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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:
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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883. No. 50.

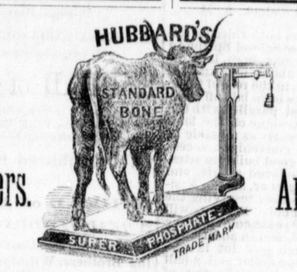
ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier tppe, 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.

Notice To Farmers.



Important 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.

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—tfm. Adjoining the Bank, CHESTERTOWN.

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

IMPORTANT to FARMERS!

TRADE MARK

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—8.

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 Bo. 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.

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.

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 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 2½ 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.

A New Departure
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.
Galena, Md.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.

Department No. 1: DRY GOODS, PRINTS, Muslins, Ginghams, Satins, Cashmeres, Lawns White Goods, Flannels, Cottonades, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves—the celebrated Alexandria Kid Glove, warranted. Hamburg Edgings, Corsets; Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Waterproof Gossimer Coats; Satchels, Clocks.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
for the large and small.
HATS and CAPS, Queensware, Hardware, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy & Staple Groceries.
Depart. No. 2—Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Salt, &c.
Depart. No. 3—Men's and Boys' READY-MADE CLOTHING. Men's Suits $5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $18, $20.
Depart. No. 4—(second floor)—FURNITURE AND BEDDING. Cottage Suits, Tables, Chairs and Lounges at City Prices.
Depart. No. 5—(second floor)—CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS.
We also buy the Sigwalt Singer Pattern Sewing Machine, and sell at less than list prices.
☞We would ask our friends and the public to please call and examine our stock.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.,
Main Street, GALENA, MD.
March 3, 1883.

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.

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.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or
Address COMEGYS BROWN,
*30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WASHED ASHORE.

To-night there is a storm at sea:
I hear the breakers roar;
There comes across the grassy lea
The thunder of the shore,
And pitty burns within my soul
For those upon the deep,
Kind Saviour Christ, do Thou control
The waves, and bid them sleep!

A week ago one walked alone
Across yon sandy beach,
And close beside a rocky stone,
Out of the billows reach,
He found washed up mid weeds and shells,
These letters, stained and worn—
Sad records of some heart that dwells
All lonely and forlorn.

Some sad-eyed woman dwells remote
From the tempestuous sea,
And months ago these letters wrote—
An aching heart had she;
Her sailor-husband far away
Bore in his faithful breast
Those lines of hers which speak to-day
Of home, and love, and rest.

She tells him of her lonely life,
And how she prays that he
May not forget his loving wife
While on the stormy sea;
And how she asked that God would keep
His vessel from all ill,
And, as of old, make winds to sleep,
And furious waves be still.

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
So still, a woman, heavy-eyed
May wait in hope at home
For him whom neither wind nor tide
Shall help across the foam.

* * * * *

Ah, me! the wind blows loud to-night,
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon-light
Wherever ships may be.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

NINON'S PRINCE.

It was the siege of Paris. Eugene had fled from the Tuilleries, the provisional government had been organized under Trochu. Paris was in a state of wild alarm, and the Prussian armies were steadily making their way toward the city, investing one place after another, and rapidly cutting off all communication between the besieged city and the surrounding country. Winter was coming on; food and fuel becoming scarce; business was entirely suspended; the boulevards were filled with idle, aimless loungers gazing with sad and hungry eyes upon the long files of troops that marched before them.

Into the quiet and aristocratic precincts of the Faubourg St. Honore the grim ghosts of famine and bloodshed had not made their way, and the luxurious entresol of the fashionable hotel where Ninon, the gay little Baronne de Valcour, took her abode during the gay Parisian winter, was all alight with sunshine. Ninon was leaning back in her cushioned fauteuille with the toes of her slippers extending toward the fire, and her head thrown back wearily, looking the very personification of ennui.

"Fifine, you bother me. Go away."

Fifine departs, but returns again in the space of two minutes.

"Madame, vici monsieur."

Madame turns her pretty little head and takes a comprehensive glance at the tall young officer in the uniform of the national guard.

"The Prussians have not eaten you up yet?" inquired Ninon, with a yawn that she does not take the smallest pains to conceal.

"Not yet. Would it be a great source of relief to madame if such an event was to take place?"

"Rather."

"Don't you care for me at all, Ninon?"

"Don't be silly, my child. Tell me what his excellency, General Trochu, is about, and when you propose to stain that elegant uniform with Prussian gore?"

"Poor Paris!" The young officer sighed and shook his head.

"Paris is very nice—all but the Prussians; and no one giving parties. That annoys me."

"Ninon, are you really as heartless as you seem?"

"Just about. What do you want me to do?"

"Tell me you love me, Ninon, just a little."

"But I don't."

The boyish lips trembled, and a great wave of sorrow spread itself over the fresh fair countenance. Then he knelt down by her side, and a single tear fell on the little hand that he stooped to kiss.

"Ninon, Ninon, wont you love me?"

"You are a stupid boy, and you must go away or I shall never eat my breakfast. You are a very nice boy, Armand, but you look as if you were going to cry."

"Ninon!" the word sounded like a cry of pain.

Then he kissed her hand again and turned to leave her.

"I shall not come again, Ninon."

Madame de Baronne disfigured her pretty lips with an incredulous little move, and the door closed on her boyish lover.

Paris in a state of siege—a city of two million inhabitants surrounded by the force of a powerful enemy, and all supplies cut off! The streets were filled with a gaunt and hungry crowd of desperate men and despairing women.

The sounds of distress and suffering began to make themselves heard even in the luxurious quarters of the Faubourg St. Honore where Ninon de Valcour wore out her days in wailing over the dullness and dreariness of the gay capital. The high prices demanded for all the necessaries of life began to exhaust even the princely De Valcour revenues. The establishment must be reduced, and Baroness Ninon awoke out of her long dream of luxury and laziness to face life for the first time seriously.

One among Ninon's friends was missing. The boyish form of the young officer, with his untarnished uniform and unused sword, appeared no more among her guests. At first she smiled at his absence, then insensibly she began to watch for his coming, and as the days passed one after another, Ninon grew anxious.

It was the evening of the 24th of November.—Ninon was sitting alone when a quick, hurried tread sounded behind the chair, and the clanking of a sword startled her.

"Armand!" she exclaimed, as she turned and encountered the excited glance of the young officer.

"Yes, Ninon! At last Paris is aroused. To-morrow there will be a grand sortie. With 100,000 men we shall leave Paris, march upon Campigny—on to Villiers. Ducrot has sworn to enter Paris victorious or dead. I have come to say good-by. Before to-morrow night a Prussian ball or bayonet may have quieted forever the heart that loves you passionately. Kiss me Ninon; and God bless you."

Ninon lifted her brown hair from the fair, young forehead; a moment her lids rested there and she murmured, "God bless you, my Armand!" And then he pressed her passionately against his heart and left her.

In the morning the troops were in motion.—With stern and set determination they moved forward looking neither to the right nor left, lest the sorrowful faces of the women they loved should unnerve their hearts and unsteady their hands.

At the head of his company rode Armand de Rochecour. He did not turn his head, but the hand that held the bridle-rein shook as the heavy tread of his powerful horse bore him slowly on beyond the gaze of the bright eyes that looked down upon him.

Quietly Ninon watched him go, steadily she looked after his retreating form. A soft mist then clouded her flashing eyes, and as the distance hid him from her view she murmured, gently, "Armand, God watch over thee!"

All day long, that terrible 30th of November, into the stillness of the city's streets. Paris held her breath in anguish. Outside the walls the sickening drama of battle, with all its horrid accompaniments of tumult, noise and bloodshed; inside the no less horrible torture of suspense, as those left behind waited with blanched faces and bated breath for news from the scene of conflict.

Among the foremost in the strife on that terrible morning rode the boyish officer, Armand de Rochecour. The pure blood of his Norman ancestry courses wildly through his veins today. France is his life, and he would give his life for France.

Early in the afternoon Campigny yielded to the passionate attack of the French troops. Amazed at their defeat the Germans fell back to recover from the bewilderment produced by almost their first reverse. Then, rallying from their surprise, reinforced by fresh troops and protected by their batteries, they fell upon the French with a sudden fury. With a wild feeling, half fury, half despair, Armand saw the line give way.

"Cowards!" he muttered below his breath. Then, turning suddenly to his men, he cried: "Courage! Will you go back to your women and tell them you fled from Prussian guns? On! on! Conquer or die like Frenchmen!" Then he rode forward; but terrified, panic-stricken men were deaf to his call, and suffered him to go alone. With his arm uplifted he rushed toward the Prussian line.

Ninon had listened all day to the sound of that terrible cannonading, waited all night in frightened suspense for news from the battle scene—for tidings from Armand de Rochecour. In the morning no word has come. Dark circles have appeared under the brown eyes, and their brilliancy is all faded, gone out in that long night of watching. Restlessly Ninon paces the long salon. Finally a sudden impulse seizes her, "I will go and find him."

She finds him at last. As she approaches his bedside she trembles. She looks at the white bandages that lie upon his eyes and shudders.—Then she speaks to him and the glad smile that flits across his lips reassures her. His single hand goes out to meet hers and he tries to speak. A warning gesture from the nurse attracts Ninon's attention and she whispers, "Do not talk, Armand; you must get well first."

From an old soldier who watched over him Ninon learns the history of the sortie. As she listened to the story of how bravely the young soldier bore himself on that dreadful day there, is a look of newly-found happiness in the brown eyes. Suddenly they fill with tears, and her lips murmur softly, "I have found him, the prince."

The sister of charity comes and whispers gently and pityingly, "Madame, he will be blind."

"Armand, my love! God help you!"

Then she lifts her tear-stained face, lit up with its wonderful light of love and pity, and looking at the sympathetic countenance of the poor sister, whispers, "he shall see with my eyes."

The sister looks into the depths of the lovely eyes raised to hers and thinks, "He is not much to be pitied, the brave man."

Through long nights of fever and days of weary restlessness Ninon watched by her lover's side. Strength returns to the crippled body, but the sorrowful eyes always wear that helpless, vacant expression peculiar to the blind, and the strong right arm is represented only by an empty sleeve.

He is not forbidden to speak now; and one day as he hears Ninon's footstep by his bedside, and the soft rustle of her dress as she bends over him, he says "You are always with me, Ninon, are you not or do I dream it?"

"I am always with you, Armand."

"What brings you here?"

"Because I love you, Armand."

"Love me?—but I am a cripple and blind."

"Yes, Armond. Your right arm and your eyes you have given to France. Will you give the rest to me?"

"Ninon!" and the left arm, the only one he has, draws her quickly and passionately to his side. Her soft breath plays against his cheek, and as his lips meet hers she whispers, "Armand my prince, I love you."

SOCIALITY.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The universal desire for society is of itself sufficient proof of the universal need for it. The little child prefers a playmate to all the costly playthings that can be offered to him; the young seek the companionship of youth, and maturity and even old age continue to feel the same want. Solitude, except for rare and exceptional hours, is generally regarded with aversion, and even the familiar faces of friends and family are not quite sufficient to supply the whole need.

Every universal desire implies certain benefits which are to accrue from its satisfaction, and human progress is shown mainly in the degree to which these benefits are recognized and plans made to secure them. The most obvious of the benefits in this case is the immediate pleasure which is derived from social intercourse. This is, perhaps, the only aim which many persons have in cultivating it, and the idea tacitly held that pleasure cannot be a real benefit serves often to throw sociality into the shade as a thing of any positive or permanent value. The truth is, however, coming to be recognized that pleasure as such is one of the great blessings of human life, both for its own sake and for its indirect influence on character; and that it, therefore, demands, not contempt nor indifference, but thankful recognition. It is not pleasure, but something evil that may sometimes be associated with it, that needs weeding out from our lives, and if sociality had no other claim than the simple and innocent happiness it creates, it would still deserve a high place in our regard.

There are, however, other results which it is capable of bestowing, and to secure which we should make definite efforts. It is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption in business, or thought, or cares, which is so detrimental to many of our busy people. The rest taken in solitude, after work hours are over, permits the mind still to pursue one beaten track. The easy chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thoughts into other channels, or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long hours been working in his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She insists upon a total change of mind and manner during his short reign. She calls for vivacity, variety, imagination—if possible, wit and humor, or at least a cheerful interest in that of others. She banishes the accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over family topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these are forced to give way to the lighter play of fancy, the excitement of popular interests, and the development of sympathy with others upon familiar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise, and the lost balance restored by a gentle compulsion that no one desires to resist.

Another benefit which society is specially adapted to produce is the prevention and cure of one-sidedness and prejudice. The impression of new faces and voices will of itself often scatter to the winds previous ideas that we had ignorantly held, and usher in a favorable opinion where we had expected only to criticise; still more frequently will free exchange of thought and sentiment chase away the phanthoms of prejudice and clear the air of bigotry, intolerance and suspicion. It is the best antidote against the danger of living in a rut. It is easy for busy people, even when intelligent and thoughtful, to drift into certain channels of life and there remain. One round of duties, one set of recreations, one small circle of congenial friends satisfy them, and they scarcely know of, much less appreciate, the wealth of life in every direction that lies outside their little sphere. Books and still more newspapers serve to lift men and women out of these ruts; but more than either does that free social intercourse which brings them into close contact with people of different views, feelings and interest, and awakens within them new and healthful sympathies.

To further these aims of sociality, however, something more than the mere drifting into company is required. Care should be taken to supply the various elements which are lacking in our immediate circle of friends. It is here that so much of our society fails of its best results. It gets divided up into cliques, parties, clubs and sets, each of whom admits only those of similar age or sex, or business, or politics, or tastes. The young do not welcome the old, men are not at ease in the society of women, the scholar cares nothing for the business man, nor either for the intelligent mechanic. Families only associate with other families of about the same income or style of exclusiveness, thus everything destroys the chief advantage which society has to offer.

AN Arkansas politician was approached by a man who said: "Colonel, please give me a nickle. I want to cross the river." "Havn't you got a nickle?" "No, sir." "I won't give you one. A man who hasn't a nickle is just as well off on this side of the river as the other. Now, if you had money enough to establish yourself in business, after crossing, I'd give you a nickle!"

PHILANTHROPIC passenger to Irish emigrant, with small bundle: "Where's your trunk, Pat?" "Phwat 'ud oi do wid a trunk?" "Put your clothes in it." "An me go naked?"—*Life.*

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived.

A SOFT SOAP RACKET.

The Old Man Helps to Put Up a Job and gets the Worst of it.

"You see," said the bad boy to the grocery man, "pa likes a joke the best of any man you ever saw, if it is on somebody else, but he kicks like a steer when it is on him. I asked him this morning if it wouldn't be a good joke to put some soft soap on the front door step, so the letter-carrier would slip and spill hisself, and pa said it would be elegant. Pa is a Democrat and he thinks that anything that will make it unpleasant for Republican office-holders is legitimate, and he encouraged me to paralyze the letter-carrier. The letter-carrier is as old a man as pa, and I didn't want to humiliate him, but I just wanted pa to give his consent, so he couldn't kick if he got caught in his own trap. You see? Well, this morning the minister and two deacons called on pa, to have a talk with him about his actions in church on two or three occasions, and they had a pretty hot time in the back parlor, but finally they settled it and were going to sing when pa handed the minister a book he opened it and turned pale and said, 'what's this?' and they looked at it, and it was a book of Hoyle's games instead of a hymn-book. Gosh, wasn't the minister mad? He had started to read a hymn and quit after he read two lines where it said, 'In a game of four handed euchre never trump your partner's ace, but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit.' Pa was trying to explain how the book came to be there, when the minister and deacons started out and then I poured the two quart tin pail full of soft soap on the front step. It was thin white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got it spread down I went down in the basement. The visitors came out and pa was trying to explain about Hoyle, when one of the deacons stepped in the soap, and his feet flew up and he struck on his pants and slid down the steps. The minister said, 'great heavens, deacon are you hurt? Let me assist you,' and he took two quick steps, and you have seen these fellows in a nigger show that kick each other head over heels and fall on their ears and stand on their heads and turn around like a top. The minister's feet slipped and the next I saw he was standing on his head in his hat, and his legs were sort of wilted and he fell over on his stomach. You talk about spreading the gospel in heathen lands. It is nothing to the way you can spread it with two quarts of soft soap. The minister didn't look pious a bit when he was trying to catch the railing. He looked as though he wanted to murder every man on earth, but it may be he was tired. Well, pa was paralysed, and he and the other deacon rushed out to pick up the minister and the first old man, and when they struck the step they went kiting. Pa's feet somehow slipped backwards and he turned a somersault and struck full length on his back, and one heel was across the minister's neck, and he slid down the steps, and the other deacon fell all over the other three, and pa swore at them, and it was the worst looking lot of pious people I ever saw. They all seemed mad at each other. The hired girl told ma there was three tramps out on the sidewalk fighting pa, and ma she took the broom and started to help pa, and I tried to stop ma, 'cause her constitution is not very strong and I didn't want her to do any flying trapeze business, but I couldn't stop her, and she went out with the broom and a towel tied around her head. Well, I don't know where ma did strike, but when she came in she said she had palpitation of the heart, but that was not the place where she put the arnica. O, but she did go through the air like a bullet through cheese, and when she went down the steps a humpity bump, I felt sorry for ma. The minister had got so he could set up on the sidewalk, with his back against the lower step, when ma came sliding down, and one of her gaiter heels hit the minister in the hair and the other foot went right through between his arms and his side, and the broom liked to pushed his teeth down his throat. But he wasn't mad at ma. As soon as he seen it was ma he said, 'Why, sister, the wicked stand in slippery places, don't they,' and ma she was mad and said for him to let go her stocking, and then pa was mad and he said, 'look a-here, this thing has gone far enough,' and then a police came along and first he thought they were all drunk, but he found they were respectable, and he got a chip and scraped the soap off them, and they went home, and pa and ma got in the house some way, and just then the letter carrier came along, but he didn't have any letters for us, and he didn't come onto the steps, then I went up stairs and I said, 'Pa, don't you think it is real mean, after you and I fixed the soap on the step for the letter-carrier, he didn't come on the step at all,' and pa was scraping the soap off his pants with a piece of shingle, and the hired girl was putting liniment on ma, and heating it in for palpitation of the heart, and pa said, 'You dam idjut, no more of this, or I'll maul the liver out of you,' and I asked him if he didn't think soft soap would help a mustache to grow, and he picked up ma's work-basket and threw it at my head as I went down stairs, and I came over here. Don't you think my pa is unreasonable to get mad at a little joke he planned hisself?"—*Peck's Sun.*

KIND HEARTS.

Let but the heart be beautiful,
And I care not for the face,
I care not though the form may want
Pride, dignity, or grace,
Let the mind be filled with glowing thoughts
And the soul with sympathy,
And I care not if the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

What though the cheek be beautiful,
It soon must lose its bloom;
The eye's bright lustre soon will fade
In the dark and silent tomb;
But the glory of the mind will live,
Though the joy of life depart,
And the magic charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter gentle words
Have a beauty all their own,
And more I prize a kindly voice
Than music's sweetest tone;
And though its sounds are harsh and shrill,
If the heart within beats free,
And echoes back each glad impulse,
'Tis all the world to me.

When You are Ready to Go, Go.

All people have not learned the art of leaving a place in an appropriate manner. When you are ready to depart, do so at once—gracefully and politely, and with no delaying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They then brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of becoming offensively abrupt; but when you are ready to go—go!

He Could go to Heaven Just the Same.

The pastor of a congregation over in New Hampshire received a call one day this Winter from one of his deacons, who said he felt it his duty to enter complaint against a brother member for horse racing.

"Was he really racing?" asked the pastor.

"Well, he passed me, and my animal goes in 3:10."

"How fast do you think he was going?"

"I should say about 2:55."

"My dear brother, you are entirely mistaken," said the pastor. "My pacer can only go in 2:55, and I assure you that whenever I have come up alongside of Deacon G I have cleaned him out in the handsomest manner."

"What! do you drive in 2:55?"

"That's the best I have done thus far, but live in hopes to improve on it before Spring. Don't be too thin-skinned, brother. You can work your old plug down to three minutes and go to Heaven just the same!"

A LADY wanted her little girl to bathe in a room the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "Oh, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

THE sad consequences of defection in principle is corruption in practice.

COUNTER IRRITANTS.

Not a little pain, disease, and sleeplessness also, may be saved by the proper understanding and use of counter-irritants. A pain in the head, and often in other parts of the body, can be removed or modified by putting the feet in hot water. How? Why? When the feet are irritated it causes a rush of blood to them, their veins became full and distended. This draws off the blood that was before crowding into the head or other affected part and producing pain there. Even rubbing the scalp briskly may attract outwardly the blood previously pressing the internal organs.

A rubber bag of hot water at the feet, or other warm or gently irritating application, will often so draw down the blood from the excited brain that one will soon fall into a quiet sleep. Ten to twenty drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia swallowed in half a tumbler of water on going to bed, or when restless and wakeful during the night, will very often put one into an easy slumber. It is quickly absorbed into the blood, and carried to every part of the body, producing a gentle stimulus. This calls the blood to every point, equalizing the circulation, and thus relieving the before excited brain.

A "cold" generally means that there is or has been unequal heat, disturbing the blood circulation, and causing congestion, pain, and disease. A gentle physic of oil or calcined magnesia, in passing through the system, produces a flow to the intestines of fluids drawn from the blood. This reduces the blood as well as draws it from parts affected by the cold. Almost any cold taken before it becomes chronic, or so "seated" as to produce disorganization, may be relieved and usually cured by such a cathartic dose—one not severe enough to disarrange the digestive apparatus. "Physic a cold" is more philosophical than "feeding a cold" as the adage has it. The latter only aggravates the trouble.

A slightly sore or irritated throat is usually relieved or cured by applying an irritant to the outside. "Volatile liniment" is good for this. It is made by shaking well together any amount of sweet oil with one-fourth to one-half its bulk of aqua ammonia, or "hartshorn"—the amount depending upon the strength of the ammonia. It is a good, cheap counter-irritant to keep on hand—well corked, using a new cork as the old one shrinks from the action of the ammonia. It is also useful to rub well on the chest when there is soreness in the muscles. Alcohol or strong whisky, rubbing upon the throat (outside) as a counter-irritant, often relieves a sore throat, and the same of a sore chest. When using the alcohol, cover the part well and quickly, to prevent a chill from the rapid evaporation. Liniment, alcohol, hot water, or hot wet cloths, or mustard, on the outside of the abdomen tends to relieve irritation of the bowels, on the general principle of counter-irritation above mentioned.

For an inflamed sore throat or tonsils, a very good general remedy is to gargle the throat every hour or two with a teaspoonful of chlorate of potassa solution. It is well to keep in every house a good sized vial of water with more chlorate of potassa in it than will dissolve. The clear liquid is then always of uniform strength, ready for use—a teaspoonful at a time, swallowing it after gargling it against the inflamed tonsils.

A TRUTHFUL BOY.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of anything else!"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself, I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive—so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the young man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother," said James, going home after having made an agreement with