

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

Had I but known that nothing is undone From rising until rising of the sun, That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach, That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever, I would have measured out and weighed my speech; To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor, Had I but known!

Had I but known how swiftly speed away The living hours that make the living day, That 'tis above delay's so dangerous slough Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow, I would have seized time's evanescent Now!

I would be spared this unavailing sorrow, Had I but known!

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire That lay in ambush at my heart's desire, Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand And left a mark forever to remain, I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand.

I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain Had I but known!

Had I but known we never can repeat Life's spring-time freshness or its summer heat, Nor gathered second harvest from life's field, Nor aged winter change to youthful spring, To me life's flowers their honey all would yield; I would not feel one wasted moment's sting, Had I but known!

—Hunter MacCulloch in Lippincott's.

Fishing on a Foggy Morning. Casting a meditative glance toward where the sun had gone down, the old runder began: "Well gentleman, I had a little experience of my own, once. I went down the Chattahoochee river, in Decatur county, to visit an old friend. He had often told me of the splendid fishing there, and I was anxious to try it. It was late in the evening when I got there, and I retired early, so as to be ready for the fun next day. I asked how far it was to the creek, and they told me it was only a few hundred yards, just beyond the fence.

"By light, next morning, I was up, and secured a good tackle and a few sawyers. I started off toward the creek. The fog was so heavy, for it was wood's burning time, that I could not see any distance ahead of me, and so I groped my way as best I could across the little clearing. Reaching the fence I climbed over, and picking my way carefully, for I did not want to fall in the creek, I proceeded slowly down the slope until I thought I must be near the water's edge. Baiting my hook I threw it forward, and just about time enough for it to strike the water I felt a pull, and with a jerk I brought in a fine fellow. For ten minutes I stood there and pulled them in, and then, fearing that I would spoil one day's sport, I regretfully retired, and by accident I reached the house through the fog.

After breakfast the fog lifted and we got ready for a day's enjoyment. You may imagine my surprise, when, on going to the place where I had caught so many early in the morning, I found that it was a full 100 yards from the bank of the creek. The truth is, I had not touched the water, but just stood there and caught them out of the fog."—Atlanta Constitution.

Anecdotes of the Grim Sort. The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon shot came whistling through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down on his paws. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally he prevailed on him to try the other end of the horse and get down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his little plating table, began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table.—Gen. Longstreet in The Century.

Origin of "Honest Little Emma." I notice in your issue of to-day a query as to how I came by the sobriquet of "Honest Little Emma." I think it but right to enlighten your inquiring correspondent and the public generally upon the subject. The title "Honest Little Emma" was first applied to me by Mr. and Mrs. George Lake, of New York, who were among the first to subscribe toward my musical education and who also always alluded to me as a "365-day girl," meaning that I was always to be depended upon every day in the year. The idea did not emanate from the brain of manager or advance agent.—Emma Abbot in Rochester Democrat.

Chinese Bed-Making on Mott Street. House-cleaning and bed-making occur usually between breakfast and lunch and are very primitive in character. The beds as described are bunks or shelves covered with white Canton matting and the pillows wooden foot-rests. The man of all work simply sponges off bed and pillow alike with a sponge dipped in water, containing a little chloride of lime or eau de javelle, and allows the heat of the room to dry them off. This novel way of making beds has one advantage. It disinfects room and inmates and destroys whatever vermin there may be about.—New York Letter.

There Was Scientific Reason in It. Mission Teacher.—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what obey means? Apt Pupil.—Yes, marm; I obey my pap. "Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father." "He's bigger 'n me."—Exchange.

ON THE PENOBSCOT.

PERILS AND PRIVATIONS OF THE LUMBERMAN'S OCCUPATION.

A Peculiar and Hazardous Work—Where the Trouble Comes—A Tremendous Stampede of Logs—The "Wangans," or Commissary Department—A Sad Story.

Bangor, once the greatest lumber market in the world, though doing a much smaller business than in Penobscot's palmy days, is still the home of expert loggers and drivers, and the headquarters for the most approved kinds of lumbermen's implements. Such is the fame of Bangor cant-dogs and axes and batteaux that operators in the comparatively new logging regions of the west and far-off Pacific slope send here for them. But it is the men of the Penobscot who are principally sought, not for cutting the logs, for almost anybody can swing an ax, but for the perilous work of driving the logs through rapid waters and over roaring falls and swift rapids. Every spring, when the trees have been felled and when the warm sun has transformed frozen streams into rushing torrents, men from the Kennebec and Connecticut come to Bangor to hire crews who are clever with the ax and cant-dog, and who are not afraid to break a jam or sleep on the bare ground in a single blanket. They are especially anxious to get Bangor boys when they have a hard drive in prospect, for they know that the Penobscot red-shirters will pull them through if it is a possible thing.

A VERY HAZARDOUS WORK. Not many people understand how logs are driven from the wilds where they are cut so many miles to the great booms near the mills where they are sawn into lumber. It is a peculiar and a hazardous work, and when a lot of drivers start away for the headwaters with their pick-poles, cant-dogs and axes it is just as natural to expect that some of them never will come back alive as it would be in case of a company of soldiers starting for a battlefield. After the loggers get through dumping the logs over into the frozen streams but a brief period ensues before the snow and ice melt and carry the big spruce sticks in great masses down stream, and create big jams, backing the water up so that many of the logs are floated over submerged flats, to be left high and dry when the first detachment of drivers break the jams and let the water loose. Then the drivers' work begins. The grounded logs, in the upper country where horses can not be used, must be tried to the streams by the men, and often it requires twenty strong drivers, wading knee deep in mud, to carry a single stick to the water. The farmers whose meadows are thus strewn with logs often claim the timber as a recompense for the obstruction it causes to their operations, and at times they appear with shot-guns to prevent the drivers from carrying off the logs. But the boss driver orders his men to "bring that stuff down," and the "stuff" generally comes.

Several crews are employed on a drive of any considerable size, or at the head or lower end, others along the line or at the rear. There are many rocks, rapids and falls where the moving mass is likely to jam, and these places must be carefully watched to prevent a general "hanging up" of the logs. Sometimes one big stick, caught on a rock, will hold back hundreds of thousands of feet, and then some daring fellow is ordered out with an ax to chop away the obstruction. It is at the risk of his life. He must be quick, for at the last stroke of his ax the big log snaps asunder with a boom like that of a cannon, and then there is a tremendous stampede of the logs behind it. If the driver is lucky and agile he gets ashore all right, leaping from log to log, but one misstep, or a little slowness, is likely to precipitate him into the seething mass, and if it is ever found below his body is mangled almost beyond recognition. Generally it is never found.

THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT. As the drive progresses the men follow through the woods or along the rocky, uneven shores after it, and "wangan," or commissary departments of the different gangs, going on before. The driver works as long as it is light enough to see a log, and when the moon is bright they often go to work at 3 o'clock in the morning and continue until the last glimmer of twilight. They eat their plentiful but coarse evening meal, and, wrapped in their blankets, lie down to sleep. While they sleep, which seems to them but an hour, the "wangan" moves ahead five or six miles, and when they awake there is that distance to walk through the woods before breakfast.

I saw a Bangor man who had just returned from the Connecticut, where he had driven six weeks. Sundays included, for \$2.50 a day, and he brought a sad story with him. After escaping several perils himself he had seen one of his camp-mates go down to a cruel fate, while another was barely saved alive. These two, a Bangor boy and an old driver from St. John, N. B., had come up from the lower end of a drive near North Stratford, Vt., to help break a big jam above. They walked through the woods to a point just above the jam and then started down stream for it on a log apiece. Before they knew it they were in "white water" around some rocks; one log was lost and the two were left clinging to the other. When they reached the jam the Bangor boy was crushed up against it, while the St. John man was swept under and lost beneath the wilderness of logs. The young fellow, pinned by the big stick to which he clung, cried in vain for help, for the crew were out of hearing, and was just about to go under when another floating log struck his and swung it around in such a way as to liberate him. Then he managed to struggle ashore, and, terribly injured, was conveyed to the nearest house. River driving is a dangerous business, but there are plenty of men here ready to take its chance.—New York World.

Sixteen Miles of Decorations. A noted pyrotechnist of London has just gone off to Lisbon, where he has contracted to supply sixteen miles of decorations and illuminations on the occasion of the marriage of the crown prince of Portugal. His contract reaches the formidable sum of £9,000.—London Letter.

YOUNG WOMEN AT SCHOOL.

Higher Education of the Fair Sex Does Not Injure the Health.

In a recent report, Mr. Wright, the head of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor, has shown that, according to the figures, the higher education of young women does not appear to impair the health. "It is sufficient to say," he declares, "that the female graduates of our colleges and universities do not seem to show, as the result of their college studies and duties, any marked difference in general health from the average health likely to be reported of an equal number of women engaged in other kinds of work." The facts which he states, indeed, go to prove that study, if not carried to an excess, is actually healthful, and a good preparation for useful lives.

Mr. Wright sent printed questions as to "conditions of childhood," "individual health," "family health," "college conditions," and "death of graduates," to all the living graduates of the twelve American colleges into which young women are admitted. A majority of the graduates answered these questions, and it is upon these answers that he bases his facts and conclusions.

Some of these facts are very interesting and suggestive. It appears that of all the graduates reporting, 62 per cent. studied moderately, 9 per cent. rather more, and 28 per cent. rather less than the average. About half of these young women did not enter society at all, and almost all went but rarely into social distractions. Of those students who were in good health when they entered upon their college course, and who studied severely throughout it, more than 92 per cent. retained good health after graduation, in spite of the severity with which they stuck to their text-books and lectures.

"Those who worried over studies alone," says Mr. Wright, "show no perceptible change in health. Those who worried over personal affairs, a decline in health of 10 per cent.; those who worried over both studies and personal affairs, a decline of 15 per cent. But those who worried over neither, show an increase of health during college life of 10 per cent."

The inferences to be made from many facts stated in the report are that young women should not, for their health's sake, enter upon a laborious college course at too early an age; that while preparing for college, they should take plenty of exercise in the open air; and that they should become accustomed to perfectly regular habits.

Some interesting statements, not directly on the subject of health, appear as the result of the inquiries made of the graduates. It is stated that a large proportion of the female graduates of colleges become school-teachers. Others engage in domestic, social or philanthropic labors. The average age of graduation is 28½ years, and it is a striking fact that only about one-quarter of these women graduates are married.

This is accounted for by the fact that a college-bred young woman is apt to be, from her long scholastic training, more particular, more thoughtful in considering whether to enter the married state; and that she feels more independent than other young women, her training enabling her, if she choose, to make her own living, by teaching or other professional work.—Youth's Companion.

A Steady Old Citizen of Florida. During a friendly interview with Mr. Thomas J. Perkins a few days ago we obtained the following remarkable record: He has been agent for one railroad thirteen years; partner with one man thirty-one years; followed one line of business (cotton commission) thirty-four years; written at one desk, used one chair, and occupied one office thirty-four years; worn one gold watch thirty-six years; has been superintendent of one Sabbath school forty years; subscribed to one paper forty-two years; more thoughtful in considering whether to enter the married state; and that she feels more independent than other young women, her training enabling her, if she choose, to make her own living, by teaching or other professional work.—Youth's Companion.

The Season When the Poster Prospers. This is about the season of the year when the patent medicine and tobacco men begin to decorate the walls with their brilliantly colored posters. They spend a great deal of money on this kind of advertising here, and, I suppose, do the same in other large cities. They seldom put out less than 5,000 sheets at a time, which is about as much as the average circus puts out. The cost of this is about 8 cents per sheet for posting, and the printing costs 4 or 5 cents per sheet. There are hundreds of thousands of these put up every year, and each new brand of cigars, tobacco, or cigarettes causes an eruption that makes the walls of the city look like sections of an immense art gallery.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A New Fad in Suspenders. The embroidered suspenders fad has been revived, and every dude is now sporting these silken fancies, spotted with daisies or other flowers, and worked by the fair hands of his lady-love. Their cost may be imagined when it is known that the recipient of these pantalon supporters is expected to provide the buckles and button straps himself, and they must be either of gold or silver. Imagine a man going a fishing with such an outfit on.—Pioneer Press "Listener."

An Innovation in the Drawing-Room. A pretty innovation among the gorgeous gowns at the latest of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms was a flight of butterflies embroidered on one side of the train. The work was so exquisitely done that the pretty creatures seemed alive, and the woman who wore it did more to put an end to the humming-bird craze than an army of talkers and writers.—Chicago Journal.

It is better to kick three or four pickets off the fence and go through than to climb over at the risk of impaling yourself.—Lehigh Burr.

FEW REMARKS.

1st—TO THE LADIES:

Our sales of Ladies' Fine Shoes have continually increased, as the ladies have found out that we keep exactly what they want, or can supply it on very short notice. Call and see our large line of Fine Shoes. It will not cost you a cent to look at them.

2d—TO THE GENTLEMEN:

We can furnish you as well made, as neat-fitting and as handsome a Shoe as you can get in Baltimore or Philadelphia. We Take Measures and Have Shoes Made to Special Order, and we never fail to give satisfaction.

3d—WE KEEP ALL KINDS.

Men's Shoes from \$1.00 up. Ladies' Shoes from \$1.00 up. Children's Shoes from 50 cents up.

4th—ABOUT SLIPPERS.

This is the season when Slippers and Low Shoes come specially into play. No well-regulated lady or gentleman can afford to be without a pair. They can now be worn out of doors, and they rest and air the feet. We keep from the cheapest to the finest made.

5th—WE MAKE THIS REMARK.

That whether you buy or whether you do not buy, if you will call and see us, we will treat you with courtesy, and show you what we have got with pleasure.

M. T. Goslee,

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C. M. LUCAS' opp. Kent News office, Chestertown, 11, 1884

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TOBACCO, from 30 to 80 cts. a pound. TINWARE, PLATES, CUPS & SAUCERS, BOWLS,

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Flour! Flour

We have Clifton F. F. F., Kirkwood, Occidental, Potapoco Superior, Potapoco Family, Potapoco Extra, Orange Grove Extra, \$4 to \$6 a barrel. All the above brands also in bags, 12½ and 24½ pounds. Try our 3-cent Flour. Sugars 5 to 7 cts. a pound, good Roasted Coffee 12 cts. a pound, also, Arbuckle's, Levering's, Enterprise and Ajax Roasted Coffees in pound packages at lowest prices. Rice, Cheaper than you ever bought. Head Light Coal Oil 15 cts. a gallon. Mackerel by the barrel, half-barrel and in kits. Domestic Dry Goods and Notions.

We want Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Bacon; Lard and country produce, for which we will give the best market price. Please call at the old stand on Cross street. Respectly,

J. B. SAPPINGTON, CHESTERTOWN, MD. June 17, 1886.

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Clayton

On and after Monday, June 7th, 1886, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING Passenger Pass'r & NORTH No. 1 freight No. 3 daily

LEAVE A. M. P. M. Chestertown..... 6 40 1 10

Worton..... 7 00 1 35 Lynch's..... 7 05 1 42 Still Pond..... 7 10 1 52

Kennedyville..... 7 17 2 12 Blacks..... 7 28 2 30 Lambson..... 7 39 2 45

Massey..... 7 50 2 57 Delays..... 8 05 3 12

\*Bingham..... 8 10 3 15 arr Clayton..... 8 25 3 30

leave "..... 8 38 5 13 " Middletown 9 00 5 39

" Wilmington 9 42 6 35 arr Philadelphia 10 32 7 40

" Baltimore... 11 10 8 35 A. M. P. M.

GOING Passenger & Passenger SOUTH. No. 4, 2 daily. Daily.

LEAVE A. M. P. M. Baltimore..... 6 40 2 30

Philadelphia..... 7 38 3 01 Wilmington..... 8 45 3 50

Middletown..... 9 42 4 34 arr Clayton..... 10 08 4 53

leave "..... 10 20 5 13 " Bingham\*..... 10 30 5 20

Delays..... 10 35 5 24 Massey..... 10 50 5 37

Lambson..... 11 02 5 47 Blacks..... 11 18 5 57

Kennedyville..... 11 34 6 07 Still Pond..... 11 46 6 14

Lynch..... 11 54 6 19 Worton..... 12 01 6 24

arr Chestertown..... 12 30 6 53 Stations marked thus ( ) have no agents. Freight for Delays and Bingham must be prepaid. The morning trains make connections at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South. Passengers to and from Baltimore change at Porter's. Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch. Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates. The above arrangements will give passengers four and a-half hours in Philadelphia, 3 hours and 20 minutes in Baltimore, and return home the same day. FRED. GERKER, Lessee. June 10, 1886.

JOHN D. URIE, ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF F. W. ELIASON, JR. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's counties Jan. 22, 1885.