msa_sc2901_scm1624-0836 ©Maryland State Archives

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, DECEMBER 24, 1881. No. 34.

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.

"EXCELSIOR!"

The Only Clothing House in the State

CONDUCTED ON PRINCIPLES THAT PROTECT THE BUYER AND INSURES A FAIR TRANSACTION.

The ONLY Clothing House in the State that is strictly and unalterably ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to Exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has *FIVE DISTINCT CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS* each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has *ORIGINAL and EXCELSIOR STYLES*, copied from none, equalled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of Clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of product, marks goods in plain selling figures and at prices to suit all.

"FAIR DEALING" Our Standard;
"ONE PRICE" Our Anchor;
"PERMANENT POPULARITY" Our Goal.

EXCELSIOR
ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

S. W. Corner Baltimore & Light Sts.,
Largest and Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

NEW MILLINERY
FOR
FALL & WINTER.

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Plush Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,
Handsome Ostrich Plumes
and Tips of all varieties,
and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

oc22. MRS. KATE GILL.

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF
—COOK—
AND
Heating Stoves

AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS
BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED,
have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove
which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves
for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,
AND
New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.

Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the
Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE
for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,
Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

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

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

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
u23-tf.

T. J. MWcHORTER,
MILLLINGTON, 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,
y 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
AND
FERTILIZERS,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN
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.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,
The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
aug6. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

RICHARD J. FOARD
DEALER IN
Grain and Coal,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

New CORN,
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price,
Delivered at points convenient to Farmers on the Bay, River, Creeks or Railroad, and handle the same promptly.

COAL! COAL!!

I have on hand and for sale at the Yard of H. Mifflin Thomas, PURE LEHIGH COAL. A good article at low prices.

I have associated Captain James E. Taylor with me in the GENERAL FREIGHTING BUSINESS, and having secured the Steam Propeller "Pierrepont," we are prepared to handle all Freights that are given us with care and despatch, at reasonable rates of freight.

All Grain, whether bought or freighted, weighed and receipted for at this end and delivered according to receipted weights at Baltimore.

Captain Taylor will run on the Steamer and purchase goods or deliver orders free of charge, except freight.

For rates of freight, &c., apply to R. J. FOARD, either at his office or at Taylor's Granary; or to JAMES E. TAYLOR, Clerk Steamer Pierrepont. nov26-2m.

Christmas Goods!
Don't

GO AWAY to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at **STAM'S Drug Store.** Elegant Novelties. Prices right. *No Fancy Profits.* The question is, what shall I buy? Come, and we will tell you.—Come soon before the rush. Choice is greater now—hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance.

Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship.

Porcelain Roses of French importation $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. SILVER-WARE, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown. Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors.

Sationery in beautiful boxes.

Books for the old and young.

Prayer Books, Hymn Books and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For the CHILDREN we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and Books for them in bright and illuminated covers; one of the best—Chatter-Box—we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

GOLD PENS and PENCILS.—You already know the quality of these goods. They are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of New York, which is a sufficient recommendation.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store. We can give you a comfortable seat while you examgoods.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM.

We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of fine MAJOLICA WARE, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

Chestertown, Dec. 17, 1881.

New Arrival Fall Goods!
LOWEST PRICES!

We have just opened a large general stock of goods suitable for the FALL and WINTER season, and respectfully invite buyers to inspect our goods and prices before purchasing.

DRY GOODS.
DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, KERSEYS, MUSLINS, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Shawls, Skirts, Nubias, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES
Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, FINE BOOTS, Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes, in great variety.

HATS and CAPS!
Newest Styles! Lowest Prices!

CARPETS and Oil Cloths.
Woodenware and Queensware,
Groceries: Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices. Tobacco, &c.

We will give you good values, and WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 15, 1881.

J. W. PERKINS,
LYNCH'S, MD.,

HAVING laid in a *LARGE STOCK OF GOODS* in the following lines, respectfully request my friends to inspect the same:

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Notions, Hardware,
Queensware, Tinware,
Willow-ware, Boots & Shoes,
Fish by the bbl., ½ bbl. and ¼ bbl., or kit; also, Horse Collars, Bridles, Lines, Traces and Halters, all at the
Lowest City Prices!

Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.

J. W. PERKINS,
March 19, 1881. LYNCH'S.

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 call for.

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

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

THE Largest and Best GROCERY STORE in town is kept by
ug20. WM. J. McFEELEY.

We have Come!
Mr. & Mrs. Kris Kingle

Have arrived at **Hudgins' Bakery!**

They intend to remain until the snows of December have clothed the hills with their winding sheets. It is expected that everybody in Chestertown or Kent county, will call on them without any further invitation. They have brought with them a *WHOLE FACTORY of BABY DOLLS, CARRIAGES and WAGONS.* The number is too large to be counted. They are to be sold at very low figures, in fact ALMOST GIVEN AWAY!

There will be no Free Concerts this year, but after the business is all over there will be a Grand *DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS,* provided the Bailiff will consent to remain at home at that time.

The gentleman who makes FALSE FACES is also on hand with a very large supply, and he is still making these faces to suit all kinds of people. Don't miss this chance—come and buy your profile. Your friends will appreciate it after you have departed.

Try our FAMILY MINCE MEAT.

dec10. HUDGINS' BAKERY.

LOOK FOR IT.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE
SPARKS

IS NOW OPENING one of the FINEST ASSORTMENTS of
Christmas Goods!
EVER OFFERED THE CITIZENS OF KENT COUNTY.

In our CONFECTIONERY department we have almost anything you may call for. Plain Candies of all kinds; French do., 25 to 65c. per lb., Conserved Fruits, Nuts of all kinds; Oranges, Lemons, Rasins, Figs, Malaga Grapes 25c. per lb.; also, a full line of Jellies, Pickles, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Chocolate, Gelatine, Extracts, &c., &c., all at *Lowest Prices.*

A Splendid Assortment of TOYS
to please the children, the best we have ever had and cheaper than ever.

We have **200 Doll Babies** from 5 cts. to $4. Christmas Tree Ornaments, a fine line to select from.

Beautiful and useful PRESENTS for persons of all ages. Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Majolica ware, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, and other articles.

Finest assortment LAMPS in Kent co., and cheaper than ever before.

CLOCKS!—We are still in this business—will make it your interest to call.

CHINA TEA SETS and Chamber Sets very cheap, and a great variety of other goods suitable for the Holidays.

Be sure and find the place before making your purchases, and you will go away fully convinced that you have found THE CHEAP STORE.

SPARKS,
Dec. 10. Opposite Court House.

The Campaign has Opened!
AND WE INTEND TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE THROUGH THE
HOLIDAYS

We have just received the largest lot of
New Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, Dates, Nuts, &c.,
ever offered in this market, which we intend to sell at prices that will surprise all. While Fruits of all kinds have advanced in price, you will wonder how we can afford to sell so cheap.

The secret is—We buy large lots from first hands; we buy at our own prices.

Get prices of Fruit from other stores and then call on us, and when you return home you will carry with you the worth of your money, and also carry with you a smiling face. All through the Holidays, in fact, you will smile every time you think of the great bargains you made at

HUDGINS' BAKERY.

P. S.—We shall open, December 1st, a fine assortment of Toys, Baby Carriages, Wagons, Fire Works, Accordeons, Notions, Fruit Cake, Pound Cake. Also, a large lot of FAMILY MINCE MEAT cheap.

n26-6t. HUDGINS' BAKERY.

Family Groceries,
FLOUR and FEED.

WM. J. McFEELY,
At the old Post Office Corner, Chestertown,
Is now opening a large stock of Seasonable Goods, embracing in part
Foreign and Domestic GROCERIES,
Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Candies, Jellies, Preserves, Spices, Pickles, Sauces, &c.
Also, Canned Goods in great variety, such as Tomatoes, Corn, Beans, Peaches, Pineapple.
Ham, Beef, Lobster, Souced Mackerel, &c.
Crackers and Cakes in variety; also, Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Syrup and Molasses.
CIGARS and TOBACCO a specialty; and indeed an endless variety of articles such as is kept in
A First Class Grocery Store,
all of which will be sold as low as the lowest.
nov26. WM. J. McFEELEY.

Hundreds Have Used It!
and Thousands Will Have It!
LEARY'S
Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
The GREAT Cough, Cold, Croup and LUNG SYRUP.
Sold at 50c. by all Druggists and dealers in medicine, and at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.
CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,
Wholesale Agents,
Light & Lombard sts., Baltimore.
oc22-3m*

PAINTS.
We have secured the full control in Kent County, of the
Girard Ready Mixed PAINTS,
and can furnish all shades, either by the pint, quart or gallon, at bottom prices. These paints are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Any one finding them otherwise than as represented, will be furnished any other paint desired free of charge.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Drying, Putty, &c. Give us a call.
d3. HINES & CO.

THE BABY STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling,
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But, I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stockings with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

"GILL."

A ragged, sad-eyed boy, aged nine or ten, stopped me on the street the other day, and said:

"I haven't had anything to eat the whole day! Won't you please to give me ten cents?"

I gave it to him. I'd have given him the money if it had been necessary to pawn my hat.

"Do you let impostors swindle you in that manner?" asked an acquaintance.

A journalist who was knocking about for a daily paper a dozen years has seen every phase of human life. Men, women and children have swindled him, or tried to; people have lied to him; his money has been given to whining, lying vagrants, who told direful tales of distress, and he ought to be able to correctly read human nature.

"I'll bet that boy in a professional beggar," continued my friend, chuckling at the idea of my being swindled.

None of us care for the loss of a shinplaster on the street, while every one feels vexed and annoyed at the idea of being swindled out of a single penny. I could not say that the boy was not a swindler, and yet I would have divided my last shilling with him.

"Why?"

I told my friend why, and I will tell you. One day last year, when the wild wind blew the snow over the house-roofs and around the corners in blinding clouds, and when the frosty air cut one's face like a knife, a boy of ten came up to me as I waited for the car. He was thinly clad, his face betrayed hunger and suffering, and in the most mournful voice he pleaded.

"I'm hungry and cold."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I haven't any."

"Haven't you any relatives?"

"Not one!"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks."

The boy spoke in that drawl which professional beggars assume. I believed, too, that I had seen his face on the street time and again. I hardened my heart and said to him:

"Boy! I know you, and if I catch you asking any one for money again I'll have you arrested!"

He moved away quickly. I argued that this proved his guilt, forgetting that a homeless, friendless waif might evince fear when entirely innocent.

But hours later, when night had come, and the wind had grown to a fierce gale, the boy halted me again, as I plunged through the snow-drifts. I did not see him until he called out:

"Mister! I'm almost starved, and I'll freeze to death if I can't get some place to sleep!"

The same thin, ragged clothes, hardly comfortable for June weather—the same whine to his voice. I felt like giving him money, but the fear that he had been sent out by his parents to beg restrained and angered me. Catching him by the arm, I yelled out:

"See here, boy, if you don't own up that you are lying to me, I'll take you to the station."

Through the blinding storm I saw his white face grow paler, and he cried back: "Don't take me—don't! Yes, I was lying to you!"

I released him, ond he hurried away, while I walked on, flattering myself that I had played a sharp game, and done the generous public a good turn.

An hour later, when the night had grown still wilder and colder, some one knocked at my door. It was a timid knock, and I wondered who could have sent a child abroad on such a night. I opened the door and the same boy was on the step, his face blue with dold, his whole form shivering, and a look of desperation in his eyes.

"Please, Mister—" he began, but he stopped when recognizing me.

I was puzzled to know why he should have followed me home—why he had selected me for a victim and trailed me so persistently.

I might have argued that the storm had driven people off the streets, and that the freezing, starving boy had, in his desperation, called at the house, but I didn't. Had it been any other boy, or any person, asking charity, I would have given it to him promptly and freely. But I was angry at his trailing me—angered that he thought he could swindle me, and I grasped at him and inquired:

"Boy, what is your name?"

He leaped back, and, standing where the furious storm almost buried him from sight, he answered:

"Gill!"

"I know you, sir!" I shouted, and he moved away without another word.

May the Lord forgive me for that night's work; but you might have acted the same. When morning came, after a night so bitter that policemen were frozen on their beats, I opened the front door to find that boy dead on the steps, frozen to death! I knew, as the dead, white face looked up at me through the snow, that I had wronged him with my suspicions, but it was too late then—the angels had opened to him a gate leading to a place where the human heart and its unworthy thoughts can never enter. Poor Gill! A warm meal or a shilling would have saved his life, and I drove him out to his death!

This is why I give when I am asked now. I know that I sometimes give to the unworthy, but it would be better to give all I possessed to an impostor than to have another homeless waif creep back to die on the spot where I had unjustly accused him.

"Christmas! Happy Christmas!"

BY FANNIE FERN.

How it flew from one laughing lip to another—trembling on the tongue of decrepitude; lisped by prattling infancy, and falling like a funeral knell on the ear of the grief-stricken!

Little busy feet were running to and fro, trumpeting the fame of "good Santa Claus." The pretty blue-eyed maiden blushed, as she placed her Christmas gift on the betrothal finger. Yes, it might have been ten times colder than it was, and nobody would have known it, everybody's heart was so warm.

See that great house opposite! How bright the fire light falls on those rare old pictures: on marble and damask and gold and silver! Now they are decking a Christmas tree. Never a diamond sparkled brighter than those children's eyes. 'Tis all sunshine at the great house.

Kathleen sits at her low, narrow window. She sees it all. There are no pictures on her walls; though she has known the time when they were decked with the rarest. There is nothing there now that the eye would look twice upon, save the fair, sad face of its inmate. But it is not of gilded splendor she is thinking.

Last Christmas the wealth of a noble heart was laid at her feet. Now she is written widow! How brief a word to express such a far-reaching sorrow! Walter and she were so happy. "Only one voyage more, dear Katie, and then I will turn landsman and stay with you on shore;" and so Kathleen clung, weeping, to his neck, and bade him a silent farewell. And since! * * * Oh, how wearily pass time's leaden footsteps to the watchful eye and the listening ear of love! "Her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away."

Day after day crept on. Then came, at last, these crushing words—"All on board perished!"

With that short sentence, the light of hope died out in her heart, and the green earth became one wide sepulchre. The blight fell early on so fair a flower. There were many who would gladly have lit again the love-light in those soft, blue eyes; but from all Kathleen turned, heart-sick, away to her little, lonely room, to toil, and dream, and weep, and pray.

And now the twilight has faded away, and the holy stars, one by one, have come stealing out, to witness her sorrow. There she sits, with a filling eye and an aching heart, and watches the merry group yonder. Life is so bright to them; so weary to her, without that dear arm to lean upon. Could she but have pillowed that dying head; heard him say but once more, "I love you, Kathleen." But that despairing struggle with those dark, billowy waves; that shriek for "help," where no help could come; that strong arm and brave heart so stricken down! Poor Kathleen!

Blessed sleep!—touch those sad eyes lightly. Torture not that troubled heart with mocking dreams. See, she smiles! a warm flush creeps to her cheek, and dries away the tear. Sleep has restored the dear one to her. Dream on while you may, sweet Kathleen!

"This is the house, sir. God bless me, that you should be alive! That one, sir, with the small windows. No light there. Find the way, sir?"

Tap, tap, on the window! Kathleen wakes from that sweet dream to listen. She does not tremble, for grief like hers knows neither hope nor fear. She is soon apparelled, and, shading the small lamp with her little hand, advances to the door. Its flickering ray falls upon the stalwart form before her. What is there in its outline to palsy her tongue, and blanch her cheek? This torturing suspense! If the stranger would but speak!

"Kathleen!"

With one wild cry of joy she falls upon his neck.

Ah, little Katie! Dreams are not always a mockery. A merry Christmas to you!

AFTERNOON.

Sing, my heart, a cheerful song,
Though the shadows, growing long,
Show the sun descending;
Life hath been a joyous day—
Faith and love shall soothe the way
To a happy ending;
Sing, my heart, a song of peace
While the shadows still increase.

Hail, oh heart! the calmer days—
Greet the cooler, milder rays
Of the sun descending;
If old age should come apace,
Welcome it with gentle grace,
Patient with the ending:
Sing, my heart, a song of peace,
While the shadows still increase.

WILTED.

Not long ago a St. Louis merchant told his wife that he was compelled from consideration of expediency, to take a customer from the country to the theatre. When his wife commented on the elaborate nature of his toilet for a rural person of the male sex, he replied:

"Oh, you see, everything depends upon impressing that sort of people favorably.'

At this moment the merchant's office boy made his appearance.

'Well, said the somewhat agitated husband, 'did you see the gentleman I sent you to?'

'Yes, sir; replied the messenger.

'And you told him I had seats for the theatre?'

'Yes, sir; and he said he was much obliged, and he said he'd wait for you."

'Was he all ready?' asked the unsuspecting wife.'

'Yes, all rigged, except putting on his lace collar, and fastening his earring.'

'What's that? lace collar and earrings?'

'Yes, my dear, my friend is troubled with weak eyes, and the doctor makes him wear earrings.'

'And I suppose he has to wear a lace collar to prevent him from taking cold. Well, sonny, you can go back and tell the gentleman he needn't put on his lace collar and things, because Mr. S. has some business to attend to at home.' And Mr. S. wilted on the spot.

DEATH OF THE OLD WIFE.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She lay all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer?—the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.

"The children are safe," answered the old man tremulously; "don't think of them Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light.

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight."

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked, her mind again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands, that labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and sat down with the Bible between them to read the promisess. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household care that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in his courts be seen.
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone.—The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in more than seventy years; but it won't be for long—it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

A SPITEFUL MONSTER.

During a trip to Boerland, South Africa, an English gentleman and his friends had the glory of shooting a rhinoceros. They found him a dangerous beast to tackle and a difficult one to kill. Sixteen bullets did he carry off from the fight, walking for several hours and then bleeding to death.

The encounter with the huge, unwieldy beast occurred at night, by a water hole, while they were waiting for game. Each of the Englishmen was seated with a Kaffir servant in the fork of a tree, looking out for buffalo. There were plenty of bushbuck and other antelope drinking and gamboling at the edge of the water hole. But the sportsmen were determined to shoot at nothing less than a buffalo.

At last, the advance of two magnificent koodoos, whose beautiful spiral horns towered above them as they walked into the pool, caused the sportsmen to forget their resolution. Both fired. One koodoo fell; the other made off, desperately wounded.

One of the Englishmen was about descending from the tree. A shout from his friend and a heavy footfall, accompanied with a puff, puff, like that of a steam engine, warned him to remain. Out from the dense bush came a black rhinoceros mad with wickedness. Seeing the hunters, he butted again and again the trees in which they were seated. His furious charges almost shook them off. Spiteful at not being able to get at them, the animal plowed up the ground with his horn.

Bullet after bullet was fired into him, but apparently he was as indifferent as if he had been hit with peas. At length, an expansive ball dropped on his snout, just behind his horn, and brought him to his knees. Getting up and stamping the ground, he made for the bush.

At daylight the hunters followed his trail, which at first was marked with blood. About a mile on, the flattened grass showed where the brute had rested. The trail led across an open sward of grass into a thicket. Just as the hunters were cautiously entering it, a bird flew up, uttering a shrill "Teha, teha!" Out came the beast, staggering as if drunk. Three shots brought him to his knees. But up he rose, faced round as if to make a charge, changed his mind, and ran into the bush. The hunters following, found him lying on his side and quite dead. The wonderful vitality of the animal is shown in the fact that he had lived several hours with thirteen bullets in his body, and after trotting three or four miles and bleeding profusely, had retained his life until three more shots killed him.

A QUIET TALK.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Here you have been home a whole week, Mr. Breezy, without telling me a word about your trip to Cleveland," said Mrs. Breezy. "You know you promised to tell me everything."

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Breezy, absently, from behind his evening paper.

"I don't believe you heard a word I said," exclaimed Mrs. Breezy. "Do put down that paper and at least appear to be aware of my existence, Mr. Breezy."

"In a moment dear. I am just at the end of an article on—"

"Yes, of course, your wife can wait," said Mrs. Breezy. "She can always be put off for everything and everybody," continued Mrs. Breezy, beating a nervous tattoo upon the carpet with the toe of her right shoe. "Before we were married, Mr. Breezy, you told me repeatedly that I should hold a first place in your heart and that business, politics, everything should give way to my will. You have kept your word, havn't you, Mr. Breezy?"

"With your assistance, dear, I have," said Mr. Breezy, as a sickly smile crept over features.

"What do you wish to imply, Mr. Breezy, by saying with my assistance?" asked Mrs. Breezy, growing still more nervous.

"Oh, nothing dear it was only a little joke," said Mr. Breezy, making another desperate effort to finish the article he was reading.

"Your joke is, as usual, pointless, Mr. Breezy, and I wish you would drop joking in future. My mother always told me that you possessed a light, frivolous character, but I confess I didn't have sense enough to discover it until too late."

"Too late!" echoed Mr. Breezy, in a suspiciously doleful tone of voice.

"From your tone of voice, Mr. Breezy, I should imply that you rather regretted its being too late," said Mrs. Breezy.—"I'm sure I'm ready at any time, Mr. Breezy, to go back to my father. I was so happy in that dear old home—"

"Don't you think you are talking nonsense, dear," asked Mr. Breezy, in a mild tone of voice, and quietly folding up his paper.

"Oh, I see you have got through with that article," said Mrs. Breezy, ignoring her husband's remark. "Now, perhaps, you can tell me a little about your trip."

"With pleasure, dear," said Mr. Breezy; "what do you wish to know about?"

"Now, Mr. Breezy, do you suppose I'm going to sit down and write out a lot of questions for you to answer, like one of those newspaper interviewing fellows? I'm sure there is plenty for you to tell me if you will only get up energy enough to talk; but my presence seems to have a a silencing effect upon you—"

"It does," said Mr. Breezy.

"I am told you are an awful talker among your gentleman acquaintances, but the moment you get hame you take a newspaper, settle in the most comfortable chair in the house, and remain as dumb and uninteresting as an oyster. I'm sure I do my part, Mr. Breezy; I don't sit as dumb as a mummy—"

"No!" said Mr. Breezy, with emphasis.

"You think not," Mr. Breezy. Perhaps you accuse me of talking too much. You could be just unreasonable enough," said Mrs. Breezy, nervously pulling at the fringe of a table cover. "You should be proud Mr. Breezy, to have a wife with two ideas in her head and a tongue capable of expressing them. You—"

"I am proud, dear," said Mr. Breezy. But you know, love, there is a limit—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Breezy, a limit? Will you go on?" said Mrs. Breezy, growing more nervous every moment.

"A limit to a fellow's patience.—There!" said Mr. Breezy, with the least sigh of firmness in his voice.

"Mr. Breezy, I have done forever. I will never attempt to talk rationally with you again. When I am—when I am no mo—more, Mr. Breezy— But no, I am nothing to you— Nothing!" and Mrs. Breezy disappeared, shutting the door with decided force.

"Another skirmish safely over," sighed Mr. Breezy, unfolding his paper.

Bust Me if I Don't.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference, held in Detroit, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith-shop. "Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with the wagon and I'll buy the whiskey!" called the big fellow. "I never drink," solemnly replied the good man. "Well, you can take a cigar." "I never smoke." The man dropped the wagon-tongue, looked hard at the member and asked: "Don't you chew?" "No, sir," was the decided reply. "You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster. "I guess I'm all right, I feel first rate." "I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "I never bet," replied the clergyman. "Come, now, let's warm up a little." "I am in a hurry." "Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I, and I will give you the under hold." "I never have fun," solemnly replied the member. "Well, I'm going to tackle you anyway. Here we go." The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a back hold, but he had only commenced to feel about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could catch his breath. "Now, you keep away from me," exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane. "Bust me if I don't," replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you when you are chuck full of it You wanted to break my back, didn't you?"