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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, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881. No. 21.

**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.


***Educational.***

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.

**Baltimore Female College,**

Chartered in 1849, by the State as a College proper, has commodious new buildings, ample grounds, good apparatus, and an able Faculty. Its course of study while liberal, is eminently practical. Besides educating many accomplished ladies for the home circle, it has graduated 266 students and trained and sent forth 178 teachers, who are filling responsible positions. There is a Free Scholarship for each county in the State. That for this county is vacant. The 34th year opens Sept. 19th. Terms moderate. For catalogues with full information, address aug27-5t. N. C. BROOKS, LL. D., *Pres't.*

**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

**TO PARENTS,**
**TEACHERS and SCHOLARS.**

Your attention is now called to our very SUPERIOR STOCK of

***School Books***

AND
SCHOOL SUPPLIES GENERALLY,

which we have ready for the opening of the schools. Our prices are the very lowest. We know we can sell you these goods cheaper than any one else. We request a comparison of prices for the truth of this statement.

**Slates, Stationary, Pens,**

INK, CHALK, SPONGES,
COMPOSITION BOOKS & PENCILS

are purchased by us in large quantities at the closest figures; therefore we can sell them at the lowest prices. Call at the Corner Drug Store and examine our stock.

COLIN F. STAM,
Aug. 27, 1881. DRUGGIST.

**FRESH GROCERIES**
**UP TOWN!**

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

**SUGAR, COFFEE,**

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you will for.

☞COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

**WHALAND'S,**
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

**Something Nice!**

**Cold, Sparkling Soda Water!**

*A Most Refreshing and Delightful Beverage for Warm Weather!*

We are sure we can please you from our great variety of Syrups.

Also, ON DRAUGHT—

**VICHY WATER,**

which is refreshing at all times. We sell both these waters at 5 cts. per glass.

COLIN F. STAM,
May 21. DRUGGIST.

**FAMOUS**
**Tonic Root Beer!**
**Five Cents per Glass.**

*THE MOST HEALTHFUL AND DELICIOUS DRINK IN THE WORLD.*

AS a Beverage and Blood-Purifier it has no rival, being made from those excellent Herbs and Roots, viz.: Dandelion, Sassafras, Burdock, Sarsaparilla, &c., all of which have a salutary action on the Liver and Kidneys. The well-known merits of this Beverage are sustained by the ablest Physicians.

For sale by T. W. WICKES,
June 25, 1880. Druggist.

**AGRICULTURAL LIME.**

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the

**CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.**

is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)

**Agricultural Lime,**

in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.

Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,
19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

**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.

CALICOES 5 and 6½c.
Good Lawns 6½, 8, 10 and 12½c.
Best 10c. Bleach'd Muslin,
good Corsets 50c.;
Hamburg Edging 3c. per yard up; Linen Shirt Fronts 20c. up. Hdk'fs 5c. Fine Toilet Soap 5c, six for 25c.
Lowest prices at J. H. SIMPERS'.
July 2, 1881.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

**T. W. ELIASON, JR'S**
**STANDARD FERTILIZERS.**

**No. 1 Ammoniated Super Phosphate**

OF LIME AND POTASH,

**Composed of Dissolved Animal Bones, Dried Blood or Animal Matter, Acid Phosphate and Salts of Potash and Soda.**

THE STEADILY INCREASING DEMAND for the above goods in the neighborhoods where it has been used attest its success as an unexcelled Wheat Fertilizer.

The sales of it last year considerably more than doubled those of the preceding year in the same localities, and to-day in these localities it stands as high in the esteem of the Farmers who have used it as does any goods on the market.

I take pleasure in referring those who have never used it to the following well known gentlemen who have tested it:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| G. W. T. Pekins, | A. Hurlock, | William Morris, |
| Henry Bramble, | H. C. Lusby, | I. R. Leverton, |
| R. H. Rouse, | R. Nicholson, | P. E. Wilmer. |
| Joseph Trew, | T. S. Willmer, | B. F. Beck, |
| J. P. Dixon, | T. C. Parsons, | John Gale, |
| T. L. Bowers, | J. W. Skirven, | B. Hatcherson, |
| Thomas Gale, | G. R. Beck, | W. T. Anderson, |
| Joseph Rasin, | W. G. Trew, | C. Brown, |
| C. C. Brown, | Bartus Trew, | J. E. Newcomb, |
| J. F. Copper, | J. C. Loud, | A. J. Hynson, |
| P. Jefferson, | E. J. Watson, | G. W. Hatcherson, |
| S. G. Lee, | J. A. Miller, | J. B. Sappington, |
| J. W. Crew, | J. W. Hubbard, | D. A. Smith, |
| E. S. Hepbron, | T. B. Trew, | T. W. Skirven, |
| J. W. Fowler, | C. Cosden, | J. E. Crew, |
| John P. Nicholson, | H. W. Carvill, | J. W. Edwards, |
| John L. Deputy, | W. J. Tarbutton, | Wm. R. Gale. |
| E. Fowler, | J. N. Dodd, | Hyson Dill, &c., &c. |

**CHESTER COMPOUND,**

**And Dissolved Bone Phosphate with Alkaline Salts.**

These two goods have been on the market for two years, giving fine results.

☞Terms and prices liberal. For further particulars and certificates, apply to

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

N. B.—A supply of *Horner's Best Dissolved Bone, Acid Phosphate, Peruvian Guano, Kainit*, and other Fertilizer Materials, always on hand.
Aug. 6, 1881—9t. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

**Notice to Farmers!**

SEE FULL PARTICULARS.

HUBBARD'S

**Standard Bone Super-Phosphate.**

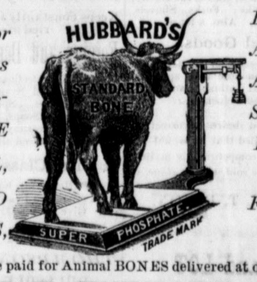
**A Leading Fertilizer for all Crops.**

*Manufactured of Pure Dissolved Bones, Nitrogen, Potash, and Peruvian Guano*

Rendering it one of the most concentrated and valuable manures ever sold on the market.

☞WE ARE THE FIRST manufacturers of Super-Phosphate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, thereby being an old and established firm. We greatly thank our many friends and patrons for their past valued favors, and we hope by strict care and attention to business to merit a continuance of same. It is not surprising that our goods have been so noted, as well for their superior condition for drilling as for general excellence; as every ton is made in the self-same way by the best machinery in use, to the *inspection of which all Farmers and the public generally are most cordially invited.*

*We have for sale at our works of our own manufacture, PURE BONE MEAL, Pure GROUND RAW BONES,*




*Pure Dissolved Animal BONE. Also, Dissolved South Carolina PHOSPHATE. KAINIT AND FERTILIZING SUPPLIES.*

☞Highest price paid for Animal BONES delivered at our Factory.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
*CHESTERTOWN, MD.*

**T. W. WICKES,**
AGENT FOR
**Maryland Co.'s Phoshates.**

**THE MARYLAND**
**Fertilizing and Manufacturing Company**

ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS:

**Alkaline Super-Phosphate**
—AND—
LINDEN PHOSPHATE.

The ALKALINE and LINDEN PHOSPHATES have special reference to the growth and development of the Grain, and are intended for lands that produce a sufficient growth of Straw, but small crops of Grain. They have been used for several years by some of the best farmers of Maryland and Virginia, alongside the highest grades of Ammoniated Phosphates, and in some sections have almost superseded them.

The Fine Mechanical condition of our FERTILIZERS is such that they Drill readily, and we recommend the use of the Drill as being the most profitable way of applying Fertilizers.

The steadily increasing demand for above goods in the neighborhoods where it has been used, attests its success as an unexcelled Wheat Fertilizer.

One evidence of the value of our Fertilizers is that all the parties named below who used our goods last year, have increased their orders for this year. These names are genuine, and we refer farmers to the parties themselves:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capt. E. B. Woodall, | E. F. C. Perkins, | Richard Smyth, |
| Charles England, | S. J. Roseberry, | T. J. Vickers, |
| T. F. Hurlock, | W. O. Shallcross, | J. W. Howard, |
| E. S. Clothier, | Robert Kimble, | J. T. Kelley, |
| J. T. Dixon, | F. Rash, | F. D. Lamb, |
| Wm. H. Whitely, | G. W. Jones, | Amos Lynch. |

Many others too numerous to mention.

☞All orders should be left at once with

**THOMAS W. WICKES,**
*Sole Agent for Kent County,*
Aug. 20, 1881—3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

**FARMERS!**

**Cut your Corn Off**

WITH

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S

**CAST STEEL CORN HOES**

They have NO EQUAL in the market.

They are our own invention, and have stood the test of twelve years past.

They are better than knives, as they cut short stubble.

They are light, with nice turned handles.

ALL GUARANTEED, and sold at REDUCED PRICE. *TRY THEM.*

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
sep3. Chestertown.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

**28th ANNUAL STATEMENT**
OF THE
*AGRICULTURAL*
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Insures Only Farm Property and Private Residences.

INSURES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE AND LIGHTNING.

JOHN A. SHERMAN, Pres't. ISAAC MUNSON, Sec'y.

*Capital, - - $300,000.00*
*Assets - - - $1,261,731.29*

**Statement, January 1st, 1881.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| United States Bonds, - - | | $212,475 00 |
| Other Stocks and Bonds, - | | 128,790 00 |
| Loans on Bonds & Mortgages, 1st lien | | 426,245 38 |
| Real Estate owned by the Company | | 197,396 80 |
| Loans on Collaterals (valued at $97,125 00,) | | 61,377 94 |
| Cash in Company's office and banks of deposit - - - | | 157,152 93 |
| Interest and Rent due and accrued | | 16,327 08 |
| Premiums in due course of collection | | 111,074 96 |
| Total assets - | | $1,310,840 09 |
| *LIABILITIES.* | | |
| Losses adjusted but not due | $4,032 80 | |
| Losses unadjusted - | 44,895 00 | |
| Miscellaneous - - | 181 00 | |
| | | 49,108 80 |
| Net assets - - - | | $1,261,731 29 |
| Capital Stock - | $300,000 00 | |
| Re-insurance Reserve | 760,638 71 | |
| | | 1,060,638 71 |
| Net surplus - - | | $ 201,092 58 |

The Company has paid for losses since its organization $3,187,061.39.

D. A. CLARK, State Agent,
10 P. O. Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.
au6-6m.

**Undertaking Revolutionized!**

*NO PACKING OF BODIES IN ICE.*

**THE DEAD PRESERVED by Cold Air.**

I HAVE just received direct from the manufacturers and patentees one of the VERY LATEST IMPROVED PATENT ICE CASKETS, for preserving the dead. By the use of *this* Casket a corpse can be dressed ready for burial and placed in it and kept for several days or weeks if necessary, perfectly natural, with no odor arising at all. The ice does not come in contact with or touch the body. When in use this preserver has the appearance of a handsome burial casket. I have been in correspondence with all the leading patentees and selected this one because I believe it to be the BEST in use, as it is the *very latest improved.*

JOHN N. DODD,
jy23-2m. Funeral Director and Furnisher.

**Paper Hangings and Window Shades**

HOWELL & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
**WALL PAPERS,**
*PHILADELPHIA, PA.,*
Have a Branch Store at
**260 West Baltimore Street,**
*BALTIMORE, MD.*

And being the only Manufacturers in the latter city, are prepared, with their large stock, to offer goods at prices that defy competition. Sample books sent to country merchants free of charge.

**Window Shades** of every quality and variety, at Lowest Prices.
June 4, 1881—3m.

**FORD'S BAZAR!**
**51 W. Baltimore St.**

**One of the Best Stores in the Country**

Immense variety of useful and ornamental Household Goods, Notions, Novelties, &c., of nearly every description.—Fine Silver Plated Ware, Fine Rolled Plate and Solid Gold Jewelry, Table Cutlery, Glass Ware, Clocks, Lamps in great variety, Bird Cages, a splendid line of Bags, Satchels and Trunks, Children's Chairs in great variety.

Don't fail to visit this popular store. Remember the place,

*51 W. Baltimore Street,*
je4-7m. Four doors East of Gay.

**Special Announcement.**

**Hall's Hotel**

*THIS POPULAR HOTEL*

having lately undergone a decided and approved change in conducting, it thereby naturally enhancing the convenience of and comfort of guests, is now ready to receive its former patrons and the travelling public generally, on the most liberal terms. Ample accommodations also for beast. No pains will be spared to make this popular house *second to none on this Peninsula.* Call and be convinced. The room until recently reserved for private parlor has been improvised into a public Reading Room and Parlor for the especially convenience and comfort of our guests.

JOHN HALL, Prop'r.
Chestertown, April 16-tf.

REMEMBER *THOMPSON'S* is the place to buy *W. H. Read's Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root,* a sure cure for Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Infantum, &c.

'St. Jacob's Oil,' the Great German Remedy for all cases of Rheumatism, Pains, &c., at Thompson's, uptown. aug6.

THE GOLDEN STAR *COAL OIL STOVE,* with extension top, large oven, broiler, sad-iron heater, and allnecessary cooking utensils, for sale by
je4. THOS. L. HINES & CO.


***GENTLE WORDS.***

BY MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.

Each gentle word is a thought of love,
Which finds its way through the blue above,
To light beyond the pearly strand,
And give thee joy in the better land.

Each gentle word is a wreath of flowers,
Gathered fresh from the heart's green bowers,
Whose fragrance will reach the pearly strand,
To give thee joy in a better land.

Each gentle word is a harp of gold,
Which angels bear to the upper fold;
To play thee a song on the pearly strand,
To give thee joy in the better land.

Kind words and deeds are tinkling bells,
Sounding up from the heart's deep wells,
Whose chimes will search the pearly strand,
To give thee joy in the better land.

Each gentle word is a swift-winged dove,
Bridging the way from the heart of love,
Over the waves to the pearly strand,
To bear thee across to the better land.

Each gentle word is a precious stone,
Which God will set in a shining crown,
And give thee to wear on the pearly strand,
When thou has gained the better land.

**TOO LATE.**

A broken-hearted wife lay dying, and her husband remorsefully whispered, "I love you; I have ever loved you!" She looked at him a moment and simply answered, "You are too late," and died. Are there none of us who are waiting until our friends die before we speak the words of love and appreciation for which the living hearts are yearning? How is it, husbands? Are there none who truly love their wives, and who, if such were to die to-day, would feel that words were too poor to portray either their worth or your anguish, and yet who seldom by word or look or sign give any outward expression to their love? None who rejoice in their well-ordered houses, their well-spread tables, their comfortable homes, and yet never have a word of praise for the busy hand, or the governing brain that keeps all the complicated machinery of the household in motion. Do none of us receive all this as a matter of course, never thinking that it is churlish and niggardly to give no praise where praise is due. And are there no wives who forget that love, like jealousy, grows by what it feeds on, and that it is far easier to win a heart than it is to keep it? That to keep the heart they have won is the first, the sweetest duty of the wife? None who have laid aside all the pretty witcheries of their girlish days—and who, though their love is still strong and true, have forgotten how to be tender? I know of some whose hearts are warm and loyal, and who, if their husbands were laying dead before them, would doubtless feel that the light of their lives had gone out; and yet their manner is so cold, so indifferent, that a stranger would be justified in wondering whether their love was not bound hand and foot in the cerements of the grave.

There are fathers and mothers who really love their children tenderly; but yet who are so irresponsive, so little given to expression, that the boys and girls are in doubt about it. You notice the crudities, the weaknesses, the seeming waywardness that is often only the unrest of immaturity; but you fail to recognize the upward yearnings, the aspirations, the blind out-reaching of the young soul after something higher and better than itself. It is only after they are dead that the children become to you "altogether lovely." Would it not be well if we were to allow life to wear somewhat of the glamour and illusion which now seem to be the monopoly of death? Would it not be well if we were to teach our lips to utter now the love and praise and gratitude which, if we do not, we shall certainly sometime, in anguish of spirit, pour into the deaf ears of those whose sealed lips can make us no response?

We of the present are growing reticent, so self-contained. Why is it? Is it pride or is it shyness that makes us so silent? Many of us are so afraid of being considered "flatterers" that we will not say pleasant things to each other when occasion demands them. And some of us lack the proper training. Our lips are dumb because they have never been taught to speak. It is so much easier to speak sharply than to speak sweetly. Even in our own households we are afraid of being accounted "silly" if we dare to give a caress, or a tender, loving word to husband and children, father and mother, brother or sister. But by and by, upon their unanswering lips we shall rain unavailing kisses; into their deaf ears we shall pour agonized prayers for forgiveness, tenderest words of love, and upon our own regretful, remorseless hearts will recoil the sting. "While they are with you love those the gods lend. While they need it most, give them of your heart's best things."

**LAUGH MORE.**

Mothers do not laugh enough. The housekeeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating, and even John, kind, good husband that he is, cannot understand all our vexations and discouragements, and so wearied do we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does and must. Father may be bright and cherry, his laugh rings out, but if the mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings—

We may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful." Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a pitiful effort which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cherry laugh of a mother goes down thro' generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than "She was always bright and cheerful."

**Encouragement.**

An amusing story is told of a little fellow named Artie, one of three brothers whose parents had brought them up to be brave and self-reliant. He couldn't do much, but what he could do he did it with all his might.

And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from the father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful.

Hardly had the parents left ere the wood-work near the stove pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next one.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, so I just stood by and hollered "Amen."

THRILLING INCIDENT.—Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried: "Angelina, dearest, make me happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw Angelina thrilled in every fibre as she replied sweetly: "O, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."—*Boston Transcript.*

MEN who are never hungry know nothing of the worst temptations of life. More people are saved from crime by potatoes than by principles. The cause of virtue in a multitude of instances is a plenty of pork and beans.

**A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.**

MARVELOUS STORY OF MISIDENTIFICATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

*From the Balto. Gazette.*

A Husband Deserts His Wife in Baltimore—Supposed to Have Been Found Dead in Erie, Pa., and Buried by His Wife's Family, Turns Up in Michigan—The Husband and Wife Once More to be United.

The wildest flight of the romancer's imagination is sometimes put to blush by the simple recital of the bare facts of a truthful narrative. A story as strange as the most absorbing creation of even the futile brain of a French master of fiction had its beginning in this city more than ten years ago, and its denouement in the early part of last summer. Mr. T. L. Patterson, early in the decade just closed the hero of our matter-of-fact romance, was a resident of Baltimore. He had five years before married Miss Kate Rice, the daughter of E. L. Rice, Jr., a gentleman of considerable wealth, then and now a resident of the city of Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Rice was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments. Husband and wife lived in Baltimore for nearly five years in ideal happiness, during which time a child was born. Young Patterson was not, however, proof against the temptations of the convival society into which he found a ready admittance. Neither wife nor child nor home could drag him from the whirlpool of dissipation into which he was finally drawn. It was the old, old story. Good resolutions, broken pledges, broken spirits, despair. One night, in desperation, he kissed his wife and baby and declared they should never see him or hear from him again until he was the masser of himself and his habits and able to restore the happy home to which he had first taken his bride. The almost heart-broken wife went back to her father's home in Wilmington with her little daughter Susie.

About a year after this there appeared in a Baltimore paper an account of the death from an overdose of laudanum at a hotel in Erie, Pa., of a man, the description of whom tallied so closely with that of the missing man that friends in Baltimore sent it to Mrs. Patterson, and Mr. Samuel Patterson, a brother, went to Erie, to investigate the matter. He sent for a servant who had specially waited on the deceased and he instantly identified the photograph of T. L. Patterson as that of the man who had died there. Further investigation but confirmed the belief which had by this time become fixed in Mr. Samuel Patterson's mind. His brother Tom, while a boy, had picked with Indian ink on his arm the letters T. L. P. On the arm of the deceased were the letters L. P. and the inference was drawn that, in accordance with his declared determination that no one should every again hear from him, Mr. Patterson had endeavored to obliterate this identifying mark and had succeeded in destroying the first letter. The remains were disinterred from the stranger's grave by the side of the lake and taken to Wilmington and deposited in the family vault in the Wilmington and Brandywine Cemetery, where they still remain. Mrs. Patterson has since lived as a widow with her father.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Last November, says the Wilmington Every Evening, "a gentleman in this city, an intimate friend of all the parties, received with amazement a letter from T. L. Patterson, asking him for information of his wife and child. There was no doubt in the gentleman's mind that this was a letter from his friend Tom Patterson, whose remains he supposed he once followed to the grave, but before communicating the startling information to Mrs. Patterson he wrote back, giving her husband the information he sought, and asking him to write more fully. This Mr. Patterson promptly did, inclosing a long letter to his wife, describing his life during his self-imposed exile."

On leaving Baltimore he had gone to Texas and engaged in cattle raising, in which he ultimately after some years, became quite successful. He sold out this business and engaged in teaming across New Mexico, in which he also prospered, until he felt that he had recuperated in health and fortune sufficiently to enable him to once more claim his wife and child, and he thereupon wrote to them, giving the letter to a messenger to carry to the nearest postoffice, which was at no small distance. For some reason that letter never was mailed, or at least never received, and his anxious waiting for a reply was unrewarded. Shortly after that the Indians made a raid, carried Mr. Patterson off as a prisoner and took every dollar's worth of his property. He finally escaped from them, walking forty miles to the nearest settlement, returning to civilization pennless. In some way he worked his way to the home of old friends in Wisconsin, on the shore of Lake Superior. He began for the third time in his life the fight for fortune, and the cause of his first trouble having utterly disappeared, never to return during all the vicissitudes and disappointments of his years of exile, he felt the ground once more firm beneath his feet, and so wrote the letter of inquiry to prepare the way for another attempt to recover his wife and child. Of course he had no idea that during all this time that he was supposed to be quietly resting in his own family's vault in Wilmington. The correspondence resulted in preparing the way for a reunion of the long separated family, and Mr. Patterson's circumstances now being such as to justify the step, he will proceed to Wilmington in October to claim once more the wife whose joy that he is alive equals her grief when she mourned him as dead. United States District Attorney Patterson, of Delaware, is a brother of the hero of this singular romance.

**Whistling to a Squirrel.**

One afternoon last summer, when out looking for game, I sat down on a pile of rails to rest. Pretty soon I discovered, in an oak tree, some twenty yards away, a red squirrel stretched at full length on a limb, taking a sun bath. Instead of raising my rifle and sending a ball thro' the little fellow (it's a mighty mean "sportsman" that endeavors to kill all he sees) I decided to give him a little pleasure if I could, so I commenced to whistle the air of the once popular ditty, "I love thee, sweet Norah O'Neill." In a twinkling the squirrel was up on his hind legs, his tail over his back, his head cocked to one side, listening to me; a moment of irresolution, and then he scampered down the trunk of the tree to the ground, and started toward me; he came a few yards, stopped, sat up on end, and listened again. I was careful not to move and kept on whistling; after waiting a moment the little beauty came on, jumped up on the pile of rails, ran along within four feet of me, halted, went up on end again, made an umbrella of his tail, tipped his head to one side, looked at me with all the gravity of a justice of the peace at his first trial; and yet, if ever a creature's eyes beamed with pleasure, his did.

I did not move, but after a little I abruptly changed the tune to the "Sweet by-and by." Chut! Why, with the first note of the different tune, away went the squirrel. I did not move, only I shook with the suppressed laughter, and, as well as I could, kept on whistling. In a minute or two back came the squirrel, going through all the cunning manoeuvres of his first approach, and once more took a seat before me on the rails. I watchep him and actually thought he was trying to pucker up his mouth and whistle

Once again I changed the tune, this time to "Yankee Doodle," and, as before, with the first note of change away scampered the squirrel. Unable to control my risibilities longer, I laughed aloud, and after that I could not call my little friend to me.

I wonder how many of the so-called "true sportsmen" ever seek or think of any pleasure in connection with such beautiful little creatures save the savage and unmanly pleasure of taking away their lives.—*Forest and Stream.*

A TRAVELLER in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betalking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants seeing that the caterpiller had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass-stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph leaving the foe's body on the field.

WHEN a young man is alone with his best girl he is generally supposed to be "holding his own."

**"I SURRENDER."**

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times relates the following incident of the battle of Cold Harbor, which was one of the most desperate and quickest fought battles of modern times:

When Grant assaulted Lee on this ground, at daybreak on the third of June, his line of battle was seven miles in length. More than a hundred thousand Federal soldiers moved forward at the tick of the watch. While Burnside was on the double-quick at Bethesda church, six miles to the north, at the same moment Hancock was leading his columns across the road into the woods where lurked the foe. Before a swift bird could fly from one end of the assaulting line to the other Lee had received and withstood the shock at every point. Ten minutes only had passed, but in that beggarly bit of time the ground was strewn with the slain and the quickest fought battle of modern times was decided. Only Hancock held tenaciously to what he had gained, and the fight in his front was prolonged for an hour. Storekeeper Tucker, whom I met at Gaines' Mill a few weeks ago, went with me from his store at New Cold Harbor to the place on Lee's line where Hancock caught on, and there I saw a number of wonderful evidence of the fierce fight.

The trunk of a "honeyshuck" tree—a kind of locust, thorny and of hard wood—rests against the earthworks, and Mr. Tucker says it was so hacked with small shot that the next high wind blew it down. I found a skull and dozen buttons in a marshy spot a dozen yards away, and on the other side of the breastwork is a mound that shelters a number of fallen Alabama braves. Old Theodore Tucker, an uncle of the narrator of the incident, was near the tree at the time of the heavy fighting.

"I'd a kind o' notion," he once told his nephew, "at they was gwine to lick us, and anyhow, as it mought be, I was willin' to quit. I swow by jeeminy, as I seed some Yanks comin' I drapped my gun and starts up a singin':

O, ho! Bob Ridley, Ho!
O, ho! Bob Ridley, Ho!

"Why did you do that?"

"Kase I wanted to give in an' quit an' go home, beins as I was only only two miles off'n home. Well, as I was gwine fer ter say, one Yank come at me, an' I says 'I surrender. 'All right,' sezze, 'here's my gun.' "But, by jeeminy,' says I, 'it's me 'at wants to surrender.' 'No, sirree,' says the Yank, 'I'm the feller 'at wants to surrender,' and so we had it, fust one an' then tuther, nip an' tuck, rip an' snort, which 'un of us should surrender."

"And which finally did surrender?"

"I swow by jeeminy, nary one of us. I crawls off and he crawls off, an' las' I seed of 'im we was both a-crawlin' fit to kill."

**High Heeled Shoes.**

Back ache, says a prominent New York physician, is common with women; more than two-thirds of them suffer from it. But there is one kind of this trouble, caused by a prevailing fashion, which women ought not to allow themselves to suffer from.

A few years ago, a fashionable young lady called upon me, saying that her back was very lame and had been for a considerable time; the pain had lately been so greatly increased that she had become frightened about herself. She had been obliged to shorten her promenades, so she said, was almost incapable of dancing, and her life was gradually becoming a burden. She had tried everything, and taken medicine all the time, but—and then she broke down in such a way that I began to suspect hysteria.

She looked tired, and her face bore an expression of pain and despondency that was not compatable with her years—she was about twenty-three—nor her evidences of constitutional force, which I judged to be strong. I confess I was at a loss to account for her trouble, and close questioning gave me no indication for treatment. I at last prescribed a tonic—on general principles—and asked her to call in about a week. When she reappeared again, a glance sufficed to show that she was no better, and I was much puzzled as I saw her walk up and down the office in nervous excitement, exclaiming that she would never get well, she knew she wouldn't, etc. As I looked a certain peculiarity in her walk led me to believe that there might be some spinal trouble, and I commenced a cross examination, which she brought to a sudden close by saying: Why, doctor, several of my friends are suffering just as I am, but they are not yet so worn out with the pain; we cannot all have spinal complaints, can we?

I thought it impossible, of course, and the interview ended by my asking her to call on the next day, and bring one of her friends with her, when I would make another effort to discover the real cause of trouble. I had in fact made up my mind that some peculiarity in dress was at the root of the difficulty. The ladies called, and had hardly traversed the office before I observed in patient No. 2 the same idiosyncrasy in walking that I had seen in the first patient. I was not long in discovering that the real difficulty lay in the high and tapering heels of my patients' gaiters. Closer examination revealed the fact that there was a difference in the height of the boot heels of the two ladies, and I found that my first patient, who was the greater sufferer, was one whose gaiters possessed the higher heels. There was nothing to do but to prescribe slippers and woolen stockings for a week, to be followed by the wearing of shoes having low, broad heels.

All signs of lameness disappeared within eleven days, and my first patient of this kind, together with many who have followed her, regained their health and strength. There are many physiological reasons why undue elevation of the heel must cause trouble. It will suffice to say that it tends to throw forward the contents of the abdominal cavity, and the muscles, nerves, cords, more or less connected with or surrounding the back, are subjected to unusual strain in resisting the forward impulse. Of course, in such cases, lame back is not a disease, but only the indications of a deep seated trouble, which is sometimes difficult to deal with. Ladies should be warned that this fashion in heels is certain to bring them—sooner or later—great trouble.

**Work and Play.**

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and if possible the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write; and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railroad presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment, quickly doing anything, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man can read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.—*Scholar's Companion.*

***CUI BONO?***

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceberg
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fight and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A KENTUCKY gentleman stole four hives of bees, carried them several miles, and did not get stung once; but if an honest man had gone within ten feet of the bees, he would have been stung fifty times.

THE New Orleans Picayune says: "No woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan."

**The Proper Way to Work a Horse.**

There never was a greater mistake than to say that a man who owns a horse, and drives a horse, knows all about a horse, for, in a majority of cases, it is the very reverse. There are two classes of horses, work and pleasure; and all horses that will do pulling and hauling heavy loads are termed work horses and the balance are horses of pleasure. It need only to be said of working horses that they should be well cleaned and fed, have their regular hours of rest, and plenty of time before their work commences to digest their food. It is a mistake to say that horses having a long journey to go are benefitted by being driven slowly; for if the road be good, the weather not too warm, and the load not very heavy, it will be better to drive him at the rate of eight miles an hour than at five miles; for then he will get to his stable sooner, be fed earlier, and have a long rest for the trials of to-morrow.

Of course