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The Kent News:
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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. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883. No. 10.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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.

FARMERS,

USE

ORCHILLA GUANO

"The Best and Cheapest"

FOR ALL

CROPS.

The history of Agriculture for the last seventeen years, records no greater triumph than has been exhibited in the annual results of the use of

ORCHILLA GUANO

IN THE PROMOTION OF THE GROWTH OF

GRAIN AND GRASS

and in the improvement of the soils to which it has been applied. The large aggregate to which its sales now reach, proves at once, its popularity and its worth.

Its claim to favor arises from—

1st. **The Valuable Constituents of which it is Composed;** being just what growing plants require for perfect growth, and just what is needed to make poor land rich.

2d. **Its Perfect Chemical Combination;** which no human skill or mechanical contrivance can successfully imitate.

3d. **Its Perfect Purity;** there being only 1½ per cent. of dross, contained in it. In other words, it is *all* fertilizer.

4th. **And all this at a Low Price.**

The *most eminent Chemists* of our land have repeatedly analyzed and certified to these facts. But farmers have been so often imposed upon in buying fertilizers, that they have learned caution, and therefore, even so valuable an article as ORCHILLA, has to win its way,

BY ITS MERITS.

This it is doing; and as it makes friends, it keeps them. Those who have used it longest, use the most of it.

Our claim for the value of Orchilla Guano is a high one; but we have the testimony of thousands of farmers who use it, that it is not an extravagant one.

And now comes additional evidence so conclusive that all controversy is silenced:

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OF VIRGINIA,

WAS ESTABLISHED PARTICULARLY FOR THE

protection of farmers in the detection and prevention of imposition in the preparation and sale of fertilizers, the purchase of which, in our days, constitutes so large, important and necessary a portion of a farmer's expenditures. DR. J. M. BLANTON, himself a successful farmer, and for a number of years past, the GRAND MASTER OF THE STATE GRANGE OF VA., was placed in charge of the Department last year, and immediately proceeded to take vigorous measures to carry out the intention of the law. Among other things he dispatched his "*samplers*" all over the State to obtain samples of any and all fertilizers offered or sold to the farmers of the State wherever they could find any, and forward them to his office at Richmond. There they were numbered and given for analysis to DR. W. J. GASCOYNE, the Chemist of the Department, who also calculated and certified to the *actual value* of each, according to the constituent parts he found in them. The result of his work for the fall season of 1882 is embodied in the official report published. In this report, analyses of 76 fertilizers are given; and the *commercial value* of the constituent parts of each, is stated. According to it, many of them are not worth the prices asked for them! Of those which are, very few can show an excess of 10 per cent., whilst ORCHILLA, *far surpassing all others, is certified to be worth about 50 per cent., over the price asked for it!* [Send to us for a copy of this Report.]

We take pride in having this high, disinterested and incontrovertible endorsement of our *claim that Orchilla Guano* is the

"CHEAPEST AND BEST" FERTILIZER IN THE MARKET.

☞Send for our little book containing verbatim copies of letters from some of the most successful farmers of the country, who have used Orchilla Guano for years and will have nothing else, the burden of whose story is—

"IT HAS MADE OUR POOR LANDS RICH."

Wooldridge, Travers & Co.
IMPORTERS,
No. 64 BUCHANAN'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's, Kent County, Md.,
W. F. BAKER, Edesville, " " " } Agents.

MOGEE & FLEMING,
Chestertown, Md.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
MOGEE'S
GREAT VALLEY SCHUYLKILL
Quick and Slaked LIME,
Manufactured at NORRISTOWN, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

THIS LIME has been used more extensively during the past eight years than any other lime by the Farmers in Maryland and Delaware. It has given decidedly BETTER RESULTS than any other Lime on the market, and as we are the largest dealers now in the Lime business we can and will deliver to farmers and dealers as cheap if not cheaper than any other firm in the business.

We supply orders by Railroad, from Philadelphia to Crisfield, and all the connecting branches, and we have boats to fill all orders not accessible by rail.

We are prepared to sell on time—4, 6 or 8 months note—payable at Banks.

MOGEE & FLEMING,
April 7, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

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,
630-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

EMMIT HOUSE, Emmitsburg, Md.

GOOD BOARD and fresh mountain air, attractive scenery, delightful country drives. Accommodations first-class, the house having been recently repainted inside and out. Carriages to and from the depot.

Circulars at C. F. Stam's Drug Store. For information about the House or country, Chas. H. Baker, Esq. W. K. SUTTON, Proprietor.

JACOB BARKMAN. R. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER.
BARKMAN & LAWDER,
General Commission Merchants,
88 S. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞ PEACHES a Specialty.
je2-3m*

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore.
For the Sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-6m.

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered y

JESSE WILSON,
—WITH—
J. A. STEPHENS. J. W. STEPHENS.
JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of
GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE,
92 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered.

ABEL J. REES. JAMES J. REES.
REES & SON,
General Commission Agents,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT, LIVE STOCK,
Poultry, Fish, Oysters, &c.,
And the PURCHASE of SUPPLIES,
162 Light St., opp. Str. Enterprise Pier. BALTIMORE, MD.
Refer to Citizens' National Bank. tjan1.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. jy26.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets, BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,
For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.
All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

R. I. C. JONES, JR., & CO.
IMPORTERS OF
BRANDIES, GINS, WINES, &c.
DEALERS IN
Pure Rye Whiskies.
No. 26 German Street, bet. Calvert and Light,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞Orders respectfully solicited. je23.

B. STRAUSS, Agt,
Wholesale and Retail
LIQUOR DEALER,
No. 1 Camden Street,
May 19—6m. BALTIMORE.

ESTABLISHED 1860.
MILBURN, MITCHELL & CO.,
Wholesale Liquor Dealers,
CURERS OF
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKEYS,
55 W. Pratt St., Balto. Md.
Don't pay agents or smugglers 25 or 30 per cent. to get your whiskey but send your demijohns direct to our House; we guarantee full value for your money.
June 9, 1883—3m.

LUMBER, LUMBER.
To Whom it May Concern:
I AM prepared to furnish at short notice and reasonable rates, all kinds of LUMBER, namely:
Frame, Bridge and Wheelwright
LUMBER,
the last named a specialty. OAK SILLS, Posts and Braces; Oak, Gum and Poplar JOISTS & STUDDING; Sheathing or Shingling LATHS; Red or White Oak BRIDGE LUMBER; Piling, any size or length.
☞Small profits, large sales.
Please call on or address
JAMES COX,
Cox's Station, Queen Anne's co., Md.
☞MERRICKTON P. O. jan20-6m*

SHOES, all grades, Cheapest to Best at closest prices.
apr7. J. H. SIMPERS.

THEY NEVER FAIL!
Smith's Fever and Ague Pills
ARE WARRANTED TO CURE
FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS.
☞We Challenge their equal.
PRICE $1.00 PER BOX.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.
ELIAS SCHMIDT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.
Sold at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.
June 30-6m-1p.

Kampmeetin Time!!
It's a little early perhaps to begin talking about Camp-Meeting Buggies; but you will want one, and we have them—
Good Top Buggies, from - - - $60 to $74
Call and see us and we promise to sell you the very best buggy in Baltimore for the money. We mean business—big business.
R. F. BRIGGS & CO.,
53 W. Fayette St., Baltimore,
Opposite Barnum's.
je30. A. W. HAWKS, Manager.

CARRIAGES!
NEWEST STYLES! BEST MAKE!
and LOWEST PRICES!
—AT—
GEORGE E. LAMBERT'S
CHESTERTOWN.
I have ample accommodations and a full supply of the best material on hand for the manufacture of Carriages, and have in my employ the very best workmen to be found anywhere, enabling me to make to order any style of Carriage needed in this section.
I have now in my show rooms as fine a variety of the different styles as can be found in most city establishments, and we guarantee them to be AS GOOD and AS CHEAP.
Among them we may mention
Piano-box Top Buggies,
Brewster & Wilson spring;
Double Spring Phætons,
Jump Seats, Rockaways
and Dayton Wagons,
We deal exclusively in Carriages, Dearborns and Express Wagons, and knowing our reputation is at stake, and purposing the permanency of our business establishment here, we have something at heart than temporary pecuniary advantage. We are determined that our work shall give satisfaction in every respect and therefore do not hesitate to give guarantees in every case.
DAYTONS.—Special attention is called to our Dayton Wagons—the very thing for farmers.
Repairs of all kinds—Smithing, Painting and Trimming—at short notice, at lowest prices.
☞Please give me a call.
GEO. E. LAMBERT,
jt1. opposite M. P. Church, Chestertown.

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.

FOR SALE:
Post! Post! Post!
SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar, White Oak and other kinds of POSTS, of different sizes and length.—They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also, White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak Piling and Railroad Ties.
Charles W. Jones, living near Mr. P. A. M. Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of said woods unless by my or C. W. Jones' permission.
WM. PERKINS.
Chestertown, March 3—tf.

LADIES!
If you are in want of anything in the way of GLASSWARE it will pay you to call at SPARKS', opposite the Court House, where you will find the largest stock in Chestertown, and prices to suit all. Also, a full line of Cabinet Sized Frames, beautiful and cheap, and a great variety of Fancy Goods and Notions are to be found at
apr28. SPARKS'.

MACHINE OIL,
CASTOR OIL, LARD OIL,
West Va. Golden Machine Oil, at
je16. TOULSON'S Drug Store.

CITY TRADE.
"Yes, sir, I am from the country; but I entertain a modest suspicion that I am sufficiently intelligent to know the difference between ancient and modern styles. What I want is a suit of clothes that was made some time during the present century." "Certainly," says the polite salesman addressed. "You can be accommodated; for you are now at the GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM OF C. N. OEHM & SON, where everything is made for the City Trade; consequently there can be no distinction in showing goods to our friends from the country. Here the Styles are set, and, as you see, there is nothing old to select from. All the Patterns are new, novel and pleasing, and for *Cut, Fit and Finish* we are acknowledged without a rival. Your experience has evidently been among the expensive clothing houses, where they devote considerable time to window exhibitions and chromo distributions. With us there is no necessity for such devices. Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and our Prices always *lower* than any other house in the city." Every Garment sold is guaranteed to be exactly as represented, or the money will be refunded by
C. N. Oehm & Son,
POPULAR CLOTHIERS
—OF—
MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN,
230 W. PRATT ST.,
CONNECTING WITH
55 HANOVER ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞*Custom Department in Connection.*

THIN THINGS
FOR THE
THOUSANDS!
Half-lined and Skeleton Suits in all the newest and most desirable shades in Serges; also, Blue Flannels, Yacht Cloth, Mohairs, Drap D'Ete and Worsted. Our assortment of Alpacas, Pongee Silk and Seersucker Suits (all colors) was never approached in magnitude or variety before in the State.
In Dusters we can astonish you. We have them in all the best fabrics in Linen, Mohair, Alpaca, &c.
We also have the Largest Line of Boys' and Children's Clothing for Summer wear ever shown.
A Separate Department for White and Fancy Vests, in which over 1,500 styles are shown, from 35c. to $8 in price.
We always excel in getting up Clothing for Summer wear, and we are proud of our magnificent assortment.

Furnishing Goods.
Our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. No gentleman of taste, who appreciates richness and elegance of fabric and style, should miss seeing our stock. Remember, while this assortment is largely composed of the finest grades, we do not ask fancy figures on a single article. Our prices will bear comparison with those usually asked for cheaper goods, while in quality and make-up they will be found immensely superior.

HATS and CAPS
We have in our cases HATS from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, and we defy any hat house in Baltimore to show finer goods or better styles. They will show you higher-priced Hats and you may think they are better because the high-toned Hatters tell you so, but they are not. Our display of Straw Hats cannot be equalled or our low prices beat.

"EXCELSIOR,"
CLOTHING COMPANY,
S. W. COR. BALTIMORE & LIGHT STS.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Largest Establishment in Maryland

CLOTHING!
Our $10 SPECIAL SERGE SUIT
All sizes 32 to 48.
If you want a HANDSOME $10 SUIT that looks and wears like one that costs double the money,
CALL, EXAMINE and COMPARE
with goods sold by other houses, and see if our assertions are correct or not.
Largest Line of Tailoring Goods in the City.

Popular Prices:
Suits to order - - $20 00
Pants " " - - 5 00
I. HAMBURGER & SONS,
164 W. Baltimore St.,
Adjoining New B. & O. Building,
j2-3m. Baltimore.

JOHN VANDEGRIFT,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
At his new Barber Shop, adjoining W. Hudgins' bakery, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in first-class style. Give him a trial.
apr28-tf.

SOME smokers seem to forget that a poor cigar costs them exactly as much as a good one, then why not smoke only the best, "Tansill's Punch," America's finest 5c. Cigar. One price only, $5 per hundred, 5 cts. each. Sold by
m31. W. H LAMBERT.

GRASS SCYTHES and Grass Sneaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Sneaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
m12.

IF.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-field and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stock and lands,
And more in deeds and bonds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath his knife,
Till good became more universal:
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong, beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

THE PICTURE—ART IN MORALS.

"Shan't go a step farther!"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting."

"I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I choose."

"But father——"

"Now don't you talk to me about 'but,' Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself at full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should wake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that sort of sleep.

Rather more than half an hour had passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering over the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work; had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautiful painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies, for it was now tea-time, and Charlie was growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts and carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage.

So Charlie sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm. Indeed a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty.

Busy with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face, they were very pleasant ones—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eyes told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes and collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made "a little lower than the angels," and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, whilst a flush of shame spread over his face.

"Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"

"No, sir, he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come home by himself."

"Oh!" said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man, and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he with his refined tastes, and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashed across his mind, and he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I get home, sir," replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

"That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; "meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to make a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace, as he tied his portfolio.

"Yes; mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake; but then we have no seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not!" answered Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

"Well, I am glad you like it. I am going back to the city in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here; do you know what this is?"

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

"Why, it's me and father!"

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child, and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild rose and blackberry flowers. "Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad fra' many a blunder free us."

"There," he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. "You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father some day, do so; it may teach him a lesson." And, before the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, and worked, and painted, and people had begun to believe in him, and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all, he often remembered his little sketch and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he traversed down to Morston, memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand old words—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Such a poor little crumb of good though it was," said Eustace to himself, "still I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out too."

And as it happened, Eustace did find it out more quickly than he expected, for that very evening, as he was returning from a walk, in the course of which he visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of about thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace, whose quick, artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden gate of which was gay with bright-colored, old-fashioned flowers.

"That looks promising," thought Eustace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that;" and, determined to ascertain the facts of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly kept cottage kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the right turns had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face, and, half turning around, he exclaimed:

"Father, it's my painter!" and to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household, at least, he was a hero; and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch, and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and "It was more than I could stand, sir," he said addressing Eustace. "I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but although I wondered where it came from, I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night until it fairly worried me so that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture hung up there, that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once."

So the story ended; and in heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be if he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.

ESCAPE FROM SWINDLERS.

He was from the Country but He Wasn't Taken In.

Mr. Geo. Anderson, a farmer, from South River, Anne Arundel county, was standing at the corner of Pratt and Light streets about 9 o'clock Saturday morning when he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger, "How do you do, Mr. Anderson?" followed by kind inquiries about a number of Mr. Anderson's South River neighbors. Mr. Anderson did not remember the man, and so stated, but the stranger continued: "My name is Sherbert, and I am of the Sherbert family of Anne Arundel county. I left there some years ago and went to Philadelphia, where I am connected with a large cloth house. I am anxious to have my business circulars distributed about your section, and if you will go to my boarding-house, on Camden street, and take a number of these circulars for distribution I'll give you a pattern of cloth for a suit."

Mr. Anderson accompanied the man to a beer saloon on Camden street, opposite Hanover market. The cloth merchant retired to the rear for the alleged purpose of getting the circulars and samples of cloth from which Mr. Anderson was to make his selections. They sat down at a table, when two other strangers came in and sat beside them. One of them, claiming to be a Kentuckian, poured out a pathetic story of losing over $300 the previous night at a game of cards in a dance house. Meantime his companion had gone to the front door of the saloon, doubtless for picket duty. The cloth merchant became interested in the story of the Kentuckian, who was a "total stranger," and asked if he had any cards like those with which he had been swindled. He had, strange to say, and quickly produced them.—The cards were shuffled, the cloth merchant turned the corner of one of them, nudging Anderson as he did so, and bet $10 on it and won. Then the cloth merchant suggested that Anderson and himself should go in and win $100 from Kentucky, not "for keeps," but simply to show the Western greenhorn that "some things could be done as well as others."

Mr. Anderson is not a betting man, but he confidingly placed a roll of notes on the table supposed to contain $85, and the cloth merchant added $15. This time the farmer turned the corner of the card, but some other corners were also turned. Kentucky won the bet, and quickly pocketed it. The cloth merchant was sorry, but determined to submit to the loss. Mr. Anderson at this point opened his eyes very wide, and his drawny hands, too. He collared both men in an instant and demanded his $85 or their lives. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, and at the moment somewhat desperate, and he gave the swindlers such a shaking that they begged for mercy and agreed to return Anderson's money and call it quits. His roll was counted out three times and each time $80 was found.—Anderson insisted he had "antied up" $85 and would accept nothing less. The confidence men added the $5 and were released and made a hasty exit. On putting his hand in another pocket, Mr. Anderson found $4.50, and then recollected that he had taken a $5 bill from his roll, out of which he had paid 50 cents for breakfast. So he came out of the saloon $4.50 and a breakfast better off than when he entered it and with a large addition to his knowledge of the wickedness of the world.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WHY ARE BUTCHERS FAT?

"I give it up," said a jolly big butcher when asked if he could give any reason why so many butchers were fat. "It's a butcher's misfortune that he is fat. I suppose one reason we are so fat is because we eat enough, keep pretty regular and get up early in the morning. There's something queer about it how so many butchers are fat, but if we stay in the business any little time and have any constitution at all to build upon, we invariably become busters."

"You butchers are all a jolly, good-natured class; hasn't that got something to do with it?"

"Yes," said the butcher, "we always look on the bright side of life, and try to keep about even tempered. I don't think the business has anything to do with it. If it is a man's nature to be fat he will flesh up, no matter in what business he may be engaged. While a very large number of the men about here who actually handle the meat are corpulent, still there are some skinny fellows here who if they stayed here forever wouldn't get fat. The business is healthy; the men who are in it were healthy before they went into it; and of course, as a natural consequence, they flesh up wonderfully. We don't have anything to think about, and I guess that's the principal reason."

The reporter went along a little further and soon encountered a tall butcher, fully six feet and of huge proportions.

In reply to interrogations, he said: "They come here strong, rugged, healthy young men, and although their work is laborious it is not exhausting like other kinds of labor. To be sure they have to do some heavy lifting, but then they have considerable time between acts to rest.—They, as a rule, take pretty good care of themselves, and then I notice that they always take home the best pieces of beef. No chucks in theirs. In a word, good living and a good constitution makes the butchers fat."—*Boston Globe.*

THE old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," has been revised to suit the situation. It now reads: "When there's a bill we're away."

JOSH BILLINGS has this playful application of see-saw: "I saw a blind wood-sawyer. While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

AN EDITOR ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Murat Halstead writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette:*

I walked over the bridge to Brooklyn today. The distance is something over a mile between the New York and Brooklyn starting places.

This bridge is the greatest work of human hands. The cathedrals that are the wonders of Europe are like toys beside this monstrous and magnificent structure, and its lines are as beautiful as its proportions are stupendous. It is very like the Cincinnati-Covington bridge, only very much more so. We have two cables; there are four here. I think the cables of this bridge are larger than ours, but so vast is their sweep that as they soar above the lofty towers and swing far over the strait that they span, they seem to grow slender. We have to inspect them closely to be satisfied of their enormous strength. The foot-walk is in the centre of the bridge, between the two central cables. Next outside the foot-walk are the railroads, and outside of these the carriage drives. So there is a roadway for foot passengers, two lines of rails and two wagon roads. The bridge seems to dominate the cities. One looks down upon the beautiful bay and the far-spreading habitations on its shores as from a mountain top. The bridge towers surpass the spires in apparent altitude, and either of them is as imposing as the Strasburg cathedral. The bridge will be the pride of the city, the favorite scene of its history and its romance. It will revolutionize currents of travel, change values and the cities will be lifted up in the architecture of the future to harmonize with its grandeur.—With this bridge and the elevated railroads, and the far-shining electric lamps, the possibilities of New York have been extended and illuminated, and the developments that are to come on the islands and peninsulas upon which we look from this bridge will exceed all that has gone before in the experience of mankind. Only in a few of the new buildings do we find the beginnings of the amazing city that is to be realized here, out of the consummate resources of civilization.—How the wind blows on the bridge; it is with that air of continuity one marks on the prairies, or the sea.

GEN. CROOK, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

George Crook entered West Point in 1848, so that he is, I judge, about fifty-one years old. He was put out in California as soon as he graduated and served at once against the Indians whom he has known for thirty years. He was wounded with an arrow twenty-years ago. The civil war called him away from eight years of Indian encounters to the contest of civilized forces, and he began in West Virginia, was wounded there, was promoted for gallant service at Antietam, then served in the Western armies at the head of a division of cavalry, was at Chickamauga, went on several raids, served under Sheridan and was taken prisoner by his subsequent brother-in-law at Cumberland, but very soon released. He was in all Sheridan's great battles, commanded all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac for a while, and was at Appomattox. At the close of the war he was a lieutenant-colonel, and from that time to this has been the eagle of Indian fighters.

When I saw him last he was a long, lean man, loosely put together, with rather shy, strange face, as if he had partly turned into an Indian. He is an Ohio boy. Anything wild seems tame to Crook. He wants no friends, and can do with very little family. During the war he became very much interested in Mary Dailey, a young lady of good family, living in Western Maryland, but from Virginia people living about Moorsfield. Her people sympathized with the South, and she had a brother a member of McNeil's band. This young man finding that Gen. Crook and Gen. Kelly stopped at his father's hotel in Cumberland—the former paying attention to his sister—slipped into that hotel and captured the two generals in the midst of their troops, forced them out of their lines at the point of the pistol and took them to Richmond. Crook was soon released, probably through the intercession of his captor. He afterward married Miss Daily, and she has been with him in a good many strange places in the West. His young captor afterward became a sutler at his camp, not wholly to Crook's liking, for he was very sensitive about connecting his reputation with commercial schemes.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

TOPNODDY.

When Mr. Topnoddy had settled down after supper Thursday evening, his wife, after a few preliminary coughs, remarked:

"Mr. Topnoddy, have you thought anything about where we would spend the summer?"

"Yes, my dear, I have given the subject some deliberation."

"And have you decided on a place, dear?"

"Yes, love, I have."

"Oh, you sweet thing, where is it to be?"

"At home, love; the dearest place on earth, the conservatory of our affections in which blooms the freshest, fairest flowers of hope and happiness, contentment and satisfied serenity."

"Oh, bosh, Topnoddy!"

"But, my dear, it is true, and I don't see why you want to go to a nasty, crowded hotel in the warm weather when it is so much cooler and more pleasant at home."

"You think it will be cooler at home, do you?"

"I know it, my dear."

"All right, Topnoddy. You just insist on me staying at home this summer after I've done so much to make you comfortable. Just go right on making me your slave, but let me tell you before you go any further that if I stay here during the summer, I'll make it so hot for you that you will pray four times a day for a cooling breeze, and beg like a whipped schoolboy for a house on the refrigerator plan and a suit of clothes made out of palm-leaf fans and sun umbrellas. I am usually a mild woman, Topnoddy, but even the worm will turn when trod upon."

Topnoddy has concluded to take his foot off of the worm.

"You have the advantage of me" said the cashier, blandly. "You will have to get some one to identify you." "Identify me? Why, I am your son, just back from college for the summer vacation." "May be, may be," answered the cashier, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a cockney hat, monkey-tail coat, skin-tight breeches, tooth-pick shoes, nor did he suck cane-handles. When my wife returns from Europe next summer, you might present your claim to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college."

A MONTREAL girl smelled of the powderbag contained in a valentine, sent to her a few days ago, and instantly became unconscious. Whether the effect was produced by the peculiar nature of the perfume—violet powder—by poison in the paper, or by astonishment felt upon getting a valentine at such an unseasonable time, is what two doctors, one priest, and all the members of the family are at a loss to find out.

FEEBLE URCHIN: "I say, mar, my head aches. I'm going to stay home from school this afternoon." Solicit