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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

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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.

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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.

NOTICE TO FARMERS!

OFFICE OF T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

American Standard and Extant BONE SUPERPHOSPHATES,

AND

Sole Proprietors and Importers of OCEAN BIRD GUANO

The above TRADE MARK FERTILIZERS

are MANUFACTURED of pure dissolved Bone, Bone Tanking, Nitrogen and Potash, rendering them among the most concentrated and valuable manures ever sold on the market. The process of grinding Bones and mixing Fertilizers is rigidly carried on by the use of the best and most improved machinery, of about 60 Tons capacity per day—to the inspection of which all Farmers and the public generally are most cordially invited.

☞ See reference below of a few of our many patrons who have repeatedly used our goods with full satisfaction:

J R Leaverton,	W I. Bowers,	B F H Caulk,	Purnell Jefferson,
Luther Handy,	E B Pennington,	Rob't S Griffith,	E J W Stephens,
Lucas Alrich,	Col R C Johnson,	T A Jacobs,	Bartus Trew,
Geo R Stephens,	Hon W T Hephron,	Geo W Chrisfield,	Wm W Stephens,
John Brice,	W E Sanders,	Dr E G Clash,	Wm G Trew,
W Archibald, Jr	Geo R Beck,	W Archibald, sr	John P Nicholson,
John Gale,	Josias Ringgold, Jr.	Thomas Massey,	J Cordray Loud,
Wm J Vannort,	John W Corey,	A L Corey,	James Shuster,
Thos C Parsons,	A J Wickes,	W O Shallcross,	Rob't Comly.

C. T. STRATTON, General Salesman.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

March 22, 1884—8t.

ORCHILLA GUANO.

THE GREAT SOIL ENRICHER.

BY ANALYSIS EQUAL TO BONE.

THE STANDARD FERTILIZER FOR CORN.

—Best and Cheapest for all Crops.—

PRICE:—$25 PER TON, CASH.

Send for Our 40-page Book of Recent Testimonials just published; —or write to such well known Farmers as:—

JOS. E. GILPIN, Lankford, JAS. RANKIN & BRO., Fairlee, JNO. Z. CLARK, Lynch's,
T. W. RINGGOLD, Edesville, WM. F. BAKER, Edesville, WALTER T. MORRIS. "

R. A. WOOLRIDGE & CO., Importers,

64 BUCHANAN'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.,

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE, 629 Walnut St.

FOR SALE BY WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's.

Feb. 23-3m.

For the Permanent Improvement of Old and worn out lands, large yields of Grain and all General Products requiring a thorough and complete assimilation of the elements, required, there is NOTHING BETTER than

Star Bone Phosphate!

RELIABLE, Thoroughly Established,

And THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE in the market.

PlanetBrand Phosphate!

COMPANION to STAR BONE,

DIFFERS ONLY IN ANALYSIS, AND CORRESPONDINGLY LOW IN PRICE.

This article, containing a large per cent. of Ammoniacal Matter, German Potash, Soluble Phosphoric Acid and Insoluble Bone, thoroughly, manipulated, commends itself to all who want a

GOOD FERTILIZER AT A LOW PRICE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Peninsular Bone Fertilizer Co.,

SMYRNA, DELAWARE,

Importers and Manufacturers of Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies.

J. E. TYGERT, President. W. G. PIERCE, Sec. and Treas.

March 29-7m.

1884 —SPRING— 1884

PHOSPHATES!

BY

CONNELLY & DeFORD.

STERLING —For— P. P. GUANO —AND— CORN, OATS, And VEGETABLES.

200 Lbs. IMPERIAL PHOSPHITE CONNELLY & DeFORD Chestertown

THESE BRANDS are well known and those using SPRING FERTILIZERS will find it to their interest to favor us with a call.

ALL AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS SUPPLIED.

Mr. WM. A. HYLAND, at Galena, will represent us in the 1st and 2d Districts, and our friends will find him ready to serve them at any time.

CONNELLY & DeFORD,

March 22, 1884—7t. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Rambo Lime.

UNEXCELLED BY ANY OTHER.

For sale by car load or bulk, by

H. E. COOPER, Worton Station.

WM. B. RAMBO, Norristown, Pa.

ap12-2m.

PURE RAW BONE,

PURE DISSOLV'D BONE

KAINIT. PLASTER.

DIS. S. CAROLINA ROCK,

For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 15, 1884.

TRADE MARK.

OLD KENT PHOSPHATE

Prepared Expressly for

CORN POTATOES,

And all FRUITS

and is acknowledged by some of our best Farmers to be the

BEST FERTILIZER on this market

for the above named crops, and is for sale by JOHN W. HINES,

Court Street, Chestertown, Md.

March 22—7t.

FERTILIZERS.

HOME IMPROVED,

PREPARED EXPRESSLY

FOR CORN.

PRICE: $25 PER TON.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

March 15, 1884.

The I. P. THOMAS FERTILIZERS

FOR ALL CROPS.

Seldom Equaled and Never Surpassed.

The only manufacturers that offer substantial guarantees as to results.

High grade material only used in their manufacture.

Mechanical condition such that it will drill freely and evenly without attention.

Will be placed in competition with other Fertilizers by agreement, and price graduated according to relative product, thus practically guaranteeing that none shall undersell us.

Our Centennial Brand

Is UNSURPASSED FOR CORN,

preventing Frenching and producing vigorous growth.

Our motto:—fair dealing with fair customers. Address

I. P. THOMAS, Cheyney, Del co., Pa., or J. W. HICKMAN, STANLEY, Kent Co., Md.

mh22-5t.

PURE A No. 1

SHELL LIME

FOR SALE.

HAVING erected at my farm, Quaker Neck wharf, on Chester river,

WHARF, KILNS, SHEDS,

and everything necessary to burn a FIRST CLASS article of

SHELL LIME

For Agricultural Purposes,

Would say to the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties that I am now prepared to supply them with any quantity they may want, delivered by boat on Chester river, Bay shore or Creeks, at as reasonable a price as it can possibly be handled for.

This Lime is taken direct from the kiln to a house, there slaked and kept under cover until sold.

Also, Quick Lime

For BUILDING PURPOSES.

For price and terms, call on or address

H. S. EMORY,

Feb. 9, 1884. Chestertown, Md.

TRY Punch, Henry Clay, Log Cabin, Bub and Key West Cigars at LAMBERTS.

"Struck it this Time!"

IS WHAT YOU WILL EXCLAIM UPON EXAMINING

M. T. Goslee's

IMMENSE SPRING STOCK

☞ JUST IN. ☜

Everything New and Desirable

IN

FOOT-WEAR!

You will find in our Elegant Assortment

REMEMBER! We are Three Points Ahead of ALL COMPETITORS:

Point No. 1—The STYLE.
Point No. 2—The FIT.
Point No. 3—The PRICE.

OUR INDUCEMENTS.

Superb Stock, Admirable Assortment, Affable Attention.

Big Bargains, Brilliant Bonanzas, Ridiculous Reductions.

FACTS!

We want everybody to know:

Our Price—THE LOWEST!
Style—THE LATEST!
Goods—THE BEST!
Fit—THE NEATEST!

If you Ladies want a fine SHOE, we can suit you, either in PEL'S, POLLOCK, ZEIGLER or CROXTON'S make, either in Peb, Goat, Kid, Foxed, French or American Kid, from $2.50 to $6.00.

And if you want a good SHOE for less money we have it from $1 to $2.

Our $1.50 and $2 Button Kid Foxed we have made expressly for us and guarantee them to be solid leather or money refunded.

Our assortment Men's, Boys', Youths' Children's and Infants' Shoes is complete. Look at our line of SLIPPERS, and get our prices.

Seeing is convincing. Come in and get our prices, and you will be surprised when you learn what a good Shoe can be had for a little money.

Always remember, it is a pleasure for us to show our goods.

Don't Forget the Place:—Next door to the Bank; and remember our motto—A Little Profit, Good Goods and One Price to all.

Measure taken when we cannot fit.

Try a pair of our hand-stitched Men's Shoes. Every pair Warranted. Price $5.

We challenge the world for a better $3 Shoe than we sell.

We invite all to give us a call.

M. T. GOSLEE,

SUCCESSOR TO T. D. PIERCE,

Adjoining Kent National Bank,

March 29, 1884. Chestertown, Md.

To Peach Growers!

WE OFFER

Potash Salts,

Pure Dissolved Bone

" " No. 1 Bone

—AND—

OUR SPECIAL PEACH TREE MANURE

All at LOWEST PRICES.

Highest quality. Low in Moisture.

We will not be undersold.

Call on us before purchasing.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

Chestertown, Md.

feb2—2m.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

LIME! LIME!

CALDWELL'S & HALDEMAN'S

Celebrated

Bainbridge Lime!

is now offered at REASONABLE RATES for the coming season. It will slake more to the bushel and contains less sand and core and other impurities than any other LIME in the market, which makes it a cheap and valuable fertilizer. For terms and prices apply to

JOHN F. ROACH, Agent,

NORTH EAST, Cecil Co., Md.

☞ Delivered by Boat or Cars. m1-6m.

Dr. A. A. WHITES

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.

A FEW LIBRARY LAMPS In Ebony and Gold, Which were marked a $4.50 for $3.25 at

j19 L. K. STAM'S.

A PRIZE

Will be given to Every Farmer

WHO TRIES THE

DEERING Twine Binder!

AND DOES NOT DISCOVER THAT

It is Excelled by None!

But is Superior to Most!

It is warranted equal to or better than *any Binder and Harvester made.*

Unequalled for Simplicity, Beauty of Design and Durability.

During the Harvest of 1883 this machine gave renowned proof of its incomparable excellence, and stands as the leader and most successful Twine Binder offered the Farmer in Kent Co. to-day, and now as you are preparing to meet the harvest of '84 we would respectfully request you to look at the record of the DEERING TWINE BINDER in the past in Kent Co., or in other words, at home.

In 1882 we sold EIGHT Deering Binders. On the merit of these eight in 1883 we sold **THIRTY-ONE!**

Every Machine Sold Settled for and Giving Satisfaction.

No other Binder sold in the County can produce as satisfactory a record both to patrons and manufacturer.

OUR LIST OF PATRONS:

Samuel Hurlock 2	Henry J. Gray,
Moses Lambson 2	Alex. H. Crew,
P. A. M. Brooks,	J. E. Newcomb,
Henry W. Carvill,	William Morris,
Wm. Crosby, 2	Capt. E. B. Woodall,
Samuel Cacy,	Dr. E. S. Clark,
Samuel J. Hill,	William Hurlock,
Wm. A. Kennedy,	Samuel Taylor,
John Morris,	John F. Dodson,
Thomas Gale,	R. W. Jones,
Jas. W. Bird,	Wm. R. Gale,
Eugene Gooding,	Walter Sutton,
Benj. F. Beck,	Geo. Beck,
John F. Copper,	Wm. Purnell,
Thos. L. Bowers,	Harrison I. Parsons,
Mrs. Simon Wickes,	Samuel Vannort,
Elias Walraven,	Wilbur Eliason.
John W. Fowler.	

We would be pleased to have you enquire of the above owners of "DEERING Self Binders" from all parts of the county as to the merits; simplicity, durability, light draft and good work of their Harvesting machines.

REMEMBER, we use but ONE-FIFTH as many parts in our knot-tying device, and ONE-THIRD as many in our tucker as other binders to do the same work.

That the DEERING BINDER was introduced in 1879 and has been a thorough success, while many other Binders fail entirely.

That we now enter our sixth year and harvest with every assurance of a thoroughly successful and satisfactory career for the DEERING Self Binders with all its patrons.

That the agency of the Binder remains the same year after year, making it convenient for repairs and instructions—a decided advantage over most competitors, many of them changing agencies as often as their managers pass through the county.

That the 5 ft. Deering cuts actually 5 ft. 4 in.; the 6 foot cuts 6 ft. 5½ in.; the 7 foot 7 ft. 5½ in., and the 8 foot 8 ft. 6 in., and without driving the near horse into the grain;—a marked contrast with many of our competitors. One of the latter put out a machine last year with a cutter bar exactly 7 ft. long and called it an 8 foot cut!

☞ POSITIVELY no Harvester and Binder can speak so loudly in its own praise as the DEERING.

The Deering Light Mower

was equally successful in its capacity, FOURTEEN sold in 1883 in Kent county.

☞ Call and see sample machines before purchasing for your harvest of 1884.

WM. A. HYLAND,

Agent for Kent Co., Md.

☞ SAMPLE MACHINES at his Agricultural works in

GALENA and CHESTERTOWN.

P. O.—GALENA. apr12-10t.

VOSHELL HOUSE,

Chestertown Md.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the above hotel, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to serve permanent and transient guests with good board and accommodations at reasonable rates.

The House has been newly furnished and refitted throughout, and the Tables will be supplied with the best the market will afford.

Respectfully,

ja12y JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

GARDEN SEED!

CABBAGE, LETTUCE, Radish, Cucumber, Pepper, Beet, and Celery SEED.

Large Stock—many varieties, for sale by COLIN P. STAM.

The Grave and the Rose.

BY VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

The Grave said to the Rose:
"What of the dews of dawn?
Love's flower! what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said: "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new?"
The Grave said to the Rose.

—Translated by Andrew Lang.

Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair.

I don't like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadfully anxious to hear from the post-office, and whenever he came to see Sue, and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say: "Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me; I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the postoffice;" and then Sue would say, "Don't run Jimmy, you'll get heart disease if you do;" and I'd walk way down to the post-office, which is pretty nearly half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters; and he and Sue set in the back parlor, and mother says I mustn't go in and disturb them; and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fair for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night, when it was all an accident—at least most all of it; and I don't think it manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and specially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair; that's what she called it, though there was not any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of a chair, and it would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put your legs out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she howl till somebody came and helped her! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again, "And you may have it, Jimmy, for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be."

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life; but I got some nails and some glue, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me varnish the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlor. Now I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlor, so what good would my chair do me? But Sue said: "Stuff and nonsense, that boy's indulged now till he can't rest." So they put my chair in the back parlor, just as if I had been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it; but after it was in the back parlor I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Travers came as usual, and after he had talked to mother awhile about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other people hadn't give more money to the Michigan sufferers, and they were not quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object, and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said:

"Perhaps we had better go into the back parlor; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something."

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlor and shut the door, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down, as they always did.

I was in the front parlor reading Robinson Crusoe, and wishing I could go and do likewise—like Crusoe, I mean; for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlor with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some people see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Travers had her pull their hair once, the way she pulls mine sometimes they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlor, and Mr. Travers said "Good ——," very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle ran into her. Father and mother and I and the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that Sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it away.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then ran up stairs and locked herself up, and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said: "I'll settle with you some day, young man," and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother:

"I guess Sue would have done better if she had let the boy keep his chair."

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair; but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and it's the best chair you ever sat in.

A Fox Hunt Spoiled.

From the Portland Argus.

Early in the morning of the 23d ult. a valuable hound owned by Samuel Wardwell of Oxford struck the hot trail of a fox. Mr. Wardwell recently refused to take $100 for this hound. Toward noon, after a long hard chase, the fox and hound were seen running along the railroad track near Mount Rocky Church. The rumbling of a coming train was heard. As soon as the locomotive swung around the curve the fox seemed to give out. "The poor fox," said the engineer, "could hardly drag one leg after the other. It staggered along a few yards and then fell in a heap, quivering as if in the agonies of death. Rousing to one last despairing effort by the nearing cries of the hound, it rose to its feet, staggered wildly and fell all in a heap right in front of the engine. The dog was about to grab it, when suddenly the fox gave a tremendous leap, passing over one corner of the cowcatcher and out of danger. The unwary hound was caught and ground to death between the wheels of the onrushing train. "That darned fox," added the fireman, "actually looked around and grinned as the train passed over the dog."

The Frog and the Two Geese.

Two geese, when about to start southward on their annual autumn migration, were asked by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, and made the two geese take it by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey successfully, when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vain-glorious frog, opening his mouth to say "it was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

Moral.—Do not let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.

A curious scene recently transpired in a St. Louis court during the hearing of a case in which a young lawyer had to examine his father as witness. The youth was very particular as the name, occupation and age of his father, when he asked, "Are you married or single?" the father's patience became exhausted, and he replied: "If I wasn't a married man, you devil could you be practising law?"

A VILLAGE GOSSIP.

I write this from a county village containing about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a lovely little town, nestled on a side hill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer. When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be a bad man or woman in the village; but four hours have passed, and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the government, and when we had finished our business I said:

"I see you have four churches here."

"Yes; but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart."

"Humph! They are regular pokes! There isn't a man in Farmville who knows enough to ask boot in a horse trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested.

"Then that's what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings-on here you would not look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?"

"You'd better ask what they don't do! It's a wonder to me that Farmville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Do they drink?"

"Do they? Didn't I see even old Deacon Harris weaving this way and that as he climbed the hill last evening? It's a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?"

"Gamble! What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men in the place were caught playing checkers for soda water. That's a nice example, isn't it?"

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?"

"Nice! Why, she's the worst gossip in town! It's a wonder the men don't duck her in the mill-pond!"

"And Mrs. Davis?"

"She's a hypocrite! She'll talk sweet to your face and abuse you behind your back."

"Mrs. George is well spoken of?"

"By whom? I've known her fifteen years, and I never heard a human being speak well of her! She eats opium and lies like a trollop!"

"Isn't Mrs. McHenry all right?"

"All right? Why no one can live in the house next to her."

"The postmaster seems like a good man," I ventured to remark.

"Good man! Why, my husband always believed that he was the very man who threw a yaller dog down our well! I don't say that he steals letters, but I know that when I sent two three-cent stamps in a letter to my daughter in Illinoy, she never got it."

"But there must be one good man here?"

"There must, eh? Well, I wish you'd pint him out to me. I'd like to polish up my spectacles and take a good look at him."

"And isn't there one faultless woman?"

"Well, I don't want to seem vain and conceited, because none of us are long for this world, but I expect I'm the faultless one you are inquiring after!"

I think I shall go out on the evening train. Mrs. Brown says that every house and lot is mortgaged, every business man is ready to "bust," and every family has at least one scandal about them. On my way over to the post-office an hour ago I asked a grocer if he knew old Mrs. Brown.

"Know her! Why, she's a gossip, a liar, a hypocrite and a dead beat, and too lazy to change her stockings more than twice a year!"

—Detroit Free Press.

Religion All the More Necessary.

From the New York Sun.

In the course of a paper on "Religious Retrospect and Prospect," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Mr. Herbert Spencer makes this very pregnant remark:

"Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since, for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility it substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable."

That is a very clear and compact statement of a great truth. If we throw away the theological explanation of the mystery of man's being and destiny there is none other to seek or to be found. We give up the problem as insolvable by the human mind, and the mystery becomes more profound and more baffling and more distressing.

The fashionable agnosticism is simply a confession of inability to solve the great enigma of existences. It says we do not know and cannot find the key, and therefore it is useless to hunt for it. But the human mind is so constituted that it can never give up the quest. If the reason is baffled the imagination insists on coming in to carry forward the exploration.

Accordingly, instead of supplanting religion, science is making religion all the more necessary as a relief and a refuge from the torture of futile attemps to solve with the reason what the reason cannot grasp. Men may not care so much for theological dogma, but they will cherish religious sentiment the more carefully. They will not be content to live like beasts that perish, without aspiration and without hunger for spiritual food, and they will not be able to do so.

The Old Home.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all.
There is the barn,—and as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song.
Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within the scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more.

The Dissipated Oyster Gives the Modest Strawberry Some Sound Advice.

A dissipated oyster that had just completed a winter's round of orgies at church fairs and Sunday-school suppers met a young and unsophisticated strawberry on its first trip from home.

"I've an eye on you," said the oyster, leering at the strawberry in a way that made it blush. "Come up to 'tend the spring festivals, I suppose?"

"I thought of so doing, Sir," modestly replied the strawberry.

"Going to take in all the summer resorts, mebbe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're the short-cake feller that goes around with his face tied up in sugar and cream, ain't you?"

"Really, Sir, I have seen but little of the world as yet, but—"

"That's all right. Now, just you take the advice of an old rounder. I've been through this festival racket. It don't pay. It gets people down on you and ruins your reputation. Short-cakes are frauds. You keep away from them. Don't you go near cream. It's the worst thing you can get mixed up with in warm weather. Just you wait until you see a feller with his diamond on his shirt and a tomfoolery sugar little Eager shaking up some sherry you see in a glass. Keep your vest on a pine-apple. Let him put on top of the sherry a cloud and a sprig of a piece of lemon, a chip of earth among them mint, and then you get society. You hear and pass the summer in me twitter."

We entertain a(n) Arkansaw man does: "The the Fall River Daily read a borrowed paper, men who are the expense of a subscription to in order as very estimable citizen, but we it, may s against him handling the collection she the church to which we belong."

"My son," said an old negro, "now dat you's outen de penitentiary, try ter keep out, an' arter dis doan' steal, 'cause he doan' do back yer did yesself an' too little fer yer ole daddy. If you kaint pick up suthin' dat'll do yer some good, be honest."

A BOOTBLACK HIMSELF ONCE.

A Generous New Yorker Tosses Coin to a Crowd of Street Boys.

At the conclusion of the morning services at the Cathedral, at Superior and Erie streets, Sunday, a gentleman faultlessly attired in broadcloth and wearing a carefully brushed silk hat emerged from the church, and crossing the street to where a number of newsboys and bootblacks were assembled, employed one of the young Arabs to shine his boots. When the job was accomplished he reached in his pocket and threw the boy a quarter. A newsboy, noticing the gentleman's generosity, ran up and asked him to buy a paper.

"How much do you want for the whole bundle?" asked the stranger, favoring the young merchant with a patronizing smile, and diving his hand down into his pocket. The boy hesitated, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Here," said the gentleman, pulling out a handful of small silver coins, "take this and give me your papers." The exchange was quickly made and the man started down the street with the papers under his arm. He had gone but a few steps, however, when he returned and gave the papers back to the boy. By this time quite a crowd of street urchins had gathered around the two fortunate objects of the gentleman's generosity, and were regarding him with wide-open eyes.

"I was a bootblack once myself, boys," said he, as he beamed down beneficently upon the ragged-coated juveniles, "and I know what a hard time you have to get along. I was a bootblack in New York when I was a boy, and got my first start while handling the brush. Now I'm rich and I like to help the poor boys along. Wait here a moment." With that he went into a neighboring cigar store and had several large bills changed into dimes and quarters. Returning with his pockets bulging with their loads of coin, he squared himself before the crowd, which had by this time been augmented by the arrival of more newsboys and bootblacks, and exclaimed: "Now, I want to give you all a chance, so stand off a short distance, and when I throw the money out, why grab for it." The boys did as directed, and the benevolent individual tossed a handful of coin, quarters and dimes, in and about them. Instantly there was a frantic scramble for the money in which several toughs of the spring-bottom-pants-and-short-hair variety joined, and in fact gathered in a good share of the free lucre. The performance was repeated again and again until about $50 worth of change was exhausted. Then, with a parting smile, in which generosity and good-nature mingled, he turned and disappeared down the street. One of the boys collected enough of the coin to aggregate $5, and the others gathered in smaller amounts, ranging from $4 down. The hoodlums did not leave the field to the boys after first distribution, but remained and took part in all subsequent scrambles, the gentleman making no objection. The munificent individual is a rich New Yorker, and was stopping at one of the principal hotels.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

There was a party across the river the other night. Toward the close she slipped to his side and sweetly asked:

"Going home by yourself, Charlie?"

"Guess so," he replied.

"Would you like some one to see you home?"

"Depends on who it is." His answers were short and crusty. Many a one would have been disheartened, but Lucy was not of that kind. She still persevered:

"Some young lady, I mean."

"Depends on who the young lady is," said the brute.

"Some one about my size," persisted the angel.

"There are several here about your size."

"There's only one exactly my size."

"See here, Lucy," said Charlie, "if you want to take me home you may."

"Oh!" she replied, "I've no particular desire to take you home; but as I was going your way I thought—"

He interrupted her with an "All right!" and together they left.

He was leaning on her arm, and silently they meandered over the frozen streets. They stopped at his door. He invited her in.

"No, Charlie, I won't go in, but I want to tell you something."

By the light of the street lamp on the corner Charlie's face was seen to grow pale as she continued:

"I am abundantly able to support a husband. I have a bank account of a good size. I love you, Charlie, and can give you a good home. Will you be mine dearest?"

"Lucy," gasped the brute, "You've no idea what it takes to support a husband—"

She interrupted him.

"Darling," if it should be necessary, I would work from morning until night, and even take in washing and sewing; you shall want for nothing. Only say you will be mine."

"No, Lucy, it cannot be. I shall always love you as a brother, watch over your pathway through life, and should you stand in need of advice or assistance, you can rely on my willingness to assist you; but I can never marry you."

"Then you refuse me?"

"Yes,"

"Base wretch!" she exclaimed, "you will live to repent your decision, for to-morrow my dead body will be found in the cold waters of the river." And, clasping him in her arms in one convulsive embrace, she fled into the outer darkness.

Dar War Gwine to be a Furse.

"Uncle Pete, were you present at the recent affray?" asked the justice of the peace.

"I war jedge. Dat is to say, not 'zackly present, but kinder conspic'us 'round de subcwibe ob de crowd."

"How do you know there was a fight going on?"

"W'y w'en the crowd commence to run ober me, an' de pistils begin to crack right libely an' de bullits war a flyin' monsus thick 'roun' my habyus corpus, I just 'cluded dey war a gettin' agitated, so I retiahed to de saddlah shop."

"Did you remain in the shop?"

"Not berry long jedge. Arter arrovin' dar I dun look out de winder, an' w'n I seen three mea shot, an' a bullit come in an' graze de side ob my head, 'spected dar war gwine to be a furse; so I kinder sauntered out de back way, an' went to tend to some biziness in de country."—*Siftings.*

"There Frances, you've caught another cold, and I'll warrant you caught it when you were out walking with Joe last night."

"Oh no, mother! I couldn't have caught it then, 'cause we didn't go fast enough to catch anything in fact, we just sat down on a stile and studied astronomy!"

"And did you have anything 'round you, my dear?"

"Oh yes, indeed I did! Joe always particular about that; he won't allow me to sit down anywhere in the evening air, 'bout putting something around me."—*Sisters Gazette.*

—An Atlanta *Constitution* correspondent writes: "The other night, while talking to Brother Brown I noticed a piece of something hanging above his collar. I asked if he wore a rabbit's foot about his neck. He replied, "but I do wear a rabbit's foot on my chest. A lady recommended it as the best possible protection against cold. I got a fine skin, cut off the feet, and, tying the two legs together with a ribbon, I tied the skin about my neck. It has worked like a charm."

HERE is a specimen of the songs that some of the banjo players indulge in, but it does not refer to the Abbott kiss:

"If you want to kiss her neatly,
Kiss her sweetly
And completely;
If you want to kiss her so as to kiss her nice,
Just pretend you're going to kiss her,
Make a dodge or two and miss her,
Then smack her on the kisser once or twice."

"NO," said a young man who was asked to sing, "I have not attempted to sing for many years. My voice got away from me when I was very young; and when I caught it it sounded so that it frightened me, and I let it go again."

MR. GEO. BLISS, counsel in the star route trials, received including salary and personal expenses, the sum of $57,732.15, an average of something over $10 a day for personal expenses. The government footed the bill.