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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, JAN. 29, 1887. No. 36.

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:
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INTERESTING CARD
—FROM—
Dr. PHELPS

People demand GOOD DENTISTRY at REASONABLE CHARGE without PAIN. I can meet the demand. Some think false teeth cannot be fitted over old roots. I do it with great satisfaction to my patients.
Thanks to an appreciative public for my increasing practice. I am trying to merit it.
j22-1apr30. W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.

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.

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

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

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

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

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LYDIA F. DOUGHTEN,

late of Wilmington, Delaware, 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 19th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1887.

J. FRANK BIGGS,
Adm'r c. t. a.,
jan15-4t. Wilmington, Delaware.

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

THOMAS MASSEY,

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 12th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of January 1887.

HENRY T. MASSEY,
Jan. 8-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN B. PARROTT,

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 19th day of July, 1887, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.
Given under our hands this 11th day of January, 1887.

WM. S. BUSICK,
JOHN B. PARROTT,
Jan. 8-4t. Administrator.

1837. THE SUN. 1887

A. S. ABELL & CO. ....PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

On the 17th of May, 1887, the BALTIMORE SUN will celebrate its Fiftieth anniversary. From the earliest period of its career the SUN has been a "Household Word" in the homes of its subscribers, and a synonym for accuracy of statement, fair dealing, promptness, energy and enterprise in the collection of news. It is noted throughout the country for the independence, conservatism and thoughtfulness of its editorial utterances. There is probably no newspaper published in the United States whose opinion carries more weight or whose influence is more widely extended than the Sun's; a fact upon which it may justly pride itself as the legitimate result of painstaking care in the preparation of all matter admitted to its columns. The SUN'S facilities for collecting news from all quarters of the globe are being constantly extended and improved, and new features are added without regard to expense as occasion demands.

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With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun for one year.
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With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun nine months.

Address A. S. ABELL & Co., Publishers,
Sun Iron Building,
Jan. 1, 1887. Baltimore, Md

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the old FAMILY RECORD of JOHN and JANE CAVENDER, New Castle County, Delaware, long since deceased. A suitable reward.
Address ALEXANDER CAVENDER,
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Many of the good things of this life are sorrowfully let alone on account of Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; sold on a positive guarantee at 25 and 50 cents, by
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Opposite Stam's Hall

OUR SPECIALTY:

Choice Family Groceries

ALWAYS A NICE FRESH STOCK

All kinds of standard Canned Goods, a nice stock of Package Goods, only a few things we have room to mention. Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Graham Wafers, Oat Meal, Leggett's Oat Flakes, Leggett's Wheaten Grits, Hominy, Grits, Coraline, Gelatine, Cocoa, Chocolate, Corn Starch, Chowchow, Pickles, Cheese, Boston Baked Beans, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Spices, Powdered Sugar, Lamps and Lamp Goods. Glassware, Plain and Fancy Crockery, Lea & Sons Co.'s Flour, all grades.

Full Stock of Domestic Dry Goods AND NOTIONS.

All of our stock was bought at CASH prices. Come and see us, it will pay you.
E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Dec. 11, 1886. Chestertown.

SHINGLES!

A Bonanza in Shingles

that were never offered LOWER.

ALL KINDS of SHINGLES

Another lot of CHEAP NORTH CAROLINA CULLINGS received; WHITE PINE CULLINGS, etc.

Buy Where We Sell on Low Cash Figures

Small, fair profits and large sales.
We do business to the advantage of our customers as well as ourselves and when we can't we will try another clime.

JOSEPH TURNER,
SCOTT'S POINT LUMBER-YARD, Dec. 11.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock, carefully selected bought at lowest prices, which we offer as prices as low as can be found.
tep18. J. H. SIMPERS.

OUR MATCHLESS

Mark Down Sale

is now in full operation. Such an opportunity to get Strictly FIRST-CLASS

CLOTHING

For Men. Boys and Children

at such incredibly LOW FIGURES has not occurred in Fifteen Years. Everything MUST BE SOLD, cost what it may. Don't delay, as goods are being eagerly purchased by shrewd buyers. For the Greatest Bargains of our times visit or write to

ACME HALL,
New No. 17 E. Baltimore St. near Charles.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that all levies are due and payable on the first of January and they will see the necessity of making payment on or before that day.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 11 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,
Dec. 11-tf. Collector 4th District.

SECOND DISTRICT TAX-PAYERS.

For the convenience of the tax-payers of the SECOND DISTRICT I will be at the following places on the days named until further notice:

At Chestertown - - on Tuesdays.
" Still Pond - - on Thursdays.
" Kennedyville - - on Saturdays.

Prompt settlements are earnestly requested.
jl-tf. JOHN P. HENDRICKSON, Coll.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Tax-Payers of the THIRD DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1886.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday and at Worton Heights every Saturday, until further notice.

M. M. RASIN,
oc23-tf. Collector Third District.

Convenient pleasant, and certain in their results, are Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. Recommended by physicians and endorsed by all who have used them. The best remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, and Constipation. Guaranteed, and sold at 25c. by
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

A COLD WAVE COMING!

Which probably may last all Winter. For prevention and comfort you can obtain

A Stove at a Low Price

—AT THE STOVE STORE OF—

JOSEPH S. CLARK,

Who has a full and complete line of HEATERS, both Single and Double, COOK STOVES and RANGES, FIREPLACE HEATERS, both for Comfort and Beauty, with or without Slate Mantels, at a LOW price and put up at short notice

STOVE REPAIRS FOR ANY MAKE OF STOVES.

In addition to Stoves I have a full line of HARDWARE, both ship and builders' supplies; a full line of TINWARE, GUNS, Ammunition, and everything pertaining to a First-class HARDWARE STORE. ☞Call and examine my Stock and I think I can convince you of the fact that I am selling goods as LOW as can be bought.

HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE
OF
J. S. CLARK,
Under Town Hall, (Postoffice in same department), Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

GEO. H. CLARK'S

GENERAL STORE.

The Leading Dry Goods Store of Still Pond.

WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FINE GROCERIES AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Also, a complete line of BOOTS and SHOES. We have everything in the line of NOTIONS that the people need and the Stock is new and complete.

GLOVES To Fit any Hand—Prices and quality cannot be beat! **GLOVES.**

We have a HAND-MADE BOOT which we GUARANTEE.

This is the place to buy your ROPE YARN, as we buy direct from headquarters and we can give you the benefit of the LOWEST PRICES.

We Guarantee Complete Satisfaction Both as to Our Goods and Low Prices.

STILL POND CLOTHING HOUSE

AHEAD OF ALL!

Genuine, Honest CLOTHING at Prices Lower than any store in the county. A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR FIVE DOLLARS!

- WINTER CLOTHING -

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Elegant Cutaway and Prince Albert SUITS, Satin-lined, Tailor-made, at the LOWEST possible price. OVERCOATS of all kinds and prices, from a heavy Overcoat for $5 to a Gent's Satin-lined, Corkscrew or a nice Melton, Satin-lined.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS A SPECIALTY,

PARAGON OVERALLS, warranted not to rip. HATS and CAPS.

LOUIS LAMBORN,

Nov. 20, 1886. Middle Store in Town Hall.

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

A Story for the Consideration of People who Don't Believe in Ghosts.

While on my way West from Chicago a few weeks ago, I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant old gentleman, whose conversation sparkled with brilliant sallies of wit, and who seemed far younger in spirit than any youth upon the train.

As the day closed drearily in, with fitful bursts of rain, the conversation began to drag, and at last our little party lapsed into silence.

The brakeman came in, lit the lamps, and I took a newspaper from my valise to pass away the time.

"Bosh!" I said, throwing it down, after reading a few minutes.

"What's bosh?" inquired the cheery old gentleman, lighting his pipe and settling himself back comfortably in his seat.

"O, simply a fool ghost story I was reading. I don't see why papers print such fal-lal."

Don't believe in ghosts, eh?"

"I certainly don't—do you?"

"N-o-o-o, That is to say, I don't know. I'm no Spiritualist, yet——"

He came to a pause, patted the ashes in his pipe to prevent them from running out, looked out of the car window at the dull, lowering sky—at the vast vague sweep of prairie—at the little farm sheds rushing past our vision — at the whole dim, uncertain picture, over which a black, tempestuous night was rolling in.

"It's this way," continued the old gentleman, after a few puffs at his pipe. "It's this way with me. I always believed that the mysterious happenings of which we so frequently hear were mere optical illusions, or freaks of fancy, or figments of a fevered brain — always believed this way, until the summer of 1883, when I was suddenly and strangely led to question the infallibility of my conclusions in the premises. Since then, I have been all at sea, and I really don't know what I believe, as far as the supernatural is concerned."

"See a ghost?"

"No—not precisely a ghost. I'll tell you how it was."

He hesitated.

"It always makes me feel queer when I allude to it — feel as though I had left some duty undone in connection with it — as though I ought to have seen that the law avenged the— But let me tell the story from the beginning. It's brief.

"I resided in Southern Ohio in 1883, and my business frequently called me to the pleasant little town of Batavia, not far from Cincinnati.

"One afternoon I was sitting in my room at the hotel in that place, when I received a note from a friend living three or four miles in the country inviting me to call and see him. I ordered out my horse and buggy at once and started for his house. It was a large, rambling residence, built at different periods, old-fashioned, the most of it, but handsome withal, and surrounded by a beautiful sweep of grassy grounds and shaded by splendid oaks.

"My host met me on the veranda and ushered me into the library, where we proceeded to discuss the business to which he had referred in his message. It was nearly night when I was ready to start home and the wild, torn, skurrying clouds, the sharp flashes of lightning and the low, fierce muttering of thunder told that we were on the verge of a storm.

"My host prevailed upon me to stay until morning.

"At 11 o'clock he showed me up to my room—a bright, artistic apartment, with handsome furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and flowers. A ruddy fire danced and sparkled and crackled on the hearth, and everything was comfort incarnate.

"The wall was unpapered, and the side of the room furthest from the bed was unbroken by door or window. I was indisposed to sleep and lay facing the bare, blank wall and watching the play of the firelight upon its bright, snowy surface.

"Suddenly I saw a sight that made the blood turn cold in my very heart — *I saw the shadow of a man upon the wall!*

"From where I was reclining I could see the fire burning brightly on the hearth, a few feet beyond the foot of my bed—could see that nobody was standing between its light and the wall upon which the phantom figure was distinctly defined.

"I started up and leaned upon my elbow—every nerve tingling with excitement."

"Were you afraid?" I inquired.

"Well, no. It wasn't exactly what you'd call fear; but I had a feeling as if there was somebody in the room beside myself, and that sort of unnerved me, you know. As I was saying, however, I started up in bed, and, as I did so, the shadow of a woman appeared upon the wall and confronted the man. She lifted her hands, clasping them in the attitude of prayer. Her body swayed to and fro, and finally she hid her face in her palms. The man, meanwhile, had been standing straight and motionless, with his arms folded on his breast.

"The woman lifted her head.

"Her companion walked off a few feet, returned and resumed his former position.

"The fire flashed up more brightly than before—the shadows became darker more distinct.

"The woman, letting one arm drop, raised the other in a defiant manner, and then turned away, as if to leave.

"Quick as thought her companion drew a revolver, and—

"Well, I felt like crying out for help. 'He will kill her,' I thought to myself. The whole seemed real—seemed as though the shadows on the wall had suddenly transformed themselves to real, live beings of flesh and blood.

"The man drew a revolver, as I said—the woman fell—the vision vanished."

"Is that all?"

"No, not quite all. A husband had murdered his wife in that room, as I heard for the first time on the following day. You may say what you please of the supernatural, but you can never convince me that those shadows on the wall can be explained by any known or unknown law of Nature."

The old gentleman put up his pipe, turned a seat over and spread himself out for a nap, leaving me to discuss his story with my traveling companions and digest it as best I could.

ORIGINAL DUNNING.

A gentleman in Kent engaged in public business wrote to a friend who owed him a bill, asking in a humorous way the payment of same. The debtor's reply was promptly received in the same strain and its originality has prompted the receiver to send it to the KENT NEWS, that its readers may enjoy its perusal. Names are fictitious, of course, but all the rest is verbatim:

———, January 17, 1887.

———, Esq.; dearest and most highly esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, of ———, Kent co., Md., U. S. of America, Western Continent, Planet Earth: Your most humble servant of the same Continent, State, county, &c., begs leave to say in reply to yours of the 15th inst., that he feels very sorry indeed that he has not paid that long-standing bill before this time, and humbly hopes you will find a tender spot of forgiveness in your great and loving heart of hearts, that he may feel comfortable when in your august presence. No doubt your Majesty, some time in life, has passed through the same sad experience that some of your subjects have; therefore your most humble servant feels he may hope for forgiveness, and though, just at this time, he is not prepared to comply with your loving request, he will truthfully, lovingly and humbly say that this great matter shall be attended to as soon as he can ship his *corn*, which he expects to do as soon as your Majesty's bay is clear of the ice-king. Now, this is the best he can do, and if it does not meet your Majesty's approbation, your humble servant will move about with fear and trembling; therefore your humble servant would like very much to hear from you concerning the matter as soon as it is convenient for your Majesty to write to your humble servant.

———, Kent county, Md., U. S. of America.
To His Majesty ———, of the same place, except ———, which is the garden spot of this continent.

THE plain and wholesome things of life are its greatest blessings. We are taught to pray not for luxuries or dainties, but for daily bread.

IN THE JURY ROOM.

M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

The case seems clear enough to a boy ten years old. The plaintiff sued the defendant on a debt. The defendant admitted that he contracted the debt, and that he had never paid it. He tried to show, as an offset, that he once lent the plaintiff some money, but he failed even to establish the date of the transaction. The amount sued for was $400, and the judged charged us to return a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. When we got settled in the jury room and elected a foreman, he said:

"Well, I suppose we must return a verdict for the full amount?"

"Well, I don't?" replied one of the jurors—a man whom I have selected as an honest, conscientious juror.

"But isn't it a plain case?"

"No, sir! The plaintiff had two lawyers, while the defendant had but one. There was nothing fair about that!"

"But the judge charged us to return a verdict for the amount," observed another juror.

"S'posing be did?" exclaimed an old man on the left; "if the judge knows more about this case than we do then what are we here for?"

"Which of 'em was plaintiff, anyhow?" solemnly inquired a solemn juror, who had been sleeping through most of the trial.

"The red-headed man, of course," replied a young man who wore very tight pantaloons and chewed plug tobacco with very great ambition.

"Was it! Why I thought it was the fat man!" exclaimed No. 6.

The foreman suggested that we mark on slips of paper the amount each juror thought the plaintiff entitled to. His suggestion was followed, and the amounts run from fifteen cents up to the $400.

"It seems to me," he reflected, "that the defendant either owes him $400 or nothing."

"I don't believe he owes him nuthin'," replied one of the twelve.

"But you heard the evidence."

"Hang the evidence!"

Some one suggested that we add up the sums marked and strike an average.

Another suggested that we return a verdict for the defendant.

A third offered to flip a cent and head or tail for the $400 or nothing.

A fourth wanted some one to tell him if the debt hadn't been outlawed.

It was finally discovered that we stood five for the plaintiff and seven for the defendant and the foreman wanted to know what we should do.

"Well," said one of the seven, 'if we agree with you in this case will you agree with us in the next?"

He couldn't promise, and the leader of the dissenters declared that he would remain in that room a lifetime before he would agree with the five.

At the end of an hour there were eight men willing to return a verdict for $75.

At the end of two hours there were seven men who didn't care a cent, and five who were in favor of the defendant.

At the end of three hours six men were in favor of $400, and the others were playing poker.

In another hour two of us favored $400 and the other ten had made up their minds that at least two out of the three lawyers ought to be in jail. We finally marched in with the announcement that we couldn't agree, when the juror who didn't know plaintiff from defendant raised his voice and protested:

"Judge we could have agreed all right if anybody had told us what the case was about! I think we ought to be furnished with diagrams!"

All Made From Smoke.

The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost in nature is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace of Elk Rapids, Michigan. In this furnace are manufactured 50 tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with 100 cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

These works are a curiosity. First, they have a circular tube, made of wood, with pine staves, sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan, propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draft for the smoke, which is conveyed into fire stills filled with copper pipe two and one-half inches in diameter. The box in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, 100 feet in length, 10 feet wide and 8 feet deep, filled with copper pipes two and one-half inches in diameter, in a horizontal position, surrounded by water; from this it is conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyreligneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,800,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol and 25 pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacture of various articles. The smoke from 40,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are automatic, and require no workmen to run them.

The Doctor's Pointer and Parrot.

Dr. Von Bremen, of New York, is a very good wing shot. Recently, in anticipation of a fall's shooting, he bought a promising pointer pup, which he began training. The doctor never makes himself a present without remembering Mrs. Von Bremen. When he bought the pup for himself he bought a parrot for his wife. The pup was already trained to obedience, and the instinct peculiar to his breed was strong within him. The parrot is of a lively and loquacious disposition and was a fluent talker when she arrived at the residence of the Von Bremens. Straightway upon her arrival she announced that her name was Loretta, and that the rest of the house could go — below purgatory. The housemaid was ordered to set her cage on the rear extension window sill.

In the course of the day the pointer pup found his way into the room where the cage stood, and he instantly located the bird. With noiseless steps he approached within a few yards of the cage, and then became rigid in a beautiful pointing attitude. The parrot watched him intently for a moment, and then sang out loud and clear:

"Ah there!"

The effect on the dog was paralyzing. He ceased pointing, dropped to a sitting posture, and gave way to his bewilderment.

"Stay there!" came in gruff and commanding tones from the parrot's cage.

The pup had been severely trained, and he feared to disobey. His head dropped between his forelegs, and in an attitude of utter dejection he awaited the parrot's further commands. The doctor had been looking on from the hallway, and when he entered the room the parrot was reviling the pup in a mixture of English and Spanish, and the pup was groveling in the rug, but afraid to run away.

Only Two Words.

"Oh, if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man. "And then?" said a friend. "Why, then I'd pull down the old house and build a palace, have lots of kind fellows round me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country." "And then?" "Then I'd hunt and ride and smoke and drink and dance and keep open house and live gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then I suppose, like other people I should grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose in the course of nature I should leave all these pleasant things and—well—yes—die." "And then?" "Oh, bother your 'then;' I must be off." Many years after the friend was accosted with "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you." "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"

THE POET'S BITTER COMPLAINT.

While Colonel Bangs, editor of the *Argus*, was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that then," he said, thrusting at the colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B; it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well the words look like 'Salt for dinner,'" said the colonel.

"No, sir," said the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the colonel.

"Of course you don't because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that is what I want to see you for. The way that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am a fool. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this manner:

"'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.'

"That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that. Made it read:

"'Lying to a weeping widow, to induce her to elope.'

"That is too much—it's enough to drive a man crazy!"

"I'm sorry," said the colonel; "but—"

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it is said, plain as daylight:

"'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.'

"A man with only one eye and a cataract over that could have read that correctly. But your pirate upstairs, there—do you know what he did? He make it read:

"'Take away the jeering monkeys, on a sorely glandered hoss.'

"By George! I felt like braining him with a shovel! I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the colonel.

"There for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote it:

"'I am weary with the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.'

"It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror, and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into the following:

"'I am wearing out my trowsers, till they open at the knees.'

"That is a little too much! That seems like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor, don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:

"'I swell the flying echoes as they roam along the hills,
And feel my soul awakened to the ecstacy that thrills.'

"Now, what do you suppose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why into this:

"'I smell the frying shoes as they roast along the bulls,
And I peel my soul mistaken in the ecstacy that whirls.'

"Gibberish, sir, gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out now," said the colonel; "come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella and drifted downstairs.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO SHOWED OFF.

The other day a young man about twenty years of age, accompanied by a girl two or three years younger, reached the city by a Bay City train, and after looking around for a few hours, returned to the depot and bought some sandwiches for lunch. The fellow was heard bragging a good deal as to what he had done and could do, and cities he had visited, and by-and-by he walked up to the depot policeman and handed him four five-cent cigars, and said:

"That's my girl in there."

"Yes."

"She just thinks her eyes of me."

"So?"

"I've never had a chance to show her how I'd die for her if necessary, and it seems to me we might put up a little job right here."

"How?"

"Well, suppose me and her walk out to see the river. I leave her for a moment. Some chap comes along and begins to chin her. I rush back and knock him into the middle of next week. She'd want to marry me within a week. Girls of her age just dote on heroes, you know?"

"Yes, they do."

"Well, you help me. You pick out some chap around here and tell him what I'm up to, and I won't mind standing treat for all hands. When I rush in on him he'd better run."

Five minutes later the girl stood on the wharf alone. A fellow big enough to pitch a barrel of flour over a freight car approached in a careless way, and observed:

"Fine day, miss?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nice view of the Canada shore?"

"Yes, indeed."

"May I offer you some peppermint loz——?"

Just then the young man came rushing down. When he came within ten feet of the pair he cried out:

"Villain! take your leave or I'll toss you into the river!"

"Oh, I guess not," carelessly replied the other.

"Base scoundrel! I am here to rescue this young girl from your clutches!"

"Don't bust any buttons off, my young cub."

The young man made a dash. He had to or wilt. He rushed at the big chap with his arm upraised and heroism in his eye, and the next minute he was picked up and tossed over among a lot of green hides as carefully as if he had been glass. Then the big man raised his cap to the girl, smiled sweetly as he bowed and scraped his foot, and he was out of sight before the young man recovered sufficiently to call out:

"Minne, did I kill him?"

"No, Henry."

"Thank Heaven that I'm not guilty of murder! Let him beware, however. Another time I may not be able to restrain myself!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pickings for the Peerless.

In Siam it is the custom for husbands to gamble away their wives. In this country it is the custom of some husbands to gamble away their homes and compel their wives to earn their own living—or starve. The Siam custom is quite as respectable as the American fashion.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.

The chief properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

Grusty old bachelor—"I hear Smythe is going to be married next week."

"No; it has been postponed."

"So the poor fellow has been granted a respite. He may get off yet."

Postscript to a girl's letter—"When you write next answer me in confidence two questions: Can you lace your boots with your corsets on? And can you put on your bonnet with your bodice on? I want to know.—M."

WISDOM is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

TAKING COLD.

A Soldier's Remarkable Experience.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Reading in a recent issue of your paper, an article of Dr. Brown Sequard on "Taking Cold," it occurred to me that colds are peculiar to civilized life, and to our comfortable, warm rooms. I have had colds as frequently perhaps as any one, but during one period of my life I was entirely free from them, with one exception.

I served through the war in the Fifth Ohio Calvary, beginning at Shiloh, and ending my services with the march to the sea. We were an active regiment, always at the front, and therefore always remarkably unencumbered with tents or comforts. We were exposed to all weathers and all seasons. Many a time were rained in for a week or more. When the sun came out the next week after, it dried us. Many a time, long after dark, after a march in rain and mud all day, we have been filed into miry woods where we slept in the rain with the running water washing beneath us and our blankets. I have seen men in the morning with their hair frozen in the mud. But none of us caught cold. We swam the Tennessee river after midnight, when the mercury was at zero, and among floating ice, and came out with our clothes, to our armpits, frozen like sheet iron, and then marched till morning. In the cold winter of 1863—64, we were in the mountainous country of East Tennessee, where it is as cold as Ohio. We were there from November until March, without any tents or shelter of any kind, moving every day, and sleeping in a different place every night, with the temperature often below zero.

I have, with my comrades, ridden upon the skirmish line when I could not lift a cartridge out of my box, nor even pick up a carbine cap. I have been out on night pickets, mounted, when the pickets had to be relieved every fifteen minutes, because if left longer the men could not load and fire. But we never caught the slightest cold, nor did I ever in times of cold and exposure to wet see a soldier with a cold. But I did catch one cold in the army, and I never had such a one before or since. It came from excessive comfort, or what seemed comfort to us. We were at Camp Davies, Miss., the southern outpost of the great fortress of Corinth. Having been there some months, we began to build neat log cabins, with openings for doors and windows—no glass or doors, of course.

One of our mess being a young bricklayer, we thought to surpass our neighbors in style and comfort, and we sent for brick, and he built us a large chimney and fireplace, and we built a good fire. That settled us. Four of us had to go to the hospital with tremendous colds on our chests and in our heads. We never had such heavy colds in our lives. This was about the middle of our three years service, and before and after that I never saw an exposed soldier with a cold. (Of course a few days after our cabins were finished we got marching orders.) I believe all old soldiers will bear me out that in active campaigns, where there was great exposure to the weather, no one had a cold. And come to think of it, in my experiences in Colorado and Utah, in recent years, I never saw an Indian with a cold, though they stand more exposure than our cattle do. It is our hot rooms that give us our colds. If a person would camp out from fall till spring, exposed to the weather of a severe winter, he would never take either a cold, pleurisy, or pneumonia, and would be absolutely free from them. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and take warm rooms and colds.

ANDREW VAN BIBBER.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 5, 1887.

The Use of Names and Abbreviations.

Most thinking people believe that the present is an age of progress and that the advance in elevated thought and modes of expression made within a century have contributed to the general good of humanity. The ridiculously stately and absurdly pedantic style of expression often used by our forefathers has very properly been given the go-by. Due brevity is the demand of the day. Hence abbreviations are in order and, with all due reverence to several influential religious bodies, if pleasing church news of local character falls in "Observer's" way, rest assured that brevity and common sense will dictate as occasion requires the use of M. E., M. P., P. E., or Pres.—the editor of *Christian Advocate* to the contrary notwithstanding.

The day is past and time too precious for trying the patience of editors and readers by the needless spelling out of titles to religious denominations in newspaper communications—abbreviations answering as respectable a purpose. It is especially out of place for the editor of a religious paper to misapply good English by such a use of the word "vile" and must be attributed to undue exercise upon his favorite hobby-horse.

GALENA, Jan. 20. OBSERVER.

How to Tell the Age of Any Person.

When the writer was a good deal younger than he is now, and attended school, he possessed what was termed an "age card," which created considerable interest among his companions of both sexes. It was a perplexing problem at that time how six rows of figures could be so arranged as to produce by so simple a rule an accurate answer. The Hartford *Daily Times* recently published the table above referred to under the above new heading, and as a good deal of amusement may be derived from it by young people, we copy the following magical table of figures.

Just hand this table to a young lady and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, and add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns and you have her correct age.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	49	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

He Felt Hurt.

"See here!" said a farmer as he entered a restaurant, "I don't like the way I have been used."

"What's wrong?" asked the restauranter.

"Last March I bought a can of oysters here."

"Yes, I remember."

"When I took it home my wife suggested that we put it away down cellar for Fourth of July. When we opened it on the glorious Fourth——"

"Great Scots!"

"Yes, you'd have said great Scots and little Scots and all the other sorts of Scots. You said they were fresh oysters, and I took your word for it and paid forty cents in cash."

The restauranter counted out forty cents, placed the change in the man's hand, and motioned to him to go out.

"Thankee," said the farmer, as he backed out, "you are a square man, and you were probably deceived in the oysters yourself. One of my neighbors said he smelt 'em seven miles down the road. Thankee—this is k'rect."

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.

BOB'S EXAMINATION.

Old Bob conceived the idea of having his life insured.

"How much do you weigh?" asked the examining physician.

"I weighs 'bout fifteen poun's more den my wife does."

"Well, but how much does she weigh?"

I'se dun forgot, but she's a whopper, lemme tell yer."

"How tall are you?"

"Who? me?"

"Yes, you."

"Lemme see. Does you know Abe Sevier what worked for ole man Plummer?"

"No."

"Wall, I'se sorry, fur I ain't quite ez tall ez he is."

The doctor, after weighing old Bob and measuring his height, asked:

"How old are you?"

"Who? me?"

"Yes, of course, you. You are being examined."

"Dat's a fack. Wall, lemme see. My birfday comes in July; an' now, what I wants ter git at is how many July's I ken recollect. Ain't dat de p'int?"

"Yes."

"Wall, lemme see. Blame ef I knows. Suppose we make it August 'stead 'o July?"

"What difference would that make?"

"Doan' know, but it's jez ez easy."

"I'll put you down at fifty."

"Put who down at fifty?"

"You, of course."

"No, boss, doan' put me down at fifty. Jes' say seventy-five."

"Why do you wish to appear so old?"

"Wall, yer see, I'se gwinter git er 'vorce from my present wife an' marry er young gal. Ef a man dat's got er house an' lot is mighty ole, er young gal will marry him, 'case she thinks dat he will soon drap off an' den de house an' lot will show her up mighty fine in de market."

"How old is your father?"

"'Bout er hunnered an' ten."

"You don't tell me so?"

"Yes, I does."

"Is he in good health?"

"Oh, no sah, dat ain't whar he is. He's in de grabe."

"Thought you said that he is a hundred and ten?"

"He is. Yer didn' ax me how ole he wuz when he died."

"Well, how old was he when he died?"

"'Bout forty."

"Had he enjoyed good health?"

"Oh, yas, sah, de healthiest man yer ebber seed."

"Did he have a lingering disease?"

"Whut sorte 'zease?"

"Was he sick very long?"

"Oh, no, sah. He drapped off very sudden."

"Heart disease?"

"No, sah."

"Did the doctors attend him?"

"No, sah."

"Well, what did they say was the matter with him?"

"Da didn' say much o' nuthin'. One o' em climbed up an' put his ear agin de ole man an' said dat he wuz dead enough to be cut down. Den de sheriff cut him down an' put him in er box. Doan' think dat he had heart 'zease, boss. Think dat he had some sorter trouble wid his naik."

"Look here, I don't believe that you want your life insured?"

"I doan' b'lebe I does, sah, since yer's gunter pry inter er man's family history. Good day, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AN UNUSED VOLUME.

The most beautiful volume among the 500,000 in the congressional library at Washington is a bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched today in the best printing-office in the world. The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its 1,000 pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfectly formed, and every one of them in coal-black ink, without a scratch from lid to lid. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in blue or red ink. Within each of these capitals there is drawn the figure of some saint, or some incident of which the following chapter tells is illustrated. There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless.

The precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open. A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk and resolved to do pennance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought with reverence and love; and the penitent soul found its only companionship in the saintly faces which were portrayed on those pages. When the last touch was given to the last letter an old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. Soon afterward he died.—*Chicago Times.*

Too Lively For a Corpse.

A writer in the *Independent*, of Romney, Me., says that the other day he saw a dog trying to bury a live rabbit which he had caught. He held the rabbit in his mouth while he dug its grave with his paws. When the grave was prepared he put its unwilling occupant into it, covered it up carefully, and, after patting the dirt well with his paws, retired to a little distance and lay down, watching it. Presently bunny, doubtless thinking judgment day had arrived, arose from the tomb and started off in a run. The dog soon caught him and buried him again. Three times the little animal resurrected itself, and each time the dog caught and buried it, but on the fourth trial concluded that the rabbit was a little too lively for a corpse and killed it before proceeding with the obsequies.

Looked Like a Rat-Trap.

A young man came into Toledo, O., from a few miles abroad last week, and having sold his wood and put up his horses, set forth to shop. Something in the window of a ladies' furnishing store caught his eye and he went in. The crowd of women frightened him, and when the young lady behind the counter asked him what he wanted, he wanted to die, but he didn't say so. He managed to say with painful effort that he wanted "one a' them wire rat-traps in the winder, and if you please ma'am, would you show me how to set it?" The police carried the man away in an ambulance, but the girl behind the counter died.

Kind Advice to a Stranger.

A stranger arrived in a Western Kansas town one day last week and inquired of the owner of a vacant store what the rent would be per month.

"For what purpose?" was asked.

"To open a private bank."

"Can't have it at any price, sir," said the owner. "I have rented it to three different parties for that business, and in every instance, after the depositors had run 'em down and brought 'em back to be lynched, a crowd attacked the building and damaged it $500 worth. My advice to you, sir, is to drop the private banking business and open a butcher shop."

A LADY in a railway carriage took out her purse, took therefrom a sixpence, and handed it to a well-dressed man who was smoking. "What is this for?" asked the smoker. "It's to buy you a better cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies," was the reply.

THE Rochester *Union* preaches a wise sermon in a half dozen lines: "Don't always search for the serious side of things. The man who has no eye or ear for the ludicrous is an unhappy mortal. Next to virtue, the fun in the world is what we can least spare."

To KILL or keep roaches away, use borax or Persian insect powder. These must be renewed frequently, as they deteriorate by exposure to the air, and lose their power.