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. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1883. No. 28.

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.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!

AND MUST PREVAIL!

And the truth is, we propose to keep THE LEAD in the CLOTHING TRADE on the Eastern Shore. We know that to satisfy the general public strong inducements must be offered, and we are the only House on the shore prepared to offer them. We buy our goods for the cash, therefore can afford to sell them

TWENTY per cent LESS

than those who buy on long credit, or sell goods on commission.

A. FRIEDMAN Buys for the CASH ONLY.

LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES:

Men's Suits	others ask $6 00 for	we are selling at	$4 50
" "	7 50 "	" "	6 00
Men's all wool Kersey Suits others ask	9 00 for	" "	7 00
Men's Suits	10 00 for	" "	8 00
" "	15 00 "	" "	11 00
" "	20 00 "	" "	15 00

and all other goods in like proportion. We have a large stock of

YOUTHS', BOYS', & CHILDREN'S SUITS,

which we are selling at very low figures.

OVERCOATS:—Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats we are elling at very low prices, from $2 00 up.

HATS & CAPS:—Just received from New York a great variety of Hats and Caps of the latest styles.

Gents' Furnishing Goods:—We have just received a complete assortment and are prepared to suit everybody in goods and low prices.

We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine our stock and prices at the STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, under the KENT NEWS OFFICE, Chestertown, Maryland. Respectfully,

Oct. 20, 1883. A. FRIEDMAN.

15,000 Yards of Carpet!

Our Carpet Trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department.

We have now a beautiful Carpet Room filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS that the market can produce. Our stock consists in

Tapestries, Body Brussels, (with borders to match), Ingrains, Persian Damasks, Rags and Hemps, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired.

We have also a line of Floor Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Feltings, Window Shades, &c.

Remember you have FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS OF CARPET to select from, therefore come where you can get just what you want.

W. H. MOORE & Co.,
Oct. 20-3m. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

W. P. PATTERSON,

RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF

Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns

RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

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.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

J. F. LEARY'S

Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, and all other diseases of Throat and Lungs

Sold by all Druggists at 25 and 50 cents.

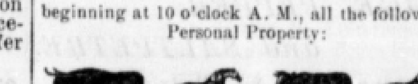
CANBY, GILPIN & CO., Agents,
Sept. 29-6m. Light and Lombard sts. Baltimore, Md.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale on the farm known as the Krebs farm, near Still Pond, on

MONDAY, Nov. 26, 1883

beginning at 10 o'clock A. M., all the following Personal Property:



7 HORSES, 2 COLTS,

3 MILCH COWS,

FORTY HEAD OF HOGS,

One Jersey Red Boar, and one Poland China:

2 Farm Wagons, 1 large 4-spring Peach Wagon; 1 Family Carriage, 1 Dearborn Wagon, 1 Sleigh and Bells, 1 Champion Reaper and Mower, 1 new Corn Planter, 1 Horse Rake, 1 Grain Drill, 2 No. 40 Oliver Chilled Plows, 2 No. 20 do.; 1 Grain Fan, 1 Farm Bell, 2 Hinge Harrows, 1 W Harrow, 2 1-horse Oliver Chilled Plows, 2 sets Wagon Harness, 3 sets Plow Harness, Leather Traces, 1 Corn Sheller, one Shovel, Plows, 3 sets Plow Harness, 7 bridles and collars, 1 Bridle and Saddle, lot Carpenter's Tools, 2 Sulky Cultivators, 1 Colter Plow, 1 Grind Stone, lot of single and double trees. Also, 4 doz. Chickens, 14 Ducks, 7 Turkeys, half interest in Corn Crop, will be sold by the barrel; lot of Clover Hay, together with

Household and Kitchen FURNITURE.

TERMS:—All sums up to $15 cash, all sums over $15 a credit of 9 months with interest from day of sale, and security approved by Mr. GEO. W. HARPER. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

SUSAN S. GALLUP,
Adm'x.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. n10.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS!

CARPETS of Rags. CARPETS of Jute.
CARPETS of Cotton & Wool Mixed.
CARPETS of all Wool.

We invite the inspection of those intending to purchase carpets this fall and winter to the largest stock that has ever been kept in this market and at City Prices.

We have a large stock of floor and stair

OIL CLOTHS

5-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4, and also a variety of Stair Carpet.
Sept. 8-4m. J. B. BURCHINAL.

COME AND SEE!

Come and See!!

MY NEW

CARPET ROOM.

HAVING Just Completed my Carpet Room, I am prepared to show the largest line in Kent county, embracing thousands of yards of Newest Patterns and best makes.

My stock consists in Tapestries, Body Brussels, Ingrains, from highest to lowest, of best grades, of the most choice patterns and best makes; also Rags, old and new; Jutes; Step Carpet; Carpet Padding, Druggets, &c., &c.

I have also a full line of

Floor OIL CLOTHS

in almost any width; can fit most any hall without pieceing.

I can safely say to those who are posted, an inspection of stock and prices only is needed to convince you that I can save you money—therefore try me before going to the city. Very truly
nov3. R. F. PARKS.

CARPETS!

GEO. E. CRANE. CURTIS E. CRANE.

CRANE BROS.,

Formerly of Queen Anne's County,

HAVE opened a NEW CARPET HOUSE at 67 W. BALTIMORE ST., opposite the DIME MUSEUM, and are showing the FINEST LINE of CARPETS ever offered in the City. They ask their friends to give them a call. Their expenses are small, and they guarantee to sell from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other house in the City.

CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS, &c., &c., all of the newest styles.

CRANE BROTHERS,
67 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Oct. 13-3m. opp. Dime Museum.

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 50c. and $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.

5 CENT

SHEET MUSIC AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.

The choicest Songs, Dances, Waltzes, and Marches, only 5 cents per copy. Call and look over our stock.
May 12. COLIN F. STAM.

VENDUE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, administrator of George Leary, will sell at the late residence of said deceased, at Edesville, on

FRIDAY, NOV 30th instant,

The following Property:

1 Horse, 2 Milch Cows,

6 KILLING HOGS,

1 Carriage and Harness,
Cart and Harness,
Lot of Agricultural Implements,
Set of Carpenters' Tools,
27 bushels Wheat seeded,
Cabinet Making Stock, and a general assortment of

Household and Kitchen FURNITURE.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:—All purchases of $10 and less, cash; over that amount a credit of six months, on note with approved security.

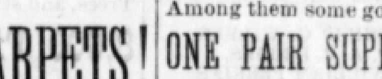
C. A. LEARY, ADM'R,
J. FRANK WHEATLEY, Auct'r. n17-ts.

Public Sale.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at Public Sale at Edesville, on

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28th, 1883,

The following Personal Property:



FIVE HEAD of HORSES

15 HEAD OF CATTLE,

Among them some good MILCH COWS;

ONE PAIR SUPERIOR MULES,

LOT OF SHOATS,

2 CARRIAGES, 2 SPRING WAGONS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.
1 Reaper, 1 Champion Drill.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
TERMS made known on day of sale.

B. B. ADKINSON.
J. FRANK WHEATLEY, Auct'r. n17-ts.

PUBLIC SALE

OF A

Desirable Lot of Land

THE UNDERSIGNED under a power of attorney will offer at Public Sale at FAIRLEE,

SATURDAY, November 24,

at 2 o'clock P. M.,
the LOT OF LAND known as the

"WALLIS" LOT

situated on the public road leading from Fairlee to Fairlee Creek Landing, adjoining the lands of Wm. S. Thompson and others, and containing

6 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less. This lot is well located and desirable.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third to be paid in cash on day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments, in six and twelve months, to be secured by note or notes, to be approved by undersigned, and to bear interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. H. BAKER,
nov3-ts. ATTORNEY.

A DESIRABLE

FARM

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, under and by virtue of a power contained in the will of William Bowman, late of Kent county, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, at the the VOSHELL HOUSE, in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, Nov. 27th, 1883,

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.,

All that Farm,

Known as the

BOWMAN FARM,

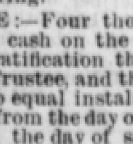
situate at the village of Fairlee, in Kent co, State of Maryland, and containing

200 ACRES OF LAND,

More or Less.

This Farm is well located, bordering on the village of Fairlee, in a good neighborhood, and with

LARGE DWELLING



and necessary
OUT-BUILDINGS and Fencing.
There are
2 PEACH ORCHARDS,
in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:—Four thousand dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee, and the balance to be paid in two equal instalments in one and two years from the day of sale. All unpaid monies on the day of sale to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, and to bear interest from the day of sale.

WM. A. CLEAVER,
U. A. C. Garrett, Auc'r. Executor.

Persons desiring information may consult my attorney,

C. H. BAKER,
Nov. 3, 1883—tds. Chestertown, Md.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S

Blood a d Liver Pills,

For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch

Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice.
Headache and Constipation.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

SHADOWS.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Let not the shadows overcast
Thy young life with their gloom,
And rob the sky of softest light—
The rosebud of its bloom;
Let hope rise up within her heart,
And firmly hold her sway,
Until the clouds are swept aside,
And brightly dawns the day.

Repine not when the shadows fall,
Be brave, be true, be just,
And they will prove but powerless
To prostrate thee in dust;
And bear in mind, oh, youthful heart,
With wildly throbbing breast,
The harder that the struggle is—
The sweeter is the rest.

No life below is free from clouds,
No rose without a thorn;
But knowing this need not exert
An influence sad, forlorn;
For, if we bravely meet each ill,
And trust in God above,
We'll find the flowers bright below
And hearts filled with true love.

HARRY HARCOURT'S DREAM.

Harry Harcourt was not given to dreaming on ordinary occasions; in fact, he seldom dreamed at all, for he was a sound sleeper, with a stomach like an alligator's and a conscience like a baby's.

An easy conscience and a good digestion are the best promoters of healthy sleep the world over, and I do not wonder that Harry Harcourt slept well.

Harry Harcourt had a hobby. Most practical and impractical people have hobbies. My hero's hobby was the imaginary financial, political, legal and every way possible superiority of men's responsibilities over women's duties in raising a family and providing for the household.

Mrs. Harcourt was a pale little woman with a big family. Pale little women are very apt to be mothers of big families.

Mrs. Harcourt's children were boys, ruddy, rollicking, jolly little romping fellows, whose knees would peep through their trousers and whose elbows would get ragged in spite of their pale mother's untiring assiduity.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mrs. Harcourt, I am sure I would keep the children's jackets and trousers in order," said Harry Harcourt one day, when Ben and Billy came rushing into the great unfurnished farm-house, driving a tandem team of the other boys, and tracking mud upon the newly mopped floor.

The boys waked the baby, who had just fallen asleep after an hour of incessant rocking while the mother had wearily plied the needle; and they upset her work-basket in a heap as they galloped around the room in high glee.

Harry always said, "Mrs. Harcourt," when he meant to be extremely dignified.

Mrs. Harcourt was not always as meek as she looked, and her husband had many a time discovered it to his cost. She had a will of her own when aroused, and Harry Harcourt had once more unwittingly aroused her by riding his strongest hobby directly athwart her sense of justice, when she was nervous from over exertion.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mr. Harcourt, or if I had the control of my own earnings as you do, I'd once in a while be able to buy the children something new to wear, so that they wouldn't always have to depend upon patches."

"That's all a woman knows about economy. You'd break me up in three months if you had free swing at the finances. New clothes for the children, indeed. Let them wear their old ones."

"That's what they have been doing all along, Mr. Harcourt, and they were mostly made up of old clothes in the first place. If I was only free from all the unpaid drudgery that you impose upon me without any remuneration whatever, I would earn money and buy clothes for the children as fast as they are needed; but I have to be cook, nurse, laundress, dish-washer, dairymaid, scullion, mop-rag, needle-woman and general scapegoat all the time, and all for the sake of being supported. It wasn't so when I was a school-ma'am. I had my own money then, and no thanks to anybody for it, either."

After delivering herself of this tirade, Mrs. Harcourt shook the screaming baby till it grew silent from sheer exhaustion, and then laid it back in the cradle, while she renewed her efforts with her needle.

She was patching a pair of old and dirty trousers which had reached the vexatious age that required patch upon patch to make them presentable.

"I could do more work than you do Mrs. Harcourt, and get along with less money, and carry a rail on my shoulder all the time, at that!" said Harry Harcourt, contemptuously.

"Could you, now?" asked the pale little woman, with a bitter smile.

"Of course I could. Women have no responsibilities. I support my family and bear all the burdens of life. I can remember, too, since reflections are in order, Mrs. Harcourt, that there was a time when I had no cares nor responsibilities, no wife nor children to bother me, and nothing under the sun to ruffle my temper."

"Would you like to be rid of me, Harry?"

The indignant husband did not answer in words, but he gave vent to a prolonged whistle and left the room, banging the door after him with a vim that jarred the whole house and set her nerves a-tingling like so many stinging bees in swarming time.

The baby sobbed itself into a grieved and uneasy slumber, the tandem team and rollicking drove of boys skurried off into the woodshed, and the house was still again.

In a little while the trousers were mended, but the overturned contents of the upset work-basket fairly appalled her as she contemplated the promiscuous pile—socks, out at toes and heels and ragged in the ribbing; shirts, minus buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows, and wristbands frayed at the edges; jackets with linings torn and pockets worn into shreds; more trousers, a torn mitten, two school-books to cover, and a lunch-bag to supply with a new strap. It was almost supper time, too, and this was Saturday.

Mrs. Harcourt was far too conscientious to do any work on Sunday that could be avoided, and all this amount of "easy, irresponsible work" must be finished before she could sleep.

Monday would bring another school day, and it would also bring about the inevitable washing. The children "must look like other children" if their mother lost her life in the effort to keep them scrubbed and fed and whole and clean.

Mrs. Harcourt tiptoed softly out of the room. The baby was nervous like herself—no wonder poor thing—and was easily awakened from its fitful slumbers.

There was no kindling wood for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harcourt was used to that. She split a piece of pitch pine into splinters and soon had a roaring fire and a red-hot oven. In her haste to prepare the meal before the baby should awake and cry, she burnt her meat and scorched her potatoes and burned a heavy crust on her biscuit.

So the supper was indigestible—an unusual thing—but Harry ate heartily and as usual retired early to rest, leaving his pale-faced wife to wash the dishes and scrub the children, and after they were safe in bed, apply herself to finish the huge basket of mending before the mantel clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harcourt felt a little anxious and a trifle mean as he watched her furtively and saw how very pale and weary she was; but he was not the man to unbend from his fancied dignity, nor did he really believe that his wife deserved his sympathy. He lay upon his back in the bedroom adjoining leaving the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the hours went on, her feet in the meantime keeping up a ceaseless rock, rock, rock, with the swaying cradle.

Harry Harcourt was uneasy. Perhaps it was his supper, perhaps it was his conscience. But his stomach and his conscience were alike impervious to ordinary disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess the cause of his uneasiness. He raised up on his elbow and gazed out into the room where his wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch; rock, rock, rock. Would the stitching and rocking never stop?

"But, pshaw!" thought Harry Harcourt.—"What right have I to be uneasy? A woman's work is nothing. Let her stitch and let her rock. It's what women are made for."

Still he could not help reclining there and watching her.

The clock struck eleven, and still her silent, weary work went on; and, as Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that her entire brain and body became transparent, and he could see himself reflected in her thoughts as he had never seen himself before. "Yes, yes," she soliloquised, and her mental thoughts thrilled him like electricity, "Harry thinks he is the head of this family, and its only provider, stay and support. But bless him, he doesn't know. I guess I'll retire from the firm and give him a much-needed lesson."

And she bent low over the cradle and kissed the sleeping baby, and even while he gazed at her she disappeared.

What had become of her?

Harry Harcourt arose from his couch and put on his clothes and approached the cradle reverently and cautiously. Near it was her low rocking-chair, and by its side the heaped up work-basket, and her scissors, spool and thimble. On the floor which was yet damp from the after supper mopping it had received when the children and himself were in bed, lay a promiscuous array of old clothes, washed, ironed, patched and mended by her patient fingers. He gathered up the worn garments one by one, and as he touched them, felt that they were warm with the wasted life-forces of his pale-faced wife.

The night passed away, morning roseate and radiant beamed in at the curtained window where Harry Harcourt stood watching. The baby awoke and began its usual wailing cry. He tried hard to pacify it with the nursing bottle his wife had provided the night before, but it refused to be comforted. He remembered seeing its mother shake it into a few extra screams, followed by a season of quietude, but when he tried the experiment it did not succeed.

The older children were up by this time, clamoring, hungry and cold. He knocked them to the right and left, with his open hands and scolded them into trembling silence.

"Where's my mamma?"

The unanswerable question was repeated over and over till Harry Harcourt grew frantic with suspense and grief and bewilderment.

The pile of mending had not been all completed, and the many missing buttons made it very inconvenient for him to dress the children properly for Sabbath school.

The breakfast was a complete failure. The children could not eat his primitive cooking, and the baby's wailing cries racked his nerves—strong and healthy as he was—till he was desperate enough to almost strangle it.

Dinner was a more perplexing meal for him to prepare than breakfast. He whipped Ben and Billy to make them wash the dishes, and whipped them even harder when they broke half of them into a shapeless mass by letting the dish-pan fall.

Monday came at last, and after a sleepless night with the wailing baby, Harry Harcourt went once more through the perplexing work of the morning in the kitchen.

And then came the washing.

A wearier, crosser man than Harry Harcourt never sat down to a cold dinner.

The children skulked in the corners and fairly forgot to play at tandem teaming. In a few days their clothes wore out again, and he could not patch them, nor could he get away from the house to earn or even buy new ones. His own garments grew buttonless and his food was insupportably indigestible.

When Harry Harcourt looked in the glass, he found himself growing pale, like his vanished wife. "No wonder she grew white and thin, poor thing," he sighed sadly. "I shall die before many days if I have to carry all this responsibility on my shoulders without assistance."

"Nobody ever helped mamma," said Billy, and he dodged behind the cradle to avoid being buffetted for his temerity.

"That is true," thought Harry Harcourt.

And then his health began to fail, and his strength forsook him, and his head ached, and his temples throbbed, and his feet grew sore and weary, and he felt himself sinking, sinking, sinking into the grave.

"What will become of the poor children when I am gone?" he thought next Saturday evening as he wearily stitched, stitched, stitched till midnight. "But I deserve no better fate than my present lot, and I have no reason to complain if I do suffer. I never appreciated Fanny. Poor thing! If I only had her back I'd give her the free and equal possession and use of everything on the plantation. She should have help—plenty of it—and all the money she needed to spend or save, as her own sense would dictate, and I'd never call myself the responsible head, provider and supporter of the family, nor accuse her of having nothing to do—no, never. But it's too late now. She's gone, and I'm left to carry the load that I would never acknowledge was a load when she had to carry it."

The baby cried harder and louder than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt himself sinking lower and lower in health and strength, till finally he fell sprawling upon the floor, from which he arose at last, rubbing the "crazy-bone" of his right elbow, and stirring around the room in a state of semi-consciousness.

"What in the world's the matter, Harry Harcourt?" asked his pale-faced wife in alarm.

"Are you really there, Fanny?" he asked, eagerly. "I thought you were dead, darling!"

"No, Harry, I'm not dead yet, but I shall be before long at this rate," was the despairing reply. I've been mending the children's clothes for three hours while you have been snoring."

"And you haven't been away at all?"

"I been away? Why, Harry, you must be crazy! How could I get away, I'd like to know? With all these backs to clothe and all these mouths to feed, to say nothing of washing, ironing, churning, scrubbing and taking care of the baby. I've too many responsibilities here to think of going away, unless death calls me.—And, to tell you the truth, Harry, I don't think it will be very long before I am called, for my strength is rapidly failing and I have frequent sinking spells. I have felt a half-dozen times to-night as if I would sink through the floor. But then it isn't any matter. Maybe when I'm gone you can get a wife who can manage better and spare you the humiliation of seeing your children out at the knees and elbows."

"Wife, your husband has been a confounded selfish, short-sighted idiot, and you've been a silent, suffering angel!" exclaimed Harry Harcourt, clasping her in his strong arms, and seating himself in her rocking-chair with her head resting on his bosom. I've had a dream, dear, and I've lived through a whole week of your daily life in the last three hours, and I swear to you, by all that's holy, that if I live till Monday morning there will be strong help provided for you in the kitchen, and you shall have all the money you want to buy clothes for you and the children. And I'll never say again that you have nothing to do. Why, there isn't a man in America who could live as long as you have and do the work that you have done for ten years, or ever since we've been married."

"The work is the very smallest part of my trials, Harry. I've been a mother to all these children in that time, you know."

Harry Harcourt hadn't thought of that before; but he considered it now. And he became at once a strong and earnest advocate of equal rights for men and women, with the added right of women to protection from hard labor while bearing children.

If you want to hear an unanswerable argument upon the woman question at any time, you have only to say in my hero's hearing that women are supported by men, while men make the living. In short, he has swapped his old hobby-horse of masculine supremacy for the new and perfect one of feminine equality. His pale-faced wife has regained her oldtime girlish grace and ruddiness, and there is no better managed household in the land than hers. Harry Harcourt did not buy the thousand-dollar horse he had set his heart upon, but he restored in its stead the happy, loving heart, that had well nigh been estranged from him through his former acts of greed and selfishness.

IT is said that a certain millionaire in New York was a horse-car conductor thirty years ago. Those were the good old days when it was not imperative to "punch in the presence of the passenger."

ONE of our exchanges says: "The man who is continually borrowing his neighbor's paper and never subscribes for one of his own will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather."

THE CHESAPEAKE OYSTER.

DEPLETION OF NATURAL BEDS—THE MORTALITY AMONG THE BIVALVES.

Reported for the Baltimore Sun.

Oyster dredging, which commenced on the 15th of October, is now at its height, and the waters of the lower portion of the bay are dotted with the sails of craft at work on the "rocks." Old navigators of the Chesapeake assert that the fleets are not so large as in previous years, and that on beds where in former seasons it was usual for sixty or seventy vessels to be at work, not a sail is now to be seen. North of a point about the middle of the "bay side" of Kent Island, on the Eastern Shore, and of the Three Sisters, fifteen miles below Annapolis, on the Western Shore, and in Chester river, the oysters are reported to have died in great numbers during the past summer. At Swan Point, Kent county, which at one time was a profitable dredging ground, the mortality is said to have been very great. One oysterman reports that out of twenty bushels of oysters caught at this locality only three bushels were live oysters. On the other hand, when the State oyster commission visited Swan Point, in August last, they found the oysters scarce but in good condition. Various causes are assigned for the alleged mortality. Some attribute it to freshets and muddy water, others to the presence of crabs in unusual numbers in the bay last summer, and still others to the poisonous effect of substances emptied into the Patapsco from manufacturing establishments in and near the city. The last theory finds comparatively few indorsers. It is not thought possible that the ordinary quantity of poisonous substances precipitated into the river could have had any appreciable effect. As to the crab theory, a negative answer seems to be provided in the fact that while the crabs were so abundant everywhere, the reported destruction of oysters occurred only in certain portions of the bay. It should be added that the beds in which the mortality was noticed comprise only a small part, and decidedly the least valuable part, of the oyster territory. But even where oysters are most abundant, the number of dredgers at work is said to be much smaller this year than last, and the fact is generally attributed to the diminition of the supply. That the beds are being rapidly depleted by over dredging is a fact that no one any longer attempts to deny, and the all-important question is how depletion can be averted and the supply restored to its normal proportions, and, if possible, increased beyond them.

WORK OF THE OYSTER COMMISSION.

At the last session of the Legislature a law was passed providing for a commission to report upon this important subject, and Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, Captain James I. Waddell, of Annapolis, and Col. Wm. H. Legg, of Queen Anne's county, who had been largely instrumental in procuring the passage of the law of 1880, were named as commissioners by Gov. Hamilton and began its labors in Nov. 1882, and will be prepared to report the results of its investigations to the Legislature of 1884. As yet it has reached no definite conclusions. Information has been sought in various quarters, and the report is expected to present a digest of valuable facts.

MORE OYSTERS NEEDED.

Measures of protection are necessary and advisable, so far as they are practicable and can be enforced, but no measure can really be considered such which tends to cut down the supply and cripple so vast an industry as the oyster trade of Maryland. That our oyster beds can be not only restored to their former condition, but extended and increased indefinitely, is shown by the experience of other localities whose oyster beds have been exhausted and restored. Rhode Island's oyster supply was exhausted many years ago, but by leasing the beds to private parties for terms of five years the State has succeeded in re-establishing the supply. France has accomplished similar results. In 1870, through overfishing, the beds of the Bay of Arcachon had become almost extinct, but owing to the strict protection afforded by the government, their fecundity once more became so great that in 1876, on a bed of twenty-six acres, there were taken by 40 or 50 persons, in about two and a-half hours, some sixty thousand oysters.

DEFECTS OF THE PRESENT OYSTER LAW.

While the oyster law of 1880 is a great improvement on previous legislation, it is claimed to be defective in many particulars, and the means available for its enforcement are even more unsatisfactory. The oyster police is nominally under the control of the commander of the State fishery force, whose authority, however, is limited to the ordering of the police sloops from point to point in case of emergency. He has no supervisory power, no authority to reprimand, dismiss or punish an inefficient or negligent subordinate, and is, in fact the captain of the steamer Leila, and nothing more. There are many who think the commander of the force should be commander in fact as well as in name; that authority should be concentrated in his hands, and that he should be held responsible for failures to enforce the law and for all shortcomings of the force. In this way, it is claimed, and in this way only, would it be possible to put into execution an intelligent and thorough plan for protecting the beds.

THE OYSTER NAVY.

First District—Swan Point, Kent county, and Chester River, sloop Mary Compton, Capt. James D. Wilson.

Second District—Eastern bay and Wye river, sloop E. B. Groome, Capt. V. B. Clements.

Third District—Great and Little Choptank, sloop Eliza Hayward, Capt. E. S. Harrisson.

Fourth District—Tangier sound, sloop Bessie Woolford, Captain J. W. Webster.

Fifth District—Monie bay, sloop Carrie Franklin, Capt. J. L. Bedsworth.

Sixth District—Honga River and Fishing bay, schooner Julia Hamilton, Capt. John R. Insley.

Seventh District—Anne Arundel Shore, sloop Nannie Merryman, Capt. Geo. W. Clark.

Eighth District—Patuxent river, sloop Louisa Whyte, Capt. M. B. Hance.

Ninth District—Potomac river, sloop Katie Hines, Capt. Lemuel Smoot.

It is claimed that these vessels, all of which except the Julia Hamilton are sloops of about 23 tons, are too small to cope with the larger dredgers, and that at least two more sloops are needed for service on the Potomac and Chester rivers. In addition to the sailing vessels, over which the State has practically no control, although it provides for their maintenance, there are two steamers, the Leila, soon to be replaced by the Thomas J. Keating, and the Governor Hamilton, which has been in service since last June. The Keating is nearly completed, and when she has been accepted by the board of public works the Leila will be sold. The present officers of the Leila are: Captain, C. J. B. Mitchell; first officer, Charles A. Pembrooke; second officer, C. J. B. Mitchell, Jr.; engineer, F. C. Benner; and of the Governor Hamilton, Captain, Wm. G. Gordy; first officer, S. W. Copper; engineer, Albert Benner. When the Keating goes into commission a commander will be appointed by the board of public works, and the Hamilton and Keating will probably be given a section of the bay to guard. There are some who think the new steamers too light and frail for the work expected of them, but on the other hand those who have seen the Hamilton put to the test on various occasions claim that she can weather any gale which is not too severe for dredging vessels, and the Keating, it is thought, will be stauncher and stronger than the Hamilton. The sale of the Leila will abolish the office of commander of the State fishery force, and it is feared that in the absence of even a mere nominal head the efficiency of the latter may be impaired. In this condition of affairs it is not improbable that a strong effort will be made at the approaching session of the Legislature to reorganize the force on a more practical basis. The great problem, however, seems to be not so much how to guard the oysters we already have, although that of course is a matter demanding the most careful consideration, as to provide some intelligent scheme for extending the beds and increasing the supply.

"Do you know, my dear," said a fond mother to her little son at an up-town *table d'hote*, "that the word *menu* means bill of fare in French?" "Oh, yes, mamma," was the mischievous reply, "me-nu it."

THE young men who are on the lookout for a "soft-place," through dislike for honest, hard work, can find one—under their hats.

BESSY'S LIFE ROPE.

Steeple Jack, who was celebrated for working on high steeples, had a daughter named Bessy, who had much of the fearless, adventurous spirit of her father, and would carry up his dinner to the dizziest heights without trembling. She seemed to feel as safe as a bird, and would stand at the edge of the loftiest scaffold, amusing herself by scattering bits of paper in the air, laughing to see her little pigeons fly, for so she called them.

Once upon a time a flash of lightning struck Rempton spire and displaced the cross and globe which surmounted it, also doing great damage to the upper courses of fine stone work; and Steeple Jack had to repair it. This he did by ascending the tower as high as the bell chamber, then placing ladders within the hollow of the spire, until the highest loopholes were reached, through which braces were put crosswise.

On them a slight flooring was laid, which supported two light ladders reaching up to the ball. Day after day Bessy climbed, with her father's dinner in a basin slung in a handkerchief, to this aerial scaffold. It was only by calling her 'Bet,' which was her father's way of showing earnest displeasure, that she was prevented from scaling the slender ladders which went still higher.

At length the job was completed. A new copper ball brightly gilded, superseded the old one, and a glittering cross surmounted the graceful steeple. Jack had done his work so well that the vicar and church wardens resolved, in addition to his pay, to present him with a new coat, vest and hat; and a sort of village fete was to be held in honor of the occasion. Drinking one night at the Red Lion, Jack had bragged that he would put these clothes on on top of the ball; and he was not the man to risk being twitted for cowardice from not making his rash promise good.

This intention of Jack's got abroad and on the fete day, quite a crowd from the adjacent villages and farms gathered to witness the exploit. Jack's wife was away working alone at a farm house some two miles from the village, and Bessy had accompanied her, for she knew that her husband would in all probability spend the day in dissipation and she did all she could to conceal his evil habits from the little maiden.

With the bundle of clothes in his hand, Jack started up the tower, the crowd eagerly watching him until he emerged from the loop hole on to the scaffold. He came out, and pulling off his old hat flung it down among the people, then taking a rope, in which he had made a noose, in his hand, he ascended the ladders. Flinging the rope over the ball the noose passed around the cross; and, tightening it, Jack managed to get beyond its bulge, which projected over the acoriated final of the steeple, while the huzzas of the crowd below came up like the buzzing of bees to the elevated regions of his proud ambition.

By some unlucky accident, while Jack was divesting himself of the old jacket and vest, having made his bundle safe on one of the arms of the cross, the noose of the rope slackened, and the rope itself slipped over the ball, leaving him without any possible means of overcoming its rotundity. A cry of horror made Jack look down, and he at once understood the desperation of the position. His pride was humbled, and a vertigo seized his brain, and he would have fallen, if he had not clutched the cross. What was to be done? Among the whole crowd there was not one with sufficient courage even to brave the scaffold much less to mount the tottering ladders which led from it to the apex of the steeple.

Concentrating all his energies into one shriek of agony, Jack exclaimed, "Send for Bessy!"

There was a movement in the crowd; and soon a farmer in his buggy drove off to Dawson's at the 'waste,' for the daughter of the entrapped steeple climber.

What an hour of waiting was that? When Bessy arrived she showed no fear, but, taking on her little arm a little coil of rope, she passed through the crowd which readily made way and ascended the stairs. Soon, her graceful form was seen upon the scaffold; and without a moment's hesitation, she ascended the ladders.—Standing on the topmost rung, with one arm passed around the slender stonework she flung the rope. Jack clutched it, and the little maiden descended the steps. All the danger was over.—Jack made the rope fast, and was soon upon the scaffold, while a shout of joy rose from the people below.

Poor little Bessy could not understand that she had done anything wonderful; but she embraced her father, and putting her face to his begged him to thank God for his safety.

Jack was never seen at the Red Lion again.

This was many years ago; but, should any of you visit Rempton, you may still see a fragment of line swinging in the breeze from the now tarnished cross surmounting the steeple, and among the simple peasantry it goes by the name of "Bessy's Life Rope."

THEY DIVIDED THE EXPENSES.

"Look here, young man" said one of our most esteemed citizens to his daughter's lover when the latter entered the parlor to make his first call of the indoor season the other night, "look here, you burned up a good deal of coal and kerosene last Winter, coming around here and staying till 10 and 10.30 two or three nights a week. Now I've no objection to your visits, as you're a respectable young man, but you've got to find your own fuel and lights this coming Winter. I cannot afford to keep fires running and a lamp burning in this parlor all the winter."

"All right, sir," responded the young man, cheerfully, "I'm willing to share the expense, but you should hardly ask me to bear the whole of it. Suppose you furnish the coal and I furnish the light. How would that do?"

"All right," said the parent as he turned to leave the room, "I'm willing to bear my share of the expense if you bear yours."

"Let's see," said the clear-headed youth, as he sat down beside his lady love; "how much oil did we burn last Winter, Sadie?"

"Why, John," she replied, with a blush, "we didn't burn a lampful during the whole winter."

"I know," said John, with a laugh, "but you needn't tell your pa what a soft thing I've got on him."

SEEING WITH A RABBIT'S EYES.

A remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Eugene Smith recently. The subject was Fred Meyers, aged nineteen, who had been totally blind for several years on account of the inflammation which caused the lower lid of each eye to grow over the ball and pupil. Dr. Smith's operation consisted first of dissecting away the overgrown lid. In doing this the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, necessarily came away with it, leaving the eyeball unprotected. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and a live rabbit had been procured and also placed under an anæsthetic. Skilfully removing the conjunctiva from one of the rabbit's eyes Dr. Smith placed it over the ball of the patient's eye and sewed it into place. The operation seemed entirely successful, and after he has recovered and is able to use the eye the other will be operated upon in a similar manner. The transplanting of the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, from the eye of an animal to that of a human being has been successfully performed in a few rare cases in Europe, but this operation was the first of the kind ever attempted in this country.—*Detroit (Michigan) News.*

THE 64-65 PUZZLE.

The following curious puzzle beats the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or card board thirteen inches long and five wide, thus giving a surface of sixty-five inches. Now cut this strip diagonally, as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut in two pieces. Take these slips and put them into the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches—a loss of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is what becomes of that inch?

A NEW BABY arrived in the family of a Louisville journalist, and papa was excessively proud over the event. Turning to the old black nurse, "Aunty," said he, stroking the little pate, "this boy seems to have a journalistic head." "Oh," cried the untutored old Aunty, soothingly, "never you mind 'bout dat, dat'll come all right in time."

NEW OATS are not good feed for horses. They relax the bowels, and often if the change from old to new is sudden the value of the oat ration is almost entirely lost. As they shrink a good deal in drying, the old oats, though nominally dearer, are usually cheaper, as well as better feed than the new crop.