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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:

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

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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ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

THOS. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

WE OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES:

CHAPPELL'S IMPERIAL MANURE,

made expressly for **CORN.** It is put up in 200 lb. bags and is highly recommended by those who have used it as an article especially satisfactory and in excellent condition. This MANURE has been sold in Western Maryland for years, and the increase of sales each year is of itself a guarantee of its value. The Price strongly recommends and those who have used it state positively that

IT PREVENTS CORN FROM FRENCHING.

Samples of this manure can be seen at our HARDWARE STORE.

PRICE $25.00 PER TON

Delivered in Chestertown.

☞Call and Examine it or send for Circulars.

HINES & CLEMENTS,
February 24—1fm. *Adjoining the Bank, CHESTERTOWN.*

HUBBARD'S

Notice Important

To Farmers. Announcement

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO,
FOUND IN LARGE CAVES IN THE WEST INDIES.

The deposits were discovered some two years ago by the owners, who last Fall sent samples to this country by a sea captain, which we obtained, and by analysis found it to be very valuable, containing all the elements of plant food—being a complete fertilizer without manipulation. The Island was visited by our senior in December, 1882, for the purpose of exploring and contracting with the natives, the original owners, for the entire deposits, which arrangement has been effected. Samples, with full analysis made by Dr. G. A. Liebig, can be seen at our office, and the goods now in stock at our Factory *WILL BE PUT ON THE MARKET THIS SPRING* in connection with **Our STANDARD and EXTANT BONE SUPER PHOSPHATES,** at prices based upon cash value, adding interest upon all bills sold on time. Will also furnish the "O. B." from warehouse in Baltimore City to any parties desiring, large lots of which we propose to sell very close above the price of importation.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Feb. 17, 1883—13t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

C. W. KENNARD. H. C. CHASE.

IMPORTANT to FARMERS!

INCREASE the YIELD of YOUR LAND by using

C. W. KENNARD & CO.'S

STANDARD PHOSPHATES

For all Spring Crops!

ABSOLUTELY PURE and in FIRST CLASS CONDITION.

Your attention is particularly directed to our

PEACH TREE GUANO.

THE BEST ARTICLE of the kind in the market.

Manufactured by C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Chestertown, Maryland.
WAREHOUSE—AT MASSEYS.
March 3—s.

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALES!

Entire Stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

WILL BE SOLD AT A **GREAT REDUCTION** FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY in order to make room for Spring stock. We mean business, and guarantee GREAT BARGAINS to EVERY BUYER. For want of space we can only mention a few articles and prices:

GOOD MELTON OVERCOAT .....worth $2.75 selling for.....$2 00
HEAVY CHINCHILLA " ..... " 5.00 " " 2 75
FINE " " ..... " 8.00 " " 6 00
" Double Br. P. Overcoat, light and dark 6.00 to 12.00, selling for 4.00 to 8.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Overcoats worth 2.50 to 3.50, selling for 2.00 to 6.00
All other fine Overcoats reduced in like proportion
MEN'S GOOD SUITS worth $7.00 ..... selling for $5 00
BUSINESS all-wool Suits " 11.00 ..... " 7.50
FINE DRESS " 15 to 18 00 ..... " .....11.00 to 13.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits reduced in like proportion.

We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine. You will see for yourself that

The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Under the KENT NEWS OFFICE,

is the place to buy your Clothing.

Feb. 3, 1883. A. FRIEDMAN.

The Secret of Successful Farming.

USE

ORCHILLA GUANO!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT

Rich in Phosphates and Alkaline Salts.

WOOLDRIDGE, TRAVERSE & CO.,
Importers,
64 Buchanan's Whf., Baltimore.

I have secured the control of this very superior Crop Producer for Kent county and am able to offer it

At IMPORTERS' PRICES.

ORCHILLA is endorsed by the Deer Creek Farmers' Club, of Harford co., Md. It contains but little ammonia, hence is no stimulant. It contains no vitriol—hence gives no encouragement to sour grass. Call on or address the agent for full particulars.

WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's, Md.

☞Crop time given for a satisfactory note. mr3-2m.

CORN FERTILIZER

THE HOME IMPROVED

In Fine, Dry Condition for Drilling.

Price $25 per Ton

Manufactured and for sale by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 8, 1883.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

OLD KENT No. 2

I again offer to the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties my

Standard Phosphate

—FOR—

CORN, OATS, VEGETABLES, and FRUITS.

It will prevent Corn from

FRENCHING

And the Worms from Injuring

FRUIT TREES.

Call at my office on Court Street and read the certificates of some of our best Farmers.

"OLD KENT"

has been used now for Five or Six Years with ENTIRE SATISFACTION to those who have used it.

J. W. HINES.

March 10—8t.

Facts! Facts!

I do not propose to be Outstripped in Business!

And OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE REQUESTED

Not to Forget It!

I carry a FULL LINE OF GOODS generally, embracing—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions,

Beautiful line of HAMBURGS, Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Oil Cloths from 2¼ down to 1 yard wide. CARPETS, &c., &c.

I buy goods closely, cautiously, and carefully. In this way, and by looking to my customers' interest—as I am by 14 years' experience in business taught that I *must* do—propose to make it to everybody's interest to come to

PARKS'.

It is a fact, and the people know it too, that I carry one of—if not *the* best—stock of goods in Kent county. The coming season further additions you may expect.

As to SHOES, BOOTS, Tobacco, Coffees, Sugars, Soaps, as well as Dry Goods and Notions, will say that those who undersell us *have got to get up early!*

I am selling a Tobacco for 50c. lb. that can't be beat; a Black Cashmere for 50 & 75c., ladies from the city say is cheap.

ANOTHER FACT—an effort to accommodate is our aim.

☞All kinds trade taken in exchange for goods, and do not limit the *quantity.*

Very truly,
fe24. R. F. PARKS.

Don't You Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,

GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,

Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.

1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.

11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

☞All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.

Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

Kent Co. Commissioners'

ANNUAL NOTICE.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS of KENT COUNTY, will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,

The 6th day of March, 1883,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour

EVERY TUESDAY,

Until the 8th day of May, next,

for the purpose of noting transfers and correcting assessments.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since last sitting for said purpose, are particularly requested to attend at an early day to have their assessments corrected and adjusted.

After TUESDAY, the 15th day of May next,

NO ALTERATIONS or corrections in Assessments will be made for the present year.

Trustees of the Poor

will be appointed on

The 2d MONDAY, 9th day of April next.

COLLECTORS

OF STATE AND COUNTY TAXES,

from each Election District,

And a KEEPER of the STANDARDS of WEIGHTS and MEASURES,

Will be appointed on

TUESDAY, the 10th of April, next.

☞All persons having ACCOUNTS against the County are requested to present the same on or before

Tuesday, the 5th day of June, next,

otherwise they will be excluded from the levy of this year. All accounts properly chargeable to the county are required to be made out in a clear manner and itemized, and rendered under oath.

All applications for PENSIONS must be made in writing, stating the condition and circumstances of the applicants, and vouched for by three or four freeholders having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

N. B.—All persons neglecting to have their assessments corrected are hereby notified that no allowance for taxes paid in error in consequence of such neglect will be made.

T. R. STRONG, PRES'T,
C. P. LOPER,
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
V. HENDRICKSON.

ATTEST:—
T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk.
March 3, 1883.

THE PLACE

To Buy Harness.

MY WHOLE STOCK AT

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES!

Great reductions have been made for this Spring's trade. I can suit all, and guarantee satisfaction. After 14 years' experience in the harness business I feel that I can and will give satisfaction in all dealings.

Call and examine my stock of
COLLARS,
BRIDLES,
HALTERS,
HARNESS,
SADDLES,
WHIPS,
BITTS,
TRUNKS, and a full stock of everything in my line. Be sure and call at

J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.,

next door to C. F. Stam's Drug Store. you want anything in the Harness line. I can accommodate you at lowest prices.

☞REPAIRING ☜

of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD,
March 1. Court Street.

ROAD PETITIONERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned citizens of the Fifth Election District of Kent county, hereby give notice that in thirty days from the date hereof they intend to apply to the Hon. Board of County Commissioners to improve the

Eastern Neck Road,

beginning at the road leading to Grey's Inn wharf, and running down to the new road recently made through the lands of S. W. Watkins and David Jones on Eastern Neck Island; by widening same to a uniform width of not less than forty feet for road bed and ten additional feet for ditches and dirt supply, making entire width not less than fifty feet, and properly shaping and grading the same.

JAMES B. WILLSON,
DAVID JONES,
BENJ. F SAPPINGTON,
ALEXANDER HARRIS,
DAVID A. SMITH,
R. BENNETT WILLSON,
Feb. 24, 1883—5t. and 25 others.

BOOTS and SHOES

—AT—

LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF

James A. Shaw,

COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.

He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

☞Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.

aug12. J. A. SHAW.

Fragments of Thought.

I am resting by the river;
Slumbering on an old bent log,
Where I peacefully am dreaming,
Seeing pictures through the fog.

Cold, and shivering, and lonely,
I had been for weary days,
'Till Christ's lovely lesson taught me
That faith shone through twilight haze.

A soft hand I felt was leading
Over all the breakers wild,
And I heard the angels singing:
Jesus welcomes in His child.

Paradise transcends in beauty
All that mortal shell can sing,
While the golden harps seem floating
Round us on an angel's wing.

Jesus sends them down with roses
Filled with perfumed dew of love;
Thorns of life are hidden blessings
Sheltering flowers that bloom above.

If our hopes are fixed on Jesus
Not a cloud will dim the way:
Rainbow steps will upward lead us
Through the stars to endless day.

Nearer, very near the river,
Wait I on the old bent log;
Christ a boat is sending for me,
Faith discerns it through the fog.

Wilmington, Del. MATILDA CANBY.

KILLED BY A GRIZZLY.

Two Mountaineers Meet Their Death in Encounters With the Same Beast.

From the Denver Tribune.

William Farley, who has just arrived from the Medicine Bow country, tells the story of a thrilling bear hunt in which two old frontiersmen lost their lives. Farley and two companions, James Wilson and Jake Schultz, were on a prospecting trip on the Little Pass creek, which debouches into the Medicine Bow fork of the North Platte south of Elk Mountain. One night about three weeks ago a grizzly was seen near the tent, and Farley and Schultz went out to take a shot. The two men had not gone more than a half dozen yards from the tent when Farley broke the limb off a fallen tree in stepping over it, and the loud report startled the bear. The grizzly fell back on his hind quarters, uttered a furious growl and then made for the tent on the run. Before Schultz or Farley could shoot or collect their frightened senses the bear had broken through the tent. They knew nothing less than a miracle could save Wilson's life and immediately took shelter among the low branches of a cottonwood tree. In the dim light of the camp they saw the tent heaving with the conflict for life raging within, and while praying that Wilson would come out victorious a wild death-cry told them that the struggle was at an end. The commotion within ceased with the fading away of the horrible echo and the grizzly shambled out into the light. He staggered around the fire, surveyed the pool of syrup on the ground, but seemed to have no further appetite for it and then departed as abruptly as he came.

It was some time before Farley and Schultz could muster up sufficient courage to descend from the tree, believing that the bear was still in hiding close by. When they entered the tent the light pine knot disclosed to their horrified gaze the form of poor Wilson, literally torn to pieces. One side of his head had been laid bare by a blow from the grizzly's paw and the left side of the body, including the heart, had been torn away. The yet warm life-blood covered everything around and in the pool lay the knife with which Wilson had vainly tried to defend himself.

Following the beast's trail Schultz and Farley discovered the bear in a clump of bushes. Schultz cautiously crept through the chapparal. One, two and three minutes seemed to stretch into so many hours. Then there broke out on the morning air a yell that froze the very blood in his veins. After that came the echo of the despairing cry, "Farley! My God—I'm killed!" A deathly silence that was only broken by the splashing of the beaver's tail in one of the open dams ensued and Farley knew that he had lost his second partner. It was with the feeling that he was walking into the jaws of certain death that he entered the chapparal to seek Schultz. There was no danger, however; the bear had again fled. In a dark spot in the undergrowth, to which the rays of the sun were unable to penetrate, Farley, while crawling on all fours, fell over the body of Schultz. When he had recovered from the horror of the discovery he dragged the remains out in the light. It was apparent from the wounds that Schultz had stumbled on the bear and received his death wound before he could make an effort to defend himself. His gun was in his right hand, as if trailing it. The bear, surprised, had struck him on the left shoulder, tearing away cloth and flesh, and then bit him through the heart, as he had Wilson, the two wounds being almost identical.

MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE.

A Desultory Dialogue Concerning Laws and the Legislature.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"And so, my dear," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she and her husband reached their room, and she stepped before the glass to arrange her crimps, "and so, my dear, that was the Legislature, was it? Whoever expected that I should ever see a live Legislature?"

"You didn't think it was going to be a dead one, did you?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had just discovered a rip in the sleeve of his overcoat; "you don't think I brought you up here at an enormous sacrifice of comfort and cash to show you a stuffed Legislature, do you?"

"N-u-u-o," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I didn't think it was exactly that. Only I wanted to know what it was about, that's all."

"Well, it was about time you got out, if that's all," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, ripping away at the hole in his sleeve to see if the stitches were strong either side of the rent. "It was about making laws, that's what it was about."

"But that's just the part I don't understand," insisted Mrs. Spoopendyke. "A law is something about being arrested, but I can't get it through my head how they make them."

"You got the law part right," ruminated Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I'm not sure but what you've hit it pretty close on the density of your head. I'll tell you, my dear," he continued gravely; "you saw that place with a rail around it and a man behind it, well, that is the law machine. They throw the Legislature in at one end and the law comes out at the other. They used to buy second-hand laws and pour them into new bottles, but they finally caught the combination, and now they make their own stock. But you want to watch it closely. None genuine without signature on label; stand in a cool place; these laws are only good for special crimes; for any other crime try our extra celebrated extra session laws, for sale by all druggists. See into it now? Begin to get a dim, visionary notion that a Legislature is not an aquarium? Think you would know a Legislature from a crack in your back, if you saw them coming down the street arm-in-arm?"

"That's different from what I supposed," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought a Legislature was where they all got together and made up their minds whether the police did right or not."

"Did, did ye?" grinned Spoopendyke between his teeth.

"Anyway, I'm glad I came," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "because I saw the governor;" and she patted down the front of her dress and twisted herself into a bow-knot to see if her panier hung right for dinner.

A RED-HEADED QUARTETTE.

A man with red hair entered a railroad car at the Union depot in St. Joseph, Mo., the other day and took his seat. A moment later another man with a fiery topknot and vermilion whiskers came in and sat down beside him. They looked at each other, but said nothing, until a third traveler with a scarlet crest appeared upon the scene. Then the youngest of the trio arose and remarked, to the general amusement, that he would do what he could to prevent a conflagration in case of accident by riding in another car. He was on his way to the door when, amid a roar of laughter that shook the windows a fourth passenger with head like a beacon light flamed into the aisle. Then the quartette sat down together and made so much fun for the rest of the passengers that everybody was sorry when one after another they got out at their respective stations, each leaving the car perceptibly darker at his exit.

THE shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her Ma was Dressing.

"Ma's up stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet-strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes here to show off her nice things and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair up and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on wordly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her go about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz and I want a doll with curly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he is been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball Islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you ought to go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there and the natives'd be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Dick is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me how to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got on, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her and proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be charitable as the missionary agent does, should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.—*Boston Globe.*

THE WILD MAN OF CAMAS.

A Creature With Rabbit Skin Robe and Sage-brush Bed Slain in Idaho.

The celebrated wild man of the Camas prairie was killed recently by some parties traveling through the prairie. While the travelers were camped in the foothills on the edge of the prairie one of them, named Mickleheney, went a few hundred yards from camp to kill some ducks, taking with him a shotgun loaded with large shot. When only a couple of hundred yards from camp the "Wild Man of Camas" jumped up from his hiding-place, and after running a short distance, stopped and looked at Mickleheney through his large, clear eyes a moment, then, with a shriek that struck terror to the hunter and caused him to shudder as the echo resounded through the forest, the man, with the ferocity of a savage beast of the jungle, made for Mickleheney so fiercely that in order to insure his own safety he emptied both barrels of the gun into him, when he fell, apparently dead. Mickleheney went to him, when the strange being began to revive and he put his foot on the man's neck and called to his comrades to bring an axe, which they did with all possible haste. The man escaped just as they arrived, and with a pitiful moan regained his feet and started to run. The axe was thrown at him, and as he turned his head to look back it struck him in the centre of the forehead and he dropped lifeless to the ground.

On examination he was found to be rather tall, with full, clear eyes and an extraordinarily large head; appeared to be about forty-five years of age, although not a gray hair could be seen. The wavy black hair of his head hung low down onto his body and his bushy beard was about two and a half feet long. The body was also covered with a thick growth of hair about two inches in length. This was also black and very fine. The finger and toe nails were two inches long and resemble claws more than nails. He was wrapped in a long robe made of rabbit skins. The skins were sewed together by sinews. On examining the place from which he made his appearance it was found that he had a very comfortable bed, which was made of the soft bark of sage-brush. It was under an overhanging rock and well protected from the wind. Near the bed were two rabbits, which had most likely been killed by stones.

About ten years ago an insane stage driver left Boise City and has never since been heard of. The "Wild Man of Camas" may be the same, having taken up his abode in the then desolate prairie, but seldom visited by white men. The Wild Man of Camas has, since first seen in 1873, been dreaded by the lonely traveler and prospector, who will be relieved to know that he is dead. *Bellevue Sun.*

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them in boiling water for a minute.

That fresh meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air all night.

That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm, or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

That clear, boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stains, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric.

That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That kerosene will make your tea-kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for a log house.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the iron doors are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

THE MOON THAT DETERMINES EASTER-TIDE.—The March moon falls on the 23d at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock in the evening. The full March moon plays an important part in the affairs of men. For as she falls three days after the vernal equinox, she determines, in accordance with the law, that Easter shall fall on the following Sunday, the 25th, and Easter in turn determines the other movable feasts and fasts of the church. The short time intervening between the vernal equinox and the full of the moon brings Easter this year within three days of the earliest date the festival can occur. In 1818 Easter fell on the 22d of March, the earliest date possible. Such will not be the case again either in this or the following century.

STEPHENS'S EARLY LOVE.

A Touching Romance in the Dead Governor's Life.

From the Atlanta Con.

In one of the early years of the '40s Mr. Stephens, then a young man, paid a visit to the home of Mr. Darden, in Warren county. There he met a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl of sixteen, beautiful in face and lovely in character, piquant, witty and gifted with a mind rarely cultivated. An attachment grew up, which for years did not pass the formal bounds of friendship, but which was sacredly cherished by both. The boy-lover was poor in this world's goods, fragile in frame, and harassed by sickness; he dared not aspire to the hand of one whom he had learned to love and yet forebore to claim. With womanly devotion the young girl read the secret in the young man's eyes, and true to her heart she could only wait and love.

One evening in 1849 a party was given at the residence of Mr. Little, in Crawfordville. There the two met once more; there they enjoyed that sweet communion born of perfect trust, and there Mr. Stephens found courage to speak the words which for years had fought for expression, until at last he could no longer contain them.

"Are you sure that there lives no other whom you prefer to me?" asked the maiden timidly, half-shrinkingly, yet only too happy to feel that she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists not another," said he, passionately.

Thus their troth was plighted, the day was set for their marriage, and all seemed auspicious for the lovers. But clouds lowered o'er their hopes; matters of a private nature, which is not within the domain of the public to know, intervened and deferred the fruition of their hopes. The one became immersed in politics, and, racked with physical ills, hesitated to enter a state where he feared the happiness of the owner might be marred. The lady found her duty by the side of an invalid mother, who long lingered with a confining disease. Thus the years flew by, but the plighted troth was kept. Mr. Stephens never addressed another, and ever kept the image of the fair young girl in his heart. The lady was the recipient of admiration from many, but to all she turned a deaf ear.

They have often met since, and while the idea of marriage was abandoned, they felt a sweet pleasure in each other's society. But three weeks ago the lady was at the mansion, and taking leave of her old friend one of the chairs tripped up, an unfavorable sign, as the Governor remarked at the time. The lady has for years been a citizen of Atlanta, and no one is held in more esteem for every quality which adorns womanhood than Miss Caroline Wilkinson.

A LONE BABY'S VOYAGE.

Found Snugly Cuddled in a Cradle Adrift and Bobbing on the Ohio's Waves.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The morning after the fearful deluge occurred at the Cut-off a man named John Glazer was rowing around in a light boat, picking up what had floated from the homes of the unfortunates, when his attention was attracted to a strange-looking object bobbing up and down on the waves, some distance out, and having the appearance of a miniature house. Impelled more by a sense of curiosity than anything else he rowed across to head the object off, and to his astonishment discovered that it was an old-fashioned baby cradle setting upright in the water. A few vigorous strokes of the oar drew him alongside of the floater and catching it by the edge he pulled it in toward the boat. Great as his surprise had been, it was doubly so when his eyes fell upon the form of an infant, apparently several weeks old, cuddled up among the blankets, from which it peeped out with eyes dilated with astonishment and fear. The little stranger was carefully lifted from his uncertain bed and placed in the skiff, the cradle which had sheltered it being forgotten in the excitement and left to pursue its lonely journey toward the Father of Waters. The child was comfortably dressed in swaddling clothes, having a long flannel gown wrapped about his little shape. It had evidently been born of "poor but respectable" parents, but as to who they were or where they lived not the slightest clew could be found. The baby was taken home by Mr. Glazer and comfortably provided for, where it will be kept till its parents claim it.

The supposition is that the little stranger floated down from this city, its home being swept away by the breaking of the dam at the Cut-off. It will be remembered that a cradle containing an infant was seen to float past Clay street early in the evening of the day following, and, although efforts were made to capture it, they proved fruitless. Meanwhile the little Moses will remain at his new-found home until the proper owners claim him.

THE COMING SPRING BONNET.

For the benefit of our lady readers, we copy the description of the coming spring bonnets, from one of the fashion papers. It says: "The shape of the new spring bonnets is medium. No bonnet so tiny as the capotes which has been popular this winter are shown, and no huge pokes like those of last season are imported. The new bonnets are ornate with flowers and a plentiful mixture of gold tinsel. Colored straw in every tint and shape are in profusion. A season of flowers is predicted and the dandelion is the flower of the season. Little clusters of the blossoms are mounted on the top rim of the bonnet, mixed with pompos and ribbon, or two shades of the flower in ribbon—the pale, lemon-like tint of the edge of the petals and the darker orange shade of the centre of the blossoms are used. An exquisite little cottage bonnet of Havana brown straw is trimmed on the brim with a mass of gold colored pompos, ostrich tips, dandelions, flowers, buds and leaves, and a rosetta-bow of gold velvet at one side. Strings of gold velvet two inches wide finish the bonnet. An exquisite poke bonnet of pale strawberry pink straw has a band of velvet an inch and a-half wide placed near the edge of the brim. A large bow of satin ribbon in strawberry color and in two widths, one of an inch wide, the other of two inches, is placed on the top of the rim and a cluster of long-stemmed dandelions is nestled at one side. The strings of the bonnet are doubled in the two widths of ribbon. Black tuck pokes, with tiny capots in ecru lace and gold tinsel lace are also offered among the first exhibitions of spring millinery.

A DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER.

During the late election in Austin a local Republican politician appeared at the polls and dared a Democrat present to fight.

"You can't come that game on me. I could thrash you in less than three shakes of a sheep's tail, but I am not going to do it," replied the Democrat.

"You are afraid."

"No, I am not afraid, but I see through your little game."

"What game?"

"You want me to knock you down. Then you will write to the President that you were beaten at the polls by a Democrat, and that the party ought to do something for you. Arthur will give you a Federal appointment under these conditions, and then you will appoint some brother radical as your deputy, and leave me, to whom you owe everything, out in the cold. No, sir, you are not going to be beaten at the polls by this Democrat."

"Some despicable hyena has given me away," muttered the disappointed office-seeker as he stalked off.

MARRIED SIXTY YEARS.

A couple recently celebrated their diamond wedding, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, and among the greetings which they received was the following pretty little poem:

Shared hopes are sweetest,
Shared fears are fleetest,
Shared lives the meetest
For this side heaven.

Shared work is dearest,
Shared love the nearest;
Shared faith is clearest
On this side heaven.

If wedded love is stronger
As wedded life grows older,
And marriage vows are truer
As earthly years grow fewer;
If hearts thus bound together
Keep loving more and more,
What must the total be when years
Have counted up three score?

Pen Photos of some of Ye Old Folks.

No. XV.—The Mansfield Brothers—A Good Carpenter and a Capital Shot—Finding a Nest and the Unpleasant Consequence.

A brief notice in the NEWS of Nov. 25, of the death of Mrs. Isabella Price, called to mind many old friends who lived over a half century ago.

Mrs. Price and Mrs. Vickers, the widow of Hon. George Vickers, were daughters of James Mansfield, who, in the days of my boyhood, occupied the old house recently displaced by the more modern and stylish residence of Mr. Hubbard, in your town.

These two daughters, and two sons, James and John, constituted, as I recollect, his immediate family. More dutiful daughters or more exemplary women would not be easily found. James, the elder son, removed to the city of Philadelphia, where, I think, he yet resides. Of the younger brother I have no certain knowledge, as he also left the county soon after the attainment of manhood.

Besides his proper family Mr. Mansfield, senior, had frequently several apprentices (a thing now unhappily of the past), one of them being my esteemed and lamented friend, John T. Dodd.

Messrs. Stuart and Pippin each do a large business as builders, but I doubt if any carpenters have built more houses in Kent than did the elder Mansfield and his sons. The more modern work is however more profitable, as the great increase in population and wealth has called for a more elaborate style of building. Mr. Mansfield devoted himself most assiduously to his business giving very little of his time to any other object.

On one occasion he was invited by Judge Eccleston to join a party intending to spend a day in duck shooting—a sport in which the Judge took much delight.

"Why, Judge," said he, "I never shot a duck in my life; it is doubtful if I ever fired a gun more than a dozen times. I should never kill a duck."

"And never will if you do not try," replied the Judge. "Come, I will lend you a good gun and furnish all the ammunition you will need."

It being a season when work was not pressing the offer was accepted and the party met on the gunning shore.

The first single bird that came in view fell before the steady aim of the carpenter. Encouraged by the success of his first essay, he continued to shoot either at flocks or single ducks, and did not fail once during the day to bring down his game. At the close of the sport he had more ducks than any one else on the bar.

"I shall take care," said the Judge, "how I invite you again to gun with me; you are so tall that you get nearer to the ducks than the rest of us, and therefore carry off most of the game and all the honors. The Judge himself was a tall man, and Mr. Mansfield replied: "Ah, that's not it; but the fact is I hav'n't looked along the straight edge of a board so many years for nothing."

Mr. Mansfield had a brother, also a carpenter, whose baptismal name was Samuel. For some reason he did not prosper in business as did James.

Isaac Gale was then the manager of Judge Chambers' Still Pond farm, Campbell's-worthmore, now the property of William Rasin Gale, and Samuel Mansfield was employed to make some needed repairs. As was customary in those days, he boarded during the progress of the work with his employer, as did also his assistants. He returned to his family in town every Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Gale, believing that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and prompted by her really kind disposition had always a basket packed with good things for him to take home with him. Now a pair of chickens and a print or two of fresh butter, then a dozen eggs and a supply of vegetables from her well-stocked garden. The work was finished before noon on Saturday and all had dined. "Mr. Gale," said the carpenter, "there are a few short pieces of board at the barn, which, if you do not need, would be quite serviceable to me. Can I take them?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Gale.

Going to the barn to collect these ends to be put in the wagon with his chest of tools, the carpenter put his hat, a very large "bell crown," on the work bench into which he hastily transferred the contents of a hen's nest which he had discovered a few days before in an out-of-the-way corner. Then adjusting his head carefully into the hat returned to the house and took a seat on the lower step of the long porch which extended in front of the house.

Mr. Gale was slowly pacing up and down this porch wrapped in deep meditation, and, seeing the saw-dust adhering to the crown of his hat, and not wishing to break the continuity of his thoughts by speaking, simply paused and began to lift the hat with both hands from the head of the unsuspicious wearer; designing to show him the condition of his tile. Thinking that a brood of young chicks were astir and about to come forth Samuel clapped both hands to the top of his beaver, and with more force than prudence pressed it to his head until the