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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:
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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.
Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. jel6-y.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office opposite the Court House, on Main st., adjoining store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
☞ Special attention paid to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe3-tf.

HOPE H. BARROLL. B. HOWARD HAMAN.
BARROLL & HAMAN.
We beg leave to state to our friends that we have associated ourselves together for the transaction of legal business between Baltimore city and Kent county.
We will give prompt attention to the collection of claims against parties in Baltimore and other cities. BARROLL & HAMAN.
n3-6m. Chestertown.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. R. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE FIRM OF BARKMAN & LAWDER was dissolved Dec. 17, 1883, by the death of Jacob Barkman. The business will be continued by the undersigned, under the firm name of Samuel M. Lawder & Son.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER,
j5-3t. R. FRANK LAWDER.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
112 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.

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-y.

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

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Fruits, Produce, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Fish, &c.
☞ Correspondence cheerfully answered.—Reference, Citizens' National Bank.
No. 2 BOWLY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, Md.

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.

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 promptly and cheerfully answered. y

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.

HOLIDAY *GROCERIES AND FRUITS.*
THOMAS L. REESE,
207 & 209 W. Pratt St., BALTIMORE, MD.
Malaga and California Grapes, Figs, Prunes, Citron, Currants, Raisins, all grades and kinds, Preserves and Conserves, Plain and French Candies, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Maple Syrup, Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Palm Nuts, English Walnuts, &c., and every variety of Staple and Fancy Groceries, ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES. It will pay you to send an order. oc20-3m.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing upon the farms known as "Camelsworthmore," "The Skirven Farm" or "Merritt Farm," after this date, with dog, gun or otherwise. The law will be strictly enforced.
WILLIAM B. GALE,
EDWARD BIDDLE,
W. F. WOODMENDER,
October 27, 1883—4t.

BOOTS.—Men's Winter Boots at $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4. Boys' Boots at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

FAMILY MINCE MEAT.
HUDGINS' BAKERY.

CARPETS! CARPETS!
LOWER THAN EVER!
LOWER THAN EVER!
JUST RECEIVED a Lot of All-Wool INGRAINS, worth 75c., which I am offering for 55 and 60 cts. per yard.—Sales of Hundreds of Yards per day show that people are beginning to realize the fact that I mean everything I say, and that they can save money by buying of us. Very truly, R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 8-tf.

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.

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.

NEW GROCERY STORE
Corner of High and Queen Streets,
opp. A. J. Cahall's.
D. A. BACCHUS
Would call attention to the fact that he has purchased with care and for cash a full Stock of Goods, such as
Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses,
Syrups, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Segars, Hecker's Oat Meal, Lea & Sons' Flour, and a choice line of Candies, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, Nuts, and in fact everything pertaining to a first class Grocery and Confectionery store.
Warrants his prices as low as the lowest. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
d1-tf. D. ARTHUR BACCHUS.

NEW IDEA
IMPORTANT! IMPORTANT!
As I expect to occupy my New Store, opposite Stam's Drug Store, the coming February, I intend to sell off my stock, regardless of cost, as I intend to open an entire New Line. Persons in want of bargains will do well by calling and examine goods and prices as great inducements will be offered to purchasers.
Our stock consists of
Ladies' and Children's HATS,
trimmed and untrimmed.
Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Velvets of all shades, Satins Laces, Handkerchiefs, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Hosiery of all kinds, Infants Checks and Dresses, Worsted Goods of all descriptions.
Gents' and Boy's Hats and Caps, Shirts, laundried and unlaundried, Merino Underwear, Hoisery and many more goods too numerous to mention.
SPECIALTY IN FURS.
Furs altered and repaired. Call at the New Idea, opposite the old post-office, Chestertown, Md. Oct. 20, 1883.

Merchant Tailoring!
REMOVAL.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has removed to the store room opposite the Bank in Chestertown his MERCHANT
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
and has on hand a fine assortment of CLOTHS and CASSIMERES. He will make Suits to order and *Guarantee a Fit* and satisfaction in every case. A call and examination of his goods is solicited.
☞ Prices moderate.
Jan. 5. LOUIS STOLL.

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.

ANOTHER YEAR.

"Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow."

The old year is not here today,
It is with the long ago,
Silently it passed away,
Never shall it ebb or flow.

Now a new year has begun,
All its gates are opened wide,
Passing through the morning sun,
Clear is flowing down its tide.

Over head a star is seen,
And a rainbow lights the sky;
Emerald gems in pastures green,
Meet the hope illumined eye.

Buds are opening on the mead,
Smiling Spring awakes the flowers,
And the Winter slumbering seed
Burst to life 'neath genial showers.

Velvety the fields appear,
Wealth is sleeping in each grain,
Golden harvest floating near,
Laden sheaves without a stain.

Grapes upon the hill sides grow,
Songs enliven all the way,
Sweetest wines from presses flow,
Sparkling more from day to day.

Thus we are by hope led on,
To the Winter once again,
'Till this new year too is gone
And the snow drifts on the plain.

Wilmington, Jan. 5, 1884. MATILDA CANBY.

LAZY MEN,

—OR—

The Kind of a Husband Girls Can do Without.

Above all things shun the society of the lazy man; for he is fit for nothing except to sleep, eat, build air castles and dream of untold wealth, which by some miraculous wonder, he is momentarily expecting showered upon him. He is a pest in society—a disgrace to the human race and a bore in general. You may salt his coffee, sugar his beans, make faces at him, stick pins in his coat tail, put wasp nests in his bed, throw cold water in his face before he is up in the morning, subject him to every earthly abuse in your power but for Heaven's sake, and your own, never marry him! No matter how handsome he is—no matter how rich he may be—no matter how polite, agreeable or condescending—no matter how much he says he loves you, don't you marry him, unless you wish to become a menial drudge, black his boots, cook his dinner, wash his shirts, mend his clothes, nurse the children, clean the house, alternately and simultaneously, whilst your husband is shut up in the parlor, enjoying his forenoon nap, or studying a work on agriculture (which he is very careful never to experiment from), without a thought or care for what you may be doing.

And now, girls, as these things in the form of men are very common I am going to draw a sketch from real life as a warning to you, to take my advice, and never throw yourselves away by marrying one of these scamps, which infest every place and all society, more or less, at the present day. * * * *

Nellie Crawton was my most intimate friend, and I loved her as a sister. At school we were inseparable, both within doors and without. Bereft in early life of her parents, and alone in the world, without father, mother, brother or sister to love, her affections seemed to center on me (her chum and classmate), and most warmly did I reciprocate her sentiments. She was pretty—almost beautiful. Her sparkling, black eyes, and glossy curls, dark as night; her delicate form and intellectual forehead rendered her personal appearance very attractive, and, by those who knew her best, she was even acknowledged handsome. She had some property—a little cottage, which she told me was the home of her childhood, and the house in which she was born and in which both her parents had breathed their last. A few hundred dollars remained of what had been deposited (by her parents) in a bank for her benefit, after paying for her education. She was eighteen when we parted at school—she to return to her home, with an aunt who had reared her, and I to return to the hearts and home of my idolized parents. It was to both of us a sad parting. We wept bitter tears as we embraced each other, and I leaped into the carriage sent to convey me home.

Our letters were frequent at first, and quite as affectionate, I presume, as though we had been lovers, for we had learned to prize each other's society and it was hard to be separated. At length Nellie's letters ceased to be quite so frequent—were less affectionate and less expressive of loneliness, and at last they ceased to visit me for a number of weeks. Of course I was nearly distracted at this delay, fearing sickness or death might be the cause, but my fears were soon quieted by the receipt of a letter, superscribed in that well known hand, and bearing the postmark of her native town and State.

Anxious and expectant, I broke the seal. It was, contrary to her previous correspondence, a very brief epistle, begging me to excuse her neglect, and when she had the pleasure of seeing me she would make all necessary apologies, and ended by inviting me to visit her immediately and perform for her the office of bridesmaid — as she had at last won a heart and would soon have a husband.

I must confess I felt a pang of jealousy shoot through my heart, for to be superseded in Nellie's affection by one of the opposite sex was not at all consolant with my feelings.

"So here is the cause of her neglect—her delay," I said, as I tossed her letter upon the table with apparent dissatisfaction.

She did not even tell me her future husband's name—only that he was all she could ask and more than she had ever aspired to possess.

"Come and see him yourself and judge accordingly."

Well, after upsetting all the inkstands in my way, tearing to pieces all the papers and magazines within my reach and lying awake all night, I finally concluded to dispatch a letter accepting the invitation; and, having accomplished this task, I at once commenced preparations for my journey. A week passed, and I found myself in the train, fast approaching my journey's end. My heart beat wildly as the whistle sounded from the engine, the brakes were down, the train stopped and a brakeman screamed at the door:

"Passengers for Dayton!"

I hurried forward, stepped from the car, by the assistance of the good-natured conductor, and the next moment was in Nellie's arms. She welcomed me warmly; still there was a restraint, I fancied, in her manner toward me, which she had not formerly shown at school. So overjoyed had I been at seeing her at first that I did not notice her companion, who now came forward to escort us to the carriage. Nellie blushed; and, with a pride of manner so natural to her when well pleased, she introduced me to Mr. Welton—her future husband. I was surprised in his personal appearance, for I did not expect to find her affianced husband so noble, commanding a personage. He was the true picture of health and manliness, and I did not wonder, as I saw his eyes rest upon his betrothed bride with so much tenderness, that she had said: "He was all she could ask, and more than she had ever aspired to possess."

They were married quietly, for Mr. Welton was a man of slender means—and instead of going on a bridal tour, as married people usually do, they went at once to housekeeping in Nellie's little cottage, which they had fitted up for their home. They commenced housekeeping in the way all people with common sense and slender means should, dispensing with all servants—Mrs. Welton performing her domestic duties with her own hands. Mr. Welton was very kind and devoted, but during the few weeks I had spent with them I discovered him to be extremely fond of being waited upon, or, in other words, lazy, and Nellie waited upon that stout, healthy man quite as much as though he had been the most helpless invalid. I remonstrated with her one day upon the course she was pursuing, but her only reply was:

"It is such a pleasure to wait on him; his love repays all my trouble."

I spent a few weeks with them, and then returned home, satisfied that Nellie was happy, but fearful that Mr. Welton, notwithstanding his handsome face and present devotion, was not quite what I would fancy for a husband.

* * * * * *

Six years have passed. Let us take a look at Mr. and Mrs. Welton in their home. Three children, aged respectively three years, two years and six months have been added to that family. In that careworn, pale, feeble woman, broiling steak and cooking dinner, you will fail to recognize the happy, healthy bride of six years ago. Her hair is no longer suffered to fall in ringlets about her face and neck, but is combed smoothly back and confined with a comb; her dress is faded and worn, and her eyes that were once so sparkling and black, are now sunken and dim. Hark! listen to that hollow, hacking cough! Consumption is preying upon that form—its fatal seeds are sown—her life is fast ebbing away beneath the toil and care of a life of domestic drudgery. Still hope buoys her up, and the pleading faces of her helpless children stimulate her to exert every faculty in her power to provide for their wants. She is now getting less hopeful—she sees the "grim messenger of death" upon her tracks; still she swerves not from the path which love and duty prescribed for her, but, with a feeble step and aching heart, performs her various domestic cares.

"Father is coming," sounds from the yard, and in a moment Mr. Welton enters his home. Time has left no trace upon his handsome face—his step is as firm, his form as erect, and his dress almost as faultless as when last we saw him. He hardly notices the "servant of all work," who is bended over a heated stove, preparing food; but with a "W-h-e-w—how hot this room is!" he snaps at baby, who is playing on the floor, and passes into the sitting-room and throws himself upon the lounge for a nap. Mrs. Welton, tired and sick, following him with her weary eyes, hoping he will offer her some assistance in the dining-room; or that he will take the children away and amuse them until she herself has prepared her frugal meal. But he has no idea there is anything for him to do—or, at least, he has no idea of doing anything.

Tommy and Charlie follow him, and make sundry attempts at climbing upon the lounge beside him; but they are soon hired to leave the room with a huge stick of candy or paper of sugar plums—which they eagerly seize and repair to the kitchen with to fight over and raise a general cry—not excepting baby, who has learned what is sweet, and puts in for a share of everything good. At last baby is upset upon her head, and a cry of distress brings Mrs. Welton from the cellar, where she has been for eatables for the table.—Tommy and Charlie are scolded for their misconduct, and after much kissing and soothing, baby consents to be again deposited on the floor with the sugar bowl cover and sugar tongs and Mrs. Welton again resumes her duties.

But, for goodness sake, take a look into that sitting-room! Stretched upon that lounge—his feet projecting over the foot—his head thrown back—his mouth open and his eyes closed, lies the husband and father of that family, snoring most profoundly—free from all care, thought or work—safe in the land of dreams. O, what a picture—oh, what a husband!

Dinner is at last upon the table, and Mr. Welton being aroused from his romantic position, repairs at once to the dining-room to satisfy the gnawings of hunger.

"No butter for dinner?" he said, addressing his wife in a half-peevish, half-doubtful tone, "I declare there is something wanting every day and at every meal. It is very hard times for a man that is out of business, and I am to get along. I think we will have to use a little more economy—try to do with a little less, at least, until I get into business."

Now this was the same story over and over again—the same excuse. He was always out of business, but hoped soon to be engaged in something. The fact was he was too lazy to stick to any business and too proud to do anything that was not genteel; consequently he had lost many chances of making a good living—yes, a fortune, had he displayed the least activity or energy by improving those talents for business which by nature he possessed.

Mrs. Welton took her babe upon her lap and tried to satisfy the gnawings of hunger; but her food choked her and her tears fell in drops upon the unconscious face of her baby, who little dreamed of her mother's grief

Mr. Welton noticed her tears, and attributing them to be occasioned by what he said, condescended to make some slight apology, deeming that all sufficient to set her mind all right and stop those burning tears. But his words only caused them to flow more freely, until she could no longer control her bursting heart, and she burst into violent sobs:

"Oh, my children—my children! what will become of them?" she said. "I can not battle with life much longer!"

Mr. Welton was evidently much surprised and did appear quite alarmed at such an unexpected outburst of grief, and assuming a very soothing tone, asking her if her head ached—assuring her it would be quite well in a few hours. And he did actually take her babe from her arms and beg of her to lie down for a few hours to rest, and he would attend to everything around the house.

Mrs. Welton did lie down on the bed to rest; but she never arose — never left her room until she was carried from it a corpse. A raging fever was always upon her, which her weakened frame could not withstand; and though she lingered for several weeks, consumption's deathly grasp at last set her spirit free, and God's angels of mercy bore her spirit to heaven. It was a beautiful morning on which she died, bidding a final farewell to earth and its joys, cares and sorrows. Oh, that struggle! The thought of death was nothing compared with the thoughts of leaving her dear children motherless.

But, poor woman! she at last ceased to breathe in the arms of him who had six years before won her heart, and promised to love, cherish and protect her as long as life should last.

Had he fulfilled his promise? Had he done his duty? Had he been all to her that she had expected when she gave her whole heart, life and happiness into his keeping by becoming his wife? Let his conscience answer; for God will one day bring him to account for the slow murder of that wife and mother as surely as he will the most guilty assassin. The world thought him a very devoted husband and sympathized with his deep sorrow; but a year did not elapse before another Mrs. Welton presided over his household.

How many a heart history is recorded in this simple sketch? How many beautiful, talented and accomplished girls are won by a handsome face, and, like Mrs. Welton, lead a weary life and die a premature death? So again let me warn you, girls, to beware of the lazy man!

THEOLOGICAL ADVICE.

THOMAS COMEDIUS.

Dar's no use ob resolutions if you nebber put 'em through;
De pay roll isn't reckoned by de good one's gwine to do.
A man dat doesn't push ahead, but allus wants to wait,
Can't nebber 'spect a passage through de alabaster gate.

Now talkin' ain't de only ting dat's gwine to sabe de soul,
And git a sinnah present when de Massa calls de roll.
De tongue's a conflergrashun dat hez to be kept down,
Or kase a heap o' trouble in de struggle for de crown.

I hate to meet de sawt 'o man dat blows about de Load,
And 'tends to beah de Gospel train, but nebber gits aboa'd.
Dat warns de congregashun 'gin eberlastin' fire,
Yet doesn't lend a hand to pull his neighbor from de mire.

So, brudders, keep a ploddin' at a steady rate to'rd Heben;
Don't run ahead fur seben days, den go to sleep fur seben.
But keep a walkin' on'ard, an' at an eben pace,
Remember how de turtle beat de rabbit in de race.

Unlucky Days for Getting Married.

The following clipping will be read with interest in view of leap year and a prospective matrimonial boom. There are thirty-two days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry, upon the authority of a manuscript dated in the fifteenth century. These days are January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; December 15th, 16th, 17th. Consequently January is the worst month in the year for marriage. The records show, however, that in Boston, and in fact throught New England, November is the banner month for matrimony, October holding second place in nuptial favor. For this Thanksgiving day is mainly responsible. It has been consecrated to marriage festivals for many generations. Fast day is another favorite day for connubial ventures, and with a large proportion of our population Easter Sunday is regarded as an auspicious occasion for the welding of the matrimonial fetters. Thousands of couples have wedded New Year's week, unwitting the risk that they ran as above set forth; and it is hardly to be expected that the publication of this list will increase the number of happy families or lessen the regular long roll of divorce suits upon the dockets of the courts.

Plantation Philosophy.

Too much perfume makes a man sick. De sweetes' smell in all de worl' is nuthin'.

When de curmunity takes up de notion dat a man is er fool, dar ain' much us'n him kickin' agin de jedgment.

I ain't afeerd o' de man what frowns when he gits mad, but de man what smiles when he's mad makes me feel mighty onesy.

De polertician is al'ers watchin' out fer de good o' de people, jes' like de hawk what is al'ers watchin' fur de good o' de chickin.

De fatter de dog gits, de lazier he is, but de richer a man gits de more 'dustrious he becomes. Dis is 'bout de biggest difference dat I ken see 'twixt de dog an' de aberage rich man.

De man what goes ter church de mos ain't al'ers de sho'est o' goin' ter heaben. De duck washes hisse'f heep oftener den de turkey, but airter all he ain' ha'f ez clean.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

LEAP YEAR MOTTO.—It is understood that the girls have adopted the following as their motto for leap year; "If you see what you want, ask for it." A good motto.

THE STORY OF BLIND TOM.

Early Life of the Musical Prodigy, Eccentric, but not an Idiot as Currently Reported.

A few days ago I accidentally learned that a lady, whose home is in New Orleans, but who is temporarily visiting in this city, could tell me something about Blind Tom's early life, and I accordingly went to see her. To the first question that was asked, she replied:

"Yes; I can tell you all about him.—My father owned him. Blind Tom's father was foreman on my father's plantation in Georgia. A foreman, you will understand, is one who is placed over the other slaves on plantations where they do not have white overseers. Tom's mother was our cook, and as such her room adjoined the kitchen. The slaves, as you know, have separate quarters, and live a short distance from the house. The kitchen was close by, and Tom's mother, the cook, was frequently in the rear rooms of the house, and several of her children, of whom she had an extraordinary large number, would follow her around.

After Tom had familiarized himself with his new surroundings, he became bold enough to creep from the kitchen out into the halls towards the parlor where his acute ears would catch the sound of the piano. His mother in the kitchen would then miss him, and run to drag him back, each time administering a severe beating. But the child went back, all the same, and listened.

After awhile father's attention was attracted to the child, and he told the mother to let him stay where he was.

When we let him come into the parlor, the little imp went wild with delight.

Before he could stand alone, he would draw himself up and commence striking the keys."

"How old was Tom when he began to show his musical skill?"

"Tom could play any ordinary music and a few more difficult compositions before he was 4 years old. He would creep to the piano and play before he was able to walk, and could sing Scotch ballads before he could talk enough to ask for bread. All he needed was for some one to play so that he could hear and he would immediately play the piece without varying a particle. I remember well, a few years after, when Tom became more proficient and had learned to talk, seeing Tom grope his way into the parlor, and, approaching the piano, say to the lady who was then playing, 'I can play that better than you can. I'se a gen'us, I is.' And sure enough, he did, though he had never heard the music before."

"Has he ever tried instruments other than the piano?"

"Oh, yes. He can play on anything. The flute is his special favorite. He has a beautiful silver flute with silver keys, of which he is very proud. When he gets started he will sometimes play all night until the chickens crow in the morning. Next to the flute the piano is his favorite, but he can execute music on any species of instrument he can get."

"Has Blind Tom had or needed any assistance in his musical achievements?"

"He has had the best kind of instructors, although it has been at times difficult to obtain a teacher who would not be less proficient than the pupil. All that Tom wants is some one to play new music for him, and he only needs to hear it played once. Some years ago father took him to Paris to see if he could not be made to see, and no effort has been spared to give him a good education.—The story that Blind Tom is an idiot in everything but music is a popular error. His eccentricities when on the stage are mistaken for idiocy, when in fact Tom is frantically delighted or bewitched, if you please, over the music he is making or hearing. Blind Tom is not only well educated, but refined. He does not use the negro dialect, and can carry on an intelligent conversation with anybody.—He is affectionate in disposition, and is devoted to all the family, who are equally as fond of him.

THE PATHOS OF LONDON.

You meet it everywhere—at every corner of the business streets, and of those streets where the common people live.—You see the "public," with its great double door, its immense plate-glass windows with the names of the drinks for sale within lettered on them; with its gaslights brighter and more numerous than other gaslights.

When other shops are closed the publics still light the streets with their evil glare. And hanging about their doors you see forever the army of the lost—lost at least to all hope for this world; lost as far as you can see.

Old men come out of the publics blear-eyed and tottering. Middle-aged men with shaky knees lean against its walls as if afraid that with a step onward they should fall. Old, old women come out, too, sodden and bloated or shriveled and toothless, shaking as if with palsy.

Worst of all you see young and pretty girls, who have gone in to drown in fire some mad trouble of their own; and little children, who carry mugs or bottles and wear a look of precocious cunning, precocious shame.

It is strange how universal is this state of things. In no country in the world is drunkenness so constant a spectacle as in Great Britain. You cannot escape from it. It jostles you in the street. It poisons the air you breathe. It confronts you everywhere. It transforms the faces of the lower orders into something worse than brutal, for it would be an unpardonable insult to an honest dog to compare him with these wretched, hopeless men and women.

It may be that climate has something to do with this universality of drunkenness. The dense fogs strike a chill to the very heart of those poorly clad wretches, and they are tempted to warm it away temporarily by gin, and yet a little more gin.—*London Letter.*

A PHILADELPHIA MAN in a sleeping car went through a terrible accident, in which the sleeping car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noticed, however, that as the car struck the bottom he murmured, "Don't, Jane, don't, I'll get up and start the fire!"

BEER drinkers are "down in the mouth." The quality of last year's hops are said to be very inferior.

A BROKEN STRING.

Sing, and to you! No, no; with one note jarred,
The harmony of life's long chord is broken;
Your words were light, and by light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand;
Strike, and it throbs and vibrates at your will,
Falters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet, lost tune. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep to death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain.

And, perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear night winds sweep,
Around our windows, when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long, sobbing, moaning cry;

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies.

Or, lingering in the summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson west,
Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow.

Some old, forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of love steal softly, for the old love's sake.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Two Rich Men's Habits.

Somehow, very rich men never seem to have merry hearts. I saw Vanderbilt the other day out at "Johnny Barry's," the well-known roadside house near Macomb's Dam bridge. He was sitting gloomily in a corner surrounded by his toadies, who giggled and cackled at every sad joke he essayed and applauded every horsey dictum that fell from his lips. The dingy room, the vulgar surroundings and the prevailing air of sordidness made the group a very suggestive one. Fortunately for the great millionaire, he has one substantial pleasure. Though a picture-buyer, he knows and cares little for art. Books have no charm for him, and for what is called society he has a distinct and positive aversion. But in everything that pertains to the horse he takes delight. Some of the sporting newspapers refer to him questions to answer, which with correctness involves much horse lore. His solutions are carefully written out, and it is evident that he has spent time and thought in their preparation. To be sure, horse fancying, pure and simple, is not an ennobling amusement; but a rich man who has this means of diversion may be said to be more fortunate than those who have no pleasure in life but in piling up dollars.

Jay Gould, on the other hand, has taken pains to tell people long since that he played at money-making for the mere pleasure of the thing. But Gould is a man familiar with books, and has had a very good education. He is said to have a good library, many of his books being rare, scarce and valuable. As he is what is known, as a "domestic man," I presume that his private life is probably far happier than that of any of the other of our millionaires. The sages say that riches harden a man's heart. Nevertheless, if I were expecting a great public benefaction in the interests of the liberal arts from a millionaire I would bet on Jay Gould rather than on Wm. H. Vanderbilt.—*New York Times.*

HOW TO SPOIL THINGS.

To spoil steak—fry it.

To spoil tea or coffee—boil it.

To spoil custard—bake it too long.

To spoil house plants—water them too much.

To spoil butter—to not work out all the milk.

To spoil a carpet—sweep it with a stiff, half-worn broom.

To spoil pan-cakes—bake them on a lukewarm griddle.

To spoil a breakfast—grumble all the time you are eating.

To spoil potatoes—let them lie and soak in water after boiling.

To spoil bread—use poor flour and sour yeast and let it rise until too light and it runs over.

To spoil scissors—cut everything from a sheet of paper to a bar of cast iron.

To spoil garments in making—cut them out carelessly and run all the seams.

To spoil a school—change teachers every time some one in the district finds fault.

To spoil children—humor them to everything they happen to think they want.

A WIDOW'S MONEY SAVED BY A DREAM.—I recently met a very extraordinary old gentleman, Colonel Thomas S. Dabney, who was born in Virginia, but is now a citizen of Mississippi. At 86 years of age he has the appearance, faculties and constitution of a well-preserved man of 69. He had a son on General John B. Gordon's staff during the war. From him I heard the following anecdote: "The widow of a Vicksburg philanthropist had $2,000—her all—deposited in Klein's bank. She dreamed for three nights successively that she stood up to her waist in water and that her bank notes were being washed away from her. Troubled in mind at these repeated warnings, she went to the bank and withdrew her money. Two days afterward the bank suspended, carrying disaster to thousands of people in the Mississippi valley. The ecstatic widow hugged her rescued treasure to her bosom and would not trust it out of her sight or possession. She is satisfied that her dream was supernatural and that the spirit of her husband returned to save her life as well as her money.

GOT THEM CHEAP.—Mrs. Blinks—"What have you there?"

Mrs. Finks—"A Christmas present for my husband."

Mrs. Blinks—"What a big bundle it makes."

Mrs. Finks—"Yes, bigger than I intended. You see I went to a tobacco store to get a box of cigars for my husband as a present. I could not think of anything else, and I made the strangest discovery. My husband always pays $8 and $10 a box for cigars, and just by good luck I found out how he is being swindled. The dealer I went to said he had cigars at $1.50 a hundred, and it was such a bargain that I immediately took six boxes."

THE telegraph operator ought to be a happy fellow, for, no matter how hard up he may be, he can get tick.

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.

HOW THEY GET MARRIED.

Description of Two Novel Marriages by the Officiating Preachers.

A reporter of the Easton *Ledger* prints two good stories as told by two country ministers whom he lately interviewed: "In one of the western counties of Maryland," said a minister whose charge is in juxtaposition to Easton, "I had one of the most amusing experiences of my life. I was a conspicuous actor in a matrimonial farce, and even had to appear 'before the curtain.' The solemnity of the marriage ceremony was destroyed by the ludicrous situation and surroundings. The loving swain was a brawny six-footer from the mountains, who insisted on having 'the knot tied' in the church—in good style. I accordingly had the church opened, and taking my position within the chancel rail, awaited the arrival of the candidates. Pretty soon the doors swung back, the couple entered, and without the slightest embarrassment marched up the aisle. I am not much given to the feminine fancy of examining costumes, nor of affecting concern over what 'so-and-so' wore at 'such-and-such' a time, but the dress of the groom struck me as being peculiarly interesting. His hat was of the sugar-loaf pattern, with the usual kink in the side, and this he manifested no disposition to remove from his ruffled locks until I insisted that it could not be worn during the ceremony; his suit, of the time-honored jeans originally, in its present state of piecing blended all the colors of Joseph's coat, but yet rendered more interesting to the votaries of fashion and fancy by the very prominent fact that it was all 'hand work;' his linen was not linen but flannel, and his collar was missing; his hands were covered with drab yarn mittens, pieced out at the gauntlets with red flannel, and one had tenaciously gripped a well-worn carpet-bag, evidently related to the one on which the elephant trod, while with the other he led his bride along at a dog trot. I was too much occupied with the man's make-up to observe minutely the woman's, but the two wardrobes matched splendidly. I managed to perform the ceremony, after many amusing blunders and interruptions. The sturdy groom immediately saluted the bride with a loud, smacking kiss, and generously requested me to administer a like infliction. I demurred, and he mistook my hesitation for modesty, and in consideration for my bashfulness would not insist.

"'Mister,' said the newly-elected Benedict, 'I want to pay you for this.'

"Ministers, like all ordinary mortals, are somewhat susceptible to the touch of filthy lucre, and I made no signs of disapproval to this latter suggestion. He fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a tattered one dollar bill, with the gracious and gratifying request:

"'Gim me fifty cents change.'

"And then—'Now, mistur, me and Sary Ann wants our picsturs took. Kin you take us to the picstur man?'

"There was no help for it—I had to march through the streets of the town with this quaint couple, who lost no opportunity for cooing and billing, while my friends of the town wickedly stared and tittered. It was an odd procession.

"At the photograph gallery we had fun. My friend of the mountains insisted on having his way in posing for the 'picsturs,' and would listen to no advice or suggestion of the photographer. So the pictures were taken—five tinplates—with Sary Ann sitting on Jakey's knee, with just his eyes and his sugar-loaf hat (which he stoutly refused to discard), peeping above the outspreading bonnet of his wife.

"They gazed admiringly on the pictures for some time and then assorted them over to be sent to their 'kin.'—There was one left, and Jakey very condescendingly gave it to me, with the remark that it would do to 'remember the whole thing by.'

"'I ain't much for style, but me and Sary Ann are out fur a good time,' and they were gone.

"I have that picture now among a valued collection, and I never see the sugar-loaf hat looming above the enormous poke bonnet, without smiling. Yes, I have had many funny experiences, but none so totally ridiculous in all its aspects as this affair of Jakey and Sary Ann's."

Another preacher told a *Ledger* reporter a good story. He was stationed somewhere near the Blackbird district of Kent county, Md.

"I was summoned one day," said he, "to marry a couple in the backwoods country. The impatient lover was in a feverish hurry, so without waiting to finish a tempting dinner of fried chicken—strange as it may appear—I accompanied him. As we neared our destination, the young man began to show signs of uneasiness. I asked him the trouble, and was startled by the declaration that he had not 'asked the gal to have him.' I was somewhat put out by this queer proceeding, and was turning back, while visions of fried chicken danced before my eyes, when he begged me, and in a most beseeching manner, to make the proposal for him. Yes, I did it. I left the lover outside the house, and made silly overtures to the mistress of his heart, I asked the fair damsel if she had any idea how she was regarded by the young man.

"'I allus thought,' said she, 'that Josephus kind o' took to me, and I feel kind o' peart like to him.' And she blushed her sweetest blush.

"This was enough. I called the anxious Josephus, and without further preliminaries, made them husband and wife.

"Imagine my disgust when the groom told me I would have to trust him for the marriage fee until he sold his potatoes, which were then just planted. But he was true to his word, and in about three months generously paid me sixty cents, the proceeds for one bushel of peach-blows."

THE average young lady wants at least four feet of a seat in a car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day on Sunday squeezed into a buggy seat beside her young man, and not find the least fault.

WHEN a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him up stairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.