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, JAN. 16, 1886. No. 37.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Professional Cards.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,

Opposite Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW - - CHESTERTOWN, Md.

Loans negotiated. Collections promptly attended to. Law office removed to Court street next door to drug store of Colin F. Stam. ja9.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Market Street, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,

DENTIST,

81 N. Charles Street. Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Sept. 12—1885-y.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LEO SMITH,

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 15th day of July, 1886; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 5th day of January, 1886.

WALTER H. HADAWAY,
j9-4t. Admr. c. t. a.

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

ANN E. KENDALL,

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 9th day of July, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of December, 1885.

CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,
jan2-4t. Administrator.

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

LOUISA MORGAN,

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 9th day of July, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of December, 1885.

THOMAS J. SHALLCROSS,
jan2-4t. Administrator.

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

REBECCA STRONG,

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 26th day of June, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 22d day of December, 1885.

H. M. THOMAS,
d26-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

Ratification Notice.

The Visitors and Governors of Washington College,

versus

James C. Roseberry
And Edvina Roseberry, his wife,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, the named and constituted attorney for the Visitors and Governors of Washington College in their mortgage from James C. Roseberry and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Nineteenth day of February 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 Nineteenth day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,312.85, subject to a prior lien of $1,687.65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec. 19, 1885—4t.

Oysters! Oysters!

—AT—

MRS. CUMMINS', ON MAIN Street.

I am prepared to cook and serve OYSTERS in the very best style at short notice at my saloon nearly opposite the Bank, in Chestertown.

Families supplied by the gallon or in smaller quantities. My oysters are fresh and the best to be had.

d26-tf. MRS. CUMMINS.

UNDERWEAR.—Gent's Undershirts at 25, 50, 75 cts., $1, $1 25, $1 75 and $2. Ladies and Children's Vests, all sizes and prices.

oc17. J. H. SIMPERS.

To Tax Payers.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

AS COLLECTOR of the Fourth Election District I have my tax books in hand, and bills made out against each individual tax-payer. I am prepared to receive taxes for the year.

To accommodate tax-payers I will be at the Register's office in Chestertown every SATURDAY and TUESDAY afternoon.

Prompt payments are requested, so that I may not be embarrassed and saved the unpleasant necessity of forcing collections.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,
aug22-tf. Collector 4th District.

A Word to the Wise About Taxes!

THE MAN—or woman either—who pays his taxes most promptly, is the most happy. He has relieved himself of a burden that increases in weight the longer it is borne; costs and interest are added and the tax-payer feels justified in blaming everybody and everything for the results of *his own negligence*. Therefore, be wise and happy—PAY YOUR TAXES at once—out of your Wheat or Peach money and don't wait for corn or uncertain collections.

To accommodate payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday and Worton Station every Saturday afternoon.

I have my books now in hand and your bills are ready. Resp'y,

aug22-tf. JAS. S. GEMMILL.

FIFTH DISTRICT, ATTENTION!

'Come, let us Reason Together!'

AS citizens we desire to have good roads—we wish to attract visitors and strangers; as good and charitable people we want to make the poor comfortable; to secure peace and order it is needful to have efficient officers. Your boys and girls must be educated. All these things need money—it is indispensable. The Tax Books are now ready, and to facilitate the payment of your taxes I will be at

ROCK HALL at 10 A. M., GREY'S INN 12 M., and EDESVILLE at 3 P. M.,

First and Third Wednesdays in each month.

At LANKFORD and KILBURN the 2d and 4th Monday in each month

I shall be pleased to meet all my friends with their pockets full of current coin of the County, State and Nation as above appointed.

JAMES THOS. LAMB, Coll'r.
aug8-tf. 5th District.

THE SUN.

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,

BALTIMORE.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER

IN THE WORLD.

THE SUN IS NATIONAL, INDEPENDENT, CONSERVATIVE, and DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

THE SUN from the first day of its foundation has been in the front rank of progressive journalism, and its circulation and influence have become national. It may be said with entire truth that there is no newspaper upon which more pains are taken than upon THE SUN to secure accuracy of statement in the news it contains and the opinions it expresses. The intelligence it presents to its readers from all quarters of the globe is therefore looked for with the peculiar interest which its reliability inspires.

Terms of Subscription by Mail, Invariably Cash. Postage Prepaid.

One Year	$6.00	One Month	50 Cts.
Six Months	3.00	Three Weeks	38 Cts.
Four Months	2.00	Two Weeks	25 Cts.
Three Months	1.50	One Week	13 Cts.
Two Months	1.00		

To Europe and other Postal Union Countries 76 Cents per Month.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN,

ONE DOLLAR A COPY for TWELVE MONTHS.

PREMIUM COPIES to GETTERS UP OF CLUBS.

THE BALTIMORE SUN ALMANAC, a valuable publication of ninety-six pages, is published as a supplement to THE SUN about the first of each year. It is not for sale, nor is it distributed except to subscribers of "THE SUN," Daily and Weekly, for whose benefit it is published. Every subscriber to "THE SUN," Daily or Weekly, whose name is on our books the first of the year, will receive a copy of THE SUN ALMANAC *free of charge.*

Getters up of Clubs will find the most liberal terms that can be offered by a First-Class Family Journal.

The safest method of transmitting money by mail is by check, draft or postoffice money order. NO DEVIATION FROM PUBLISHED TERMS.

Address

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
SUN IRON BUILDING,
d26-3t. BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES.

Attractive, Entertaining, Instructive.

The Family Journal of America.

STORIES OF THE WAR ILLUSTRATED IN EVERY ISSUE.

A Paper for the Homes of the Land—Sparkling and Original in Every Feature.

On the first of January, 1886, a new departure in every feature of the Weekly Times was made. Every number will be liberally illustrated in its War contributions, which have so long been a specialty in its colums, and in its Stories, which will be greatly enlarged from the pens of the best writers, and in Current History, Biography, Politics, Art, Science and the leading events of the day.

The time has passed for the weekly journal of the city to fill the place of the newspaper. The daily newspapers from the great centres of news now reach into every section of the land. Every inland city and every town of importance have their daily newspapers, and the local weekly, with the wonderful progress in provincial journalism, meets every want that the daily newspaper fails to supply. The metropolitan weekly of today must be much more than a newspaper; it must be a magazine of family reading; it must lead the magazine in popular literature, and it must meet every requirement of the intelligent reader of every class.

STORIES OF THE WAR

will be published in each number from the ablest writers who participated in the bloody drama of civil strife, and each will be profusely illustrated. The most entertaining and instructive Stories from the best writers of fiction will appear in each issue, with illustrations.

TERMS:

Sold by all news agents at five cents per copy. By mail, $2 per year, or $1 for six months. Clubs of ten $15, and an extra copy to getter up of the club.

Address, THE TIMES,
Times Building, Philadelphia.

SHINGLES!

A cargo of Strictly No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES just received direct from the Swamps

oc17. by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

CARPETS and OILCLOTHS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

HATS, CAPS, newest fall and winter styles at J. H. SIMPERS'.

TRIBLE

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BUY YOUR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

MIRRORS. MIRRORS.

The largest assortment of Mirrors, the lowest prices. Hand Mirrors, Triplicate Mirrors, Plush-Frame Mirrors, Bronze-Frame Mirrors. Now is your time to buy before the rush begins.

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS, HDKF'S, HOISERY.

All new and Popular Prices.

JEWELRY, JEWELRY, JEWELRY. In Jewelry we have all the new Styles, Bracelets, Pins, Eardrops, Chains and Hair Ornaments—Rhinestone and Gold.

BISQUE WARE. BISQUE WARE. DOLLS AND ORNAMENTS. BEAUTIFUL BISQUE ORNAMENTS AND JOINTED DOLLS. ALL PRICES, ALL STYLES.

JEWELRY CASES.

Plush Work Boxes, Odor Cases, Comb and Brush Sets, Whisk Holders, Zylonite Combs, Brushes and Mirrors, Ivoroyd Brushes and Mirrors in beautiful Satin-Lined Plush Boxes, Manicure Sets, all at popular prices.

LEATHER GOODS.

Pocket-Books, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Wallets and Leather Cases, Satchels and Purses for Coins.

Don't wait for the crowd, come now, while you can get the best attention.

JAPANESE PAPIER-MACHE GOODS.

All new decorations, made expressly for our retail sales.

TRAYS, WAITERS, MATCH SAFES CRUMB TRAYS and BRUSH, BRACKETS, BREAD TRAYS, GLOVE BOXES HDKF. BOXES, all new decorations. Our prices are right, and we ask you to come now before the rush begins.

PICTURE FRAMES, EASELS AND ALBUMS.—We show a large assortment of PICTURE FRAMES, some in brass and new, at 17 cents; beautiful PLUSH FRAMES at 25 cents, and better goods if you want them. ALBUMS are selling well.

INKSTANDS, SCHOLARS' COMPANIONS, MATCH SAFES, SHAVING SETS, TOILET CASES AND COLGATE'S & CO.'S and LUNDBURG'S PERFUMERY. Now is your time to buy. You can get the best attention.

FANS.

Fans in beautiful paintings, Feather, Satin, Silk, and some beauties with Pearl Handle.

WHISK BROOMS.

WHISK BROOM HOLDERS.

These goods are sold in large quantities for the holidays and this season we shall show beautiful goods at low prices, and a full assortment of Clocks which keep excellent time.

32 AND 34 NORTH CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD. n21-y.

NEW THINGS

At Our Store!

DRY GOODS—in Great Variety!

POPULAR PRICES!

White and Gray BLANKETS, CLOTHS and FLANNELS, Cassimeres and Shirtings, Buttons and Knit Goods, Hosiery, Gloves.

A large assortment of UNDERWEAR.

Latest Styles of FALL HATS and CAPS.

A VERY CHOICE LINE OF NECKWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BOOTS and SHOES a Specialty!

Sugars, Pepper, Syrups, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Segars.

A full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Brooms, Brushes and Buckets.

We have some very PRETTY PATTERNS of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Our stock for the Fall trade has been selected with great care and will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES!

No trouble to show goods.
Give us a call.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
Oct. 17, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

WINTER GOODS!

At Low Prices

—AT—

J. H. SIMPERS',

CHESTERTOWN.

CANTON FLANNELS from 6 cts. per yard up, Muslins, all widths, Calicoes as low as 4 cts. per yard, Cloths, Cassimeres, Red, White and Gray Wool Blankets, Table Damask, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirting, Velveteens, Blankets, &c.

HOSIERY from low grades to fine regular made, Gloves, Corsets, Shawls, Skirts, Towels, Lace, Hamburg, Handkerchiefs of all kinds, Fine Shirts, Gent's and Boy's Underwear in great variety. Ladies and Children's Vests, Notions generally.

OUR stock of Boots and Shoes is large. We have Button and Lace Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children in all grades, Heavy and Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, and Winter Boots for Men and Boys all sizes and grades, also full line Rubber Goods, Overshoes, all at the very lowest prices.

NEW STOCK of Hats and Caps of the newest Fall and Winter Styles to suit all ages.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

QUEENSWARE, Glassware, Plates, Cups and Saucers, Vegetable and Meat Dishes, Bowls, Pitchers, Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

GROCERIES, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Soaps, Flour, Tobacco, Segars, &c., with a large general stock, bought at low prices; we offer inducements to cash buyers by selling at small profits.

BUTTER, Lard, Eggs and Poultry taken in exchange for goods at market prices.

oc17. J. H. SIMPERS.

LUMBER!

A SPECIALTY!

We have JUST LANDED and are selling on CLOSE MARGINS for CASH only—

1 car load 21,000 ft. 4x6¼ Wh. Pine Siding,
4 " " 60,000 " 1x12 do. Barn Boards;
1 " " 15,000 " 1 Edge Fin'g Lumber,
1 " " 18,000 " double Dressed Picks and Selects.
1 " " White Hemlock Studding;
1 vessel load Cypress Fencing & Shingles,
1 " " 60,000 ft. 1x12 16 ft. N. Carolina.

En route and due here in a week another lot of 4x6, 5x5, 6x6 and 6x8 Georgia Timber up to 40 feet in length. Odd sizes resawed.

The above added to our large assortment of VIRGINIA PINE BILL STUFF, Joists, Scantling, etc., offers to purchasers of Lumber for houses or other Buildings, opportunity unsurpassed in the State.

Our stock of FLOORING and SIDING is worked out of Seasoned Boards and kept seasoning for months after working before delivering to our customers.

Having spared no expense on my

YARD, MACHINERY and VESSELS

To COMPETE for the LUMBER TRADE,

in this and Queen Anne's counties, we think we are entitled to a call from you before deciding your place of purchase.

We can now make it your interest, convenience and pleasure to enter your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.

SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,

Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.

Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. a1.

Fatherly Advice.

"You wish to be a lawyer, John — well, I'd not say a word
Unless I felt quite certain that your longings are absurd;
I don't wish to discourage you, but then I can't consent
To board you as I hev to do, and pay your office rent.

"You're got a lusty set of limbs and ordinary head,
And you were meant by common toil to earn your daily bread;
And a thriving farm and pleasant home where man and wife agree,
Beat any one-horse lawyer's luck as far as you can see.

"If you'd been born with talent, John, you'd long ago hev shown
That you had gifts, by stealing off to study books alone;
Now, if you've ever read a book, I r'ally don't know when,
Though, come to think, I b'lieve you sling a somewhat legal pen.

"Be wise, my boy, the legal ranks are somewhat crowded now,
And half of them who starve therein was cut out for the plow,
But they mistook pure laziness for talent, understand,
And help to fill a big supply where there was no demand.

"Are not they educated? Yes, but here let me explain,
Seed that's grown in shaky soil brings forth but little grain;
And this higher education fitted to a common mind
Is like a pair of big gold specs upon a man that's blind.

"There is no prouder place than 'twixt the handles of a plow,
(Though stumpy land has humbled me at times, I must allow),
And as for human greatness, I should think I had my share,
If I could take the prize for hogs at our next county fair.

"Just emulate your sire, my son, and just as sure as fate,
You'll live to be respected, though perhaps you won't be great;
But enter law and five short years will clean you out so bad
You'll have no recollection of the last square meal you had."

From the Youth's Companion.

MR. CRADLIFF'S BURGLAR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

At eleven o'clock, one summer night, Mrs. Cradliff nudged her sleeping consort, and as he turned on his pillow, whispered softly, "Are you awake, Moses?" Mr. Moses Cradliff having acknowledged that he was wide awake, she continued:

"Did ye lock up the granary?"

"No," he replied. "I suppose Cyrus did; he always 'tends to that."

"But he went off so early I don't believe he thought a word about it. I'll get up and see if he has left the key on the sink-shelf."

She groped her way to the kitchen in the dark, and passed her hand over the shelf, but found no key. As it was left in the granary lock during the day, and returned to the shelf after the door had been duly fastened at night, she felt sure that their son's customary duty had been neglected.

"Then I suppose I must get up and go 'tend to it," grumbled Moses Cradliff. "How could he be so careless?" But she reminded him that Cyrus had gone to watch at the bedside of a sick friend, and that it was unjust to blame him under the circumstances.

As a good many mysterious thefts and burglaries had of late been committed in the neighborhood, and as the barn was an old one which could be easily entered, the locking of the granary, which served as a storeroom for produce and other portable property, was considered important. So Mr. Moses Cradliff got up, poked his bare feet into a pair of old shoes, and proceeded, half-dressed, to the barn.

It was a starlit night, and approaching the barn door, he was surprised to find it about far enough open to admit a man. As he was sure that it had been closed in the evening, a curdling thrill of suspicion and alarm crept through his flesh, and made him wish he had some weapon in his hand. He thought of the wooden bar which served as a fastening to the door, but just as he was reaching to get possession of it, he heard a noise in the direction of the granary.

He thereupon dropped down upon his hands and knees, and putting in his head, so low that it would not be revealed against the starlight to the burglar within—for he felt sure there was a burglar—he listened intently. For a moment all was still; then came the creaking of a door-hinge. He knew the sound. It was that made by the granary-door, as it swung slowly together of its own accord, after it had been opened.

Mr. Moses Cradliff was possessed of a fair amount of courage; and though he naturally shrank from an encounter with a man who might have deadly weapons, he determined to risk an attempt to capture him, or at least to protect his property.

He crawled into the barn and reaching up found little difficulty in arming himself with the bar. He then glided almost noiselessly in the dark towards the granary, ready at any moment to thwack the burglar should he attempt to rush past him.

He met with no adventure until he put out his hand and felt the door, which was open a few inches. Then he heard a man breathe not much more than half a yard away. The man was in the granary standing close beside the bins; Mr. Cradliff was outside with his hand on the door; each aware of the other and both alike frightened, but resolved to gain what advantage was possible in the encounter that seemed unavoidable.

With one hand Cradliff grasped the club, while he slipped the other along the edge of the door until he felt the key, which had been left in the lock. He had conceived an idea, which he instantly proceeded to carry out. He shut the door and threw himself against it while he fastened the man in!

Still holding the club in one trembling hand and carrying away the key in the other he shut the barn door after him and ran to the house where he breathlessly told Mrs. Cradliff what had happened and charged her to keep perfectly quiet while he hastened to the neighbors for assistance. The granary had a stout door and but one small window, too narrow for a man to get in at or out; and he did not much doubt that his prisoner would be kept safely until his return.

In a few moments he stood panting at the door of the house where Cyrus had gone to watch with his sick friend. Having knocked and got no response he entered immediately and made his way to the sick-room, where he found a light burning and a pale face staring out anxiously at him from the bedclothes.

"Hope I don't disturb you!" he exclaimed. "I've trapped a burglar! Where's Cyrus?"

"Cyrus?" said the pale young man. "Why, he went home about half an hour ago. Said something about having forgotten to lock up the granary. He was going to do that and then come back. Haven't you seen him?"

The elder Cradliff stood bewildered and speechless for a moment then exclaimed, giving his thigh a loud slap with the flat of his hand:

"I'll bet a cent I've locked up Cy!"

If any person had been present rash enough to accept Mr. Cradliff's not very heavy wager, that person would certainly have lost. While the father had taken his son for a robber the son had entertained an equally absurd suspicion of his father; whom he was awaiting in the granary with an uplifted peck measure ready to bring it down upon his uplifted head when the door was slammed and he found himself locked in.

It was some seconds before, in his excited state of mind, he was able to reason out the actual fact of the situation. By the time he came to the conclusion that it was his father who had shut him up his father had gone. Immediately his strained nerves began to relax and he seemed melting into a cold perspiration, while a ghastly sense of the humor of the thing succeeded his terrified but heroic resolution.

"No use of calling now," he said to himself. "I ought to have done it before." The little window was nailed fast and could not be opened. "Never mind; he'll get help and a rope and a lantern and come by-and-by to take me out. I can wait; but—plague on it!" he exclaimed, remembering he was a night-watcher, "it's pretty near time for Tom to be taking his medicine; and what will he think?"

He settled himself to wait patiently as possible for his release and was sitting comfortably on a bag of meal in his dungeon into which only a feeble gleam of the starlit sky entered through the narrow window, when he became aware of somebody stepping in the barn.

He heard a sound like the scratching of a match, and peeping through the key-hole saw a faint glimmer of light. All at once it became a flash and he had a near glimpse of a big brown hand holding something like a key and a coarse gray sleeve close to the granary door. Nothing more was visible through the small aperture, and even that glimpse was lost as the key was inserted in the door. But Cyrus had seen enough to know that the comer was not his father.

It was in fact the real barn-breaker this time; advancing to his work without the slightest suspicion that a member of the family he was going to rob was locked up in the granary. Having fitted his key and extinguished his match he opened the door and entered passing directly before Cyrus, who was making himself exceedingly small against the bins, with his peck measure — not a very deadly weapon — again uplifted.

The man seemed to know where the wheat-bin was, and he was moving straight towards it in the dark when as his head passed before the little window the peck-measure descended upon it and he was hurled forwards against the bin; while with the agility of fright Cyrus rushed out, slammed the door and locked the burglar in with his own key, which he secured and carried away.

Mrs. Cradliff had risen and dressed herself, and was awaiting anxiously her husband's return in her little kitchen with the curtains closely drawn and with a lantern ready lighted for his use when she was surprised to see Cyrus burst in and still more amazed to hear his story.

"We shall want more help," he said, taking up the lantern. "I'll run over through the woods and get Joe Ferris. Tell father to wait till I come back."

By a short cut across the farm the Ferrises were their nearest neighbors; and Joe was just the fellow, Cyrus thought, to assist in the capture of the burglar. He was one of those easy-natured, unsteady, adventurous individuals known to almost every country neighborhood, who work well when they are absolutely obliged to, but spend the most of their time going a-fishing or lounging about the mill and tavern.

Cyrus, lantern in hand, was soon knocking at Joe's door and calling him loudly by name. It was some time before he got any response, but at last a head was put out of an upper window.

"That you, Joe?" cried Cyrus, holding his lantern so that it would cast an upward gleam.

"No; what's wanting of Joe?" said a trembling female voice.

Cyrus did his errand briefly; he had caught a robber and wanted Joe to help take him out of the granary.

"I'm awful sorry!" said the woman. "Joe, he ain't well. He ketched cold going a-fishin Saturday and he's down with a fever. It wouldn't be safe for him to go out tonight, no ways in the world! Besides, two of the children is sick."

"Then I suppose I must go on and get the Dunfry boys," replied Cyrus. "It's too bad! for I'm afraid the burglar will break out before I can get around."

"It is—too bad?" said the trembling voice above.

The head was drawn in at the window; and as Cyrus and his lantern went on in the direction of the Dunfry house, poor Mrs. Ferris, regardless of her sick husband and ailing children ran out of the back door, muffled in a hood and armed with a hatchet, and sped towards Mr. Cradliff's farm.

Meanwhile Mr. Cradliff had returned home; and so sure was he that it was his own Cyrus whom he had shut into the granary, that he went straight to let him out without stopping to inform Mrs. Cradliff of his blunder or to get the lantern.

All was still as he entered the barn, and only the hollow roof responded as he called, "Cyrus! Cyrus!" He stood outside the granary and again called loudly through the closed door to his son, who did not reply, for quite sufficient reasons.

"Is it possible," murmured the father, "that he has got out of that bit a window? Or could it have been all my imagination that there was somebody in the granary? Cyrus, boy!" he said aloud, as he unlocked the door and stood confronting the darkness and mystery. "Are you here?"

He paused a moment in the silence that ensued and then moved cautiously forward. He touched somebody crouched in a corner of the bins and recoiled with a start of fear.

"Cyrus, is it you? Why didn't you——"

His voice was stopped by a blow and as he staggered back a large and powerful man bounded from the granary and escaped.

It took the farmer a second or two to recover from the buffet and the shock of surprise and terror it caused him. By the time he reached the door in pursuit he found it shut and fastened, with him on one side and the burglar's fast-flying heels on the other.

A prisoner in his turn, he could do nothing in the shaken condition of his nerves, but lean against a bin, recover breath and composure of mind and wait for what was to happen next, which proved to be something quite as strange as any event that had occurred that night.

Cyrus had by this time roused the Dunfry boys, Reub and Bill, and enlisted them in his enterprise.

"I've already called for Joe," he said, as he returned with them in haste towards Ferris' house. "But he's down with a fever and can't go."

"Down with a fever?" cried Bill Dunfry, incredulously. "That can't be, for I saw him splitting wood by his back door at sundown. I'll find out about that!"

He ran forward and gave two or three thundering raps on the side of the house with a club he had caught up for use in the anticipated struggle with the robber.

"Joe!" he shouted, repeating the raps as his companions came up. "Come out! You are wanted!"

Again a head was thrust from the upper window. It was that of Joe himself. Seeing Cyrus and the Dunfry boys with a lantern he said with a yawn that was somewhat overdone:

"What's up now boys?"

"Cy has locked a thief in his granary," Bill replied, "and he wants help to go and take him out. What's the matter? Sick?"

"I ain't much sick when there's any such fun as that going on," Joe answered. "I'll be with ye in a minute, soon as I can pull my clothes on."

Now the truth is Joe's clothes were on already all but his coat, which he had taken the precaution to pull off before showing himself at the window. He got his arms into that and presently appeared at the door, buttoning buttons which he had that minute unbuttoned, in order to play well his part of a man just out of bed. He was somewhat too hilarious perhaps for the occasion, declaring that it would cure him of a fever-turn any time to be invited to join in overcoming and binding a robber.

"In Cradliff's granary?" he asked, with pretended incredulity. "It don't look possible!" And Cyrus on the way had to relate his adventure, which he did seemingly to Joe Ferris' intense amusement.

They entered the barn with a light and proceeded at once to unearth the burglar, Cyrus thinking it not worth while to wait for his father's assistance. The Dunfry boys had cudgels; Joe had his own good fists; Cyrus provided himself with a rope which he held while he knocked on the granary, having placed his lantern on the barn floor.

"Will you come out peaceably and give yourself up?" he demanded.

No reply from within.

"There's nobody there!" said Reub.

"Oh yes, there is!" Cyrus answered. "He couldn't get out without coming through the door and you see that is fast."

He knocked again.

"Hello! Answer, will you?"

"There's no use playing 'possum. Let's have him out!" said Joe.

"Come ahead," said Reub, clutching his club.

It was a moment of thrilling expectation when Cy turned the key in the lock and suddenly threw back the door. No burglar burst forth to encounter Joe's fists and the Dunfry boys' brandished clubs.

"Hold your lantern!" cried Reub, excitedly, while Joe Ferris grinned with his own secret thoughts.

Cy, who had taken a step backward as he opened the door, now advanced holding the lantern above all their heads and throwing its full light into the granary. Then all advanced, the Dunfry boys gradually lowering their clubs and Joe's grin expanding, as the bins were searched and the astonishing discovery was made that there was nothing to discover!

Cy was hugely chagrined and the result was a puzzle even to Joe, who might have told something of the real burglar's escape, but could not guess how his substitute had got out.

The elder Cradliff had not been long in his dungeon when he heard a shuffling noise, as of some person groping in the barn and presently a hoarse half-whisper, demanding:

"Whereabouts are you? Speak!"

These words, uttered in a strange voice, added greatly to the mystery, which however they promised to aid in clearing up; and not knowing just what reply to make Moses Cradliff maintained a breathless expectant silence.

"Joe are you here?" the voice spoke again, evidently in great hurry and agitation, now quite near the granary door.

The mystery began in fact to be suddenly illuminated to the hitherto much bewildered brain of Moses Cradliff. To induce the letting on of more light he now put his lips to the key-hole and gave a prolonged "Sh-h-h-h!"

"O, Joe!" exclaimed the voice outside; "Cy come to our house and told me he had locked up somebody—I knew who! I've brought a hatchet to break the lock and let you out."

"Try the key!" whispered the prisoner.

He conjectured rightly that the escaping thief had not stopped to possess himself of that. The new comer passed swift fingers over the rough boards, found it and turned it in the lock. Then as the door opened he felt an eager hand—evidently a woman's—grasp his arm.

"Hurry!" she said, dragging him away. "Cy has gone for the Dunfry boys and they may be here any minute."

"Don't be excited," said Moses Cradliff, laying hold of her arm in return and speaking in his natural tone of voice. "Wait till I lock the door again. This is Mrs. Ferris, I believe?"

"Oh!" she screamed, struggling to escape. "I thought—"

"You thought I was Joe;" he finished the sentence, which she abruptly broke off. "It has been a night of blunders but some are beginning to be explained."

"Oh dear! dear! let me go!" she pleaded, overwhelmed with confusion. "I don't know what I'm here for — I must be crazy! Do let me go!"

"I shan t hinder you," replied the farmer. "Only I can't think of letting you go through the woods at this time of night; I'm too polite a man for that. And I guess I'd better get a lantern and let my wife know. Keep your hatchet, Mrs. Ferris!"

He led her reluctant and beseeching to his own house and into the kitchen where good Mrs. Cradliff was marvelously amazed at seeing such a visitor at such an hour.

With the guilty hatchet still in her hand, and hiding her face in her hood, the wretched woman was protesting her own and her husband's innocence in one breath and in the next pleading poverty as an excuse for their wrong-doing, and begging to be let go; and Mr. Cradliff was pulling on his boots preparatory, as he said, to "beauing her home," when voices at the barn attracted his attention and looking out he saw Cyrus and his companions, one of whom he recognized by the lantern-light as Joe.

"Come in, come in, all of you!" he cried. "There are some things that need explaining."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Cyrus. "After you shut me up in the granary the real thief came and I shut him up. Where is he?"

"When I went to let you out," said the father, "he knocked me over and got away shutting me up."

"It beats all the mixed-up messes I ever saw!" laughed merry Joe Ferris. "How did *you* get out?"

"That's the strangest part of it all," said Mr. Cradliff, ushering the men into the kitchen. "The robber's wife had somehow got word that he was locked in the granary and she came to his rescue. But that was after he had got away and she kindly released me instead. Here she is with her hatchet!"

And in the shame-faced creature hiding in the corner Joe Ferris recognized his own devoted Jane. He had missed her on his way home, where he had just arrived and learned of her absence from their oldest girl when he was called out by Cyrus and the Dunfry boys. In going with them he had been fearful that they might fall in with her and he was congratulating himself on escaping that peril, when here she was with her hatchet!

The tone of his forced and brazen laughter changed with surprising suddenness, and thrown off his guard he made no attempt to deny his guilt. This was afterwards abundantly confirmed by the discovery in his house of many purloined articles, which his neighbors recognized as some which they had lost during the past few months. The wife being let off for the sake of the children, the family disappeared from the town about the time Joe was set to work in the penitentiary, and the worthy Cradliff family had no more adventures with robbers.

The Difference.

A correspondent writes: I am a clerk in the general delivery department of a postoffice in a large city. I see all classes and conditions of people; some of them amuse me greatly. The different ways different people have of asking for letters affords me an opportunity for studying the foibles of human nature. I open the delivery-window at eight o'clock. When I did so the other morning, I looked into the depths of a big white sunbonnet, lined with pink calico, which gave a more vivid glow to a round, full face, naturally very red:

"Air they any letter here fer Solomon J. Hixon er Missus Clotildy Clarindy Hixon? That's me an' my ole man."

I look the letters in the "H" box over carefully. "Nothing for you," I say.

"Ner fer John Henry Hixon? He's my eldest boy, an' gits letters often from his cousin out in Illinoy. "She"——

"Nothing for John Henry Hixon."

"Strange! Any fer Mirandy Ellen Hixon? They ought reely to be one fer her. She's ben expectin'"—

"Nothing for Miranda Hixon."

"Ner fer Silas Hendershott Hixon, or Samanthy M. Hixon? The M don't stand fer anything. It's jest put in fer"——

"There are no letters for any of the Hixons," I say decidedly. A long line of people has formed behind Mrs. Hixon, and some of them are getting impatient.

"It's mighty curus 'bout there not bein' no letters fer none of us. S'posin' you look agin." Here she pushes her sunbonnet back, and puts her head as far as she can in at the window.

"I'm most certain I saw a letter in a yallow envelop, with writin' on it edzactly like the hand-writin' of my brother Jehial, that lives out to Dakoty; an' he allus uses yellow envelopes, 'cause they're cheap, and he's pore as mud."

I am a very patient and obliging young man; therefore I go over all the letters again.

"Sure you didn't skip none?" she asks, when I tell her there are no letters for any of the Hixons.

"Well, now look fer one fer Missus Catherine Dobbins; she's my mother. I was a Dobbins 'fore I was a Hixon, an' I"——

I find a letter for Mrs. Dobbins and hand it to Mrs. Hixon, congratulating myself that I am now rid of her. But no! she holds the letter up between her eye and the light, and says:

"Well, I'd jest like to know who that's from! I've a good notion to open it. Mother wouldn't care a mite. She can't read writin', an' I'd have to read it to her, anyhow. I never see this hand-writin' afore. What do you make out that out that pos'mark to be? I gracious, ef I"—

A short, stout, active-looking man stood directly behind Mrs. Hixon. At this juncture of affairs, he gently but firmly elbowed her from the window.

"J. R. Davis," he said, shortly and sharply.

"Nothing," I say.

He disappears without a word. Note the difference.

"THE way to sleep is to think of nothing," says a scientist. All an editor has to do is to ruminate over his bank account.

"Was Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man. "It was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY AN EX-REBEL.

"Never, till life and memory perish," will stories of the war of the Union cease to be told, with the "circumstances" which gives them an interest not to be found in history. Here is a good one:

After Sheridan's troops had carried out that order to burn ten square miles of the Shanandoah Valley there was a more bitter turn to the war waged in that locality. Many of the confederate farmers who had been neutral, or had tried to be, now became guerrillas and bushwhackers and lost no opportunity of killing a federal.

After that burning Mosby had no difficulty in securing all the men he could handle, other guerrilla bands sprang into life in various valleys and scrupled at nothing which would cripple the enemy. I know that scores of federal prisoners, who would otherwise have been treated as prisoners, were shot down as soon as captured on account of that burning.

Among those who turned bushwhackers was an old man named Humphrey, living about two miles from Strasburg. He was 62 years old, quite lame in one leg from hip disease, and up to the burning was looked upon as a kind-hearted, good-natured and forgiving old man. The federals bured the houses and barns of his two sons, further down the valley, and one day two or three drunken soldiers came to his house and demanded dinner. He refused to give them anything. One of them drew a revolver to shoot him down, but the weapon was accidentally discharged and Mrs. Humphrey was mortally wounded.

After her death and burial old Humphrey disappeared and was next heard of in the mountains. He lived in a cave and became a bushwhacker. That term is hardly strong enough. He became a man-hunter. While a confederate in sentiment he had little to do with them, securing his arms from his federal victims, and his few provisions from the farm-houses. In his old age the man became an avenging spirit. There was something appalling in his tireless vindictive trailing of federals. He hung about camps and picket-post and marching columns, and took desperate chances to gratify his insatiable thirst for blood. If he came across three foragers together two would certainly bite the dust and he would not hesitate to attack even where the number was five.

In one year old Humphrey killed thirty-six federals. I make the statement on the authority of people who saw the tally. The old man preserved a relic from each body—knife, ring, watch-chain or button—and there was no chance to mistake the number.

One day in making a scout near Cross Keys, I was discovered by a scouting party of ten federals, and ran into the mountains. The pursuit did not end here. Some of them dismounted and hung to my trail for another hour. It was in avoiding these men that I accidentally stumbled upon old Humphrey's hiding place. It was a veritable cave, warm and dry, and well-hidded, and I had entered it before I knew it was occupied. The old man was not at home, but I had scarcely detected signs that the place had an inhabitant when a voice called from the gloom at the rear end:

"For God's sake, who is it—Yank or Reb?"

"Reb, I guess. Who are you?"

"Then there is no hope!" he groaned.

I struck a match and advanced towards him. On a rude bench was a dish of fat with a rag in it for a wick, and as soon as I had lighted this I could see everything in the cave. On the hard stone floor lay a prisoner tied hand and foot. He was a federal, a second lieutenant, and belonged either to the Twenty-fifth New York or the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Having afterwards lost my note-book I am not sure of the regiment.

The cave contained a bench or two, a pile of straw and two or three quilts for a bed, and a lot of trophies in the way of guns and sabers.

"Who are you?" I asked of the man as I bent over him.

"Lieut. Johnson of Sherman's Cavalry," he answered.

"How came you here?"

I was riding with a dispatch last evening when I was bushwhacked and made prisoner. I have a bullet in the left shoulder."

"Who brought you here?"

"An old man, who acts as if he were crazy."

It was the first prisoner old Humphrey ever took, and I greatly wondered over it. His policy was to kill, and how came he to spare this man's life?

"Who are you?" suddenly asked the prisoner.

"One of Gen. Early's scouts."

"Then I have no hope. You may have the heart, however, to hand me a drink of water. I am burning up with fever."

There was a gourd on the bench and the purest, coldest water ran down the rock at the door. I raised the man's head and he imbibed more than a pint.

His hands were tied together at the wrists and the cord had sunk deep into the flesh. I severed the bonds with my knife and rubbed his hands until the circulation of blood was restored.

"God bless you for that! I have suffered death twice over!" he said, sort o' breaking down like a woman.

His wound had not been dressed. I propped him up, cut away his coat and shirt, and washed off the blood and dressed the wound as well as possible under the circumstances. I was finishing the operation when I heard a step behind me, as I rose up and turned my head old Humphrey sprang upon me. He had a gun with him, and why he didn't shoot me down I could not guess unless it was in the hope of making another prisoner.

The old fellow sprang at me like an enraged tiger, and during his first fury he got the better of me. However, after a struggle of three or four minutes he lost his wind and I tied him hand and foot. Then he broke out in revilings, and such oaths and imprecations I never heard before or since. He boasted that he meant to torture the lieutenant to death, and he called such curses down upon my head as did not seem possible for human tongue to utter.

By and by when he had exhausted himself, the prisoner asked:

"What will you do with me?"

That was a puzzler. I had no show to get him into our lines, I could not remain here and guard him, and as to leaving him in the hands of old Humphrey it was not to be thought of. The old man had endured privations and brooded over his wrongs until he had become insane. His ravings showed that.

"I'll tell you," I replied to the prisoner, who was on his feet to try his strength. "I am going away for three hours. When I return I shall take you to Port Republic. Be ready."

With that I walked out. It was six hours before I returned. The prisoner was gone. The old man lay on his back just where I had seen him last, and as I bent over him I saw that he was dead.

A day or two after a prisoner whom we captured stated that the lieutenant got safely into Strasburg.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mighty Effort.

At school, one Friday afternoon, the children were all required to have compositions.

When it came the turn of one boy who had never attempted to put his own thoughts on paper, the teacher was surprised to see him rise in his seat, and proceed to unfold a full sheet of legal cap. He made his bow, braced his feet, cleared his throat, and began:

"About iron. If it was not for this valuable metal, how could men shave off their heavy beards?"

And down he sat as suddenly as though his legs had snapped off, and fell from under him.

This is equal to the boy who wrote an essay on "Steam" in these three words—"Steam is great."

A Hard Name.

"I've the hardest name in this town," said a workingman to a citizen the other day.

"I'll bet a dollar you haven't," replied the citizen.

"Done," said the workingman. "My name is Stone."

"Pass over the coin," said the citizen. "My name is Harder."

OLD ELBOWS, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that—I've almost a mind to beg."

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, BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Gone.

I think upon the children whom love no more could keep,
Gone all their precious laughter, their sweet forms laid asleep;
I think upon the children, and yet I ever say
I know they are but pillow on the Threshold of the Day.

For them, in their sweet beauty, the world bad not a stain,
For them, beneath the morning, the future held no pain.
Oh, beautiful, dear children, your sweetness gathered in,
Knew not one day of sorrow, knew not one thought of sin.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think hard at the time, but they'd thank them in after life."

"What sort of course?" was asked.

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college, and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me up in business after I'd swelled round awhile at the clubs and with fine horse-flesh.

"Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self destruction if possible.

"'If the boy's got the right stuff in him let him prove it,' I heard father say to mother one day. 'I worked hard for my money and I don't intend to let Ned squander it and ruin himself besides.'

"That very day father came along and handed me $50, saying, 'Ned take that money and spend it as you choose, but understand this much: it's the last dollar of my money you can have till you can prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account.'

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner and stammered out, I—why—I—want to go into business.

"'Business!'" exclaimed father, contemptuously, 'what do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet, before you talk to me of business.' And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property.

"I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fogy and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose.

"For three days I looked around for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and, at length, I accepted a clerkship in a retail store at four hundred dollars a year.

"Another bit of father's stinginess at this time was demanding two dollars a week for board throughout the first year.

"At the end of the first year I had laid aside two hundred dollars, and the next year, my salary being raised a hundred, I had five hundred laid by.

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than one hundred dollars had previously.

"At the end of four years clerking I went to my father with fifteen hundred dollars of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, two thousand dollars at at six per cent. interest.

"Today, I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. These lessons of self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me, put the manhood in me.

"Years afterward, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over that two-dollar board bill."

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.

From the Youth's Companion.

Much of the present socialistic agitation arises from the classes of society misunderstanding each other. Sometimes one class and sometimes another is at fault. One common mistake is that made by a poor man in judging a man harshly who has become rich by thrift and honest industry.

At a large meeting held in Revere, England, to discuss the rights and wrongs of the laboring classes, one speaker, alluding to the wealth of certain manufacturers in the place, asked:

"What right has Mr. B——, for example, to the possession of an income of twenty thousand pounds while hundreds of us here get less than one hundred pounds a year?"

A gentleman in the audience rose at once, and said: "I am Mr. B.——, and I will answer that question if the speaker will allow me."

"Go on! go on!" shouted the audience.

"Does the speaker think that I stole that twenty thousand pounds?"

"Of course not."

"Or found it?"

"I suppose not."

"Or that it was given to me?"

"I don't know about that."

"Well, the fact of it is, ten thousand pounds was left to me by my father. We will let that alone for the present. Where did I get the other ten thousand pounds?"

"Stock company," some one suggested.

"Stock companies don't *give* away money. I will tell you where I got that ten thousand pounds, gentlemen. I *worked* for it, and that is the whole secret. For the last ten years I have worked as hard as any one of you; have risen early; have planned and used my brains, and passed sleepless nights, and used up a vast amount of physical energy to earn that money. I have worked for it, just as you have worked for your wages.

"Don't I have a right to what I earn by hard work? Is it my fault if I use my brains to make a large amount of money?"

"You had a better start than any of us. Ten thousand pounds is a good nest-egg to begin with."

"True. But that isn't the question. Was I to blame for taking money given to me by will? How many of you would receive such a gift?

"Besides, gentlemen, how did my father get that money? Worked for it and earned it, every penny. It was his brains, and time, and hard work, and energy, and perseverance, and industry, and sober habits which made that money. He had a perfect right to give it to me when he died, and I had a perfect right to take it, and make more by the same means.

"If any one of you poor men here tonight think it is an easy thing to make ten thousand pounds, let him take my place and try it. I would be abusing my right to the money I have made if I used the power it gives me to oppress poorer men; but that I have as much right to twenty thousand pounds as my friend here to one hundred pounds if earned honestly by hard work, I do not believe many of you will deny. It is not by hasty and absurd conclusions drawn from a surface comparison of men's incomes that we can hope to arrive at the true solution of the vexed questions connected with labor and capital."

The speaker then pointed out some of the inconsistencies of ignorant men on this subject, and the fact that he was listened to and applauded at the close showed that his remarks were regarded by the thoughtful workingmen as true.

Tar Smoke for Diphtheria.

From Salem (N. J.) National Standard.

A correspondent who has read with sadness the accounts of mortality among children in this section from diphtheria sends us the prescription and treatment of Dr. Delthil, of Paris, which proved very successful. The process is thus described: Pour equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a tin pan or cup and set fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which obscures the air of the room. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking rattle stop; the patient fall into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon become detached, and the patient coughs up microbicides. In the course of three days afterwards the patient recovers.