THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

# Kent News.

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**ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.**

**Terms of Transient Advertising:**
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
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**JOB-PRINTING:**
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

A Splendid Opportunity
—TO SECURE—
CLOTHING!
—BELOW—
Wholesale Prices

**Over $5,000 Worth of Fine and Medium Grade Suits and Overcoats to be Sold Below Cost, During Dec. and Jan.**

I can't help but realize the fact that nearly, if not quite *all* the money spent for Clothing this winter will be spent during the month of December, and, therefore, nearly all the stock not sold before Jan. 1, will have to be carried over till next winter. In order to avoid the carrying over of stock, and to rapidly close out all my Winter Goods, I have determined to offer

EVERYTHING AT COST

while people are buying, and not wait till everybody is supplied before I make the offer. I have the Largest and Most Complete Stock of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's

SUITS and OVERCOATS

ever shown in Chestertown, in fact have entirely too many goods, and adopt this method of getting rid of them. It is impossible to enumerate one-half of the Bargains I am offering, but will try to give you some idea of what you can get if you call early:

1st—I will sell you an ALL WOOL OVERCOAT, size 34 to 42, perfectly made and trimmed, for only **$4.50,** this coat was bought to sell for $6.50.

2d—An ALL WOOL HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOAT, satin-faced, silk sleeve lining, for only **$7.50,** this coat was bought to sell for $11.00.

3d—An ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOAT, splendidly made and perfect fitting, for only **$8.50,** bought to sell for $12.00.

4th—The FINEST KERSEY OVERCOAT on the market, lined with satin throughout, and retailed everywhere for $20.00, I will sell for **$14.00.** In fact, have 500 Overcoats which I cannot describe here, for prices so astonishingly low as to convince you at once that they are offered below cost.

In the Suit Goods Department I have such an array that it is impossible to describe them. Over Two Hundred Suits for **$8.50,** these sold for $10, $11 and $12. The Finest Line of BLACK CHEVIOTS in town, Single-Breasted, Double-Breasted, Square Cut and Round Cut, Sack and Cutaway, beginning at the low price of $7.50 and running up to $16.00 for English Goods. All will be offered BELOW COST.

I have a splendid lot of

Children's Suits and Overcoats!

which I am selling for **$1.25** each, many of which sold for $3.00 and $3.50 each. For **$3.00** I will give you the choice of over One Hundred Styles, ranging in price from $3.50 to $6.00. The only reason I offer for this Sweeping Reduction is that I need money more than I need my stock. It will not cost you one penny to call and see these surprisingly Low Prices, and if you are not thoroughly convinced then don't buy. Resp'y, &c.,

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
Nov. 29, 1890. BORDLEY'S CORNER.

Something New in the Stove Line!

Gauze Door Cook Stoves
AND RANGES.

BAKING Bread in the above will not mould, and Meats cooked are rich and juicy. Call and see the above stoves at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

**COAL HODS, SHOVELS, &c.**
Coal Hods, Shovels, Pokers, Zinc, Stove Boards, Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Collars, a large stock of all kinds of goods kept in a first-class Hardware and Stove Store, at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

**ROOFING, SPOUTING, &c.**
Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Tin and Iron Work, and Repairing Heaters, Cook and Coal Stoves, at short notice. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

**SPORTING GOODS, &c.**
Sporting Goods at old prices, purchased last year for cash, and no advance on last year's prices. Single and Double Breech-Loading Guns, Single and Double-Barrel Muzzle-Loading Guns, Shot and Powder Flasks, Gunning Water-Proof Coats, Leggins, Caps, Covers and Cases, Bags, Implement Sets, Loading Boards, Cartridges, Shells, Wards, Powder, Shot, &c. Call and examine our large assortment. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

**STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.**
Spear's Golden Sun and New Golden Sun, The Splendid Heater, The Washington Heater. These Stoves are used in town and country and give perfect satisfaction. Prices from $25 to $48 to heat two rooms. Rupert Heater, New Laurel Bass, Magnet Chrystal, Vulcan Egg, New Farnet, &c.

**COOK STOVES and RANGES.**
Excelsior Cook, Niagara, Carroll Cook, New Royal Range, Splendid Range, Victor Cook Range, Fortune Range. Would invite an examination of our Stoves and Prices

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Nov. 1, 1890. CHESTERTOWN.

Coal and Wood.

ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

J. D. BACCHUS' YARD

will receive prompt attention at Prices Guaranteed to be as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Building and Whitewash Lime,
Cement and Plastering Hair,
AT CITY PRICES.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal
Delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.
Come and see us before buying.
m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

LADIES use the GILT EDGE SHOE POLISH, the best Shoe Polish made that contains oil. It will not crack or break the leather, and always gives a nice gloss. For sale by
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

NECKWEAR of all styles and to suit all tastes, made to order and just received. Can't be beat in town. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,
formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price
CLOTHING HOUSE
—OF—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,
where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

LOWEST —
FOR GENTLEMEN:

Black Cheviots at $10, $12, $15 and $18, in Single and Double-Breasted Sacks and Cutaways, guaranteed to fit to perfection. Selling Imported Worsteds and Fancy Cassimere Suits, beautifully tailored, for $18, $20, $22 and $25; also, Corkscrews and Diagonals in Prince Alberts and Cutaways. To order they would cost nearly double.

Silk-Lined Overcoats as Low as $15. Very Handsome Coats with Silk Facings for $8, $8.50, $10 and $12. Strong-Wear Overcoats as Low as $6, but the better grades go faster. English Styles come under the $15 class—the finest Meltons, Kerseys and Cheviots cost only $20 to $25. Our $10, $12 and $15 qualities are decidedly popular. Extra effort put into Light-Weight Overcoats intended for dress. Doing an enormous business in Light Overcoats. Showing styles not usually found in clothing stores.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

THOMAS G. WROTH,
UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.
—A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF—
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS
for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.
Very respectfully, THOS. G. WROTH,
Sept. 20, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

Premeditated Resolution!

AN IRREVOKABLE DECISION!

I HAVE too many Goods; we are getting too little money cash; cash is a mighty lever; I am going to make a clearing sale; the knife is ground sharp; cutting is being done; Down, Down Go Prices.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c., any stock and all of Our Stock Must Move. I am going to offer Unprecedented Bargains, one of which is Thirty Dozen Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, ranging from 4c. to 12c. each, many of them worth actually 25c. each. Another, a genuine German Linen Table Damask, at 52½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost 8, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7½c. per yard up; other Dress Goods at Reduced Prices.

Shoes, Slippers! Shoes, Slippers!
Ladies' Shoes, Misses Shoes, Men's Shoes, Children's Shoes and Slippers at the CLOSEST CASH PRICES. I defy competition. Give us a call, it is to your interest.

R. F. PARKS,
May 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.
Office on Cannon St., near Princess.
J. T. TWILLEY.
July 17, 1890—tf.

CORPORATION TAXES.
TOWN TAXES for 1890 are now due and early settlement is now desired. Persons owing taxes previous to July 1, 1890, are notified that I shall collect same by law if not paid within thirty days.
JOS. N. WHEATLEY,
s13-tf. Collector Corporation Taxes

FULL line of UNDERWEAR for Men Women and Children, just received and as low as the lowest. Give me a call and I will convince you.
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

THE latest styles in Stiff and Soft HATS, also a nice line of CAPS. Call and see them.
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD.
WESTCOTT & DODD,
(Successors to N. G. WESTCOTT.)
WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE YOU TO CALL AND EXAMINE
OUR FALL STOCK
comprising some of the following lines:
DRESS FLANNELS,
COL'D and BLACK HENRIETTAS,
STRIPED DRESS GOODS,
AND OTHER LEADING STYLES,
DRESS GINGHAMS, OUTING CLOTH,
FLANNELS OF ALL SHADES,
A TWILL FLANNEL for 15c.,
CHILDREN and MISSES UNDERWEAR,
LADIES and GENT'S UNDERWEAR,
NOTIONS OF EVERY KIND,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
WOONSOCKET GUM BOOTS,
HATS and CAPS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.
We respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers, our friends and the public generally.
s27. WESTCOTT & DODD.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES in Congress, Lace and Button.
14. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

## LONELY SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

Wreaths of snow hung on evergreen boughs; the sun was dazzling, and lay in an ocean of clearest blue, with here and there a tiny cloud pure as the masses that covered the lofty Catskills; indeed, the floating, feathering clouds looked like brothers and sisters arrayed in the lacey burdens with which spruce and hemlock were so profusely decked.

Beneath the quiet forest a man stood in an attitude that betokened what has been termed a "brown study." A tall man, finely proportioned, with deep, thoughtful brown eyes shining forth from his thickly bearded face. His features were massive, and rather stern, and his height herculean. He leaned on the barrel of a fowling piece, but his mind was not bent on sport.

"Seven years ago to-day!" he said, "seven years. I wonder how she is: Christmas Day will always be the same to me no matter where I spend it. Once in the heart of the desert in Africa, once in a gambling hell in South America, once in fashionable society in London, once in the student's quarter in Paris, now, here amid the Catskills, with no sound save the singing of the pines, no sight save the blue space above, the masses of snow and the deep warm green of this pathless forest. Still, she is with me, I can feel the soft fragrance of her breath against my cheek, the touch of her hand sending flashes of fire through my veins. Solitude! It has done nothing for me."

With a deep sigh he shouldered his gun and strode away, his bulky form thrusting aside the snow-laden boughs, his heavy step crashing the white crust beneath.

"Lonely Sam" had come to the Catskills three years ago. He had taken up his residence in a deserted log cabin, and no Trappist monk had ever so completely turned his back on the comforts of civilized life as this hermit of the forest. His hut was situated in Greene County, some miles from High Falls. It was destitute of every appliance of culture or refinement; even an Indian would have scorned the rude shelter. Here lived the man who appeared, when he first came to the mountain, a being from a different world. A man in the prime of life, well born, well educated, a man of polish and refinement, and what was stranger still, a man of great wealth.

Inside the moss-grown hut betrayed no evidence that its inmate had once been a denizen of the world of luxury and ease, save in one respect. The walls were lined with shelves, and these were packed with books. Rare and costly volumes filled the place, leaving little space for the humble appurtenances of a simple housekeeping which told of frugal fare. Solitary Sam was no epicure, that was evident.

"Lonely Sam" had come to be a well-known character even in his mountain home; his presence had attracted attention, though he had shunned even the few with whom he came in contact when he sallied forth to procure necessary supplies. His name was not known. Visitors during the summer season had dubbed him "Lonely Sam," and had often expressed curiosity and anxiety to know more of the recluse; but any advances they made were coldly repulsed—and the hermit could on occasions display a stern dignity that surprised intruders on his privacy.

As "Lonely Sam" approached his hut on that brilliant Christmas morning, an unwary footstep on the slippery surface of an ice bound mountain stream brought his weighty form to the ground. A loud groan burst from his lips as an agonizing pain shot through his right leg.

"Humph! a broken knee-cap," said the hermit as he dragged himself into a sitting position. "A pleasant outlook, upon my word!"

His cabin was still some yards away, and he fully realized that he was powerless to walk one step.

"I suppose I can crawl that far," he said, reflectively. "I must do it; I'll have to starve to death, for this is a three months' job. My old hardiness in surgery will scarcely bear me out here."

He crawled toward his hut slowly and cautiously, stopping now and then to rest. His dog, a noble-looking setter of pure breed, seemed as distressed as his master. He came back every few minutes to lick the hermit's face and encourage him during his tedious and painful progress toward the cabin.

"Ah, Rollo!" cried 'Lonely Sam,' when, at length, they gained the shelter of the hut, "this is the worst mishap we have encountered during all our wanderings. If we survive this calamity, I think we may be tempted to turn our backs on solitude."

"Does the hermit look at all like this?" The speaker was a lovely woman. Her rich dress of red plush, her jewelled hands and beautiful high bred face had won for her the admiration and sympathy of the landlord of the well-nigh deserted mountain hotel.

"This" was a photograph of a man whose steadfast eyes looked calmly at the hotel proprietor. His face was clean shaved with the exception of a long, heavy mustache. Mr. Morse studied the portrait. "Yes," he said slowly; "that's the man; but now his face is mostly covered by a thick beard."

"Then I shall need a carriage immediately," the lady in red exclaimed quickly. "I have been searching for the original of that portrait for three years. A carriage, Mr. Morse, and tell them to make haste."

"But, madame, if you mean to visit 'Lonely'—I—I mean this gentleman, I must tell you that no carriage or sleigh can get near his house."

"Let them take me as near as possible, and I'll walk the rest of the way," cried the lady impatiently.

Her commands were obeyed. Her maid had informed Mr. Morse that her lovely and imperious mistress was an English widow—a titled lady of large fortune—and such a visitor is rare in the Catskill Mountains in winter.

"Drive fast!" the lady said, when she was seated in the comfortable sleigh.—"Drive fast—wait a moment! It is Christmas day. I want brandy, wine, and a nice cold dinner sent on immediately. I'll take it with me for I shall go very quickly. My friend may not be prepared to receive company."

The things she named were put in the sleigh, and the driver, stimulated by her impatience and his own hope of a reward, urged his horses to do their best.

Gilbert Arbuthnot, otherwise "Lonely Sam," had succeeded in crawling into his cabin. He lay upon the floor, near the fire and by dint of much exertion, he could succeed in throwing on wood from a pile near at hand.

"When that is exhausted I shall have to freeze," he said in a tone of resignation. "I've heard of dogs carrying messages, but that task seems beyond Rollo. I always thought you were as intelligent as your neighbor, old boy, but you have failed me this time."

He looked ruefully at the dog to whose collar he had attached a note written on a leaf of his pocket-book. Rollo eyed his master pitifully. He knew he was unable to comprehend Gilbert's wishes, and he realized that his master was in trouble. With every wish to do his duty, the faithful brute was helpless.

The day wore on. Arbuthnot began to suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst. He dragged himself to his rough cupboard and managed to reach a pitcher of water and a crust.

"My last Christmas dinner," he said, as he once more returned to his uneasy place before the fire. "Rather an inglorious death to die. By the way, I wonder if the bears and wolves will find out I am helpless and make short work of me?"

As dusk settled over the forest cabin Rollo started up from an unhappy, conscience-smitten doze. He growled savagely, and sprung to the door which he soon scratched open.

"Ah, there are my friends, the wild beasts, coming to their Christmas dinner," said "Lonely Sam" bitterly, as he sought to reach his rifle which stood in the corner. In vain. His leg was too painful, it had swollen enormously and ached with torturing intensity.

"Well, I may as well give up. Halloo! Was that a voice? God send some one to help me!"

A shout rang out. He answered it with a wild, appealing cry that ended in a sob. The voice came nearer, and as the dim light failed altogether a form filled up the rude door-way.

"You are ill Gilbert?" inquired a voice—surely a woman from dream-land.

"I've broken my leg. Who are you?"

A little hand was laid gently on his head as the woman felt her way to his side in the dark cabin.

He caught the small, warm hand, just withdrawn from its sealskin gauntlet, in his.

"Is this a vision—a spirit?" he asked, with terrified intensity.

"No, Gilbert, it is really Gertrude."

Both hands were now in his. She knelt on the rough floor beside him.

"What are you doing here, Lady Herbert?" asked the hermit sternly.

"I have been searching for you for three years, Gilbert. Thank God I have found you!"

Now that the cabin door was again filled up, this time by the figure of Lady Herbert's guide, who bore a large basket. He soon found the hermit's lamp, and its cheerful glow dispelled some of the gloom. It was a sight to see the countess in her velvet and jewels setting forth the feast. Later came the doctor, and Lady Gertrude's maid, for Gilbert could not be moved till the following day, when he was borne to the hotel on a litter. When he was comfortably settled, there followed a long talk between the two who had loved and parted years ago.

"You should have told me the reason of your coldness. I never loved Sidney Herbert; but when you left me without one word, broke our engagement and deserted me, I married him."

"And I? When your mother told me that you loved the earl, and only kept to our engagement because you dreaded my anger—"

"Hush, Gilbert, she is no more. All is past, and now we shall never part."

"No; I have asked Mr. Morse to send a clergyman to marry us to-morrow."

"That was not necessary, my dear," said Gertrude with a blush.

"Why, my own?"

"Because I had already sent for him. He is here."

### Poultry Yard.

**"Corn—Corn—Corn."**

Under the above heading the poultry editor gives his views in regard to corn as a feed for laying hens. He says: "We can find no better article for fattening. We can find no worse one for laying hens," and then: "But we have yet to see it proven that corn will make eggs. Oats will, so will wheat, but corn never." That's theory.

In looking over my poultry account for the year ending the first of this month, I find I fed an average of 100 hens and raised 60 chickens, and the feed consumed during the year was 102¾ bushels of corn, 29½ bushels of oats, and 20½ bushels of wheat screenings. The wheat was fed principally to the young stock. From the 28th of February to the 7th of August the laying hens had no grain feed but corn, and it was fed in self-feeding boxes so that they ate all they wanted; corn was fed also when the oats were, so the corn may be said to have been a regular article of feed. The hens laid 857 dozen eggs and paid a net profit in eggs and chickens of $1.31 per head. Hens were confined all the time; in winter they were shut up in the houses, in summer they had the run of the yards—small ones. That's practice. A. L. CROSBY.

AN ACCOMMODATING RAILROAD.—Probably the most accommodating railroad in this country is the narrow-gauge running from Tunkhannock to Montrose, Pa. It has been late a good deal recently, and finally a Lehigh Valley conductor, who had to wait for it, asked a passenger the reason. "Well," he said, "I don't know what usually makes it late, but I can tell you what detained us tonight. One of the passengers while looking out of the car window with his mouth open, lost his set of gold-mounted false teeth. The conductor, on being informed of the loss, stopped the train and backed up to the point of the accident, when all hands hunted with lanterns for the teeth until found.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—"I am afraid you little fellows don't always agree. You fight each other sometimes don't you?" Twins—"Yeth, thir, thumtimth." "I thought so. Well, who whips? Twins—Twins—"Mamma wipth."

[The following poem was sent us by a Chestertown admirer of the "Noble Roman."]

### OLD MAN THURMAN.

A song for old man Thurman,
And sing it clear and strong;
His life has been a sermon,
Now let it be a song,
And this shall be its burden
To give us greatest joy,
He calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

There is no fairer story
In all our nation's life;
No better, purer glory
In all its peace and strife,
True is that man and steadfast,
Fine gold with no alloy.
Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

Who cares for his position
On questions of the day?
He has a higher mission,
A nobler part to play!
Smiling and patient ever,
Though Age and Pain annoy,
He calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

A fig for flowery diction
Of specious eloquence!
A fig for all the fiction
Of wealth and vain pretense!
Here is a man whose glory
No envy can destroy.
He calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

We well could spare the splendor
And tinsel of these days,
Give us true hearts and tender
And plain old-fashioned ways!
Of men like Allen Thurman
This world will never cloy,
Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart,"
And loves her like a boy!

### SOME NEW GAMES.

CLUMPS.—In this game all the players are equally divided. They sit on opposite sides of the room, and a lady is taken from one clump and a gentleman from the other. They leave the room, while each clump thinks of some word, proverb or incident. They then return into the room, and each goes to the opposite party whence they came. By dint of questions and cross-questioning they find out the word or incident fixed on. If the lady succeeds she rejoins her own clump; if she fails she sits with the other; and the same with the gentleman—if he succeeds he keeps with his own party, and if he fails he also has to join the adverse party. The failures thus swell the clump opposed to their own party, and if he fails he also has to join the adverse party. The failures thus swell the clump opposed to their own, and the game is won by the side that numbers most at its conclusion. It is an amusing game, the different clumps welcoming the success and failures, making it lively and bright.

THE WHITE CAT.—This is a lively game, and is a new version of the old game of Puss-in-the-Corner. A good-sized room being a little cleared of the furniture, the players take possession of the corners, while the White Cat stands in the centre. The players are then bound to change corners with their neighbors as frequently as possible, the White Cat striving to gain one of the corners in the intervals. In any case, the Cat retains the office, but when one of the other players is caught out of her or his corner, that player is obliged to retire from the game. That corner is then considered "stopped," and must no longer be used. If any one unluckily enters a stopped corner, that player must also retire. The game is continued until all the players have been caught and placed in banishment. Two or more players may occupy each corner at the commencement of the game.

THE TOP HAT.—The players in this game are divided into two opposing parties, and sit in two half-circles, at the same distance every way round a gentleman's top hat placed on the floor in the centre. Two differently colored packs of cards are then given to one of each party, and by them equally dealt out to each player. The aim is for each player to throw a card into the hat in the centre, which is not nearly so easy a thing to do as may be supposed, and the floor is soon littered with the cards which fail to go into the hat. The game is played until both packs are exhausted; then those cards that are in the hat are counted, and the side that has most of its own color wins. This game may also be played by the players being singly opposed to each other, and by their standing up instead of sitting down. It requires considerable knack to do it well, and to throw the card in such a manner that it falls into the hat.

In the middle of a circle stands one called the head of the orchestra, whose business it is to beat time to the movements of the rest, which she does in as ridiculous a way as possible, in order to make the others laugh. In the midst of all the noise and fun she suddenly stops, and asks apruptly, "Why don't you play better?" The one she looks at must instantly answer in a manner suitable to the nature of her supposed instrument. The harpist must say a string is broken, the flute player that the holes are too far apart for her fingers, etc. If they hesitate a moment, or the answer is not suited to the instrument, a forfeit must be paid. While one is answering the others stop playing, and all begin again as soon as she has spoken or paid her forfeit. Then the head of the orchestra looks at some other one and asks another question, and so on, till they are weary of the game. The paying of the forfeits make some subsequent amusements.

ANOTHER suitable game would be that of the "Cries of the City," each one taking the part of some of the numerous traveling peddler; they walk around the apartment, and the moment any one is called, she must immediately sing out her appropriate cry as much in the tone of a peddler as she can. Any peddler who forgets to utter her cry when called pays a forfeit, or if any one else asks a peddler for anything not belonging to her trade, that person must pay a forfeit. This game, too, is generally popular and simple, as well as amusing.

COUNTRY RECTOR—"I haven't seen you at church lately." Old Woman—"No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the daytime."

EVERY MAN should have a good opinion of himself. He may find it hard to persuade other people to perform this arduous duty for him.

FIRST DRUMMER—"Get any orders this morning?" Second Drummer—"Yes, one." First—"What was it?" Second—"Git!"

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Yes," said Sam J. Denight, of East Fifth Street, a naval veteran of the Mexican war and also of the late rebellion, "I have passed through many a trying scene and bloody fight, and although I have faced death in a thousand forms in the wars, it was on a whaling voyage that I came nearest being killed."

"Before the war?" asked the reporter to whom the foregoing was addressed.

"Yes, it was before the Mexican war," he replied. "We went on a whaling cruise that lasted from the latter part of June, 1842, to July 3, 1846. I was but a mere slip of a boy when I shipped, but I came back as tough a sailor as ever sniffed brine. I had been apprenticed to a black-and-white-smith by the name of Steele, who had several patents in iron working, and who kept me at my task too constantly for my roving spirit. I managed to get to New York, and thence I went to Newport, R. I., where I shipped on the whaler Mechanic.

"This vessel was of moderate size and was fitted out with three long boats, 30 feet in length and 3½ feet beam. These boats were made of white cedar, and in action were manned by six sailors—the steerer pulling the bow oars and the officer in command steering until the whale is neared, when these two changed places and the commanding officer takes the harpoon.

"Well, we rounded the cape without any interesting incidents, and up near the Island of Juan Fernandez we lay one bright morning, and all on board were cleaning up when, 'There she blows,' came the ringing cry from the man at the masthead, and away off to the northwest we saw a stream of water spouting out of the ocean and knew it must be a huge whale. At once all was confusion on board, and the captain gave the order, 'Stand by to lower boats,' and quick as cats we sprang to our places. When within about a mile of the monster 'Down boats,' 'Lower away,' and 'Go for your whale,' came the orders in quick succession, and away we shot toward our prey. The boats on such occasions have nothing in them but a cask of water and one of biscuits and two harpoons and lances, with the necessary rope, about 180 fathoms, coiled in a tub so that it could be paid out easily. The three boats, carrying eighteen men altogether, rowed swiftly, with muffled oars, for the whale. A whale is very easily frightened, and the greatest care must be exercised in getting close upon him without detection, for when scared he will dive, and come up perhaps three miles away. A queer fact in this connection is that he will always dive in the wind's eye, as though he understood that having a pull against wind and swell he could be least followed. However, we got pretty close to our whale, when we shipped our oars and paddled the remainder of the distance. We came up quietly without his having any suspicion of our presence, and just as the edge of our boat scraped his side the officer plunged the harpoon into his side and 'stern all' came the order, and every man lay to his oar and backed out. These whaling boats are sharp at both ends, so that they can be backed almost as fast as they can be rowed forward. It was well for us in this case, for our whale dove straight down, making a whirpool and taking out line with frightful rapidity. Seeing that our line would be insufficient, a second boat came up and made fast its line to ours, and that, too, was soon paid out, and still the whale went on. The third line was attached and that, too, was soon gone, and as we had no more rope, a block of wood two inches thick and two feet square was attached to the end, and as this could not be kept under the surface long at a time, we kept track of it, and by that means of the whale.

"In about forty minutes the fellow came to the surface spouting furiously and we picked up the block and rowed for him, taking in line as we advanced. A second time we drew near, but just as another harpoon was to be thrown he gave one splash with his tail and knocked us up about twenty feet in the air. The boat was smashed to pieces and I came down so close to the monster that I put my foot against his side to push myself off so that I might swim. The captain lighted on the whale's head, but rolled off into the water, and seeing my action he tried to do the same. Unfortunately, he stuck his foot into the mouth of the whale, and down came the monster's jaw, held it fast, and down went the whale, taking the captain along. But a whale has teeth only on its lower jaw, and these fit into depressions in the upper gums, so that the captain was not severely crushed but badly bruised, and soon the whale let him go and he came to the surface about used up and was taken in by one of the boats.

"Again we made for the whale. This time the second mate took the harpoon, and as we neared the quieted monster, only a broad expanse of whose back projected above the water, the mate, who thought himself funny, said: "Which end are we at?" As if in answer to the question, the whale showed plainly that we were at the rear end by giving one swoop with his great tail fin, which landed us in a dozen directions, while our prey again disappeared.

"The second mate had had enough, and the third mate now took charge of one boat, and again we rowed for the big fish. But this time he saw us coming, and like a mad bull, with tail in air, he started for us with open mouth. Now, of all the dwellers of the deep, the whale is the swiftest swimmer, and the speed with which the infuriated monster came at us was frightful. Just as he was almost upon us, 'Jump for your lives' came the order, and into the water we went like so many frightened frogs. None too soon, either, for, true to his aim, the whale seized the empty boat, and one bite turned it into a lot of splinters. We shivered as we saw this, for although a whale cannot eat a man, he can smash one up pretty badly.

"The two harpoons gave the monster no end of pain, and now he began to roll about in agony. We got another boat and put after him, and now he was in too great torments to notice us, and we slipped up, and as he rolled his belly up a lance was driven into him just under the left forward fin. Blood? Barrels of it poured out. The whole ocean seemed made of blood, and finally he commenced running in a circle and one convulsion proclaimed the end.

"The ship was hauled alongside the carcass, which it equaled in length, and we began to take off the blubber. First the head was unjointed and was swung around to the stern, and the blubber was stripped off the body. This is done by fastening a pulley in a loosened place and then pulling and cutting, at the same time rolling the carcass over as the blubber was stripped off. When this was done the head was turned up, and with small buckets we dipped out the liquid amber oil. This was a greasy job, what with frying the blubber out and heating the sperm oil. The grease is clean, though, and salt water will wash it off, except what has been cooked, and for this we wash the decks with lime juice. When a whale is killed the blood attracts thousands of sharks, and after the carcass is stripped thousands of birds pick off the flesh.

"Well, we had scarcely finished boiling the oil of the whale, and the deck sat full of casks, when there came up a gale of wind that liked to capsized us. The vessel rolled and pitched terribly and our end seemed near, but as a last resort we bored holes in the oil casks and let the oil run down and out of the scuppers. As soon as it reached the water the breakers subsided into huge swells, and gradually it spread as far as the eye could reach, and, although the wind blew furiously, we were safe, but at the expense of 300 barrels of oil. We continued for four years, and although we captured fifty-three whales in all, none ever gave us the trouble that the first one I ever captured did."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

## A NEW AMUSEMENT.

**A Cobweb Party and How to Make It a Grand Success.**

To present this entertainment successfully requires some little expenditure of time on the part of the hostess, but she may easily find willing aids at this season of leisure. Let her first request a dozen or more of her friends to prepare some simple, inexpensive article of fancy work, or a small gift which may be purchased in a small country store, and let this be wrapped up carefully in a paper parcel or box. The only other requisite of the game is a supply of rather strong cord in long pieces. Several balls of cord or twine may doubtless be found at the village store.

Tie one of the prize packages firmly to one end of the cord, and, having secured a room which need not be opened until the entertainment begins, conceal the parcel in some easily found nook, perhaps behind a picture or under the table, or underneath the chair seat, taking care to fasten it well in its place of hiding. Now, as your ball of cord slowly unrolls, wind it about chair legs, door knobs, to the chandelier, the tops of picture frames, to curtain cornices and lambrequins, anywhere at all, but let it extend to all parts of the room, and when the line is of good length fasten the end to the door knob, for convenience, until the others are arranged. If you have several colors of cord, so much the better.

Treat each package, whether full or empty, in the same way. A half dozen ladies will arrange the cords together, until you have prepared as many cords as you have invited guests. Twining and intertwining them in every possible or impossible way, the room will look like a labyrinth of strong cobwebs. Very great care must be taken to secure the cord to the package, and to tie or otherwise safely confine it in its hiding place, otherwise your labor and the pleasure of your guests will be lost.

When a number of cords, twenty-five or thirty, we will say, have been arranged, they may be kept together in a variety of ways until needed. The room may suggest the best arrangement for each hostess. If each is, in turn, wound around a reel or large spool, or if all be wound together on one ball, they may be easily unrolled. When the door is open for the guests, to each in turn is given the end of a cord, and he is directed to follow the line, winding as he goes, until he reaches the end. When twenty or thirty people are thus engaged in disentangling and uncrossing so many cords the rooms presents a lively appearance. Each is intent on finding his own prize, and all sorts of amusing mishaps occur.

When a package is found all the seekers are allowed to pause in their task to inspect it and congratulate the finder. A player who has finished his own cobweb is at liberty to pick up any other which may have been dropped inadvertently. Rules are flexible, and may be greatly varied to suit the occasion and the age of the participants. Any one may intimate to the hostess to whom the cord leading to her prize shall be given. When the room has been arranged the disentangling may occupy two or three hours.

THE SECRET OF JOY.—I believe that twice as much may be enjoyed in this life as is now enjoyed, if people would only take and use the blessing which heaven confers upon them for present use. We strive to accumulate beyond our wants and beyond the wants of our families. In doing this we deny ourselves leisure, recreation, culture and social relaxation. It is not often that great accumulations of wealth do anybody good. They usually spoil the happiness of two generations—one in getting and one in spending.—*J. G. Holland.*

DAUGHTER—"Papa, I want a new dress." Papa—"Always dresses. You don't seem to have a thought of anything higher than dresses." Daughter—"Yes, I have. I also want a new hat."

CAUTIOUS DAME—"Are you sure this horse is suitable for a lady to drive?" Livery Man—"Yes'm. He's a very intelligent hoss, mum, and won't let you run him into anything."

DEPOSITOR—"Is the cashier in?" President—"N-o; he has gone away." Depositor—"Ah! Gone for a rest I presume." President (sadly)—"N-o; to avoid arrest."

THE ideal woman's hat is a section of chaos, without form and void of architectural value, further improved by having its formlessness knocked out of shape.

FARMER—"Out huntin' be ye?" City sportsman (wearily)—"Y-e-s, been hunting all day for a patch of woods without a law-peaalty sign on it."

"I TELL you, George, if there was less money in the world there would be more religion." "That may be; but the collections would fall off."

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