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.

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, FEB. 26, 1887. No. 40.

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-hal 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.

Professional Cards.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. B. KRUSEN,
STILL POND, MD.
Clocks, Watches and Sewing Machines Cleaned and Repaired. feb5-3m.

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

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

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 his new office when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

REMOVAL.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
has taken the dwelling-house on High Street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

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-tapr30. W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.

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

WILLIAM F. BAKER,

late of Kent county, Md., 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 23d day of Aug., 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 15th day of February, 1887.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
Feb. 19-4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HIRAM M. HUBBARD,

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 8th day of August, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1887.

JOHN W. HUBBARD,
Feb. 5, 1887—4t. Executor.

Ratification Notice.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, Maryland,
vs.
James Kendall and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED this 17th day of February, 1887, that the sale of the Real Estate of James Kendall and Eliza A. Kendall, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, attorney under power in two separate mortgages from said James Kendall and Eliza A. Kendall, his wife, to The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, one dated February 15th, 1881, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., No. 1, Folio 610, &c.; the other dated April 5th, 1882, and recorded among the aforesaid Land Records in Liber S. B., No. 3, folio 99, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 21st day of April next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and pubished in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,672.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Feb. 19, 1886—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland, Feb. 1st, 1887.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Mrs. Johnanna Coleman, late of Kent County, decased, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of April, next;—Provided, a copy of this order be printed in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 1st day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.
Feb. 5, 1887—4t.

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
[SUCCESSORS TO WRIGHT & SPARKS.]
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers' and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette Streets. Jan. 29, 1887.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
(Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,)
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT
WM. H. RUTTER,
WITH
EMORY & NEAVITT,
General Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, SEEDS, HAY, FRUIT, LIVE STOCK.
Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE:—Citizens' National Bank.
je12-y. Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
—GENERAL—
Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.

Mr. Berry has an experience of fourteen years and Mr. Stewart four years as salesmen of different kinds of produce in the Baltimore market. Shippers contemplating changing their commission merchants this season will do well to give us a trial. We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday. Oftener if desired.
We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also, The People's Bank, of Balto.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.
G. W. C. SHUSTER
—WITH—
GROVES & WINPENNY
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Stock, Grain and all kinds of Fruits,
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.
114 Light Street, - - Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE BY PERMISSION:
Jno. W. Loud, B. F. Beck, Jno. Brice, J. C. Loud, J. A. Groves, E. B. Jones, James Shuster, G. H. Watts—all of Kent county. m27.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
GRAIN AND GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29-tf. BALTIMORE, MD.

PHILADELPHIA.
E. C. CROW,
No. 6 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchant
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Prices Guaranteed. d18.

R. A. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North FRONT Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. feb2-y.

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE
HOG CHOLERA!
LIEBERMAN'S
Hog Cholera Remedy
WILL POSITIVELY *CURE* AND *PREVENT* HOG CHOLERA!

IT is not a new remedy, but has been tried and experimented with for two years and found that if used when the hogs are first attacked that it will cure the Diseased Hogs and prevent the contagion from spreading to the others in the same pen.

SYMPTOMS OF HOG CHOLERA:

It is essentially a malarial fever. The animal however fierce and obstinate formerly is found more gentle and tractable; it shows decided signs of fever, elevated temperature alternating with cold shivers; the ears are more or less loped; hindquarters weak and the hog shows a strong tendency to lie down on the least provocation and hide in the litter, rising only when wanting to drink; no appetite but great thirst. It often stands drawn together, with arched back and tucked-up abdomen. Its gait is staggering and its grunt weak. Its cough is weak and has a peculiar hollow sound, not easy to describe. It breathes hard, with pumping flanks and soon loses flesh. The skin is harsh and scaly and soon becomes discolored with purplish patches around the snout, between the forelegs and inside the thighs.

PRICE 50 CENTS, BY MAIL 75 CENTS.
Correspondence solicited.
Telephone Call 36. N. LIEBERMAN,
Feb. 5, 1887. MELITOTA, MD.

WE ARE NOW
OFFERING SOME
Astonishing Bargains
In the following Line of Goods.
Call and examine them and you will see that we can
Save You Money

Black Cashmeres	at 75 cts.	formerly	$1.00
" "	55 "	"	75c.
Black Silks at	$1.00	"	1.25
" "	75 cts.	"	1.00
Silk Fringes at	60 "	"	1.00
" "	50 "	"	75c.
" "	35 "	"	50c.
Floor Oil Cloths at	32 "	"	40c.
" "	" 40 "	"	48c.
" "	" 30 "	"	50c.
" "	" 48 "	"	60c.

BOYS', MISSES and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!

Boys' English Ties $1.75, formerly $2.25.
Boys' Heavy English Ties 60c., formerly $1.00.
Boys' B. Calf Balmoral Shoes at $1.40, formerly $1.75.
Children's Buttoned Pebbled at 75c. formerly $1.00.
Kid Top Pebble Fox Heeled at $1.50, formerly $2.00.
Children's Kid Spring Heel Buttoned at 50 cents, formerly $1.00
Children's Lasting Kid Fox Boots at $1.00, formerly $1.25.
Misses' Lasting Kid Fox Buttoned Boots at $1.00, formerly $1.50.
Misses' Lasting Lace at 75 cents, formerly $1.50.
Misses' Pebbled Goat Buttoned at $1.40, formerly $1.60.
Misses' Pebbled Goat Buttoned at $1.75, formerly $2.25.
Misses' Lace Morocco at $1.00, formerly $1.50.
Children's Lace Morocco at 75 cts., formerly $1.50.
Ladies' Lasting Kid Fox at $2.00, formerly $2.75.

Hamburg Edging Very Cheap!
And a discount of 10 per cent. on all lots of Edging amounting to $1 and over.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Jan. 29, 1887.

LOOK! READ!

An important fact that all Tobacco Chewers and Smokers should know:
I HAVE THE
Largest Stock of TOBACCO in Town.
Largest Stock of CIGARS in Town.
Largest Stock of PIPES in Town.
Largest Stock of SMOKING TOBACCO.
Finest Line of MEERSCHAUM PIPES.
Meerschaum Smokers, Turkish Pipes, &c.

Many other things too numerous to mention, pertaining to a First-Class
Tobacco Store!
B. F. GRAVELEY'S
Best Grade Chewing Tobacco is my leading brand. A call will convince any one of the above facts.

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
TOBACCO STORE.
Wholesale and Retail. Special inducements offered to Merchants. Store opposite Bank and two doors below Stam's New Hall. Jan. 8, 1887.

Tax Notices.

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.
j1-tf. JOHN P. HENDRICKSON, Coll.

TAX-PAYERS TAKE NOTICE.

I cannot wait any longer for taxes due. Those having levies are demanding their money and I must from necessity collect in order to meet those demands. Therefore all who fail to pay their taxes for the past year (1886) may expect shortly to see their property advertised.

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

M. M. RASIN,
ja29-tf. Collector Third District.

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.

Special Tax Notice.

I HAVE PLACED MY TAX BOOKS in the hands of HARRISON W. VICKERS, my attorney, for a PROMPT AND SPEEDY SETTLEMENT.

Persons owing taxes for '84 and '85 will settle at once with my attorney, who is fully authorized to make all settlements, and who will FORCE payment of delinquent taxes by legal process if this notice is not heeded.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,
Dec. 25, 1886—tf. Late Collector.

To Farmers and Dealers of Kent and adjoining counties.

WM. A. HYLAND,
GALENA, MD.,

Would respectfully call your attention to our celebrated
Peach Orchard Plows,
for one and two horses, which we believe to be the BEST implement on the market for that purpose. A thorough examination by any one convinces them of this fact. We also keep on hand
Landsides, Moldboards, Shares and Points
for all Chilled Plows now in use on the shore, especially the following:
Oliver, Nos. 40, 20, 19, A and B; Advance, 13, 17, 32, 33 and 35; Ohio, 40; Imperial, 19, 25 and 10. South Bend, 3 and 4; Economist, 14 and 24; Acme, 83 and 84; Concave, 8, 9, 10 and 11; Wiley and Minor & Horton, all sizes and patterns.

Our New Rollers,
two sizes, cannot be excelled.

WHEAT HARVEST
will soon be upon us again, and we flatter ourselves that it has been our good fortune to represent the
Best Binder and Harvester
ever sold in this country. None have given such general satisfaction in Kent and adjoining counties as the
"DEERING"
and we take great pleasure in announcing to our farmers that the DEERING ALL STEEL BINDER is superior to all others in LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT, MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION and DURABILITY, having been thoroughly tested in other sections and having been the VICTOR in every field trial in this country.

There are 119 Deering Binders at work in Kent county and all of them are settled for, and have harvested 10,000 acres of wheat, while every purchaser is delighted with the machine.

Do not buy until you have examined the Deering all Steel Binder, and I am sure you will have no other. Sample Machines can be seen at my shops in Galena, as well as at H. H. Hyland's shops in Chestertown.

WM. A. HYLAND.
Feb. 12, 1887.

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.

Horse-Shoeing!
A WORD TO OWNERS OF HORSES!
SAMUEL HICKS
Devotes his ENTIRE ATTENTION to the HORSE-SHOEING BUSINESS, and is therefore able to execute this work in the very best manner and at lowest prices.
I have made this business a study and profess to understand thoroughly the best methods and improvements in handling horses' feet and the character of shoes worn. The importance of shoeing a horse RIGHT is not as well understood as it should be by the owners of these noble animals.
Under my system of shoeing CUTTING and FORGING is prevented. I only ask a trial, feeling assured of my ability to give entire satisfaction to my customers.
Respectfully,
SAMUEL HICKS,
near M. P. Church, Chestertown.
Jan. 29, 1887.

FREIGHTING!
The subscriber has secured a FIRST-CLASS VESSEL and is prepared to do ALL KINDS of Freighting on the most reasonable terms. He will also give the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for good, dry grain. Also, grain received in granary and receipt given for same.
JAMES SHUSTER,
Nov. 20-tf. BUCK NECK.

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.

HOME.

BY GENA F. FAIRFIELD.

Priceless treasure, earthly Heaven,
Safe retreat of blissful calm,
Which the world's, care and turmoil
Cannot desecrate or harm.
Sacred temple of affection,
On whose walls our heart-flowers bloom,
'Neath whose roof our best thoughts linger,
Making beautiful each room.

Then let every nook and corner
Permeated be with love;
Perfect trust its fragrance flinging
Wheresoe'er its inmates rove.
And if by a wave of passion
Its peace-loving air is stirred,
If the mists of sorrow gather
Round a hasty act or word;

Let the oil of sweet forgiveness,
And the balm of penitence,
Fall like gentle dews of evening,
Healing every wounded sense.
One law only should the household
Feel and willingly obey—
Love entwined with kind forbearance,
Drift not from its charm away.

Let its influence encircle
Like a golden ring of light,
Home's pure altar, where'er builded
In the name of honest right,
Sweet, sweet home where prayers ascendeth
On each breath that bears a kiss;
Your affection—incense rising,
Leads the angels to our bliss.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

This story was first told about twenty-five years ago—but it is a tale that richly deserves to be "twice told."

We had moved into a new house, situated about the center in a row of ten, all run up together, in a hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sound that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"O!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good; and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books and locking my fireproof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprung along the hall and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into mournful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches, I saw this and understood the reason, I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of the lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone, dull care."

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened with pleased interest for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit, "Begone, dull care!" and the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked around me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What thrills of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! O, love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exorcising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellant sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they all were in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquility which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needle work, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said in self-rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way affect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the still air, "Away with melancholy."

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came — the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of bygone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again.

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute-tones again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar, and I did not care to acknowledge my self so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin walls from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer, as the notes of "What fairy-like music steals over the sea" rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans' beautiful words, "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction:

"The day is past and gone,
The woodman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful evening hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse:

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow, thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the day's anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins. "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn," winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual, but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care and work and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music" which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring-time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my feet to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily, he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul!

"You live at No. 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, sir, that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face. "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First-rate for the blues; I find I'm indebted to our whistling friend for many favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed?"

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I.

The man sighed faintly:

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?"

A new expression came suddenly in the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There has been some low, fitful warbling. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little while on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction that blended on his face.

"I wouldn't send that note," said I, meaningly.

"I declare, I won't! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hinderance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterward I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No, sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way home and parted at my own door. As I entered, "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said, "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.—*Christian Adv.*

How Clay Beds Become Mines of Wealth.

It is among the possibilities, perhaps among the probabilities, that in the near future mines may be opened in the clayey strata of northern Florida. We have seen deposits of clay in Florida which must be extremely rich in aluminum, that wonderful metal which scientists have long been striving to wrest from nature. Should these deposits ever be utilized in this manner it will be due in a measure to the labors of one o Florida's citizen's, Prof. Wm. R. Gunning, of Altamonte, Orange county, who is now engaged in the north in the experiments referred to in following article from the Toledo *Blade*:

Severel months ago the *Blade* contained the announcement that a metallurgist of this vicinity had after years of study and experiment, succeeded in inventing a process for obtaining aluminum—the metal which is the base of all clays —in metallic form, and probably so cheaply that it could at once compete with iron and steel for all uses. The article created intense interest in scientific and metallurgical circles. It was widely copied in periodicals devoted to the many industries which would be revolutionized by such a discovery, and numbers of letters of inquiry were received from gentlemen and firms anxious to know more of this wonderful discovery.

The *Blade* is now able to declare the entire success of the experiments, which have been made on an actual commercial scale, and to make the astounding announcement to the world that the entire range of metal industries will be entirely revolutionized. The days of iron and steel are numbered, and aluminum will be the king of metals in the future. This statement appears incredible, but it is nevertheless strictly and entirely true. The facts in the case are herewith given:

The invention is that of a metallurgist named Seymour, now at Findlay, Ohio, where the experimental works are located. It will be called the "Seymour process" of obtaining the pure metal in a furnace, but at a much lower heat than that needed for iron. Mr. Seymour is an American; so the honor of the greatest discovery of modern times is reserved to our own country. He is a thorough metallurgist, who has spent his life in researches which have led up to this invention as the result of twenty-five years of study.

Aluminum is now sold at $10 per pound, and this is the lowest price it has ever reached. The process used required six days. The Seymour process will turn out pure aluminum from the crude clay in six hours, at at a cost of less than a dollar a pound. More than this alloys can be made from the clay and the ores of other metals in the same time; for instance, in six hours from crude clay and copper ore, aluminum bronze, which contains from 5 to 10 per cent of aluminum, and is the best metal in the world for cannon, journal bearings, and a variety of other important uses can be obtained direct.

It may be of interest to recapitulate the properties and uses of aluminum. It is the most abundant constituent of the earth's crust. Every bed of clay, every ledge of slate, is a veritable ore-bed of aluminum; for the basis of all clay is alumina, which is an oxide of the metal. Aluminum is a white metal, next in luster to silver. It is only one-third the weight of iron, being lighter than glass; in fact, it is about as heavy, bulk for bulk, as chalk or pine wood. Hence a pound of aluminum is much larger in bulk than a pound of iron. It is as malleable as gold, more tenacious than iron, and harder than steel, being next to the diamond in hardness. It melts at 1,300 degrees, at least 600 degrees below the melting point of iron. It does not rust in the open air, nor tarnish by contact with gases, as does silver. The enumeration of its properties sound like a fairy tale.

When one is asked to enumerate the uses to which it can be put the mind is bewildered at the vast possibilities. It is the ideal metal for railway use. An aluminum steamship will only weigh one-third as much as an iron one of the same size; hence she will have only one-third the draft, and carry at least double the weight of cargo of an iron vessel. The ocean steamers, built of this metal, can increase their speed on account of their lightness. They will be made of thinner and lighter plates of metal; have stronger but much lighter engines; a larger and stronger propeller. In fact, with aluminum vessels and engines of the same material, travel by water will rival the speed attained on land. The ocean will be the highway of nations, indeed. It can be cast or worked under the hammer, rolled into sheets, drawn into reeds or wire, or deposited by galvanism.

There can never be any monopoly of the crude ore, for all clays and all shales have from 20 to 50 per cent of aluminum. The only task now before the world is to utilize this vast amount of material. Aluminum has vaster possibilities than iron, and will supplant it in all the arts of life. The age of iron will be as completely superceded as has been the stone age of primeval man. Aluminum is undoubtedly the metal of the immediate future.

The clay so far used is an ordinary quality of kaolin, or white clay, such as is used for common table ware. It contains 54 per cent of aluminum, 9 per cent of silica (sand), traces of iron, and the remainder of inert earths. It can be made of ordinary brick clay, but it is cheaper to obtain kaolin, for the metal is much easier reduced, and it contains a greater per cent of aluminum. Kaolin is very abundant, and Ohio contains a sufficient quantity to supply the world.

The "Seymour process" has been patented in all civilized countries. An experimental plant was built at Findlay, using natural gas for fuel, and has proven the process a complete success, both in a scientific and commercial sense. This establishment is to be enlarged to one hundred times its capacity at once, and as rapidly as the working companies can be organized plants will be erected elsewhere. The parent company has been organized in Detroit, with a paid-up capital of $2,500,000, with the secretary of the State of Michigan, the general manager of the Flint and Pere Marquette road, and many other substantial men in its directorate.

He Liked Them.

United States Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told this story to a group of his fellow senators: In early times up in de pine woods, when our folks weren't all millionaires, some of us used to get up a chopping syndicate. A dozen fellows all good with the axe and handspike would club together, chip in and buy grub for the winter, and go into the woods to chop and log pine. In the spring they sold their logs, subtracted the winter's expenses, and divide p rofits. One fall such a party was made up in my town. They were all ready to go into the woods, when some one asked who was going to cook. "I won't," said one. "I can't," said another. A third said he could, but he'd be blamed if he would. It went on and nobody would cook. In those times, as now, a cook got big pay, not less than $50 a month. The syndicate could hardly afford that. Finally one fellow said if they could not hire a cook they'd got to have grub, and there was but one way out, they must do the cooking themselves. He suggested that they draw cuts, and whoever got the shortest straw must do the cooking. The first man who should complain of the grub would have to relieve him. This was agreed to, and they went on into camp. The first meal in camp was dinner. The cook had seen his mother cook beans. It looked easy, and he decided to have beans for dinner. He put a peck in the kettle, chucked in a big piece of pork and a double handful of salt. In time the men sat down to dinner. Everybody helped himself. The first to dish out some beans put a big spoonful in his mouth. They were smoking hot and somewhat salt. The fellow spewed the stuff out with a big swear word. "Those are the doggondest beans I ever ate. Still, I like them—I like them."

Definitions.

A dead-head—The rural editor who gives ten dollars' worth of puffs for a fifty-cent circus ticket.

College education—A proficiency in boating, base-ball, and sometimes in other branches of learning.

A society man—A youth who devotes more time to arranging his necktie than to cultivating his mind.

Charity ball—A scheme to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred thousand dollars for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few hundred dollars for the poor.

Paste This in Your Hat.

From the Good Housekeeper.

Don't let the door stand open, but shut it with much care,
Without a bang, without a whang—yes, shut it fair and square;
Without a slam, without a jam, without a slat—or jerk,
For if you've left it open, go shut it and don't shirk.
No Christian man or woman, no well-trained chick or child,
Will let a door swing idly, to make weak nerves run wild,
When chilly winds are blowing, and some one taking cold—
While the open door is creaking and muttering like a scold.
Haste makes but waste, remember, so plenty take of time;
Don't leave the door half open—a fault almost a crime—
And if you've ever done this, don't do so any more;
Whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the door.

The Country Drug Store.

How the Young Clerk Lightens the Tedium of Business.

The young drug clerk is alone. His employer has gone to the city to buy stock. There has not been a customer in the store for an hour or more. The drug clerk feels lonesome. He gazes pensively out at the deserted village street, and muses upon the vanity of all things here below. An open book lies upon the counter before him. It is "Daniel Deronda." Somebody has advised the drug clerk to read it, and he has been trying to do so. But he don't like it. He is disappointed, for he began it under the impression that it was a detective story.

The drug clerk is a thing of beauty, and is calculated to be a joy forever. He wears a check suit, a blue scarf with a large pin representing a mortar and pestle (suggestive of his devotion to the business), and a very high collar. His natural attractions are further enhanced by a large amethyst ring upon the little finger of the right hand, and a blonde bang, which long and careful training has reduced to a state of complete subjection.

But see the expression of gloom upon his features gives place to a sunny smile. He sees a maiden coming up the village street, and he knows that the chances are very large that she will not be able to get past the door. He pulls down his cuffs and assumes what he believes to be an attitude of unstudied grace. The door opens, she enters, and the following dialogue ensues:

She—All alone, Cy?

He—Why! good afternoon, Addie. Yes, things are rather quiet. Hain't seen you for an age.

She—You saw me at church last Sunday.

He (with a killing glance)—Well, three days away from you is some age.

She—Cy Whittaker, you're getting worse and worse!

He—I know I am. Guess you'll have to undertake my cure. Hey? (Brief intermission for giggling).

She—What are you reading? "Daniel Deronda." Do you like it?

Be (guardedly)—Do you?

She—I think it's perfectly splendid. Don't you?

He (promptly)—Perfectly magnificent! Going to the Methodist tea-party to-morrow night!"

She (with scorn)—Me? No, sir; I don't mix with that set.

He—Kinder severe, ain't you, Addie? Some nice folks down to the Methodist Church.

She—Oh, yes, I s'pose there are—the Griswold girls, for instance. I heard it said yesterday that the Griswolds must be a mighty unhealthy family—judging from the number of times a week those girls visit this store.

He (slightly hysterical)—He! he! he! Now, that amuses me. Who said it?

She—I shan t tell you.

He—Yes, do!

She—I won't.

He—Well, I know who it was; it was that Higgins girl.

She—Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't.

He (insinuatingly)—This ain't the first time that that girl has tried to make trouble between you and me. But she can't influence me. And as for the Griswold girls, you can judge how much I care for them, when I tell you that they were around here this morning, urging me to go to the tea-party; what you have said has decided me not to attend it. (Assumes an expression of tenderness).

She—I am sure it is a matter of indifference to me whether you go or not.

He (ignoring the remark)—I think I shall take in the concert at the Presbyterian Church—that is, if I can get any one to go with me.

She (unbending slightly)—You seem in such demand that there ought not to be any difficulty about that.

He—Well, I'm a little particular about my company. But if you would accompany me—

She—Oh, Cy! Fanny Berry will be there; and what would she say? She'd be just wild!

He (with dignity)—Miss Berry's opinions are a matter of perfect indifference to me.

She—Well, I'll go, Cy, and I'll wear my plum-colored silk; and you be sure to call for me very early, and—oh, my goodness!

She (in great agitation)—I forgot all about it! Grandma has got one of her fits—a dreadful one, this time—and ma sent me round here to get the old prescription put up (produces bottle); and I forgot all about it, and poor grandma may be dead by this time. Do hurry and get the stuff ready, Cy!

The young man prepares the prescription in about thirty seconds, and hurries visitors off feigning great solicitude for the neglected invalid. And as Addie disappears round the corner, he murmurs!

"Just in time! In another moment Susie Griswold would have been here."

Then he wipes his brow with his silk handkerchief, and adorns his features in one of his most fascinating smiles, as he turns to welcome Susie Griswold, who enters and greets the conqueror of all hearts with an all assuming air of indifference. So runs the world away.

Lenten Circular Issued by Bishop Curtis.

Bishop Curtis has made the following announcement for Lent, which began on Feb. 25:

1. All the faithful who have completed their 21st year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. They are to make only one meal a day, excepting Sunday.

3. The meal allowed on fast days is not to be taken until about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time, even by way of seasoning.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called collation, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. The quality of the food allowed at a collation is in this diocese, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, fish, eggs and milk.

7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning, some warm liquid, as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate made with water.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hogs' lard instead of butter in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.

9. The following persons are exempted from the obligations of fasting: Young persons under 21 years of age, the sick, nursing women, those who are obliged to do hard labor, all who through weakness cannot fast without great prejudice to their health.

10. By dispensation the use of flesh meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays with the exception of Holy Thursday, and the second and last Saturday of Lent.

11. Persons dispensed from the obligations of fasting on account of tender or advanced age, sickness, or hard labor, are not bound by the restriction of using meat at only one meal on days on which its use is granted by dispensation. It will be noticed that milk and eggs are allowed at the collation.