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# Kent News.

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

Vol. 47. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1886. No. 25.

**The Kent News:**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
*Office in the Masonic Hall.*

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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


**Legal Notices.**

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

DAVID JONES,

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 10th day of May, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of October, 1886.

LAURA J. STEVENS,
oc30-4t. Executrix.

## Ratification Notice.

Hope H. Barroll, assignee of C. Aultman & Company,
versus,
George M. Boone.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 23d day of October, 1886, that the sale of the personal property in the proceedings in the above cause mentioned made and reported by HOPE H. BARROLL, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of December next:—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of two successive weeks before the 15th of November next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $80.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Oct. 30, 1886—4t.

## Ratification Notice.

Joseph R. Usilton, Guardian,
versus
Joel C. Slaughter and Mary Slaughter.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity:

ORDERED, this 26th day of October, 1886, that the Sale made and reported by WM. M. SLAY, Trustee, named in a mortgage from the said Joel C. Slaughter and wife to Joseph R. Usilton, Guardian, bearing date the 31st day of March, 1882, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the First day of January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of December next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $2,675.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Oct. 30, 1886—4t.

## Ratification Notice.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County,
vs.
Thomas S. Harding and Mary L. Harding, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 28th day of October, 1886, that the sale of the Real Estate of Thomas S. Harding and Mary L. Harding, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Attorney, under a power in the Mortgage from the said Thomas S. Harding and Mary L. Harding, his wife, to the said The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, dated March 17, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., No. 7, Folio 655, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the second day of January 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 Second day of December next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $1,400.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Oct. 30, 1886—4t.

**Professional Cards.**


DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

Dr. THOMAS H. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. EDWARD A. SCOTT,
A graduate of the University of Maryland, and with a practice of twelve months in hospital attached thereto, having located in Galena, offers his professional services to the public. He will be found at all hours at the residence of his father, Cornelius J. Scott, when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

—FOR A—
Reliable Dentist,
Making but Moderate Charges, Visit
DOCTOR PHELPS,
GALENA, MARYLAND.
Worthless Teeth removed without pain. Examine his samples of beautiful artificial teeth. Full set for $5. oc30-6m.

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

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Ellason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

MILLINERY!
MRS. KATE GILL
has just opened
A New and Beautiful Stock of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, Newest Styles in
HATS, BONNETS, &c.
At Lowest Prices!
An early call is respectfully solicited. I will do my best to please.
BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS for sale.
KATE GILL,
Two doors below the Post-office.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!
Everything in Season!
—AT THE—
HARDWARE STORE.
Eureka Field Mowers, one of the best in the market; Mitchell Two-Horse Farm Wagons, Iron Age Cultivator, cheaper than ever; Binder Twine, at lowest prices; Remington and Oliver Chilled Plows.
Window Screens, Door Screens, Whitewash Brushes, Cucumber Pumps, Barbed Wire, Lawn Mowers, Fence Caps, Rock Salt, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Grass and Brier Scythes, Grass Sickles, Grindstones, Sheep Shears, Hedge Knives, Chain Traces, Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Halters, Horse Yokes, Nails, Bolts, Screws, Hinges, Locks, Saws, Chisels, Hammers, Hatchets, Tacks, Axes, Braces, Bitts.
FARM BELLS, &c., COOK STOVES and RANGES.
*COAL OIL STOVES, 2, 3 and 4 BURNERS.*
Call and examine my Stock and you will be convinced that prices are low to compete with hard times.
May 15. JOSEPH S. CLARK,
One of the Still Pond Town Hall Stores.

Patronize Home Trade!
WHY GO TO THE CITY
WHEN YOU CAN BUY
CLOTHING AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES!
—AT THE—
Still Pond CLOTHING HOUSE, New Town Hall Building.
Just Opened a Complete Line of Spring and Summer Clothing of all the Latest Styles
Complete Line of Gent's FURNISHING GOODS, Paragon Pantaloon Overalls, Warranted not to Rip. FULL LINE OF STRAW HATS!
LOUIS LAMBORN, Clothier,
May 15. STILL POND TOWN HALL.

We Are Now Ready For You!
TO COME AND INSPECT OUR
New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods!
IN ALL OF THE LATEST STYLES.
BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.
Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Shoes for Ladies, Children, Men and Boys of every description, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Large Stock of Buggy Whips, Complete Line of Drugs and Patent Medicine.
PAINTS! We can sell you Masury Ready Mixed Paints, or Masury Colored Lead, the Best Paint Made! PAINTS!
All those who anticipate painting will do well to come and see me or write before buying elsewhere. You can find me in the New Town Hall in Still Pond.
May 15. Resp'y, GEO. H. CLARK.

W. P. PATTERSON
RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF
Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns
RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

CHESTERTOWN
Marble, Granite and Stone Works.
*A Full Line of Monuments, Headstones, Marble and Slate Mantels, Iron Fencing, Cresting and Galvanized Tubing Always in Stock at*
LOWER PRICES THAN CAN BE FOUND IN THE CITY.
*GIVE US A TRIAL. ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.*
Show Room and Factory Opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross St., Chestertown, Md.
Oct. 9, 1886. CHAS. H. MOORE, Prop'r.

New Establishment
—OF—
HARNESS!
Collars, Saddles, Whips
—AND—
HORSE GOODS of ALL KINDS!
AFTER an experience of nearly twelve years in the practical HARNESS BUSINESS I now feel thoroughly competent of giving satisfaction in every particular. My special attention will be directed to
HAND-MADE WORK
OF ALL KINDS
*AND REPAIRING!*
All Orders will receive my prompt and personal attention. Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, I remain yours most respectfully,
D. P. JONES, AGT.,
CHESTERTOWN.
Up town, below the office of C. W. C. Johnson, Esq. jl3-y.

LAMPS!
Just opening the largest stock of
LAMPS, LAMPS,
of every description, in the county. Fixtures of all kinds. A beautiful lamp for 50 cents. Our 25-cent Lamps beat all, and for $1.25 you can get a perfect beauty.
Hanging Lamps,
very cheap. We have a few carried over from last season. We will sell you the greatest bargain you ever bought.
Get our prices as we will sell at bottom figures.
oc9. H. A. SPARKS.

Thousands of cases of Consumption are cured every year by Acker's celebrated English Remedy. It is a guaranteed preparation; if it does not help you it will cost you nothing. Try it. A single dose will show its good effect. Trial bottles 10 cts.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

MORTGAGEES' SALE OF
A FINE FARM
Near Kennedyville, Kent Co., Md.
BY VIRTUE of authority contained in a mortgage from Maria Sutton to Katie Kennard, dated January 16th, 1884, and recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber S. B., No. 5, folio 180, the undersigned as attorney named in said mortgage will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on
TUESDAY, November 16th, 1886,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,
THE FARM
owned and occupied by Mrs. Maria Sutton, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Kennedyville, adjoining the lands of William H. Newnam and John R. Bennett, and containing
75 ACRES,
MORE OR LESS.
This farm is divided into six fields; besides a GOOD MEADOW of about Ten Acres, all under good fencing and hedges. There are
1200 Peach Trees
From eight to ten years old, of GOOD VARIETIES.
ALSO, 100 PEAR TREES and 75 APPLE TREES.
The IMPROVEMENTS
Consist of
A TWO-STORY FRAME
DWELLING,

in good repair, containing seven rooms besides kitchen. Stabling for 5 horses; Granary, two corn houses, hay barracks and carriage house.
There are also TWO TENANT HOUSES on the place.
The soil of this farm is of fine quality and produces good crops. The location is excellent being within half a mile of railroad stations at Kennedyville, and four miles from steamboat landing at Fountain's Creek.
No more desirable small farm can be had in the county and *the sale will be positive.*
TERMS OF SALE.
The terms of sale will be one-third cash on the day of sale or in thirty days thereafter, at the option of the undersigned; $2000 can remain for three years if desired, and the residue in one year from the day of sale, with interest on deferred payments.
Deed at the cost of the purchaser.
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Attorney named in the mortgage.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, Auct'r.
Oct. 23, 1886—ts.

VENDUE!
THE undersigned as Attorney for S. E. and J. W. Perkins, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises at Lynch's, Kent county, Maryland,
On WEDNESDAY, November 17th, 1886,
the following Personal Property:

Two Good Horses
1 COW, 1 HEIFER,
1 Jump-Seat Carriage, 1 No-Top Buggy,
1 Three-Spring Dearborn, new;
1 Buffalo Robe, 1 Strap Sleigh Bells,
1 Set Harness, 1 Leather Fly Net.
1 Carriage Pole, 1 Set Block and Falls,
1 Set Fairbanks Scales, weighing to 400 pounds;
1 Set Fairbanks Scales, weighing to 65 lbs.
1 Small Harrow,
1 Cultivator, with H. H. attachment;
1 Sleigh, 1 Large Egg Stove,
A LOT OF STORE GOODS.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
TERMS:—All purchases of $10 or under, cash; all over that amount a credit of Nine Months on Note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.
JOHN D. URIE, Att'y.
S. S. USILTON, Auc'r. nov6-ts.

KNOW!
That you waste time, patience and money, when you go elsewhere for
CLOTHING FOR MEN OR BOYS,
before coming here? The quicker you find this out the more money you will save. Our 2½ 3-story warehouses contain the largest, the most varied, the newest and most fashionable Stock of Fall and Winter Garments in Baltimore, all our own make, offered to you at tempting Prices.
OUR GUARANTEE of "Entire satisfaction, and Lowest Price, or Money Refunded," goes with every sale.
CUSTOM ORDER DEPARTMENT
very busy. Choice Piece Goods, fine finished Garments and Moderate Prices, the cause.
Mail Orders promptly attended to.
OEHM & SON,
Hanover & Pratt Sts., - - Baltimore.

NEW FALL STYLES in Prints and Sateens at J. H. SIMPERS'.


**The Forgiving Heart.**

BY D. B. WILLIAMSON.

Forgive the hand that harshly strikes
In anger's restless mood,
Perhaps the heart behind it mourns
The action hot and rude;
And though the insult sends the blood
Indignant to the face,
Its pardon to the injured brings
No sorrow or disgrace.

Forgive the tongue whose hasty words
Like flaming arrows burn,
Behind it, too, a heart may sigh,
And for forbearance yearn;
Since there is none of human kind
That doth not sometimes need
An ill-used neighbor's clemency
For grievous word or deed.

Though hate should follow, hard and close,
With every cruel wrong,
This thought would always cheer the soul,
It cannot be for long;
While on an easier bed he lies,
Who from revenge is free,
Who says, "My heart forgive them all,
As God forgiveth me!"

## WHAT TONY DID.

FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

"Have you seen the Freshman?"
"Which?"
"There is but one you could see."
"Humpty Dumpty? Oh, he pervades the place. The trees in the campus shrank into bushes when he came into it."

The students who were going up to chapel in groups were calling to each other, joking always. But there was but one subject today for their jokes. "Have you seen the Babe?" "Tom Thumb," "Bulgy"—they had a dozen nicknames for this unfortunate freshman, who had arrived the previous night, and had been seen at the hotel by some of them.

He was not at chapel, however, so that the majority of us were disappointed.

I had an errand to Prof. Tyndall's room that morning, and found there a very meek, anxious little woman, who had brought her son up to college.

She was speaking as I entered.

"You understand, professor, he is my only child. I am a widow. He is all I have."

"I do understand, madam," said the good old professor, gently, "and all that I can do to make him a useful man shall be done, rest assured. But in the end it depends on the lad himself."

"Oh, Tony's willing! He does his best. But we're very poor. It has been hard work for years to raise the money for him to come here, and now I want him to learn everything right away. Greek and Latin and mathematics and history and—"

"Is your son a good arithmetician? Or has he a talent for languages, or belles lettres, or what has he an inclination for?"

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, unless it is his meals. He's very fond of dinner, especially when there's pot-pie. But as for books, he doesn't hanker for any of them. That's the reason I brought him here."

"I should like to see the boy," said the worried professor.

"He's just outside. But you'll be gentle with him?" she said, anxiously, pausing at the door, the knob in her hand. "He's a mere boy, a perfect child. Come in, Tony, dear!"

The professor looked away to hide a smile as the tiny little woman came up, leading an immensely overgrown youth as she would a baby.

"This is Tony, sir. That is his pet name, but Anthony Briggs Brashier is his full name."

"Take a seat, Mr. Brashier," said the professor, placing a chair for the lady. "A few questions, perhaps, will give me an idea of the best course for you to choose. Many of our studies are elective. How far have you gone in Latin?"

"Tony's red face was perfectly round, and not older in its lines than that of a boy of six. But there was great anxiety in his eyes, as he said, in a husky whisper, "I never could get beyond the grammar, sir."

"And in Greek?"

Tony shook his head. The examination on every subject brought the same results. The professor frowned. "You are fit only for the preparatory school, I fear. As to mathematics?"

Tony's face lightened. "I don't think I am quite such a dunce in mathematics as in other things. I like the study. I have gone through geometry and algebra twice."

"Well, well," said the professor, "we shall see. You will undergo a regular examination. If you must enter the preparatory school, it will make your course a year longer."

"Oh dear, Tony, do try!" almost sobbed his mother. "You know all that depends on your getting through soon. I want him to be a minister, sir. His father was a minister. He'd earn our living that way, and serve God, too. I want him to live for the glory of God and the good of the world."

The professor attended her respectfully as she went out. Tony lingered, catching sight of me.

"Are you one of the students?" he said.

"Yes." I had an odd bewilderment as to whether it was a child or a grave, eager man who was talking to me.

"I suppose it's hard work here?"

"Pretty hard even for a bright fellow," I replied.

"Well, I can't do it. I'm not bright; I'm a regular dunce. I've made up my mind to that. Except," his queer, dark eyes brightening, "in one or two little things, but they wouldn't count here."

There was little doubt that Tony's estimate of himself was correct. In spite of his knowledge of mathematics, he was so deficient in his other studies that he was put into the preparatory school, with lads of twelve. There he remained for two long years.

His mother's resolve that he should be a minister was inexorable, and it never occurred to the gentle, good-natured lad to oppose it. Hence the energies of his teachers were spent in trying to drive Greek and Latin into his dull brain, which utterly refused to harbor them.

He was fond of good eating, of fishing, jokes, fun of all kinds. His unweildly body prevented his taking part in athletic sports, but his applause was hearty. No student, even among the dignified seniors, would play against any other college in base-ball or cricket unless Tony could go to back him. His enthusiastic shouts and yells were contagious.

Of course he was a butt for the whole college. He was "Babe," "Infant," "Humpty Dumpty" still, but every man, from the professors to the newest freshman, liked Tony. He was so good-humored, so sincere, and above all, in such deadly earnest with his work! He began with fresh zeal every morning to score a fresh failure before night.

By dint of pushing, he was taken into the freshman class.

"I doubt if he ever goes farther," said Prof. Tyndall to me (I was now a tutor in the lower school). "There's not a mean or vulgar trait in that great body. Under his good-humor, there is a fine, noble nature. But a minister he will never be. Even if he could ever speak in public he never can take the training."

The half-yearly examinations were at hand. Tony broke down again in Latin and Greek. I went to his room that evening, and found him sitting straddle of his chair, his chin on the back, staring steadfastly in the fire. Tony's round face was as boyish as ever, but there was an infinite depth of longing and pain in his dark eyes.

"Hard luck, Brashier," I said.

"You don't know the worst. Here is a letter from my mother, counting the time until I shall be a minister; doing something for the glory of God's gospel and the good of the world. How can I tell her I am thrown back another year? I ought to be at work now supporting her."

"I thought you did that now."

"I work as a farm hand during the summer, and earn enough to help us both; but it is very poorly. Other men of my age would have a profession. She is growing old. She ought to live like a lady."

"Will you persist here?"

"I will stay the four years, as I have promised her."

I could not reach him with any courage or comfort. Tony was treading the depths of misery where no man could come nigh to him.

But after that day there was a singular change in him.

He was regular and attentive in his classes as he had been before; but outside of them he withdrew himself from all his old companions, gave up his fishing and his club. He was seldom seen on the ball or cricket grounds; he scarcely gave himself time for his meals.

His door was always locked, but vague reports crept out that "the Babe" was surrounded by piles of new books, sheets of drawing-paper, pencils and queer utensils.

By degrees this new order of things became habitual and ceased to provoke remark. There was a gravity and earnestness in Tony never seen before. Sometimes he took a holiday, came to the ball-field, and then his wild "Hurrahs!" drowned all the others.

Time passed. Men who began with Tony were now seniors. He was only beginning his sophomore year.

The college stood in the suburbs of a large city, and the boys naturally took a keen interest in all public events. Among these was the erection of a large church which was to be the most stately and beautiful in the city. The money to build and endow it had been left by a man of great wealth who requested that it should be kept forever for the use of the poor.

All the leading architects submitted plans to the committee. One was chosen, and the work of building was pushed with energy. It was near the college, and the boys were so interested in the matter that the new church became a place of daily resort, and as its massive dome and airy spire rose in the air, each lad felt that he personally had a share in it. Tony especially was in the habit of going daily to the building, and spent hours in watching its rapid growth, and talking to the workmen.

At last it was finished. It was to be consecrated the day before commencement.

Mrs. Brashier came up to the college that day. Her reports of Tony's progress had been vague. She came, full of despairing fears to verify them, and made her way at once, as before, to Prof. Tyndall's room.

"I have not Tony's confidence," she complained. "He writes to me that he is trying faithfully to satisfy my wishes, but that he knows it is useless. He does not go into details."

The professor went into details, ending with, "It is folly to deceive yourself, madam. You must see that the effort Tony has made to become a minister is useless, as he says. Are you not willing even now that he shall take up some other work in life?"

The poor woman sobbed miserably. "Oh, yes, I'm willing," she gasped at last. "Anything to earn a living! But I did hope he would do some noble work. Where is the poor boy?"

The professor rose quickly, glad to end the interview. "I have no doubt he is with all the college at the consecration of the new church. I will go with you there."

The ceremony was partly over when they arrived. The great marble building, with its vast aisles and supporting arches, stood beautiful as a visible hymn of praise. The religious services were over. The building had been dedicated to the worship of God. Now the great mass of people stood outside on the green slope of the hill surrounding it, while the executor of the will formally delivered the church into the hands of the trustees who held it for the poor of the city. He told in a few words the story of the will, the sacred purpose to which the church was forever devoted, a temple wherein the poorest of God's creatures should come to worship Him.

Tony's mother had found him and clung to his arm. She was a devout woman. She forgot for the moment her own troubles, her eyes filled, her face shone, as she listened with the great concourse, all of whom were moved and touched.

"There is one thing more to be told," said the speaker, "which makes this noble offering still more worthy. Most of the architects in the city and State submitted anonymous plans for this building. The one chosen was the work of a young man. It is his first work, but it shows a power and skill which ensure him fame and fortune. He refused to accept any reward for it. He offered this first fruit of his undoubted genius to the service of Him who endowed him with it. This man, who more than any of us dedicates this church today to the glory of God and the good of man, is your friend and neighbor Anthony Brashier."

There was a moment's amazed silence and then the air rang with the shouts of the people.

All of the college men crowded round Tony; his mother hung on his arm, proud, as if half frightened. But he stood looking at the white temple as if in a dream, repeating the speaker's last words under his breath, "To the glory of God and the good of men."

There are many young people who cannot become what their parents plan for them to be in life, but they can become useful in following some special gifts that God has given them. Such may find the new school year an encouragement to best effort in examples like Tony—and they are many.

**Petrified While Living.**

A physician of Elmira recently visited John Bass, of Cambria, Niagara county, N. Y., whose case is believed to be without parallel in medical records. Mr. Bass is 56 years of age. In the year 1848 he was seized with a sharp pain in the bottom of his right foot. No cause for it could be discovered. The foot and leg became greatly swollen, and during the next nine years all the joints in his body became slowly anchylosed, or grown into solid bone. In 1857 he was placed on an invalid's bed, and has never been removed from it. So completely consolidated are all his joints, including the spine, that he may be lifted by the placing of a hand under his head and one under his heels, his weight being but seventy-five pounds. The bones of the fingers of the right hand, of the entire left hand, and of the toes of both feet have been entirely absorbed, and the flesh of the fingers and toes hangs down like fringe. Mr. Bass' jaws are tightly locked, but he manages to eat the heartiest meals without mastication and without suffering inconvenience. Pork and other meat is cut in thin strips, which he draws into his mouth by sucking through the narrow opening between his upper and lower teeth. He eats the fattest meat. Since 1869 he has been totally blind. His heart is five inches lower than the usual position of that organ, but is perfectly sound, as are all of the invalid's vital parts. The nails on his fingers have grown to nearly a foot in length. Mr. Bass is a man of more than average intelligence, and keeps himself posted on all questions of the day. His constitutional health is so good that physicians agree that he will live beyond the allotted time of the most active man.

**Intellectual, But Crazy.**

A lady died recently at the Georgia Asylum whose case was one of the most peculiar in the history of the institution. She was a perfect encyclopedia. She read voraciously, and remembered everything she read. As she had means, she was indulged in the matter of books. Whenever information was wanted in law, medicine or letters, she was appealed to, and her answers were always correct. The legislative committee, on one occasion, was entertained by her for an hour. So impressed were the members with her accomplishments that they complained to Dr. Powell for detaining her in the institution. "Just go back," said the doctor, "and ask her what she thinks of the Free Masons." They did so, and found out that she was the craziest woman in the building.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**Advice on Rings.**

In an article on engagement rings a French writer says: "Do not choose the ruby, it is too showy, loud and indiscreet. Good taste inclines toward the sapphire and diamond, of which the one does not go well without the other. Do not choose a large sapphire surrounded by diamonds, but ask your jewelry-artist to interlace in happy combination the sapphire and the diamond. The turquoise is also a tasteful stone, but when it is constantly worn it has the immense disadvantage to change color, and to this change most women attach a sad and sentimental superstition. It should not, therefore, be chosen for the first present, which is to be worn and cherished while life lasts, which remains from the days of youth while everything else changes."—*Boston Budget.*

## "MARRIED MAN'S INDICATOR."

**A Marvelous Invention for Domestic Use. How to Find the Keyhole.**

The latest genius who has applied for a patent, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Dispatch*, is the man who has invented what is known as "The Married Man's Indicator." It is a wonderful, sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks, which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home say about midnight. He takes out the indicator, thrusts it through the keyhole, and lets it remain there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gloaming. If it marks "S. A.," (sound asleep,) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses the night-key with bated breath, gives the door a quick pull to keep it from creaking, steals trembling to bed, and when his dear wifey wakes up about two seconds afterwards and wants to know how long he has been home he is sound asleep. If the indicator scores "A. A. C., B. D. K. W. T.," (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is,) the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth, opens the door boldly and walks in with a slam-bang air, bits his boots intentionally against a chair, wants to know why the devil chairs don't keep out of his way, gets desperately mad on general principles, scares his wife clean out of her crossness and curtain lectures, refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night nohow—remarks gruffly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty minutes after ten," and then turns into bed with such an apparent awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him, at which he is very sad, of course.

There are other marks on the indicator showing just where it will do to play the "lodge dodge," or the "sick friend," or "been standing on the corner talking to so-and-so for more than an hour," or "General or honorable this or that from you know where was in town and had to go away on the 2 o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stay up to see him off, although he was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy." But the most awful of all the cabalistic signs on the dial is the one at the top, about two marks above boiling point.

When the weary husband comes home about four A. M., from the direction of the butcher shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air so that every one who passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the indicator in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on ends he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him from over the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out upon his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts and he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed smack up against "R. H., S. W. F. Y. I. T. D.," (red-hat, still waiting for you inside the door.) The inventor of the instrument says that when a man has a terrible misfortune to overtake him, he feels that there is nothing left in life worth living for.

He slings the meat out into the yard and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. He is ever so gifted a liar, his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the General off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact, nothing will prevail. It is an indefensible case.

He is caught. Even the ghastly gayety with which two hours previous he had said to the boys he guessed he would see it out, "might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb," had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact state of things, he knows exactly what to do, and that is nothing but get in bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his eyes, and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband of his great load of anxiety. The indicator is a great invention. Col. Montgomery will allow it to go through if possible.

**PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.**

Here is splendid advice from the *Chicago Tribune*, which every man ought to paste in his hat:

Moderate drinkers engaged in pursuits calling for judgment and acumen, and who use liquors during business hours, end, with scarcely an exception, as financial wrecks, however successful they may be in withstanding the physical consequences of their indulgence. Thousands who retain their health and are never ranked as victims of intemperance, lose their property, wreck their business and are thrown into bankruptcy because of tippling habits during business hours. These men are not drunkards, and only close observers can detect the influence of strong drink in their deportment; but nevertheless liquor gives them false nerve, makes them reckless, clouds the judgment, and soon involves them in bad purchases, worse sales, and ruinous contracts. Sooner or later it is shown that the habit of tippling during business hours is a forerunner of bankruptcy. Let every such drinker review his business transactions for a series of years and answer whether this statement is not true.

Liquor acts on the brain in the same manner as chloroform or ether, producing a stimulation which affects cool thought, followed by a depression corresponding to the amount of the dose. What man would expect to succeed in business if he were accustomed to take, while at work, even very slight whiffs of ether, chloroform or laughing-gas, and keep himself all the time, more or less, under such beclouding influences? Such a man, even if able to preserve his health, would grow reckless, loquacious, and soon prove no match for a clear-headed rival. Liquor is an indispensable ally wherever victims are systematically fleeced, and its effects are seen also in the rivalries of legitimate business. The professional gambler keeps a free bar, but never drinks himself when at the table; and, while a sober, clear-headed, honorable merchant, dealer or operator would not endeavor to ply his rival with liquor, he would gain great advantages from the latter's self-sought indulgence. Liquor shows its victims not only in saloons and gambling dens but about boards of trade and stock exchanges and in every line of business requiring a clear, cool head. Moderate drinkers who attempt to do business with even slightly excited brains are the men who are all the time making losses and going to the wall.

**A Wonderful Dog.**

Dr. Allen, of New Maysville, Ind., has a wonderful dog. It is a large black-and-white Newfoundland. This faithful animal performs its daily work with the utmost promptness and regularity. This consists in keeping the wood-box in the kitchen filled. At intervals through the day it will report to the kitchen and view the wood-box. Whenever the supply of fuel is getting low he proceeds to the yard, grabs a stick in his mouth and takes it to the kitchen, repeating the operation till the box is filled again. It keeps a special lookout on wash-days and at other times when an unusual quantity of wood is being used, and never at any time if there is a supply in the yard, lets the box get empty.

**Couldn't Say They Were Hostile.**

Only three Indian scalps have thus far been presented for the rewards offered in Arizona, and these were all in the hands of one man. When asked to make affidavit that they were scalplocks of hostile Indians he replied: "Well, two of 'em had got a cabin afire and killed a settler, and the other was comin' fur me with his knife, but I can't say as they was hostile." The reward was promptly handed over.

THEY talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

It is hard to surprise some country landlords. A Boston man had scarcely registered the name of Christopher Columbus at a village tavern in Wisconsin when the landlord reached out his paw and exclaimed: "How are ye, Chris! Bin expectin' ye ever since the year 1492!"


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.


**Things Soldiers Carried.**

"There were lots of funny things about the war," said Col. Fred. Martin, of the Brooklyn elevated, the other day, "now that you think of them when the tears are dried away, and about the funniest thing I recall were the queer articles the boys used to pick up on the march and the eccentric way in which they would tote 'em along to finally adorn some ditch by the wayside. Stragglers were the worst at this, but all the fellows were bad enough. Whenever the army went through a first-family residence, the boys would capture what struck each as most attractive, and some of their tastes were peculiar. They had a great weakness for cradles. You may ask me what a man treading his way to the front wanted with a mahogany cradle, and I'm blest if I know, but they took 'em.

First one man would back a cradle and cart it a dozen miles; then he'd begin to cuss and finally drop it. Now, you'd suppose that any ordinary idiot would just look at that cradle as it lay in the road and pass on, but they would not. Some one would be certain to pick it up and lug it a few miles further into the Confederate limits.

"I recall one cradle that traveled 100 miles on blue backs before it went to increase the blaze of a mess fire. Somehow they seemed to think vaguely that there was a chance of getting the infant soother home, but none of them ever succeeded.

"The funniest thing I ever saw carried was a looking-glass as high as your head and two feet wide. I saw it first in the parlor of a central Virginia mansion, and next on a soldier's back, headed for Petersburg. Then I lost sight of it for two days, and found it again propped up against a tree forty miles further along. The next day I saw it travelling tenderly on a straggler's back. He had his gun in one hand, and had somehow strapped the glass so he could get along without holding fast to it.

"Well, this fellow must have got tired, for the next day a third man had it, and on the next, a fourth. This chap toted it into the lines at Petersburg. He set it up against a tree, took a long, regretful look at full length of his shabby self, and turned away with a sigh.

"It was just as well that he did. The next minute along came a Minnie bullet, buzzing like a hornet, and hit the glass square in the centre, and smashed it into a frame full of cracks radiating from around the hole.

"The heavier and the more useless things were, the more they clung to them, even combining to escort pianos into untimely graves in mudholes; but the man who could steal a rocking-chair was a white-robed angel in his own mind, and the object of universal envy.

"Another funny thing was to have the sutler strike camp loaded up with condensed milk. I've seen a whole regiment sitting on a fence, each man with a milk-can in one hand dipping out the sweet, thick stuff with his forefinger, and licking it off with an expression of gratitude that would make a Raphaelite saint look sick in comparison."—*N. Y. Sun.*

**Women and Money.**

Every girl who is not entirely dependent on her male relations—a position which, considering all the ups and downs of life, the sooner she gets out the better—ought by the time she is old enough to possess any money know exactly how much she has, where it is invested and what it ought yearly to bring in. By this time also she should have acquired some knowledge of business—bank business, referring to checks, dividends and so on—and as much of ordinary business as she can. To her information of a practical kind never comes amiss, especially the three golden rules, which have very rare exceptions: No investment of over five per cent is really safe; trust no one with your money without security, which ought to be as strict between the nearest and dearest friends as between strangers, and lastly, keep all your affairs from day to day in as accurate order as if you had to die tomorrow. The mention of dying suggests another necessity—as soon as you are 21 years of age make your will. You will not die a day the sooner; you can alter it whenever you like, while the ease of mind it will be to you and the trouble it will save to those that come after you are beyond telling. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon a girl who has or expects that not undesirable thing, "a little income of her own," what a fortunate responsibility this is and how useful she may make it to others. Happier than the lot of many married women is that of the "unappropriated blessing," as I have heard an old maid called, who has her money, less or more, in her own hands, and can use it as she chooses, generously as wisely, without asking anybody's leave and being accountable for it to no one. But then she must have learned from her youth upward how to use it; she must not spare any amount of trouble in the using of it, and she must console herself for the many a lonely regret—we are but human, all of us—with the thought that she been trusted to be a steward of the Great Master. Such an old maid often does as much good in her generation as twenty married women.

**Five Minutes Before Train Time.**

A pastor in our city lately made the suggestion to his congregation, that every one endeavor to be in place five minutes before the time appointed for opening the service. He named as considerations favoring this suggestion, the following:

1. It will enable you to take breath after a long walk, compose your thoughts, and offer a brief silent prayer that you may worship with acceptance.

2. You will avoid disturbing others. People will not be looking around to see who is coming in, or have their thoughts diverted from their proper employment, if they should see you without turning their heads.

3. Worship is more seemly when all are in place at the appointed time.

"Lord how delightful 'tis to see,
A *whole assembly* worship Thee;
At *once* they sing, at *once* they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way."

4. By being in place at the proper time, you afford no occasion to uncharitable people to say that you come late to attract attention.

5. Late coming, with some, is a habit—a bad habit, originating in mere carelessness or self-indulgence.

6. If you cannot come before the time, or at the time, be sure to come as soon as you can.—*Balto. Christian Observer.*

**Curious Election Incident.**

One of the curiosities of the Maine election was a return from the northern part of the State on which the only signature was that of a witness, the three assessors and the township clerk making their marks. A clerk who cannot write is a curiosity. Perhaps he keeps his acc