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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. A. CATLIN,
(GRADUATE UNIVERSITY PENNSYLVANIA,)
respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity, that he has removed to Chestertown and is located opposite Stam's drug store, where he may be found when not professionally engaged. The Dr. begs leave to state that he has practiced medicine very successfully for the last eight years in the adjoining county and has removed to Chestertown for the purpose of attending more faithfully to the duties of his profession.
Jan. 14, 1882—3m.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON

Takes this opportunity to inform his numerous patrons and friends that he is prepared to DIG WELLS and put in PUMPS at the shortest possible notice, and as low as it can be done by any one in the county. All work in this line guaranteed. Can be found at residence, when not at work, corner Cannon and Cross sts., Chestertown, opp. Geo. E. Lambert's factory.
jan28-tf. CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

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's at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

PIANOS! ORGANS!

PIANOS $160 up (Stool, Cover and Book.) Elegant Square Grand, 9 strings, full Agraffes, every improvement, only $245. Cabinet Grand Uprights $210 and $250. Other grand Holiday Bargains. JUBILEE ORGANS $50 up, Stool and Book. Excelsior style 42, five sets of Reeds, 15 stops, only $87. "Oriental," style 103 ten sets of reeds, 20 stops, only $125. No bogus sets of reeds, or "dummy" stops. All sent on 15 days trial, freight free if unsatisfactory. Fair and honest dealing guaranteed. Sheet Music ½ price. Piano, Organ, or Music Catalogue free.
MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.,
fe13t. Box 2058, N. Y.

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*

M. A. TOULSON,

Dispensing Chemist,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

I give the business my entire time and attention, and guarantee satisfaction.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED at all hours of the day or night, in the most improved pharmaceutical manner.

Full line of PATENT MEDICINES and FANCY ARTICLES kept in stock.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO a Specialty.

M. A. TOULSON,
CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 28, 1882.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
LAMPS!
Just received from NEW YORK,
VERY LARGE STOCK,
BEAUTIFUL STYLES,
ALL KINDS.
These goods will be sold exceedingly low. I am satisfied if you call and price before purchasing elsewhere it will be much to your advantage.
n26. LOUIS K. STAM.

NOTICE!
We wish to call the attention of all to the LARGE STOCK of
Winter Boots
NOW IN STORE AND FOR SALE.
We have them at $2, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $3,75 and $4.25.
Also, a large stock of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.
All of the above goods will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES for cash.
JAMES A. SHAW,
n19. COURT ST.

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. McFEELY.

SOUSED PIGS' FEET,
Canned Fruit and Nuts,
at HUDGINS' BAKERY.

BARGAINS
—IN—
WINTER GOODS
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES,
FLANNELS, DRESS GOODS,
BLANKETS, &c.
LADIES' COATS, SHAWLS,
SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR,
HOSIERY, GLOVES. &c,
Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace SHOES. Special low prices on Men's and Boys BOOTS.
HATS AND CAPS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTH,
at low prices.
QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARE,
Full Line of GROCERIES,
SUGARS, COFFEFS,
TEAS, FLOUR.
SPICES, TOBACCO, &c.,
as cheap as can be found.
☞I have a full stock in all lines, and will certainly make it to the advantage of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
☞COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted.
J. H. SIMPERS.
Feb. 4, 1882.

Take Notice

After this date, for a time, I intend to sell all WINTER and OUT OF DATE GOODS, such as
Kerseys, Cassimeres, Dress Goods,
BLANKETS, LADIES' COATS and SHAWLS, HATS and CAPS, and HEAVY BOOTS and SHOES,
Regardless of Former Price
As well as their intrinsic value,
FOR CASH.
Very respectfully,
R. F. PARKS.
Jan. 21, 1882.

GO TO
N. C. CROW'S
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES
Boots and Shoes, Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.
Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,
Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Peach and Apple Butter, and in fact you can find a little of everything kept in a general store.
☞My motto will be "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and I feel satisfied that I can please you in both goods and prices.
My stock is all new, and bought at bottom cash prices.
Respect'y, N. C. CROW,
Up Town,
Adjoining Mrs. Gruber's bakery.
☞Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. d17.

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable
JEWELRY,
consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.
Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meridan Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE,
&c, &c.,
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

GEO. BIAYS,
(*Successor to Jas. Foy*)
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
FISHING TACKLE
And HARDWARE STORE,
64 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Everything in Fishing and Oyster line Powder and Shot, and a complete assortment of General Hardware. fe7-y.

A LARGE assortment of Coal Hods, Shovels and Fokers, at
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

IF you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on J. K. ALDRIDGE.

MASTER JACK'S SONG.

[Written by him after spending the holidays at grand-mamma's.]

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves;
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow;
Something fairer far than these,
I can show you if you please;
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam pots glow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam pots grow.
'Tis the dearest spot to me
On the lond or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine
In their syrup clear and fine,
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow;
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmaiades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quince's ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire
To seek the little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow. —*Youth's Companion.*

After Five Years.

"Diana! my own darling Diana!"

With a low cry of utter gladness the young man hurried forward and clasped the girl to his breast—clasped her and kissed her, and looked down joyfully into the startled violet blue eyes; but she laughing and blushing in lovely embarrassment, tore herself out of his arms and stood shyly before him.

"I am not Diana—I'm only Dolly," she explained demurely. "And you must be Roy Van Alstyn, though I did not know Diana was expecting you home so soon."

"She was not expecting me; I planned to take her by surprise. Is it possible this is little Dolly? You were in short frocks when I went away, my dear. You are the living image of your sister," he said, regarding her with a mingled look of surprise, confusion and admiration.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Miss Dolly, not particularly flattered, "But she is a great deal older than I am."

"Of course," murmured the young man more and more confounded; "You are the picture of what she was five years ago when I saw her last."

"I am eighteen, and my sister is twenty-three," remarked Dolly, with an air of superiority, looking straight into the eyes of the tall, fine-looking fellow whom she thought the most "taking" gentleman she had ever met, and who, she knew, had made a clear $25,000 by five years labor.

"But Diana is just as pretty as ever," she added patronizingly, "and will be awfully glad to have you back I suppose. She doesn't have much fun, you see, for the fellows all understand she's engaged; and I'm glad you've come for her at last, before she gets to be a downright old maid. Shall I run to the house and tell her?"

"I have been in the house and spoken to your mother; Diana was out here in the garden, she said; and that was one reason I made the mistake, I suppose," he said dreamily, his eyes still lingering on the beautiful, flower-like face so fresh, so piquant, so perfect.

Dolly was a born coquette, and selfish to the core of her vain little heart.

She was fully aware of the impression she was making; even now she was thinking, with a thrill, "would it be possible to cut Diana out, and catch this handsome and generous fellow for herself?"

For the Davenports were poor, and Dolly longed for costlier dresses and jewels to set off her beauty; she envied her older sister her good luck; beaux Miss Dolly had in superabundance, but among them none such as this—rich and fascinating.

She glanced at him from under her long, curling lashes.

"It's too bad I got the first kiss," she laughed, the soft color flying to her wild rose face. "Diana will be furious."

"Don't tell her then," murmured Roy, laughing a little, too, and unable to withdraw his admiring gaze from the lovely girl. "Five years! I never thought about their changing Diana; yet of course I am older as well as she."

"Oh, but a man ought to be eight or ten years the older."

"Do you think that, Miss Dolly?"

"Why, of course. My lover must be all of that."

"Have you any one in particular in your mind's eye, Dolly?" he asked, laughing because she laughed.

"Not yet," with a little affected sigh. "Somehow the youths of our rural neighborhood hardly come up to my ideal. But really I must look about for my sister. You must be dying to see her, I know, after all these years. Why, five years to me seem like a life-time! I wonder you've had the patience to stand here listening to my nonsense; I won't tell Diana you took me for her."

Roy Van Alstyn himself wondered why he had remained by Dolly and let her talk without demanding to see his sweetheart.

He had come into that sweet June garden, eyes and heart aglow, his whole soul rushing in advance of his footsteps.

For now, at last after, "long and toilsome endeavor," the supreme hour so intensely longed for was here, when he should "feel the arms of his true love around him once again."

He had seen her, he thought, fairer than ever, standing there in the old rose arbor dressed in white, and he had stolen forward and caught her to his breast in a burst of rapture; and, after all, it had not been his Diana, but that little sister of hers grown up.

Meantime not six feet away, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in the deep, glistening, fragrant grass, a book in her lap, showers of rose petals dropping over her gold hair and pale blue dress, was Diana Davenport, a moment ago dreaming happily of her coming lover, but now white as death, her hands clenched, her lips quivering.

She gave no token of her nearness, and the two moving away in search of her did not learn that she had overheard their little chat.

"Dolly was always entirely selfish," she whispered to herself after a time. "I have given up everything else to her, and now she will try to win him."

She crept carefully out of the garden into the house.

"My dear, Roy has come," her mother called out joyfully, as she was slipping up to her room.

"Yes, mamma, I must smooth my hair."

Once safe in her room she looked at herself long and sadly in the mirror.

"If I am pale, grave and thoughtful," she said, "I have become so waiting and watching for him. If I had loved him less I might not have pined away my roses. Yes, Dolly is lovely—soft and tender and lovely as the roses out there—and as soulless. But he will see only her girlish bloom, and she—she will break my heart."

It was half an hour and over before Dolly brought Roy to the house in the search for Diana, who was waiting in the cool dim, jessamine-scented parlor, pale and quiet and cold.

* * * * * *

The fiery trail of red October was over all the land.

There were coral seed-cups on the vines over the trellis, but roses no longer.

Great clumps of chrysantheums flamed in the garden, but the heliotrope and mignonette were no more.

A perfect glory of moonlight flooded the long porch which gave grace to the plain roomy cottage where a widowed mother had reared two lovely daughters—daughters, whom to-morrow she was to lose, as mothers lose girls whom they give to men in marriage.

There were a dozen merry young people promenading the porch in the white glory of the night—bridesmaids and best men, as well as the two pairs of lovers—Dolly clinging lightly to the strong arm of Roy Van Alstyn, and Diana pacing side by side with the man she had promised to marry—a suitor who had fallen in love with Dolly first, but on being refused by her in favor of Roy, had turned to the elder sister, apparently as well satisfied—a widower from the city, out in the country for his health; a wealthy merchant who could offset Roy's $25,000 with ten times that sum; fifty years of age, of courtly manners and very refined habits.

"He was not a bad match for Diana," her friends said. "She was so quiet, the great difference in their age would not be observable; and really after the way Van Alstyn jilted her for her sister, it must be quite a triumph for her to make such a match before his very eyes."

Oh yes, it must be a great triumph!

Doubtless Diana felt it so, as she walked proudly and calmly her face fairer still in the brooding whiteness of the moon, her beautiful eyes lifted to the shining Heaven with a strange look in them.

To many she seemed lovelier than her blooming sister—a lily purer and more precious than any rose.

As they passed and repassed each other in the moonlit promenade, Roy's eyes were always lifted from the piquant face of his own partner and fixed with troubled scrutiny on that other quieter face, but his anxious look was never returned.

"I declare Roy," pouted his bride-elect, "you seem to be walking in your sleep. If you are going to be silent and stupid, I'll steal Diana's fellow and let her have you. Come Mr. Burleigh, let us run away and hide like poor Geneva. It's a giorious night for a walk."

Dropping Roy's arm she ran up to the other couple, with that pretty, sparkling half-defiant way of hers.

"You have got to lend him to me for a while, Di. I'll give you Roy to keep for a few minutes, as little girls lend their dolls. Be sure you take good care of him, and don't let him get broke. I am afraid he's sullen to-night—or sorry, who knows?—and I'd rather have Mr. Burleigh?"

Dolly could say all sorts of things with safety.

People only smiled at her folly as that of a pretty child.

But Roy's face flushed darkly as she dragged the elderly fiance away from his betrothed, nothing loth for a lark with his jolly sister-in-law to be.

"Turn about is fair play," he said soberly. "Diana, will you take my arm?"

She would not refuse it, though he observed her hesitate.

In a minute they were walking along the graveled drive, on into the frost-kissed garden, along the winding paths shining in the moonlight.

Finally in that very arbor where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy suddenly stopped and threw at his companion a look that turned her pale cheeks paler.

A cry of anguish, long-stifled, uncontrollable, burst from him in a few desperate words—

"Diana, why have you treated me so, since I came back? I came to you after five years toil for us both, faithful, loving, ardent, eager—and you froze me with a look! In one cruel moment you allowed me to see that your love for me was dead. What I suffered under that blow none but myself will ever know. It is late to speak to you now, but I must ask you why you treated me so cruelly?"

"It is late, as you say; and you seem to have easily comforted yourself, Roy."

"Ah, now you are bitter! Would you like it better if you had crushed all life and hope out of me? You tried hard enough! Little Dolly was kinder—little Dolly liked me and was sorry for me. I was grateful to her—I shall try to make her happy; but there will only be one love for me in this world, Diana."

"Roy!"

The passionate ring of pain in her voice thrilled him with wonder.

"Diana!"

"It is wicked—deceitful—terrible for you to say this to me now! Roy, I was within hearing of every word when you came back that day, met my sister on this very spot, mistook her for me, kissed her for me—and then—loved her for herself. She was to you what once I was—Oh, she was fair and gay, and the pink of her cheeks was more to you than the white of mine, worn white and thin for love and longing for him who came home to find me faded and sad—and to fall in love with her sister."

"As Heaven is over us, Diana, you do me strange injustice. I did mistake Dolly for you, and I admired her because she was like you. In my heart I laughed at her girlish vanity, and condemned her selfishness; in five minutes I saw that her soul was not like your body, the image of yours, when I found you, at last, my very heart melted in speechless love at the sight of the grave, noble, beautiful girl whom I thought my own; you know how you received me, Diana,—how you chilled me—how you shrank from me. And, Diana, the very day you asked to be free of your engagement, poor, foolish little Dolly threw herself into my arms and she asked me to take her instead. I never can love her; but I will be good to her for your sake, Diana. It seems so strange to me that you, of all women, should be cold and worldly—for it is the money alone for which you must be marrying this other man."

He stood and looked at her as if trying to understand and read the beautiful woman who had so baffled him.

He looked haggard in the moonlight—unutterably sad and hopeless.

Her dark blue eyes searched his a moment, then her white face was buried in her hands.

"It was all a mistake on both sides," she whispered. "I was too proud, too sensitive, and Dolly was too artful. She has hurt me Roy, to death. I thought that you liked her best—that I was forgotten—that you would be glad to be free. And so I spoke; but it broke my heart. Oh Roy, why do you tell this now? It is too late."

"Oh, Dolly! cruel, cruel Dolly!" mocked a voice, but it was not Roy's.

"Oh, wicked, wicked Dolly!" went on the merry, mocking voice.

And then Diana raised her startled face from her hands and looked about.

There, close beside her, stood her naughty sister, recklessly laughing.

"It's the very strangest thing," she went on unblushingly; "of all coincidences it is the luckiest—that Mr. Burleigh should have been telling me that it was me he first and last and only wanted, though my sister was awfully nice and all that; and I—I like his money—and now I have come to ask, please, may I have him, Diana?—'a fair exchange is no robbery,' they say, and it will be such fun to surprise everybody."

They Mixed the Babies Up.

A young woman accompanied by a man who, to all appearances, was her husband, was seated on the stoop of one of the houses on the south side of Pine st., near Thirteenth, Sunday afternoon, crying bitterly. She was intently gazing at a small bundle of humanity in her lap, and every now and then she would shake the bundle vindictively and look into the man's face with an expression of anger and sorrow.

"It's a girl, ain't it?" said the man.

"Yes," sobbed the woman.

Well, then, what more do you want?" asked he.

"I want my baby."

"Well, I don't see how you are going to get it, seeing they're gone."

The explanation of the above singular conversation was this: Benjamin Olmstead, with his wife and baby, were on a short visit to St. Louis, when the small-pox scare affected them. Having conned over the situation, they determined to vaccinate the precious darling, and on their way down to the Dispensary met another two similarly bound. Mr. Olmstead believes that the other man said he was from Pana, Ill., but he is not sure. At the Dispensary the Doctor took the two babies into the rear room, vaccinated them and returned them. But Mrs. Olmstead swears that the baby she got back is the other woman's. They were both girls and both dressed very much alike. Of course, Mr. Olmstead says one baby is as good as another, but that is not Mrs. O.'s position, and probably will not be the other woman's when her mistake is discovered. Mr. Olmstead is going to Pana on the chances that his daughter has been taken that way, and he hopes that the other parties will write to him at the general delivery in Kansas City if he missed them at Pana.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Fishing in a Corn-Field.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field which is no more or less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability, was an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse.

While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel coming down suddenly sees the corn shaking all around him. Any one having sufficient strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.

MISS FERRY'S HAIR.—There is a young woman at Chicopee Falls, Mass., Miss Ida Ferry, who can boast a head of hair which probably excels in abundance and length anything which has ever been on public exhibition. In these cases the hair rarely more than touches the ground; but a full length photograph of Miss Ferry, just taken, shows her hair trailing for half a yard along the floor, though she is of fully average height. But so much hair is after all a burden, and soon the photograph will be the only evidence of it.

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said: "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," said the lady, "I will be careful to take it off."

A Faithful Shepherd Dog.

One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring Ranch, showed us a very pretty shepherd dog that he said he would not sell for $500. She had at that time four puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistants that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt the lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted off toward the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head or wag her tail even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering them the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching.—*Colorado Letter.*

A Very Smart Girl.

The smartest girl I've met in Iowa I met yesterday at Nevada, Story county, northwestern Iowa—Miss Belle Clinton. Miss Clinton is a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of about twenty, as full of fun and health and vigor as a good girl can be. Two years ago Miss Clinton was a school teacher. Saving up by her teaching about $160, she last spring borrowed a span of horses from her father, rigged up a "prairie schooner," and, taking her little brother, started for Dakota. Miss Clinton says laughingly today, speaking of her trip: "Why, I never lived so nicely in my life, and I never had such an appetite, and such courtesy I received everywhere! Rough, rude men would come to our camp, and, after I had talked to them awhile, offer to build my fire, and actually bring water to me. We went up through the wheat country, which they call the 'Jim river country.' It's about one hundred miles east from the Missouri at Fort Sully. I domesteaded 160 acres of land. And then I took up a timber claim of 160 acres more."

"What is a timber claim?"

"Why, I hired a man and we set out ten acres of trees. This gave me 160 acres more, so I have 320 acres now. But I must tell you about those trees. They were young locust, apple and black walnut sprouts. I sowed a peck of locust beans, a pint of apple seeds and two bushels of black walnuts in our garden in Iowa a year ago. These sprouts were little fellows and we could set them out fast—just go along and stick them in the ground. But they are just as good. I believe my 3,000 little black-walnut sprouts will be worth $15 apiece in ten years, and $30 apiece in fifteen. My locust trees will some time fence the whole country."

"Then what did you do?"

"We built a shanty and broke up five acres of land, and this fall we came back to Iowa to spend the winter, and here we are. In the spring I'll go back with more black walnut and locust sprouts and take up about 160 acres more. The trees are just what I want to plant, anyway, and they'll pay better than any wheat crop that can be raised—only I've got to wait for them ten or twelve years; but I can wait."

Here is a girl who owns in her own right 320 acres of splendid black prairie soil now, and who will own 480 acres in the spring, every acre of which will bring $5 within three years, $10 within five years, and $20 within ten years. Her black walnut and locust trees will be worth as much more. At thirty she will be worth $25,000.—*Chicago Trib.*

Coldest and Hottest Regions.

Where is the coldest known region? Up to the present time, Vakutsk, in Northeast Siberia, has often been cited as the place of our earth where winter is the coldest. But a distinguished traveller now disputes this, and claims that to Werkhogansk, in Northeast Siberia, in longitude 134 degrees east from Greenwhich, and latitude 67½ north, belongs that honor. The lowest winter recorded at Vakutsh is 77.3 degrees Fahr. below zero, and at Werkhogansk, 81.0 degrees below zero.

The hottest spot in the world is believed to have been discovered in the desert interior of Australia. A thermometer, graduated to 127 degrees Fahr., was hung on a tree, sheltered from both the sun and the wind, and yet the heat was so great that the mercury rose till it burst the tube, and the temperature must have been then at least 128 degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world.

One of the hottest localities on the globe is along the Persian Gulf, where rain seldom or never falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a considerable population contrives to exist there, thanks to the copious springs of fresh water which issue from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is secured by divers, and brought to the surface in goat-skin bags. The source of these submarine springs is thought to be the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

"YES, SIR," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face, and went away mad.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Nebber rest your winter's libin' on yer richer nabor's word,
Kase de silber-froated songster may turn out a mockin'-bird.

'Taint de dog as barks de loudes' allus makes de toughes' fight,
Nor de wind as rattles wildes' allus brings de coldes' night.

'Taint de forty shillin' waistcoat kibers up de trues' heart,
Nor de loudes' color chromo talks about de fines' art.

'Taint de thousan' dollar harness makes de stiddy wu'kin nag,
Nor de fiddle-playin' darkey puts de cake meal in de bag.

* * *

Settle all yo' little trubbles 'thout de aid ob court-bus' law,
Or yo'll fin' yo' mouf is holdin' mo' pan' yo' kin ebber chaw.

Nebber eat de morrer's breakfus' till de day w'en it is due,
Kase de 'membrance ob de feastin' makes de fastin' moughty blue.

—*Toledo American.*

A Little Story for the Little Children.

From Our Little Ones.

When Charlie woke up one morning and looked from the window he saw that the ground was deeply covered with snow. The wind had blown it in great drifts against the fence and the trees. Charlie's little sister Rosey said it looked like hills and valleys. On the side of the house nearest the kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how black Aunt Patsey could get through it to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path cleared through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself if I had time. But I must be at my office early this morning." Then he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it my son?"

"I papa! Why it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"

"How? Why, by doing it little by little. Suppose you try, and if I find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner you shall have the sled you wished for."

So Charlie got his wooden snow shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful and then another, but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it, mamma," he said. "A shovel is so little, and there is such a heap of snow to be cleared away."

"Little by little, Charlie," said his mamma. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying."

Charlie soon had a space cleared from the snow, and as he worked on the path grew longer. By and by it reached quite up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street between snow white walls.

When papa came home to dinner he was pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he gave Charlie a fine blue sled, and on it was painted its name, in yellow letters, "Little by Little."

The boys all wanted to know how it came to have such a name. And when they learned about it, I think it was a lesson to them as well as to Charlie.

Mother Don't Know.

Walking along the street the other evening we met two plainly dressed boys carry the basket of clothes which their mother had washed. One might be thirteen and one nine. Both were smoking. As we said, "Good evening, boys," they both put down their basket and took their cigars from their mouths.

"We have a boy about your age," addressing the elder, "and so we are fond of boys."

Their faces brightened.

"We should feel badly to have him smoke as you are doing, because we think it would weaken his mind and his body, and you know the mothers depend upon their boys for very much in this world. How much does your cigars cost you?"

"Three cents, and I smoke three a day."

"And that would make over thirty dollars a year, which would buy clothes or books. How long have you smoked?"

"Since I was eight—five years, and Tommy, who is nine, has smoked for a year."

"Does your father smoke?"—for if he has had the habit there is little use for precept, usually.

"He is dead."

"And what does your mother say?"

"My mother," said the boy, with a downcast look, "she don't know I smoke."

A smoker for five years, carrying home the clothes she had worked hard to wash, deceiving her all the time, his conscience seemed touched. We patted the delicate-looking boy on the shoulder as we said, "Remember the talk we have had," and we went on, thinking, alas! of so many mothers "who don't know."

And why don't they know? Partly from the mother-love that blinds them possibly; partly from their absorption in other things besides the immortal souls given to their care; partly because they have failed to keep the sympathy of their child, and partly because they do not watch as well as pray. Mothers "don't know" what their boys and perhaps their girls are reading, what conversations they are having day by day, whether they are on the streets at night, what promiscuous attentions they are receiving or giving; and it is their business to know.

"JOHN ROUSE, why wilt thou do so?" said a New Bedford Quaker to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before the magistrate, and that not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? Thou always gets caught."

"Why, Mass Hazard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."

"AIN'T this a little high?" asked a timid tenderfoot of a Deadwood tavern-keeper, who had charged him four dollars and a-half for his dinner. "It may be a little high," replied the host, fumbling with the handle of a revolver in the cash drawer; "but I need the money." He got it.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS are far more difficult things than people imagine, in love or in friendship.

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.

Address by Dr. W. G. Phelps,

DELIVERED AT THE PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT OF THE GALENA LITERARY SOCIETY, ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In behalf of our society, as its President, I again have the pleasure of welcoming an audience to a public entertainment in this hall. While we, as a society, rejoice in your presence and in the hope of accomplishing something for the looks and welfare of our village, we still entertain the idea that in this, as in our past entertainment, we shall give each one present the full value of the admission fee. It is one thing to get up a show or exhibition without regard to its moral bearing upon a community, and quite another to plan an entertainment such as this I trust will be, from which all immoral and degrading matter shall carefully be excluded. It is an easy and in a great measure a popular thing to cater to the light and trifling taste in a community; but in endeavoring to educate and elevate the masses by a series of public entertainments, we too frequently have a thankless task. We believe that the major part of this audience is in sympathy with us in such an undertaking. In this connection and intimately associated with it arises one of the problems of the day. I allude to the question that is ever agitating at least the Christian world, Where shall we draw the line in amusements? When does innocent pleasure cease and wrong-doing begin? To every conscientious person this is indeed a vital question. Christian teachers sometimes tell us, "Go only *when*, or do only *as*, the Great Master would." Such a rule, though excellent, will not *always* teach us our duty in these enlightened days. For instance, would Christ have subscribed for and read the average newspaper of the day, filled, as it oftimes is, with sickening details of crime, the tirades against religion and the messes of dirty political lies hashed up for its readers? And yet we cannot well exist without these important harvesters of the world's doing. Coming still closer down to a matter of every-day life, I might ask how is a Christian gentleman or lady to know that the dress hat, the fashionable coat, the kid gloves, or that the elaborately trimmed dress, the "love of a bonnet," or the seal skin sacque, is in accord with the Divine wish? Would the Saviour have done the like? Assuredly not. Are not these, or similar wants, such as we term the very essentials of life? Do we ever question the propriety of such from a Christian or moral standpoint? Hence we may conclude that we cannot always apply the above named rule as a sure guide to right action. The right or wrong of many of the so-called questionable amusements of the day is hinged upon the motive, the time and the place that prompts a person in indulgence therein. Safe conduct, therefore, in all these delicate questions of the day is dependent upon our estimate of the general tendency of an act. If an act, whatever it may be, lessens our regard for morality or Christianity, then we had better beware. If reading novels, for instance, necessarily leads me to forget that "life is real and life is earnest," and causes me to indulge in "day-dreaming," then I had better give up novel reading. If card playing in the parlor necessarily leads to staking money upon the turn of a card at the gambling den, then I ought to beware. If the perhaps harmless social dance in the home circle and under the careful eye of parents or guardians, necessarily leads to dancing at public halls and other places, where it becomes dissipation from its very excess and surroundings, then I am in danger and should avoid it. It is in a great measure the "abuse and not the use" that causes wrong in these matters. We must "draw the line" somewhere and draw it discreetly and with judgment. I am led to make these remarks by some criticisms that a few unthinking people have made upon our entertainments. It has been charged that we were encouraging theatricals. If so, we fail in discerning it. If, as a whole, these entertainments do not leave an impression for good upon our audiences, then we have failed—miserably failed—in our object. If, in our various exercises on this platform, we have not, as individuals, cultivated in ourselves self-possession, oratorical power and grace, while affording innocent pleasure and educational advantages to all gathered here, then of course the word failure must be written over against us. We have the assurance to still assert that we are fulfilling a God-like purpose in the design of the Great Teacher, who, when manifested in the flesh as our Saviour, delighted to "go about doing good."

IT may not be generally known, says the London Truth, that a man wearing dark clothes is more liable to infection from contagious disease than he who wears light colored garments, because particles which emanate from disease or decaying bodies are much more rapidly absorbed by dark than by light fabrics. This is easy of proof. Expose a light and a dark coat to the fumes of tobacco, for five minutes, and it will be found that the dark one smells stronger than the other of tobacco smoke.

LIGHTNING'S FREAKS.—Says the Richmond (Va.) State: Among the many pranks of the lightning during the recent storm it is reported that a citizen, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, was standing on the Allegheny railroad track on the Basin, with his umbrella raised, when that tremendous flash came, was suddenly made aware of the fact that the rain was pitilessly pelting him. Looking upward he found that the point of his umbrella had a blue streak upon it, one of the steel rios was melted, and the whole top of his rain protector burned.

"IS IT true, my dear," said a New Haven belle to her friend, "Oscar Wild's mission is to teach us to be beautiful?" "Oh, yes, indeed; and I've been thinking what an opportunity you have." They are no longer on speaking terms.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and to slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the