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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to the 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. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885. No. 7.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

WANTED!

CUSTOMERS FOR

100

Iron Age CULTIVATORS

At $4.25 each,

subject to 5 per cent. discount for cash on delivery. Net Price $4.00 each.

TURNER BROS.,

June 6, 1885. BETTERTON.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

CAROLINE C. PERKINS,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of Nov'ber, 1885, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of May, 1885.

GEO. W. T. PERKINS,
my30-4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES TURNER, (colored,)

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of Nov'ber, 1885, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of May, 1885.

J. REYNER STAVELY,
my30-4t. Adm'r.

Ratification Notice.

James McKeown and wife,
versus
William F. Spry and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, June 11th, 1885.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of the late George T. Spry, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifteenth day of July next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the fifteenth day of August next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $ 6,035.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

June 13, 1885—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Geo. M. D. Hart and Others.
vs.
Mary R. Hart and Others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, May term, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate, in the within entitled cause, decreed to be sold, made and reported by Chas. H. Baker, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of August, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th of July, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,250 00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,

June 6—4t.

$159,600

WORTH of PROPERTY INSURED

AT THE

CONTINENTAL AGENCY

From April 1, 1884, to April 1, 1885.

Because intelligent business men want a Safe and Reasonable Insurance at a Reasonable Cost.

We refer to the following well known gentlemen whose valuable residences are insured in this company:

Jas. A. Pearce, Esq., Mr. Sam'l Vannort,
H. W. Vickers, " " Jos. Turner.

JOHN D. URIE, Ag't,

April 4, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

KEEP COOL!

WE greet you with a new card. Cummings' ICE-CREAM is known for its superior quality and purity of materials. Our parlors are pleasant, well-ventilated and are considered by competent judges to be one of the most pleasant places in the town.

Ice-Cream and Water-Ices, all Flavors,

fresh every day, Wholesale and Retail. Picnics, Parties and families supplied. We have also fresh Bread, Rolls and Rusk, Pies, Cakes of all kinds, daily; Confectionery, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds.

Will be glad to see all of our friends and the rest of mankind.

CUMMINGS & CO.,
May 9, 1885. opp. the Bank.

TINWARE! TINWARE!

A large assortment of our own manufacture and selling cheap.—Stoves of the best makes sold as cheap as the cheapest. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Civil Service Reform!

To carry out the ideas of our National Government,

GOSLEE

The SHOE MAN

Has disposed of his old and odd stock of BOOTS and SHOES and is offering to the people

New Goods

in the way of Footwear fresh from the Factories which he is receiving daily and selling at a REFORM PRICE.

MEN'S PLOW SHOES!

every pair warranted to be all leather for $1, Men's Fine Shoes from $1 25 to $6. The BEST $3 MEN'S FINE SHOE in the country.

Our Youth's Calf Bals.

that we had made takes the prize for Style and Durability.

Ladies' French, Dongola, Camel Leopard, Mat Glove and Curacoa Kids, Kid Foxed, Straight Goat and Pebbled Buttoned Shoes, Hand and Machine made, on A. B. C. and D. lasts, ranging in price from $1 50 to $5.

We give our entire attention to the SHOE TRADE, and will show you the Largest, Finest and Best Selected Assortment and guarantee our prices to be the LOWEST of any one. Remember the place and look for name in the window.

M. T. GOSLEE,

Adjoining Chestertown Nat'l Bank,
Chestertown, Md. Mar. 28, 1885.

Large Stock

—OF—

WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK, and CYPRESS

FENCING!

—FOR SALE BY—

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

May 9, 1885.

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS' BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE, *CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,* and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found at **C. M. LUCAS',** opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER —IN—

FINE JEWELRY! WATCHES, SILVERWARE, &c, &c.,

No. 4 North Charles street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street, *BALTIMORE, MD.*

jan1y.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.

DOWNES & JENNINGS,

Merchant Tailors,

33 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE.

mh14-3m.

RAISINS, CURRANTS, Citron, Beans, Hominy, Buckwheat, Mince Meat, and Pine Apple Cider, just received and for sale by THOMPSON, up town.
n15.

HUDGINS' BAKERY

—AND—

Candy Manufactory,

CROSS ST., CHESTERTOWN.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have now in our employ a Baker from Rice's Vienna Bakery, Baltimore, which we think a full guarantee that our goods will be of the highest standard.

We Use the Best Flour,
Have the Best Workman,
Oven in the Best Order,
and we are Baking Daily

All Kinds of Bread,

Vienna Rolls, (something nice;)
Cinnamon Buns, Maryland Biscuit.
Coffee Cakes, Rusk,
Doughnuts and Crullers.

In the CAKE line

we have always on hand Pound Cake, Sponge cake, Lady cake, Fruit cake, Drop cake, Jelly cake; Ginger, Spice and Sugar cake.

TOYS! TOYS! Always on hand.

Thanks for the encouragement we have received since we have succeeded W. H. Blakeney we will endeavor by making fine goods and attention to business to merit a continuance of public favor.

Parties, Balls and Picnics supplied on best terms.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,

P. S.—Our Gem Ice Cream Parlors are now open. m30.

CHESTERTOWN

PLUMBING HOUSE!

CLEMENTS & YORK

WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS and PUMPS.

WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to WATER, GAS and STEAM; also a full line of STEAM VALVES, FAUCETS, STOP AND WASTE VALVES, also a Full Line of Brass Work and Fittings for Plumbing Work.

PIPE OF ALL SIZES | Both Plain and Galvanized.

Bath-Tubs, Kitchen Sinks, Hydrants, Street Sprinklers and Water Closets, Terra-Cotta Pipe, Bends and Branches of all descriptions.

Work done by Practical Mechanics.

Repairing promptly attended to.

SANITARY PLUMBING, DRAINAGE & VENTILATION

A SPECIALTY.

ESTIMATES MADE FREE OF CHARGE.

OFFICE—under "KENT NEWS" Office.

Jan. 24-1885.

GO TO

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

IF YOU WANT A

Good Cultivator or Cultivator Teeth.

We are now selling the new Departure Cultivator, made by G. W. & S. Taylor with or without the Corn Covering Attachment. We have also on hand a large lot of Reversible Cultivator Plates and a large lot of Best Cultivator Teeth of our own manufacture. We have also on hand

Our Celebrated "Climax Cultivator,"

all of which we are selling at bottom prices to suit the times. We want all to come and try our prices before purchasing; we will do you good.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

m9, 1885. Chestertown.

BUY YOUR CARPET FROM THE MAKER.

IT WILL PAY YOU!

WE keep constantly on hand a good selection of

RAG CARPET

¾ and full yard wide, which we are selling EXCEEDINGLY LOW.

We are often asked how we can sell such a HEAVY GRADE of Carpet so much lower than dealers do? It is an open secret. The dealers buy them made up—we do not. We buy the material and make the Carpet ourselves and save to you a good profit. You see if we make but journeyman's wages it pays us.

Respectfully,

JOHN BARTLEY,

Cor. Calvert st. and College avenue,
mh7-6m. Chestertown, Md.

Hardware! Hardware!

HINGES, LOCKS, BOLTS, KNOBS, Screws, Latches, Hooks and Staples, Hammers, Saws, Planes, Chisels, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Augers, Braces and Bits, Files, Tacks, Mallets, Hinge Nails, and every kind of Hardware kept in a first class Hardware store.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Farmers' Hardware!

Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, Rakes, Trace Chains, Hames, Traces, Backbands Plow Lines, Grindstones, Vises, Hedge Shears, Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, W. Wash Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., &c. The largest and best assortment and at moderate prices.

mh14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

HORSE CLIPPERS, Rubber Horse Brushes, Sheep Shears, &c., at W. A. WHEATLEY'S.

am21. dj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

REPAIRING old Stoves and Tinware.

mh 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.

Wonderful, but True!

"Halloo! John. Where are you going so early in the morning?"

"I am going to Friedman, the Clothier under the *Kent News* office to get a suit."

"Why don't you go to Baltimore to get it?"

"I tell you, Tom, I have seen the suits which Sam and George have just bought at Friedman's, under the *Kent News* office, and I tell you they are just as good in style and in workmanship as the Baltimore clothiers."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir! And Friedman beats them all to pieces in prices."

"How is that, John? How can Friedman, in Chestertown, sell cheaper than Baltimore houses?"

"I tell you, Tom, the reason is he buys his goods for cash, direct from the manufacturers, and is under small expense; besides, you know the CASH goes these days a great way, and, I tell you, you can save money by buying goods of him. He is reliable and straightforward, and he don't misrepresent any goods. His stock for the present Spring season of Ready Made Clothing, from three-year old child suit to a fat man's suit is complete. He also carries a large stock of Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps. I advise all my friends to go direct to A. FRIEDMAN, under the *Kent News* office, Chestertown, to save money." m16.

AT COST!

Intending to make a change in part of my business I shall offer the following GOODS AT COST!

QUEENSWARE! GLASSWARE!

NOTIONS and FANCY GOODS.

China Tea Sets Reduced from $12.50 to $9.50; from $10.00 to $7.50; from $5.50 to $4.25. Lamps from $13 00 to $10.00; from $8.00 to $6.00; from $7.50 to $5.50, and everything else in these lines of goods in the same proportion, the best chance you will have to buy good goods at low prices.

Come and look at them and you cannot fail to buy if you are in need. This is no humbug but the truth, we need money and must sell.

Our Electric Lamps

are greatly reduced in price but are not included in the above goods at cost.

H. A. SPARKS,

apr11. opp. Court House.

EVERYTHING USEFUL

—IN THE—

HARDWARE LINE

CAN BE HAD AT

WHEATLEY'S HARDWARE STORE!

THE FARMER can buy his Plows, Shovels, Forks, Chain and Rope Traces, Back Bands, Wagon and Plow Hames, Garden Rakes, Spading Forks, Corn Hoes, Grub Hoes, Briar and Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, Hedge Knives; Back Chains, Tongue Chains, &c., as cheap as can be had anywhere.

W. A. WHEATLEY,
m28. adj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

LIME! LIME!

Pure Shell Lime!

I HAVE now on hand a nice stock of the above Lime, (all under cover), just burnt, and will deliver it on Chester river or its tributaries, where there is sufficient water, or it can be had at the Kiln.

I would say to the public that I have been burning this Lime for TWO YEARS and have the most flattering accounts from all who have used it. That, with my own experience with it, satisfies me it is a

Very Superior Lime!

and needs only a trial to convince the most skeptic. For prices, &c., address

R. S. EMORY,

m28-3m. CHESTERTOWN.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station in Chestertown formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quick Lime

for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: slaked, 6c. pes bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.

Oct. 15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

KENNEDY LIME!

THE PORT KENNEDY LIME CO.

Successors to the late John Kennedy,

are now burning and shipping this WELL KNOWN LIME which needs no recommendation. IT IS FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST in the market.

Address all orders to

J. B. POWEL, Manager,
Port Kennedy, Montgomery co., Pa.
mh14-6m.

FOR SALE,

100,000 ft. of LUMBER

For Wheelwright material.

100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK Poplar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness. WM. PERKINS.

apr26. "Rising Sun," Chestertown.

LOT OF BRACKETS, WALL POCKETS &c., Will be closed out about cost.

jl9. LOUIS K. STAM.

BARB, Buck Thorn and Ribbon Fence Wire, cheaper than ever, at J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MARY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend.
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand
I think that we will say, "God knew best!"

BE THOROUGH.

It was Carlyle who said, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble," and George Eliot gives the same thought in other words: "Genius is, at first, little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." The most successful have always been the most painstaking. A prominent judge, living near Cincinnati, wishing to have a rough fence built, sent for a carpenter, and said to him:

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplaned boards — use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay a dollar and a-half."

However, afterward, the judge, coming to look at the work, found the boards were planed and the fence finished with exceeding neatness. Supposing the young man had done it to make a costly job of it, he said; angrily:

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines. I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter.

"How much do you charge?" then asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the job if not for the money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had a contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but one face attracted attention. It was that of the man who had built the fence.

"I knew," said the judge, afterward telling the story, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and made a rich man of him."

The Hon. Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer in Portsmouth. The fee promised was only $20. Yet, to do his clients full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston to consult the law library. This involved an expense of above the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities let the cost be what it might. He gained the case.

Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and, having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and won the suit. The court knew he had no time for preparation, and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see," said Webster; as he concluded, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey; and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's self-approval should be enough."

Thoroughness implies attention to details, neatness and method. A young man who was shrewd and exacting, but whose business habits were careless and unmethodical, succeeded, by hard work and economy, in establishing a prosperous business, but failed and went into bankruptcy at the early age of thirty-five because of his carelessness in omitting to place a note for a large amount in his bills payable.—*Exchange.*

Human Wings.

A great difficulty in adapting wings to any human figure is in the attempt to proportion them to the body. To make them of sufficient size really to support it is artistically out of the question. The wings that would be long enough to bear up even a child would be so preposterously in the way as only to call attention to the outrageousness of the fancy. Even in nature the wing of a swallow, or gull, or any swift-flying bird, looks foolish so soon as the creature is aground. Accordingly we find that in art the most successful results have been reached where there has been no attempt to make the wings mechanically adequate, but an endeavor only to proportion them to the size and shape of the figure, without any regard to its weight. One may suppose them features which, through disuse, have dwindled to proportions possible in art. Indeed, some of the very happiest wings are the most rudimentary. The tiny Cupid's wing, just budding from his cherubic shoulder, seems to belong more intimately to it than any other form of wing yet invented. The renaissance version of this fledging feature is sometimes as beautiful as it is suggestive.—*Art Jour.*

TOO MUCH FOR ICE.

Some of these New York people are not as liberal as they might be. A wealthy man died last week not far from where I live.

He was very rich and correspondingly close. He was an expert at driving a close bargain. Not long since, having been sick for several months, he became convinced that his time had come. He made his will, disposing of his immense fortune. He then sent for the undertaker. He had often noticed how prone the average undertaker is to take an unfair advantage financially of the remains, so he determined not to be swindled even after he was dead.

The solemn-looking undertaker entered the chamber of the invalid, and they proceeded to discuss the appropriation bill, item by item. They wrangled a good deal over the shroud, as the undertaker wanted it made unnecessarily large and comfortable. It was cut down several yards until it was a pretty tight fit, but the charge of seven dollars for ice exasperated the prospective corpse more than anything else.

"Seven devils!" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed; "do you suppose I'm going to pay for all that ice? Are you going to keep me on ice all summer?"

"It will require seven dollars' worth of ice to freeze your body properly," replied the undertaker.

"I don't pay no seven dollars. That's more than I pay for ice during the entire season. I don't need any such quantity of ice for my remains."

"O, yes, you do," replied the undertaker. "I never use less than seven dollars' worth in freezing a corpse stiff."

"You have got to knock off a dollar on the ice," responded the invalid, feebly sinking back exhausted on his pillow. "I will not need as much as an ordinary corpse."

"Why won't you need as much ice as any other corpse?" asked the undertaker.

"Because," gasped the invalid, "I always have cold feet, and—last winter—my feet—were—partially—frozen."

These were his last words. He revived a little when the undertaker said he would knock off a quarter of a dollar on the ice. He moved his lips as if to compromise on six dollars and ahalf, but he could not speak. The vital spark had fled.

"He is in a place where ice is scarcer than it is in New York," remarked the undertaker, as he reverently put on his hat and went out the chamber of death.

I was not present when the foregoing incident occurred, but know that it happened just as I have written it.—*Alex. Sweet.*

A GRASSHOPPER YARN.

An Engineer's Odd Experience on the Road —Grasshoppers Pushing a Train.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Grasshoppers!" exclaimed the old engineer, "did I ever see any grasshoppers? Should say I did. In 1874 I was running a locomotive on a passenger train out in Nebraska. One day I was comin' East, when we ran into a swarm of 'hoppers. There wasn't a breath of air stirrin' an' so they were all on the ground. There wasn't nothin' left standin' around there but the telegraph poles an' wires, an' the poles were beginnin' to wobble. The 'hoppers were so mad when they tackled the wires an' found they couldn't eat 'em that they gnashed their teeth and the wires were a continual streak of fire. Of course, the track was covered with 'hoppers a foot thick an' there wasn't no use in tryin' to go ahead. We shoved into 'em several times, with throttle wide open, but we couldn't get more than a train length. Pretty soon I ran out of water an' we had to pull the fire from the box. There we was, stuck, fifteen miles from the nearest station, with a foot o' grasshoppers on the track an' a cold engine. Encouragin', wasn't it? Why, we were afraid of our lives.

"If the 'hoppers had had to stay there twenty-four hours there wouldn't a been anything left o' that train but the iron-work. Wood-work, upholsterin', passengers—everything would have disappeared. But in about an hour a gentle breeze sprung up and we saw a dark cloud comin' from the rear. It was the 'hoppers sailin' with the wind. Then those 'round us began to rise an' we couldn't see the sun. Pretty soon it was so dark we couldn't see an' we lit the headlight. All of a sudden I discovered something. What do you suppose it was? Well, sir, we was a-movin'. Yes, sir, we was a-goin' right along with the 'hoppers. They was pushin' the train. As far back as we could see there was a solid mass of 'hoppers, all pushin' as if they were paid for it. In ten minutes we were makin' thirty miles an hour, an' as our time card called for only twenty we finished our run on time without a bit of fire in the box or a drop o' water in the biler. This seems kind o' strange, I know, but you must remember that them grasshoppers are mighty enterprisin' fellows when they git a-goin'."

The Smallest Watch in the World.

A small, gold penholder, resting in a rich, velvet case, lay on a jeweller's showcase in John street. The end of the holder was shaped like an elongated cube, and was an inch long. A faint, musical ticking that issued from it attracted a customer's attention. The jeweller lifted the holder from the case, with a smile, and exhibited a tiny watch dial, 1-16th of an inch in diameter, set in the side between two other dials almost as small. One indicated the day, and the other the month of the year. The centre dial ticked off seconds, minutes and hours.

"This is the smallest watch ever made," said the jeweller, "and the only one of its kind in the world. It took a Geneva watch-maker the better part of two years to fit the parts together so that they would work accurately. It has been exhibited in London and Paris.

The works of the watch were made so that they fitted lengthwise in the holder. The mainspring was an elongated coil of steel fitted to the wheels by a tiny chain, and worked like an old fashioned clock weight. The works were wound by means of a little screw of gold on the under side of the handle. A gold pen was fitted in the holder, and the jeweller wrote with it without disturbing the operations of the watch.

"What's the price?" the customer asked.

"A round $500," replied the jeweller, laughing.—*New York Sun.*

A Curiosity.

"Can't you tell me, sir, where I might find a situation?" asked a young man of a Chicago citizen. "I am a stranger here." "What at?" was the reply. "O, anything at all. I am not afraid of work." "Got any recommendations?" "Well, no; but I am industrious, I am honest, I go to church regularly, I don't drink, I don't smoke, don't chew." "Ah, I see. Just apply around the corner at the dime museum."

"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?" Husband (with a grunt)—"Oh, yes, Clara can sweep into a room, but when it comes to sweeping out a room she isn't there."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Carp," in an interesting sketch of the late John W. Garrett, says of the extraordinary attachment between the famous railroad president and his wife:

John W. Garrett had an iron will but his wife ruled him, although she did it in such a way that the old man never knew it. During the forty years of their married life the two never slept a night apart, and I think Mrs. Garrett's death hastened that of her husband. For some years back Mr. Garrett had been in bad health from overwork, and the physician had prescribed that his meals should be regular, and that business should not be talked at the table. Mrs. Garrett saw that these rules were carried out, and whenever the lunch or dinner time arrived, if Mr. Garrett was in the midst of the most important conversation on business involving millions, with guests whom the president would delight to honor, she would call them to the table and in a gentle way would admit of no refusal. Mr. Garrett or his friend might ask for just one minute more, but the kind old lady would reply in gentlest tones: "These are our rules and Mr. Garrett has promised that they shall be kept." At the table it was the same. If the guest or John W. Garrett would break out in some business exclamation or suggestion Mrs. Garrett would at once object, and the railroad president at the head of the table would laughingly call attention to the manner in which he was domineered over, and would begin to talk of other subjects. Mrs. Garrett was a plain, motherly little woman, full of quiet charities and as thoroughly wrapped up in her husband as he was in her. She was posted on much of his work; during her latter years he did much of his work at home in his library with several telegraph operators about him. Many of his callers would she receive and then dismiss without their ever bothering him. She was seldom absent from his room even during the most important conversations, and she wound herself so closely about every fibre of the old man's nature that when she died, about two years ago, his machinery did not work and he finally succumbed to the loss.

Women's Sixth Sense.

Here is a singular instance of the working of that subtle, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to affect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room, and in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep and laid her in her bassinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber she said to her mistress:

"The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma'am, I'll warrant."

The nurse went down stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go take the sleeping child from its crib.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "Baby is sound asleep. Nurse just put her down I shall not go."

Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and after a moment she rose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft pink and white blankets. One small hand was thrown above the little brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell.

"My baby!" whispered the mother, adoring the little sleeper as mothers will. "My own little baby!"

She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her, and for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms and went swiftly in the other room. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a startling cloud of thick clay dust she saw that the ceiling above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon that spot where, but for her mystic warning, her little child would even now be lying.

The Discipline of Sorrow.

It is one of the great errors of little men to suppose that a man can be perfected without grief. This world would be utterly worthless without evil and sin. It would be no place for man, or any moral agent. Choosing between right and wrong is the backbone of character. Suffering for the misdeeds of others is the necessary bond of brotherhood for the race. Law, government, society, all depend upon the brotherhood of joy and sorrow. The heart that has never been broken is not half a heart — broken by one's own or a brother's anguish. The man without sympathy is not fit to live. This world of sin and sorrow is no place for him. The man that cannot comprehend this is yet to be educated. He has no conception of the forces that train a soul. He knows not how divine men are made. What would music be without minor strains? What could art do without passion? We shall decide how worlds are built and how they could be made in a wiser way. Ingersoll is ashamed of his fellowmen for believing in a God who allows so much sorrow and evil in the world. He seems to think he could have done better at world building, and could manage its affairs better than they are now conducted. Sin and sorrow are the necessary means of developing character in rational buildings. They are to be accepted and we are to get the victory over them and not to be crushed by them. The universal search for happiness, as "our being's end and aim," is through sorrow and pain, the results of wrong doing. And we attain the bliss we seek, helped by pain and right doing. Thus, we get the victory over the world and pluck the fruit of joy from the midst of the thorns of grief.—*Exchange.*

A Dog With a Political Scent.

A good old Kentucky Democrat, who had been waiting twenty-five years for a postoffice, owns a fine dog which is his constant companion. The other day the dog had been having a run in the sunshine and was resting on the porch, with his tongue hanging out.

"That's a boss dog," said a traveling man, who had been selling the old man a bill of goods.

"You're right, he is," said the old man, very proudly.

"What makes him stick his tongue out that way?"

"Politics."

"Politics? How?"

"Why, sir, that dog knows Cleveland is President, and he knows I want a postoffice, and he's got his tongue out, ready to begin licking the stamps."

HORSESHOES are unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and yet the people of these nations had considerable luck. They escaped the dynamite scare, the crazy quilt craze, tramps and the roller-skating mania.

An Island of Pretty Girls.

The Channel Islands, England, and particularly Jersey, possess much of interest to the stranger, but the crowning glory of Jersey is the beauty of her women. For general comeliness they would be awarded a prize in any competition of feminine grace. Rare dreamy complexions that would put the bloom on the peach to blush, figures made graceful and sinewy by bodily toil, with rather strongly cut features, eyes like sloes, and lustrous dark hair, the girls met on the street of St. Helier seem to the stranger the personification of womanly independence, beauty, and maidenly reserve.

The soft white mists that wrap the island every night from sundown to sunrise give them carnation cheeks. The toil that brings with it the active, healthy body is due to causes which will enlist on the side of these women the sympathies of true manhood. It is because of the woeful dearth of men in Jersey that women do all the work. Where you meet one man in these tortuous streets of St. Helier's, you meet ten women. Out among the green farms this disproportion of the sexes is even more painfully apparent. The heavy, ungainly carts in the country roads are almost without exception driven by women, and handsome women, too.

Groups of cherry-cheeked girls may be seen in wayside orchards, some picking apples from the trees, others straining at the rude cider presses. The little fields with their luxuriant growth of turnips, cabbage and rutabagas, all are tended by women, while the blooming flowers in the house yards show in rich variety the evidence of woman's care and attention. None but women are to be seen in the big public market of St. Helier's—women buying and women selling. What men you see are either too young or too old and decrepit, boys who have come home to end their days, smelling of salt and full of reminiscences of stormy voyages to Buenos Ayres, to Australia, or through the China seas.

Is the Color of the Sun Blue?

What suggested the idea that the sun is blue rather than any other color? My own attention was first directed this way many years ago, when measuring the heat and light from different parts of the sun's disk. It is known that the sun has an atmosphere of its own, which tempers its heat, and by cutting off certain radiations, and not others, produces the spectral lines we are all familiar with. These lines we customarily study in connection with absorbing vapors of sodium, iron, &c., which produce them; but my own attention was particularly given to the regions of absorption, or to the color it caused; and I found that the sun's body must be deeply bluish, and that it would shed blue light, except for this apparently colorless solar atmosphere which really plays the part of a reddish veil, letting a little of the blue appear on the centre of the sun's disk where it is thinnest, and staining the edge red, so that to delicate tests the centre of the sun is a pale aquamarine, and its edge a garnet. The effect I found to be so important that, if this all but invisible solar atmosphere were diminished by but a third part, the temperature of the British Islands would rise above that of the torrid zone; and this directed my attention to the great practical importance of studying the action of our own terrestial atmosphere on the sun, and the antecedent probability that our own air was also and independently making the really blue sun into an apparently white one.—*Prof. Langley, in Science.*

What Are Christians For?

A Christian lady who was at work for the poor and degraded was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with her for going among such a class of people.

"It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work," said her friend. "You sit beside these people and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you knew all about them — just what they are and, from what places they come."

Her answer was, "Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth, are they not the very sort of people he would try to reach? And am I better than my Master? Would he feel himself too good to go among them?"

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity:

"Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for?"

The objector was silenced, and what a wonder? Is not that what Christians are for?

If not, then what, in the name of all that is good, are they for?—*American Citizen.*

Hints About Flowers.

The art of arranging bouquets is very simple. Having collected the flowers to be used on a tray, all the superfluous leaves should be stripped from the stems, and by placing the flowers side by side you can easily see the order in which they can be the most advantageously displayed.

A very pretty hand bouquet can be made by taking a small straight stick, not over a quarter of an inch in diameter, tie a string to the top of it, and begin by fastening on it a few delicate flowers, or one large, beautiful one for the center piece, putting the cord about each stem as you add the flowers and leaves to the bouquet. Always place the flowers with the shortest stems at the top, preserving all those with long stems for the base, and finish off the bouquet with a fringe of finely cut foliage. Then cut all the stems evenly, wrap damp cotton around them, and cover the stems with a paper cut in pretty lace designs.

In making bouquets from garden flowers, such as are most easy to procure, the flowers can be arranged flatly and a background made from sprays of evergreen.—*Farming World.*

Where Song Writers Get Ideas.

"Some melodies seem to be born of the people," said Harry Kennedy, the song writer, "and it pays to listen to whistling boys and humming girls. This is the way a new strain of music is caught sometimes, and it is often the beginning of a popular song. The tune as well as the words of 'Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By' had a vagabond life through the country before the man who made a fortune out of it put it into a permanent shape.

"When a new tune gets agoing, if you watch and listen, you will find that it is sung in new time and changed tones by hundreds of persons who make the change unconsciously, and, because they are more pleasing. This is where a song writer gets his ideas. It is a good idea to walk through the crowd that has just come out from an operetta, and catch the variations of some of the more catching tunes. It takes a quick ear and a retentive memory to make the best use of points gained in this way."—*New York Sun.*