went, was deaf to all the infantile cries that came from his hopeful heirs. When the babies grew up a bit and knew something, they found in their father a companion and a friend, but they had to look elsewhere for a nurse.

LINCOLN AND MARY OWENS.

Well, at the time I mentioned, Lincoln had grown very fond of Mary Owens, and she seemed to take quite a fancy to him. They were together a good deal, and finally, as was understood, became engaged. One day Mary and Nancy Green were going a mile or so to a neighbor's, and Lincoln went with them. As usual Nancy took her baby and trudged along with it, although it was a heavy weight for her. Perhaps she expected that Lincoln would offer to shoulder the boy himself for part of the distance, and so relieve her; but if she had such expectations they were not realized, for he put his hands in his pockets and leisurely sauntered by the side of Mary Owens, without a glance toward the baby. Pretty soon Mary became cold, and answered Lincoln with short and curt sentences. Then she refused to talk to him at all, and by the time the end of the journey was reached she fairly withered him with her glances. Lincoln did not know, or seemed not to know, what the matter was, and at last asked an explanation.

LINCOLN'S OFFENSE.

"What's up, Mary?" said he. You seem to be in a bad humor."

"Oh, no," she replied, mockingly. "I'm ez purring and good-natured as a kitten. What is there to ruffle a body, my gracious!"

"It's something I've done, I suppose," said Lincoln.

"No," replied Mary, tartly, "it's nothing you've done. It's what you hain't done, and that's just what's the matter."

"Well, what is it?" said Lincoln.

"You don't know of course," responded Mary, disdainfully.

"No; I'll be hanged if I do," said Lincoln.

"Wall, I'll tell you," said Mary. "You've walked yer for more'n a mile with us—a great, strong fellow like you, and let that woman carry a baby that weighs nigh on to forty pounds, and never so much as lifted yer finger to help her. That's what ails me."

"Why, she never asked me," said Lincoln.

"Oh, she didn't! And you hadn't politeness enough to offer to help, but must wait to be asked."

"Why, I never thought of it," returned Lincoln. "I always supposed she would be afraid to let a feller like me touch the baby for fear he might break it or something. I'd carry a bushel of 'em for you Mary."

"Yes, *now*," said Mary bitterly.

"*Any* time," said Lincoln.

"If I *asked* you?" responded Mary.

"Well, I reckon you could ask me if you wanted them carried," retorted Lincoln.

"I just tell you what it is Abe Lincoln." cried Mary, getting excited, "any man as is fit to be a husband would have offered to a carried that child when he could see that it's mother was near bout tired to death."

"And I didn't offer," said Lincoln.

"No, you didn't," responded Mary.

"And so I ain't fit to be a husband?" said Lincoln.

"That's just the fact, you hain't," said Mary.

Lincoln turned about with a laugh, and didn't appear to think much of the matter. He treated Mary very nicely, and much as if nothing had been said; but her words, no doubt, made a serious impression, for from that time their intimacy began to wane, and after a while there was a general understanding that the engagement was canceled. There was no more words about the baby, I believe; but it was the baby, after all, that broke up the match.

YATES AND LINCOLN.

"That's a fine picture of Yates," said I, glancing at the wall, where hung a large photograph, half-life size, perhaps, of the war governor of Illinois.

"Yes," replied Mr. Green, "it's a good picture. Yates, I think, was the handsomest man I ever saw, except John C. Breckenridge. I thought a good deal of him, and knew him when we were both boys. I must tell you how Lincoln and Yates first met. Lincoln was 'tending store down at Salem, and Yates and Carlin, from the Southern part of the State, came up to mother's to spend a few days.

"One morning I said: "Boys, come down to Salem with me. There's a young fellow there I want to introduce you to." So we went down, and as we came near to the store we saw Lincoln stretched out on the cellar-door reading Burns—his favorite poet, by the way.

"I introduced him to Yates and Carlin and after awhile he put on his coat and went back with us to dinner. Mother had invited some young ladies in, and there was quite a party of us. As I said a while ago, Lincoln was fearfully awkward and timid when girls were around, and I thought he would stumble over everything in the house that day.

A PIONEER'S TABLE.

"We were not very luxurious in our habits in those days, and at dinner had large, brown, earthen bowls of milk at each person's plate instead of tea or coffee. This house had a puncheon floor, and the table was liable to rock a good deal. We often put a chip under a leg or two to keep steady, and had done so that day, but Lincoln in trying to get his legs under the table, had knocked the chip out. He sat next to Yates, who was dressed with great care, in a suit fitting him like wax. Directly Lincoln went to reach for something and in withdrawing his arm knocked over his bowl of milk. When he tried to catch the bowl he tipped the table, and, the chip being gone, went down on that side materially. Yates was at the lowest place, and in a second the milk from Lincoln's bowl went pouring into his lap. He jumped up and Lincoln jumped up, blushing to the roots of his hair but it was no use; the danger was done, and poor Yates' pants were spoiled. My mother tried to make Lincoln easy by taking all the fault on herself, saying that she had no business to set the table where it would bob over in that manner. 'Much obliged to you, Aunt Lizzie,' said he, 'but it's nothing but my blamed awkwardness, and its no use to apoligize for me.'"

Old Time Card Players.

In the early history of Indiana, card-playing was more than an amusement; with a good many men it was 'business.' The founder of Lafayette city, 'old' Digby, was for many years the most noted player on the Wabash. There are many anecdotes of him that have been handed down and are worth preserving.

If the old settlers are to be believed "Old Dig" and the late Judge Pettit had many a lively tussle at the card table.—On one occasion the two sat down early in the forenoon at their favorite game of 'old sledge,' five dollars a game. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when Pettit was about seventy dollars winner, he announced to Digby that he must quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" inquired Digby.

"I want to go and take care of my horse," replied Pettit.

In those days every lawyer kept a horse to ride the circuit.

"I can go without my dinner," continued the Judge, "but I am not going to abuse my horse just to accommodate you in this game.

Pettit retired with Digby's $70 in his pocket. The next morning, bright and early, they were at it again. Digby had a big streak of luck, and before 12 o'clock had bagged $120 of Pettit's money. Raking from the table the last $10 put up he announced to Pettit that he was going to quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" inquired Pettit.

"Why, I must go and feed my horse, John."

"Why," replied Pettit, "you have'nt got any horse!"

"Well, John, if I haven't got any horse," slapping his hands on his breeches pocket, "I've got the money to buy one!" The game was closed.

Digby, who was a bachelor, had a one-story frame house put up on Main street, close to where the canal now is, as an office and sleeping apartment. After it was finished, but the plastering not sufficiently dry to be occupied, Digby and Pettit sat down to play their favorite game of old sledge. Digby's money was soon exhausted and Pettit declared the game closed. Digby proposed one more game, staking his new home against a certain sum of money. The game was played and Pettit was the winner.

The next morning he made a bargain with a house-mover to remove the building to a lot he owned on the south side of Main street, a little east of the public square. The wooden wheels were put under, and in the afternoon it was started up Main street with a long team of oxen before it, and at dark it had just reached the public square.

That night Digby and Pettit had another game, and in the morning there was a readjustment of the wheels, and the house was started on its return toward the river. It reached its proper place in the street, and was left to be put back in its old position on the morrow. But the next morning it was started up town again. The next day it took the other direction, and by this time the whole town understood it. Finally it remained in the public square over Sunday, and on Monday continued its way up Main street and was wheeled on Pettit's lot. He soon moved his books into it and for many years occupied it as a law office.

She Saw Him a Few Better.

The public has long conceded that the power of the hotel clerk is superior to that of the President. A new rival has sprung up in the railroad ticket agent, as was demonstrated at an Iowa station a few weeks ago.

"I want a ticket to B——," said a well known lady, just before train time.

"Twenty-four cents," responded the agent mechanically.

She laid down a silver quarter. Being well acquainted and a practical joker, the agent drew from his pocket a glittering pants button, passed it over with the ticket, and scooped up the quarter.

"Is this legal tender?" asked the lady, quietly.

"Oh, yes!" he answered, with a mock gravity; "they are the mainstay of the republic."

She pocketed it and got aboard, leaving the agent's face corrugating with smiles.

A few days after he told it to a brigade of runners buying tickets for B——, and while he was enjoying the encore, the lady appeared with—

"Ticket for B——, please."

"Twenty-four cents!" and with a sly wink at the runners, he laid down the ticket. She scooped it, and laid down twenty-four dazzling pants buttons, exactly like the first!

"You said they were legal tender.—They go a long ways in supporting the family," she chirped, sweetly, as she bowed from the presence of more than one presidential prerogative.

MAN'S A FOOL!

Man's a fool!
When it's hot, he wants it cool;
When it's cold, he wants it hot—
Ne'er contented with his lot.
When it's dry
He for showers is heard to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains
Of the wet the fool complains.
Hot or dry, cold or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get,
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool!

BE TRUE.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—BONAR.

ENERGY ON TAP.

"I see that a Frenchman has got a patent for canned energy," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she picked up a lot of cut steel beads on a needle and began sewing them on medallions for dress trimming.

"Got a what?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke, who was blacking his boots.

"Yes. He says he can put strength up in bundles and send it anywhere, so they can run ships and things without steam. He sent ever so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been reading now?" queried Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied, "I saw it in the Eagle. He does it up like preserves and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as fresh and strong when they open it as it was at first."

"Who puts it up? Who are you talking about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of strength and fixes it with electricity, and you can buy it anywhere. I'm going to get some and take it. It'll be just as good as going in the country, and maybe it'l help my headaches, I suppose the government will buy a lot of it for tramps."

"You gone crazy again?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye mean by putting strength in boxes? Think energy is some kind of a dod gasted fish? S'pose you can put main strength in bottles like a measley shrimp? If you are going to read, why don't you read straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a machine and makes energy so it will last, and then he solders it up in tins, or something, so you can keep it in the house. I'm going to have some to do the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of a dod gasted idiot?" blurted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Can it make a measly Spoopendyke woman talk sense."

"The paper didn't say; but if it is all they claim for it, it will be a great help in house cleaning and moving the stepladder around when you want to hang pictures. And then it saves boiling beef tea. Oh, you ought to read about it. They say it's the greatest invention of the age."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they're selling muscle by the keg? Want me to understand that some frog-eater is keeping industry on draught? Think I'm an ass?"

"That's what the Eagle says," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a woman's implicit reliance on anything in print. "And they can make it in any quantity cheap, so we can have all we want. I wish you'd get some right off, and we'll try it on the Friday's sweeping."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Stop making an idiot asylum of yourself! S'pose you can make me believe that house cleaning comes in jugs? Think you can make me believe that a week's wash comes in a box, like measly pills? P'raps you want me to think that your dod gasted stuff will pay the rent and run my business! Next time you strike a corn salve you read it understandingly, ye hear? Energy by the pint! Strength by the yard! Got that rip sewed up in my pants"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, meekly, and Mr. Spoopendyke, having arrayed himself, plunged out of the house and made for the ferryboat.

Whims of Literary Men.

Blackstone never wrote without a bottle of port wine on his desk, nor Schiller without a flask of Rhenish near. When his imagination was sluggish he would sit with his feet in hot water, drinking coffee "to thaw the frost on his wits." Montaigue was never happy without his cat, and with the pen in his right hand while the left was smoothing the glossy back of his favorite tabby, meditated his essays. Boxhorne, the great Dutch scholar, could never write a word without a pipe in his mouth and, as he preferred a long pipe and yet required the use of both hands, he bethought him of a very ingenius device. He had a hat with an enormous brim, which impended in front of his face; through this he made a hole to support his pipe, thus securing the double advantage of shading his eyes and enjoying without inconvenience his favorite luxury, and in this way he produced his voluminous and valuable writings. Hobbes had the same weakness, "ten or twelve pipes, with a candle," being his invariable concomitants at the desk, and Doctor Parr was not less dependent on tobacco. Southey could never write a line except at his desk, with his books around him and with familiar objects by. Milton, could, he said, never compose anything to his satisfaction except between the vernal and autumnal equinox. Then his poetry came like an inspiration. At other times, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, he would be unable to bring to birth a single verse. Thomson, Collins, and Gray had the same superstition about themselves. Johnson, with his usual bluff, common sense, ridicules such fancies, and calls them unworthy of any sensible man—the good doctor's theory being that the man who had the power of writing always could write "if he set himself doggedly to it." Crabbe's fancies about himself are so curious that we will quote the passage in his son's biography of him which bears on the subject: "He fancied that autum was, on the whole, the most favorable season for him in the composition of poetry, but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner It was during a great snow storm that, shut up in his room, he wrote almost *currente calamo* his 'Sir Eustace Grey.' Latterly he worked chiefly at night after all the family had retired." Even a robust and practical scholar like Bishop Warburton tells us that he could only write "in a hand-to-mouth style," and that the blowing of an east wind, a fit of the spleen, or the fact that he had not his books around him, completely destroyed his power of composition.

A Cunning Trick.

HOW A SCAMP IN PHILADELPHIA MAKES A LIVING.

Jim Elliott, Jr., and Michael Cleary yesterday had a wagon which somewhat resembled a huckster cart. It was covered with mud. Attached to it was apparently a dilapidated beast, which had a long time ago passed for a horse. The harness was made of rope, and the whole rigging did not appear to be worth more than $5 or $10. The two men drove down to the place of Jacob Brown, on Snyder avenue, near Point House road. There Elliott and Cleary engaged in a game of quoits. Brown, who was acquainted with the men, criticised the team, and, walking up to Elliott, said: "What do you want to do with that?"

"Why," replied Elliott, "I want to sell it."

"I wouldn't give you $5 for the whole thing," remarked Brown.

"Well," responded Elliott, "there's where you would make a mistake. I wouldn't take $100 for that animal. I'll bet you $100 that he can trot a mile in three minutes."

Brown laughed, and after some more conversation the bet was agreed upon. The horse was taken to the race track close by, and trotted the mile in 2.30. Brown was astonished and forked over the money. Subsequently, however, he went to Magistrate List and took out a warrant for the arrest of Elliott and Cleary.

It is said that William Falls, a butcher in the same neighborhood, was victimized in a similar manner on the previous day. They stopped at his place and asked him if he wanted to buy a horse. Falls took a look at the animal and laughed. Then he said:

"I wouldn't take him for a gift." Elliott appeared to get miffed at the poor opinion of his favorite nag, and exclaimed: "I'll bet you $100 he can trot in three minutes." Falls jumped at this and put up the money. The result was a trot in 2¾ and a loss of the money. The disguised animal is supposed to be a celebrated trotting horse from New York.

Cleary and Elliott had a hearing before Magistrate List this morning, and were held in $600 bail each for trial on charges of conspiracy to defraud and actually defrauding Brown out of $100. Cleary lives at 1,345 South Second street, and Elliott at Fourth and Wharton streets.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Red Snow in Colorado.

From the Leadville Col. Chronicle.

Prospectors returning from the Holy Cross country, and especially from the head of Cross Creek, report that the ground is covered with red snow. In the almost inaccessable defiles of Mount Shasta in California is the only other known place in the United States where this is seen. In polar regions it is a familiar sight, and no extensive traveler there returns without a description of it. The broad fields of everlasting snow that flank the northern coast of Greenland are flaked with the strange blood red, and further toward the poles miles of it stretch as far as the naked eye can reach. The phenomenon is due to the presence of minute red antmalculæ. A microscope detects its presence, but how it got there is a difficult question, and has never been quite satisfactorily answered. The red snow in this region was first seen at the head of Cross Creek, where it may be seen in patches of intense carmine, varying in area from as large as a man's hat to twenty feet in diameter. Taken in the hand and closely examined, nothing can be detected that gives it color, and it melts into clear, red water, leaving no stain. Further on in some of the steep glutches, with which the country abounds, the bottoms are entirely covered with the strange substance. In some places the color is vivid in the extreme, while in others it fades to a faint pink, producing an effect not readily described in words. Old prospectors, who penetrated the regions two years ago, say that there was no snow of this description there, and its fall can scarcely have antedated this year. Still higher and at the very foot of the mountain, the red snow disappears, and nothing save the pure white coverlet greets the eye.

A Story About Zack Chandler.

At one time, while the High Joints were in session here, a rupture on some point in diplomacy was very likely to take place, and the whole thing proved a flat failure. Mr. Fish was in a wonderful state of excitement about the matter, because it was his personal ox that was to be gored by any mishap. The English representatives had received orders not to yield the point in dispute, and, if they could not obtain the concession, to come home. This ominous word came direct from her Royal Highness the Queen, and the British diplomats lost no time in communicating that fact to the Secretary.

In his sore dilemma he invited the President and Cabinet to discuss the problem over a dinner-plate at his house that evening, and all were on hand. It was, of course, the general opinion that our government must insist on the point,