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The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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, DEC. 29, 1883. No. 33.

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.

$16,872.13 worth of CLOTHING
And NOTIONS
AT YOUR COMMAND!

BORDLEY BROS.,
FULL STOCK OF CLOTHING
Will be CLOSED OUT at and BELOW COST!
In order to give us room for Improvements!

This stock of Clothing will be offered to the people at Manufacturers' first cost up to March 1, 1884. We are determined to sell the full stock if we have to sacrifice it as the season has been remarkably warm, and we have too many goods on hand.—Among this large stock of Clothing will be found the most useful and valuable goods, and at such prices as to astonish all who give us a call.

Below will be found an inventory of stock as taken up to Dec. 5, 1883:

593	Overcoats,	all Descriptions, valued at	$ 4,376.50
472	Men's Suits	" "	3,924.85
216	Youth's Suits	" "	2,007.60
197	Boys' Suits	" "	1,576.29
268	Children's Suits	" "	1 030.00
137	Odd Coats	" "	529.38
437	Odd Pants	" "	1,213.50
103	Odd Vests	" "	175.00
			$ 14,833.12

Actually $14,833.12 of Clothing that MUST BE SOLD or SACRIFICED.

Unquestionably the largest, best and cheapest stock ever presented to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

INVENTORY OF NOTIONS:

Am't stock of Shirts—Laundried, Unlaundried, Percales, Chevoits, Blue Shirts,		$ 533.22
" "	*Undershirts and Drawers*	627.37
" "	*Handkerchiefs—Linen and Silk*	112.60
" "	*Gloves—all descriptions*	239.40
" "	*Hosiery—plain and fancy*	213.75
" "	*Neckwear—all kinds*	175.86
" "	*Suspenders*	136.75
Stock of Clothing	$ 14,833.12	$ 2,039.01
" *Notions*	2,039.01	
		$ 16,872.13

LOOK! — $16,872.13 of CLOTHING and NOTIONS, MUST BE SOLD, and if you want Bargains now is your chance.

REMEMBER!—This is no bait, but actual facts, and as we propose to enlarge our store room we must get rid of this large stock of Goods, and in order to do so, we have marked them at actual cost of manufacture.
Resp'y,
Chestertown, Dec. 8, 1883. BORDLEY BROS.

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

Immense

ALWAYS IN TIME
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

WE HAVE GOT IT AT LAST!

HUDGINS' BAKERY!

We have now on Hand the largest, cheapest and finest lot of goods ever displayed in Chestertown, such as new Raisins, new Currants, new Citron, new Figs new Dates, new Oranges, new Lemons, and Nuts of all kinds.

Toys! Toys!

We have taken great pains in selecting our TOYS, and flatter ourselves to be able to please all who are in need of Toys, for the Holidays.

ACCORDEONS, GUITARS,
BANJOS, BABY CARRIAGES,
in abundance, will be sold cheap to make room for other goods.

FIREWORKS!

The largest supply ever offered for sale in this town.

We are baking daily Fruit Cake, Sponge Cake, Pound Cake, Bread, Rolls, Biscuit, Pies, &c., &c.

Come and see us and bring the Children with you and make the acquaintance of

The Baby Elephant!
AND
MR. & MRS. KRISS KINGLE.
Dec. 8, 1883.

Christmas is Coming!
And SPARKS
is on hand with the finest assortment of goods he has ever had to offer you, and at prices astonishingly low. We can only name a few of our leading articles.

In **PLUSH GOODS** we have a fine assortment, consisting of Albums, Work-boxes, Satchels, Purses, Perfume Stands, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.—Castors, Pickle Jars, Butter Dishes, Napkin Rings, Cake Baskets. Get our prices before buying BOHEMIA GLASSWARE, Fine Glassware.

CLOCKS.—A beautiful assortment and very cheap.

Handsome **LAMPS**, suitable for Christmas presents, cheaper than ever.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.—We have by far the largest stock in Kent county. Express Wagons, Dolls, Carriages, Sleds, and everything to please the children.

CONFECTIONERY.—In this line we have everything you can wish for.

FRUITS of all kinds. Raisins, Figs, Grapes, Currants, &c., &c.

Look in the window and see the dancing Monkey and Growling Bear. Now don't fail to call and look at our goods and get our prices, before buying.

SPARKS,
Dec. 8. opposite Court House.

OLD KRISS!
W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
PROVISIONS A SPECIALTY,

Has just opened for the Holidays a very fine line of Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, and Nuts of all kinds. Also a very large Stock of

Choice Confectionery.

Largest Stock of **Fine Cigars** in Chestertown. Chewing and Smoking Tobacco a Specialty.

Give me a call and examine Stock and prices.
Dec. 8, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

N. C. CROW,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, BOOTS & SHOES,

Groceries & Provisions, Wood & Willow Ware, China & Glass Ware, Tobacco & Segars, Canned Goods, Mince Meat, Apple Butter, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Candy, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons and Dried Fruits.

My aim is to sell good Goods at reasonable prices. I have a good line of goods for the Holidays. Come and see me.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of every saleable kind taken in exchange for goods or cash paid for them.

Dec. 8. N. C. CROW,
Up Town, adj. Bakery.

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
Christmas Goods
AT BOTTOM PRICES!

PRESENTS for young and old; in fact every thing you want for Table, Parlor or Little Ones

G. E. NOLAND & CO.,
d1-3t. Fairlee.

Christmas CARDS!

PRANG'S AMERICAN and TUCK'S ENGLISH—a very large stock—from 3c. to $3 at C. F. STAM'S.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
SOME OF THE BEST LOCATED AND MOST VALUABLE
RESIDENCE & STORE HOUSE
PROPERTY
IN CHESTERTOWN.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause in said Court wherein Elizabeth R. Wickes and others are complainants and Ellen S. Wickes and others are defendants, being No. 661 on the Chancery docket of said Court, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at Public Sale at the Voshell House porch,

On WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1884
AT 11½ O'CLOCK A. M.,
ALL THAT PROPERTY
SITUATED ON HIGH STREET IN CHESTERTOWN, opposite the Market House, of which the late SIMON WICKES died seized, fronting 61 feet 1 inch on High Street, with a depth of about 132 feet, and with an eight foot right of way thereto from Cross street.

The IMPROVEMENTS
consist of a HANDSOME, COMMODIOUS
BRICK DWELLING
AND STORE ROOM
under one roof, two stories and attic, press brick front, all in good order, the dwelling being occupied by Mr. James S. Bradley and the store room by Mr. Thos. W. Wickes as a drug store.

—ALSO—
Another STORE ROOM AND HOUSE
with two-story brick front, being occupied by Wickes & Bro., in their mercantile business.

This property is well known as one of the oldest and best locations for business purposes in the town—the Drug business having been continuously and successfully carried on there for more than fifty years on the same spot, and general merchandising having been successfully prosecuted by one or the other of the firm of Wickes & Bro. upon the premises they now occupy for over 40 years.

Persons wishing to engage in business have here an opportunity rarely offered in Chestertown, and the excellent residence connected with it adds to the value of the property, which will be offered as a whole and in THREE PARCELS, as follows:

No. 1,
adjoins the old Canady property, fronting on High Street 20 feet 1 inch, with a depth of 132 feet, and comprises
That Part of the Brick Building
occupied by the drug store of T. W. Wickes on the ground floor, with all that part of the house above the drug store, it being separated from the rest of the house by a solid brick wall.

No. 2,
is immediately above No. 1, and comprises all the residue of said dwelling house, fronting 26 feet on High street, with a depth of 132 feet. This lot from the back wall of the dwelling to the rear of the lot will be 20 in. less in width so as to give room for the window shutters and eaves of the building on No. 3.

No. 3,
is immediately above No. 2, and fronts on High street 15 feet, with a depth of 132 feet.

The existing right of way from Cross street to this whole property—eight feet wide—will be continued across Lots Nos. 1 and 2, so as to give lot No. 3 the benefit of this right of way, and lots Nos. 1 and 2 will be sold subject to such right of way.

The whole of this property except a rectangle 20x50 feet, on the South East corner, is subject to an annual ground rent of $25, and also to an annual rent of six dollars for the use of said right of way; said ground rent of $25 being renewable at the end of 99 years from the year 1850, and being redeemable at the pleasure of the purchaser upon payment of the sum of $400 to the holder of said ground rent.

As between the purchasers the said annual ground rent of $6 will be apportioned equally upon all three parcels, and the said annual ground rent of $25 will be apportioned according to the prices respectively obtained for the three parcels.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the decree are as follows: One-third of the purchase money on each parcel to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or in thirty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest from January 1st, 1884, to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

All taxes to be paid to Jan. 1, 1884 and possession given upon ratification of the sale. A plot of each parcel will be exhibited at the sale.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
TRUSTEE.
J. W. CARROLL, Auctioneer. d7-ts.

BOOKS!
A grand assortment of Books, standard and literary works—Illustrated Poems—all the Golden Floral Series, beautifully fringed. Also, Books for Children. Lower in price than ever.
For sale by COLIN F. STAM,
d15. Druggist.

Fine and Coarse Boots
AND
GUM BOOTS
to suit all classes—a large lot just received, and for sale by
JAMES A. SHAW,
Sep. 15. COURT STREET.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

C. M. LUCAS.

Gold American Watches
SILVER WATCHES,
GOLD CHAINS,
GOLD BRACELETS,
WEDDING RINGS,
SET RINGS,
EAR RINGS,
BREAST PINS,
STUDS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
LOCKETS,
SILVER THIMBLES.

Rogers' Triple Plated Silver Ware.

French Clocks.
CLOCKS from $1.00 to $55.00.

Spectacles, &c., &c.

An examination of the above goods is respectfully solicited by those contemplating making
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

C. M. LUCAS,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Dec. 15, 1883—4t.

CALL AND SEE
—OUR—
Christmas Goods

FINE CANDIES from 15 to 60 cents, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON FIGS, FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, COCOA NUTS, TABLE NUTS, PLUM PUDDINGS, &c., for Sale by W. J. McFEELY & SON.

Silver Ware!

The finest and most elegant stock ever offered for sale in Chestertown.
We have made our selections of this ware with a special view to our CHRISTMAS TRADE.
We want you to examine our case before you think of looking elsewhere.
d15. COLIN F. STAM.

Fall & Winter Millinery
—AND—
Fancy Goods.
MRS. KATE GILL
Takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally that she has opened a full and complete assortment of new FALL and WINTER MILLINERY.
HATS and BONNETS,
The Latest Styles Out.
Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Edgings, Tuckings, Ruffings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets and a complete line of Zephyr Knit Goods always kept on hand.
nov3. MRS. KATE GILL

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.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and 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.

Iron Turbine
WIND ENGINES,
FOR SALE BY
J. C. ROSEBERRY,
mar24-tf. STILL POND CREEK.

BARBARA BRYSON'S BLUNDER.

BY ARTHUR LANGDORN.

When Mrs. Bryson answered the vigorous summons at the bell, she found a young girl in waiting.

She had a bright, pleasant face, and was clad neatly. She had in her hand a small cabs, while at her feet was a valise, where a reporter had just deposited it.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" Mrs. Bryson said.—"Pray, come in."

She led her way into the sitting-room, and the young girl followed, leaving her baggage in the hall.

"Mrs. Claxton tells me your name is Arabella," Mrs. Bryson said. "I was afraid it was Bridget, a name which I detest. I shall call you Belle. Have you any objection?"

An expression of surprise crossed the young girl's face.

"No," she answered.

"Your hands look very white and delicate," Mrs. Bryson remarked. "Have you been out of a place any length of time? You can enter upon your duties at once, and first in order will be the preparation for dinner. I'll show you the room you are to occupy."

It was a pleasant apartment, so far as light and ventilation were concerned, but that was all. It was on the third floor; the furniture was meanlooking, and there was very little that was suggestive of comfort.

"The bed is clean," Mrs. Bryson announced. "My last girl was as tidy as yourself."

After a reasonable delay, the new hired girl made her appearance in the kitchen.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bryson.—"You are not going to work in that expensive dress?"

"The others which I have are much better," the girl replied.

"Well, I say!" rejoined Mrs. Bryson. "You must have spent all your wages in putting finery on your back."

"Mrs. Bryson, we are about the same size," the girl said, with a flush of red in her cheeks.—"Couldn't I wear one of your old wrappers?"

"Yes; and the suggestion shows that you have some good sense, after all. I am taking you entirely upon Mrs. Claxton's recommendation."

Mrs. Bryson was hard to please, but the new girl gave entire satisfaction. She was prompt, thoughtful, reliable, and so neat and so agreeable that it was a pleasure to have her about one.

She was always in good humor, and there must have been something which amused her hugely, to judge by her odd smile and the suppressed merriment in her eyes.

Mrs. Barbara Bryson had a brother, a noisy, clever, handsome, big-hearted fellow, ready to do a man a favor if he asked it, or to knock him down if he was impudent.

He arrived one day, and everybody in the house was bound to "take knowledge of it"—laughed, stamped, balloed, and kept up a general uproar.

He enjoyed his supper, for he was hungry, yet still found time to keep up a brisk conversation with his sister, of whom he was very fond.

"Vance," she said, "I thought you were to bring Cousin Jennie with you?"

"That was the intention, Barbara, but I had to run down to Jacksonville very unexpectedly, and found it necessary to stay a week after I got there. I had a jolly time, and hence do not complain. Jennie was to have gone on without me. Isn't she here?"

"No, Vance."

"Why, that's funny! Perhaps she stopped off at Baltimore. Oh, she'll drop in on us shortly. Sister, she's superb! You'll take to her at once."

The young girl whom they called Cousin Jennie was scarcely any relation at all.

"How are you getting on with your help?" Vance asked. He had been absent for six months. "They used to be the plague of your life. They always kept you on an edge."

"Vance, I have been suited."

"Ah, indeed! Then she must be a marvel of perfection."

"You are right, Vance. You would laugh at me were I to enumerate her good qualities. She has seen better days."

"And as a consequence, don't know her place."

"In saying that, Vance, you are unjust to her. Still, I had the same misgivings at first. She can wash, iron, cook, sew, draw—"

"And sing divinely?"

"She can play the piano, at least. Her touch is exquisite, and her time perfect. I came upon her unexpectedly one day."

"And overwhelmed her, eh?"

"She blushed and apologized, but seemed to be quite self-contained, I thought."

"No doubt she is handsome," Vance said incredulously.

"Sweet would be a better word," Mrs. Bryson said.

"Well, I hope your good opinion of her will last. She made these biscuits, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"They are good. Let us have more of them."

Mrs. Bryson touched the little call-bell, and the new girl came in from the kitchen.

She had on a neat, white apron, her face sweetly demure, her hair tastefully arranged.

"Some more biscuits, Belle," Mrs. Bryson said.

Vance glanced at the girl, and then there was a regular outburst.

"Well, upon my soul!" he cried, upsetting his cup of coffee, and kicking over his chair. "Why Jennie, is it you? What sort of a farce is this, anyhow?"

Mrs. Bryson stood aghast.

"Vance!" she gasped, "you don't mean to say that this—this lady is Miss Jennie Bradfield?"

"Why, yes, Barbara. Perhaps you can tell what all this means?"

"The day I arrived, Mrs. Bryson made a slight blunder," Miss Bradfield said, her eyes and dimples dancing. "I saw it—"

"And 'tumbled' to it, eh?" interrupted Vance.

"And have enjoyed it immensely," completed she.

"It was a blunder," confessed Mrs. Bryson, with flushed cheeks. "I feel quite humiliated about it. You see Vance, I expected a new girl that morning, and mistook—"

"Mrs. Bryson, don't worry about it!" interrupted Miss Bradfield. "I wasn't offended. I could have undeceived you at any moment. I tell you I enjoyed it."

"But to think I gave you such a miserable room, Miss Bradfield. It is too bad!"

"She shall have the best room in the house," boisterously declared Vance. "Sister, Jennie is to do my cooking hereafter. I am glad to know that you can recommend her. We are to be married in a couple of months."

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

The Contents of an Old Safe Discovered and Given to a Penniless Girl.

A correspondent of one of the Cincinnati papers, in a recent letter from Jamestown, N. C., says: "This quaint old place, which lies in the centre of one of the Quaker settlements, was during the war a favorite resort for refugees, by which name were designated those persons whose homes in the eastern section of the State were inside the danger line, or in counties already held by the federal troops. In this sleepy town these found a haven of refuge, and made themselves comfortable, to remain while the war lasted.—They brought their money here and the old fashioned bank stored Confederate bonds and currency in great amounts. The crash came in the fatal 1865, and Stoneman's raiders whirled down so near that most of the refugees prepared to fly. A little later the war ended. The big old safe, as solemn as the grave and as chary of its secrets, was shut. But few of the depositors had withdrawn the now valueless currency it contained. Some of the refugees had died; others had been suddenly called away; others at the last moment, amid all the excitement of the hour left. The bank, a dead corporation, ceased to exist, dying as it had lived—lazily. Years rolled by, each making the old safe and its secrets more solemn still as it stood cobwebbed in one of the lower rooms of the gloomy old bank building. Rumors of its contents being of value began to be created in the fertile field—imagination, and it was whispered that in its deep recesses lay piles of solid silver, vast quantities of bonds, jewelry worth a prince's ransom, and, finally the contents of the safe became a matter of daily conjecture. Last year the boom in Confederate bonds began. Sleepy, old Jamestown was insensible to the "boom." The word was too new. What of it? But nevertheless, one day two hoary-headed old officers of the long dead bank hobbled to it, opened the door and entered the musty room, in a recess of which sat the great safe. They tried the lock; it would not open. A locksmith was sent for, but even his efforts were unsuccessful. The old men gave up their attempt, but others took up their work. Keen speculators beat their hearts on getting into the safe. A man, modern in his ideas, said he would see that it was forced, but kept his own counsel. On Wednesday last another procession, if so it might be termed, entered the building, one of the men who composed it being a man whose bullet head and cropped hair gave him the aspect of a criminal. He looked at the safe. The others retired. Half an hour later there was an explosion. Returning the party found the door of the safe open. The man, a pardoned convict from the penitentiary at Raleigh, who in bygone days had been a 'cracksman,' had made speedy work concerning the antique safe. The old man, ex-convict, two speculators in Confederate bonds and a half-dozen other speculators were in the room, while outside were a curious crowd of perhaps a hundred. The safe was ransacked. From its capacious depths were taken out quite $3,000,000 in Confederate bonds and nearly $1,000,000 in State bonds, and as much in Confederate and State currency. The bonds were tied in rolls or in boxes, and the names of the owners could be found but in one case. On a large roll was found the name of 'Adam Exum, 1863.' The bundle was found to contain 1,500 one-thousand dollar Confederate bonds. What the long-dead owner had paid full value for, and what had been for years so much waste paper, had become worth $5.50 per $1,000. But strange as past events might seem future ones were even more curious. It was found that Exum had gone to Charleston, S. C., in October, 1863, and nothing had since been heard of him. His son, a soldier, had been wounded, had married after the war in Virginia, had come back to North Carolina, died in 1871, his wife following a year after, and their child, a girl, had been placed in an orphan asylum. The action of the ex-bank officers was prompt and just. When told about the girl, so poor, so desolate, they sold the bonds on which were her grandfather's name, and sent the money they brought ($8,250) to a Raleigh bank, notifying the superintendent of the orphan asylum, where the girl is being cared for. The case is a curious one in all respects, and is attracting much attention in the State wherever known. The girl is intelligent and modest, and, though no great fortune comes to her, yet the strangeness of its coming gives to it an interest which would not ordinarily attach to it. The girl has been sent to a leading school.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let them die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—TENNYSON.

UNCLE ABE was fond of 'possum. Having caught one, he got his wife, Dinah, to cook it for him, and requested that it should be placed in the cupboard until morning. The favor was granted, and Uncle Abe lay down before a log fire and went to sleep. His son, Mose, coming in late, got the 'possum and ate it, laid the bones down at Uncle Abe's hand, smeared the old man's face and hands with the grease, and went to bed. The following morning Uncle Abe awoke and asked Dinah: "What's dat 'possum?"

"In de cupboard," which she explored and found it missing.

Returning, Dinah inquired: "Abe, when did you eat dat 'possum? Dar's de bones at your head, yer face smells of 'possum, and your han's are greasy." "Maybe I did eat dat 'possum, but if I did it did me less good den any 'possum I ever et."

A MICHIGAN GIRL told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth $100,000. So he started out with a brave heart to make it.

"How are you getting on George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of months.

"Well," George said hopefully, "I have saved up $22."

The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushingly remarked: "I reckon that's near enough, George."

Twenty-two dollars in cold cash looks like a good deal of money to a Michigander.

AT a meeting of temperance women an old lady got up to give her experience: "I know something of the evils of rum," she said. "I have buried three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily, and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effects of liquor, but thanks to a kind providence, each death netted me a clear $10,000."

IN writing up a fire a witty exchange says that it was probably started by the friction created by a $400 insurance policy rubbing against a $100 house.

ONE of the critics informs us that Ellen Terry's acting is chiefly characterized by a "thrilling quality of unexpectedness." So is a mule's kick.

TO thoroughly realize the colossal fitlessness of a man one must figure as a bridegroom at a church wedding ceremony.

DONT LEND YOUR CIGAR.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that a man of letters was smoking and chatting with a physician on a Hudson river ferryboat, when a stranger stepped up and asked for a light. "Let me give you a match," replied the man of letters, adding, after his petitioner had withdrawn: "I don't know how you feel about it, doctor, but for my part I very much dislike to put the end of my cigar back into my mouth after it has been fingered by Tom, Dick and Harry. I always carry matches with me, and make it a point to offer one of them instead." "And quite right you are," said the doctor; "I believe that some of the worst diseases can be conveyed by one man to another through the contact of his fingers with a borrowed cigar. I personally know of a case where varioloid was transmitted by means of a $2 bill, and I firmly believe that varioloid and things much worse can pass from a man's fingers into a cigar, and thence into the smoker of it."

'HAVE you any family?' asked a young lawyer of a colored man whom he was appointed by the court to defend, the latter being charged with having stolen a horse. 'Ise got no family yit; I looks to you for dat.' 'Look to me to supply you with a family?' 'I looks to you and de jury.' 'What kind of stuff is that you are talking?' 'Hit's just what I says, Miss Matildy Snowball says of I only gits a yeah in the penitentiary she'll wait for me; but of I gets mosh den she's gwine ter marry de berry fust nigguh what comes along. So yer sees, boss, what a 'sponsibility dar am restin' on yer.'

"NO PAPA, I don't wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out at night, gamble, bet, overeat, etc., in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Duesenberry, "you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

"SIRE, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the King, "I will have you hanged!" "Sign," replied the soldier. The King stared, whistled, and signed.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

It wasn't a pretty box all trimmed with paper lace and embossed pictures filled with bon-bons.

It was made of wood, and once upon a time, it came to Mr. Daley's store full of soap. It was under Mr. Daley's counter that very afternoon before Christmas, when Dakie Lane came to buy ten cents worth of raisins and a pound of sugar and a pound of crackers and a very little spice.

"Going to have a pudding?" asked Mr. Daley's boy, weighing out the sugar.

"Yes," said Dakie. "And I want a stick of candy, too, if you please, to put in the baby's stocking. There's a cent."

It was a very large cent, and it shone as if Dakie had polished it.

"That's worth two sticks," said the grocer-boy. "We don't often get such a shiney one. What're you going to have in your stocking?"

"Nothing, I guess," said Dakie; "I'm too old. I'm going to be the baby's Santa Claus."

"Oh," said the grocer-boy, wrapping up the two sticks of candy; and Dakie didn't see him pay for one of them out of his own pocket. "That's it."

A lady-customer at the other end of the counter was giving Mr. Daley a good many orders, but she had ears for the conversation going on between Dakie and the grocer-boy, and she smiled at Dakie as she went past him out of the store-door.

Perhaps that would have been the end of it, if, on her way home in her carriage a little later, she had not passed Dakie again with one arm full of his small parcels. Just at that minute a big dog bounced up against him, and down went Dakie on the sidewalk; and the paper of sugar burst open, and the raisins were scattered about, and more than half of the crackers went into the gutter.

"Oh, dear me!" said Dakie, as he began manfully to repair as much of the mischief as he could.

"No pudding now," thought the lady; and in a minute more she was being driven back to Mr. Daley's store.

There the soap-box was pulled out from under the counter, and into it went all sorts of things; raisins and currants and figs and nuts and candies, until it was quite full. Then the cover was nailed on and Mr. Daley's man hurried away with it to Dakie's home, where it arrived almost as soon as Dakie himself.

"Why, why, who sent it?" cried Dakie.

"I don't know," said Mr. Daley's man.

But Dakie knew the moment he read, in big letters on the cover, "For the baby's Santa Claus."

"It was the lady!" cried he. Oh, isn't she—beautiful!"

"Bu'ful" echoed the baby.—*Youth's Comp'n.*

SIX STORIES OF NOTED WOMEN.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded, "Let the eldest go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

One of the principal graces of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day, at her toilet, to anger her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses and flung them in his face.

Nollekins, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening, and when he and his wife heard a knock at the door they would wait until they heard a second rap before they lit the candles, lest the first should be a "runaway" and their candle should be wasted.

When the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Sterlitz came over to be married to George III., she was ten days at sea, but kept gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsicord, and left the cabin door open. When she first caught sight of St. James' palace she turned pale. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear duchess," said the princess, "you may laugh. You have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

The marriage of Racine was an act of penance—neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of woman, but perhaps the most insensible of her sex, and most proper person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory and the momentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely credible, but most certainly true, since her own son relates the fact, that she had never seen acted, nor even read, nor desired to read the tragedies which rendered her husband so celebrated throughout Europe. She had only learned some of their titles in conversation.

Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, who appeared at the court of George III.—one at the age of eighteen and the other at nineteen—were two portionless girls of surpassing beauty. "They are declared," writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive. They can't walk in the park, or go to the Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." One day they went to see Hamilton court. As they were going into the beauty-room another company arrived. The housekeeper said: "This way, ladies; here are the beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant. They went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves. The younger of the fair sisters became the Duchess of Hamilton; the other became Lady Coventry.

SALT WITH NUTS.—As this is the season when children and adults also eat freely of nuts, it may not be out of place to give to our readers, what an exchange says upon the subject: "One time, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew a case of a woman who was taken violently ill by eating heartily of nuts in the evening. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cups, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "salt, salt," of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her, and if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach, the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this and it immediately dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appears to have been the effect of the same cause. I generally eat salt with nuts and consider it improves them."

TO CURE STAMMERING.—Dr. Dio Lewis in his magazine gives a rule for the cure of stammering, which is certainly simple enough, and which the doctor says has cured three-fourths of all the cases he has treated. The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. At first he is to beat on every syllable. He should begin by reading one of the Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word. "Time can be marked," says the Doctor, "by striking the finger on the knee, by hitting the thumb against the forefinger, or by moving the large toe in the boot. The writer believes the worst case of stammering can be cured if the victim will read an hour every day, with thorough practice of this remedy, and observing the same in his conversation."

COL. INGERSOLL says if he couldn't make a world without death in it he wouldn't make any. Ha! now maybe that's the reason he hasn't made one. He has been telling for so many years just how a world should be made, that people have begun to wonder why he didn't turn out a few. But this statement explains it: "I few often noticed," says Josh Billings, "that the man who would hev done such wonderful things of he had bin thare, never gits thare."—*Burdette.*

AN American farmer who had engaged a Hibernian ordered him to give his mule some corn on the ear. On his coming in, the farmer asked, "Well, Pat, did you give the corn?" "To be sure I did." "How did you give it?" "An' sure, as you told me—in the ear." "But how much did you give?" "Well yes see, the crayture wouldn't hold still, and switching his ears about so, I gave about a fistful in both ears."

Two young married French ladies were talking about their husbands. Said one: "Do you really think your John went shooting yesterday?" "Well, I don't think he tried to deceive me; I am inclined to think he went." "But he didn't bring back any game?" "That's what makes me feel sure he did go!" was the wife's reply.

A PROVIDENT YOUTH—"What! writing a love poem? Why, you're not in love, are you?" "Oh, not now; but I am afraid I will not be able to write it when I am."