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Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881. No. 7.

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.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

JOHN C. SUTTON

AGENT FOR

THE OSBORNE

Self-Binding

HARVESTER.

SAME MACHINE USES EITHER

Twine or Wire.

Six Years of Unexampled SUCCESS.

Binds Tighter—Ties a Firmer Knot—Less Complicated—Less Liable to get Out of Order than

ANY OTHER BINDER.

It SAVES all your Grain.
Cuts LODGED as well as standing grain.
Saves Hiring and Feeding Poor Binders.
It needs no Compresser; therefore does away with that much machinery.
No extra "tomfoolery" machinery.
Cuts a Wider Swath—6, 7 or 8 ft.—Take your choice.

AND REMEMBER

There are MORE OSBORNE BINDERS at work on the Peninsula than all others combined.

Have worked longer and GIVEN BETTER SATISFACTION.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Have a FULL LINE OF EXTRAS.

John C. Sutton,
Has at Locust Grove Station
EXTRAS and MACHINES, and

HIMROD,
THE OLDEST BINDER MAN ON THE EASTERN SHORE,
to help you through the Harvest.
April 30, 1881—tf.

C. F. STAM,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST

PREPARES MEDICINE
FROM THE CHOICEST
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

Notice to Farmers!

RAMBO LIME.

MR. H. E. COOPER Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT in Kent Co. to furnish the

Genuine Rambo Lime

at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.

The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*

Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.

We challenge all tests.
R. MCCOY & CO.

ROBERT MCCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
apr30-3m* NATHAN RAMBO.

Beautiful!
Artistic!
Antique!

FINE MAJOLICA WEDGEWOOD, and CHINESE WARE.

A large Show Window full!
Stop and look as you go by.
Also, a case inside our store full of beautiful SILVER-WARE of the very finest Triple Plate.
We are glad to have you come in and look. You are always welcomed.
May 21. 1881. C. F. STAM, Druggist.

WM. LEA & SONS and C. A. Gambrill & Co's Best Grades of FLOUR. For sale by
oc2. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

HYLAND & CO'S
CELEBRATED
IRON FRAME
CULTIVATORS!

THESE celebrated CULTIVATORS, made by HYLAND & CO., are surpassed by no other manufactured in this country. Our *CULVIVATOR TEETH* are a new style FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH that has ever been introduced in this county. They can be used with either wood or iron frames. They are made of the very best *Polished Saw Steel*, and are sold for less money than any other make of tooth. The plates are reversable and the shanks stationary. They can be had at our shop in Galena or Chestertown.

Persons wanting *NEW REAPERS*, or needing old Reapers and Mowers repaired will please bring them in early, as we sell low. For testimonials we refer to the following named gentlemen:

B. F. Sappington,	Henry W. Carvill,
V. Hendrickson,	A. Hurlock,
Wm. Ford,	G. W. T. Perkins,
J. Ambruster,	E. F. C. Perkins,
G. H. Watts,	J. P. Hendrickson,
Samuel Cacy,	R. H. Corbaley,
R. C. Johnson,	Jos. W. Peacock,
Andrew Woodall,	Henry J. Gray,
and many others in Kent, and	
Wm. Knight,	Duncan Veazey,
Wm. Ward,	of Cecil county.

We are also selling the justly celebrated *WALTER A. WOOD'S TWINE BINDER.* Farmers will please give us an early call.
May 14, 1881. W. A. HYLAND & CO.

Look for the Best!

You'll find them by calling
ON
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WE CLAIM to make as good

Cultivator Teeth

AS CAN BE MADE. We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.

BUY OUR

Iron-Frame Cultivators.

They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. Jacobs,	Abraham Hurlock,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	Wm. H. Stewart,
Geo. W. Davis,	Thos. J. Vickers,
S. J. Roseberry,	Thos. J. Tucker,
S. A. Merritt,	W. F. Massey.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 7, 1881. Chestertown.

FOR the HARVEST
Of 1881.

I OFFER THE
BOYCE IMPROVED
Self Rake Reaper

It is the lightest and we believe the most durable and desirable Reaper made. For proof of this come see sample Machine.

THE "SHELDON"
Hay and Grain Rake

which I have been selling for the last three years, is the best Rake on the market. As I can only get Fifteen of them this season, those in want had better send in their orders at once. For proof that the Sheldon is the best rake out, ask

J. A. Miller,	A. Hurlock,
J. H. Hossinger,	J. W. Skirven,
S. J. Roseberry,	W. D. Carter,
T. S. Wilson,	J. A. Toulson,
W. S. Bowers,	S. F. Cooper,
W. S. Thompson,	Jas. Burch.

Will be glad to answer all letters of inquiry and happy to have my friends and the public call on me at my office.
Office Hours from sunrise to 9 P. M.
WM. HEPBRON.
LYNCH'S, May 14, 1881—5t.

For Spring and Summer!

Just Received March 3, 1881,
A Large Lot of
SHOES

for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

A CARD.—Mr. S. MERRITT, lately in the clothing business in this town, is now with A. Friedman at the New Clothing House in the Masonic Hall building, where he will be pleased to receive a call from his old friends and customers. tf.

A large line of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Infants' SHOES, and of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes, for sale by
apr2. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

GAS TAR—GAS TAR.
Reasonable Figures, at
apr30. L. K. STAM'S.

LAWN RAKES
and MAGIC HOES,
just received and for sale by
May 7. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE!

Wake Up! Cheer Up!

GOOD TIMES ARE COMING!

IT HAS COME TO MY NOTICE that many people of this town and vicinty are purchasing their Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Bags, &c., in Baltimore, Philadelphia and other towns.

In order to Keep the Trade in Chestertown,

so that Chestertowners may save their time and money, I shall hold out for the future

Greater Inducements than Ever Before!

And convince ALL and everybody who wish to buy that I will sell all of the above named goods at LOWER PRICES than Baltimore, Philadelphia or any other town, for the following reasons:

1st.—I Manufacture every article myself, and so save a profit of at least 15 per cent. to manufacturers, which I can give to my customers.
2nd.—I buy and sell directly for Cash, and can sell cheaper than those who buy on long credit.
3rd.—My expenses are very small, not half as much as in Phil'a or Baltimore.
4th.—I have several stores, and buy large quantities for less money than those who buy in small lots.
5th.—I carry as large a stock to select from as stores in Philadelphia and Baltimore, or any large city and UNDERSELL THEM.
6th.—I can afford to sell cheap, because I am satisfied with a small profit.
7th.—I GUARANTEE every article as it is represented, or no sale.
I respectfully invite everybody to call and examine,
At the STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,
UNDER THE OLD MASONIC HALL,
May 28, 1881. Main Street, Chestertown, Md.

SUMMER
Announcement
—OF—
LOUIS K. STAM

Please Read carefully:

In Painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have House and Carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—J. W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co.'s. It is guaranteed neither to *Crack, Peel* nor *Blister*, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs for WALL PAPER are most beautiful, and have been selected with great care from the largest houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work, and will give directions to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full stock.

VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE.
Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.
Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. E. N. Melvin's.
L. K. STAM.
May 7, 1881.

1881 1881
WHEATLEY'S
UP TOWN GROCERY.

We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a

Full line of GROCERIES

Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.

Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c.

A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar-cured Hams* kept on hand.

Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.

We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.
WHEATLEY BROS.,
an3. Corner Store, Up Town.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

WOOD! WOOD!

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.
This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.
WILLIAM PERKINS.
Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown.
Aug. 30—tf.

PUMPS!

We have secured the full control in this section of the Celebrated

"Goshen" Cucumber Pump

and are prepared to furnish them at the lowest possible cost. Call and examine our stock and you will buy.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
April 30, 1881.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER, the best in the market, for sale by
d18. WHEATLEY BROS., up town.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

TAKE NOTICE.

INTENDING TO DISCONTINUE STOREKEEPING at the close of the present year, I shall commence from this date to CLOSE OUT, and sell my stock of DRY GOODS, MUSLINS, BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENSWARE and STONE-WARE

AT COST!

Now is the time to lay in your supplies AT WHOLESALE PRICES, as I shall positively sell them at and below cost.

A good line of GROCERIES, SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, Tobacco, Bacon, Lard, Canned Goods, &c. Also, FLOUR of all grades and prices, from $5 to $8 per barrel.

Call early and get the best.

SHOES for Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children, AT COST.
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
mh26. CHESTERTOWN.

Money Saved?
HOW?

BY buying your goods where you can get the BEST for the least money.
Well, where can I find such a place?

At SPARKS'
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

He keeps quite a VARIETY STORE.

Confectionery,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Oranges,	Cakes,	Sauces,
Lemons,	Crackers,	Extracts,
Figs,	Pickles,	Chocolate,
Nuts,	Chow-Chow,	Gelatine.

Cigars and Tobacco.

We keep a good stock always on hand. Gravely's Best Tobacco, Durham and Bob White Smoking Tobacco. Also, a full line of PIPES.

Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!

We are still in the Clock business, and are selling them lower than they can be bought elsewhere. Come and see!

A Splendid Line of LAMPS.

We make this a specialty in our business and cannot be undersold by any one.
GLASSWARE.—In this line we know that we keep finer goods than any house in town.
NOTIONS.—Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Purses, Paper and Envelopes, we are selling at or near cost, as we intend changing this part of our business.

Now Don't Fail

to look for the place. It will certainly pay you, for we are selling goods very low.
SPARKS,
Mar. 26, 1881. opp. Court House.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.

FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

There is nothing more useful about a house than a CARPET STRETCHER. Call and secure one.
apr30. T. L. HINES & CO.

LIVERY
And EXCHANGE STABLES
CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.
ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

BLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Oringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.
s8ep1

LIFE'S MEANING.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies!
Not a game of idle chances,
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged height of time;
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More religion, less profession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial;
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
And in whatso'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

Muller's Faith.

HE TELLS HOW HIS PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED.

Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, England, is in New York, and in a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, told something of his lifelong work and of the training that led up to it. He was born on September 27, 1805, in Prussia, and from his earliest childhood his father intended that he should be a clergyman. He was educated accordingly, and in the Easter of 1825 he passed the necessary examination and entered the university. But, though a student of theology, he lived only for the pleasures of the world, and was a constant attendant at theatres, balls, card rooms and billiard saloons. On returning home he was taken by a friend to a small prayer-meeting, where he was converted in a single evening. In the university there were 1,250 students, and only three pious ones, who were ridiculed by the others. He became the fourth pious student, and patiently bore the contempt showered upon him for his action.

In 1829 he went to England, and soon afterward became pastor of an English church. He heard that the trustees had some difficulty in collecting his salary, so he told his people that for the future he would accept no regular remuneration, but simply take what they could afford to give him, and from that time to the present, fifty years and seven months, he took no salary. Often all the money in the house was gone, and he and his wife fell on their knees and prayed for as much as was requisite for house rent, servants' wages, clothing and other necessaries, and they never failed to get it. Many times the last food in the house was on the table, but neither he nor his wife were alarmed. They laid the case before the Lord, and the daily bread was always forthcoming.

When he first determined to open an orphan asylum, Mr. Muller said he asked God for $1,000 and the money came in slowly. He described the successful working of the various institutions, homes and asylums that had succeeded the initial one, and said that the expense of supporting them was enormous. He had often paid out as much as $25,000 in a single day, and never had he worn out a pair of shoes or expended a single dollar in trying to collect the money. He had waited on the Lord with prayer and faith and he had never been disappointed. He and his wife had yesterday morning laid about sixty petitions before God and he had no doubt that they would all be granted. Sixty petitions were about his daily average, but sometimes they rose to seventy and sometimes fell to fifty.

A Genuine Ghost Story.

Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a plantation not far from Guilford, Conn. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark.

Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap a-pie*, and, having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms.

Shortly he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again.

The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming up stairs.

At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and listening, his heart, too, chimed in with the tune—pit, pat, but rather faster than it was wont to do.

He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang!—something went down stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard.

This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches.

Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat.

When the noise was close to his ambush he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant. And what did he see? Only a rabbit, which stood on his hind legs as much astonished as was the sentry!

Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, which disappeared down stairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind feet hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to another. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost.

He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghost's bodies into the bargain.

How a Woman Reads a Newspaper.

According to Mrs. Gertrude Garrison this is how she does it: She takes it up hurriedly, and begins to scan it over rapidly, as though she was hunting some particular thing, but she is not. She is merely taking in the obscure paragraphs, which, she believes, were put in the out-of-the way places for the sake of keeping her from seeing them. As she finishes each one, her countenance brightens with the comfortable reflection that she has outwitted the editor and the whole race of men, for she cherishes a vague belief that newspapers are the enemies of her sex, and editors her chief oppressors. She never reads the headlines, and the huge telegraph heads she never sees. She is greedy for local news, and devours it with the keenest relish. Marriages and deaths are always interesting reading to her, and advertisements are exciting and stimulating. She cares little for printed jokes unless they reflect ridicule upon the men; and then she delights in them and never forgets them. She pays particular attention to anything enclosed in quotation marks, and considers it rather better authority than anything first handled. The columns in which the editor airs his opinions, in leaded bifalutin, she rarely reads. Views are of no importance in her estimation, but facts are everything. She generally reads the poetry. She doesn't always care for it, but makes a practice of reading it, because she ought to. She reads stories and sketches and paragraphs indiscriminately, and believes every word of them. Finally, after she has read all she intends to, she lays the paper down with an air of disappointment, and a half contemptuous gesture, which says very plainly that she thinks all newspapers miserable failures, but is certain that if she had a chance she could make the only perfect newspaper the world had ever seen.

A SUBSCRIBER asks if we can recommend a cheap and popular watering place. Certainly; the town pump.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

'Look here, Sally!'

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with the generous army of unbaked pies and cakes; the plump turkey stuffed and trussed for the morrow's baking, and the big chicken pie to which her fingers had given the finishing touches, as she repeated more decidedly:

'Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twon't need to be very large,' she added, in reply to Sallie's doubtful look. 'Only the minister and his wife—and you can bake it in that yaller dish.

'Now, I'm going up stairs ter look over them rags, an' you make an' bake it right off so's I can send it over by the deacon. He's got ter go out to the corner this afternoon, and can take it along as well as not.'

She bustled out of the door, but the next moment, seized with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again to say warningly:

'Be sure you put in a good parcel of gravy; that'll keep it from being dry, if 'tis half giblets.'

'Yes'm,' answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a lump of dough, on the moulding board.

As the stairway door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rolling-pin and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

'Giblets! What in all creation, if anybody can tell me does she mean by them?'

Involuntarily she took a step forward, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

'I guess I an't agoin' ter confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her have her say, as she always does. 'Two terms to the academy, Sally, and not know that!' No ma'm! not while there's a dictionary in the house!'

So softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, Sally hastily opened a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

'G-i-b here 'tis!' and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

'Those parts of a fowl that are removed before cooking—the heart, gizzard, liver &c.

'That's it—heart, gizzard, liver, and so forth,' she repeated joyfully, as she retraced her steps to the kitchen, and began with alacrity, to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up, meanwhile, a running fire of comment for her own special benefit.

'Six gizzards! Well, that is rather 'steep,' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows, if she don't tain't none of my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and will tuck into the corners handy. Six livers! Seems to me they don't fill up much,' and she glanced, with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her only resource.

'Now I wonder, with a sudden inspiration, what that 'and so forth' means? Here's hearts gizzards and livers, plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth,' and the pie ain't more than two thirds full yet. It must be, and she cast a bewildered look at the half filled pie, 'the chickens' legs! I never knew anyone to put 'em in a pie, but that must be what it means, they'll just fill up.'

No sooner thought than done. In went three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strutted about so proudly only the day before; on went the well-rolled dough, covering them from sight, and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered the kitchen, and with an approving look at the snowy pastry, remarked encouragingly:

'That pie looks real neat, Sally. I should not wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook.'

It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's back door, out as much as $25,000 in a single day, and never had he worn out a pair of shoes or expended a single dollar in trying to collect the money. He had waited on the Lord with prayer and faith and he had never been disappointed. He and his wife had yesterday morning laid about sixty petitions before God and he had no doubt that they would all be granted. Sixty petitions were about his daily average, but sometimes they rose to seventy and sometimes fell to fifty.

'Good mornin', Miss Grabam. Good mornin', Hain't been to breakfast yet I see. We had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used to say that if anybody lost an hour in the mornin' they might chase it all day and not ketch up with it then.

'That's a good looking pie—pretty rich pastry, though, for a chicken pie! I don't never put much shortnin' in anything of that kind it's rich enough inside ter make up. But you're young, an' have got a good many things to learn yet. I run in ter see if you could spare me a cup of yeast; mine soured the last batch of bread I made, I hadter throw it to the hogs.'

'Certainly,' and a rougish smile flitted over the fair face of the minister's wife, at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbor's own economy. But she had learned a rare lesson of judicious silence, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the desired article.

As her steps died away, Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her seat and approached the dresser upon which the pie stood, peer curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity. 'I'll bet a ninepence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish't I could get one look, just to satisfy my own mind,' she added. And, determined to accomplish the object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust, and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair, she actually groaned aloud.

'Well, I never! an' we payin' that man five hundred dollars a year, besides a donation party at Christmas. Ough!'

Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion had haunted it, but when the minister in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair had a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing-circle, and seldom had that interesting gathering proved so lovely and animated as on this occasion.

Miss Patience was in the field bright and early, and it was evident at a glance to those who knew her best that she was well-nigh bursting with some important secret that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Dea. Farrell, who was a constitutional croaker, took occasion to say in reference to the hard times—

"The Deacon has been tryin' ter collect the church tax and he says he never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as much as he can do now to get five dollars as it used to be to get ten.'

'An' no wonder', spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx. 'You can't expect folks ter feel like payin' out their money when they see it fairly thrown away and wasted.'

Everybody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to bristle defiantly. The minister's sweet, young wife was evidently a favorite with them at least.

'What do you mean by that?' asked Mrs. Farrel, pointedly. 'Miss Graham is young and inexperienced to be sure; but, as the deacon was sayin' only yesterday, she does very well indeed, considerin'.'

Patience tossed her head knowingly. 'I don't want to say nothin' to hurt her, but livin' next door as I do, I can't always help seein' and hearin' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see and know things like—'

There was an ominous pause, and the deacon's wife asked, excitedly,—

'Like what?'

'Chicken pies, with legs and feet of the chicken baked in!'

Had a thunderbolt then fallen among them, it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New England housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of the pastor's young wife.

'Are you sure of it?' gasped one matron, breaking the ominous silence. 'I know it for a fact,' was solemnly returned.

'Chicken legs in a pie!'

'She's a born fool,' ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantly, and I'm thankful for her poor husband's sake that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. They had to thow her's away, of course, and it's lucky that he didn't have to go without his Thanksgiving breakfast on account of her ignorance and shiftlessness.'

'How did you know about the pie?' asked one of the girls.

Miss Patience bristled defiantly. 'That's nobody's business but my own', she retorted tartly. 'I don't go round ter find out things that don't concern me, I'd have you know! but when they're thrown right into my face, as you might say, I don't shut my eyes any more'n other folks.'

Just here the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversation, with her pretty face glowing with the haste she had made, and a mischievous twinkle to her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding their confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then holding out upon the tip of one slender finger a well-worn thimble, she said archly—

'Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?'

So pleased was Miss Patience to regain her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all her assumed dignity, and exclaimed joyfully:—

'Well, I declare, I am glad to see that thimble once more! I told Mary Jane that I felt sure I had it on my finger when I run into your house Thanksgivin' mornin' arter that yeast. But when I got home it was nowhere to be found. Now where did you find it?'

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room and everybody, of course, looked up as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile—

'In the chicken-pie that our good friend here'—and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Farrel—'sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down in the cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it, there was your thimble in it. How could it have got there? It is certainly very mysterous, anyway.'

Silence, dead, profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group.

This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with the ladies nearest her that soon restored the company to their wonted ease and good humor.

But poor Miss Patience! She never heard the last of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hands but her own to make a Thanksgiving pie for her minister.

SPOOPENDYKE.

HE AND MRS. S. GO IN BATHING.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bounced out of his bathing house and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and get out again, or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What are you standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for—a big light-house? Did you come down here to take a bath, ar are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What is the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

"Oh! they are too big for you, ain't they?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw you off a little one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't you? It's the big waves you want, I tell you. Look here!" and Mr. Spoopendyke marched boldly into the sea again. Another wave caught him, and landed him high and dripping on the beach.

"Why didn't ye come when I called ye? What do ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for?" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you waiting to be launched like a ship? Can't you walk as far as that? What are you hoisting up the legs of your pants for? Why ain't skirts. Now look at me. See how I go in, and you follow me when I beckon to you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged in and swashed around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biding its time. Another wave caught him and rolled him over, pumping itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him around and finally deposited him, howling, on the sand.

"Got most ready to go in," he jerked out, as he climbed up himself and assumed the perpendicular. "Think I'm going to slam around here all day, like a waterspout, waiting for you? What did you come here for? Find any fun standing out there like a soda water sign? Why don't you get into the water if you are going to? Come on now."

"I'm afraid," sniveled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "if I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No, you won't get drowned, either. Can't you hold on to me? What did you put on the shirt and trousers for if you meant to get drowned? What are you doing around here? Now when I go in again, you come along, or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope. For a second or two he sprawled around, and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him for a moment, and then her fear for him overcame her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in and hauled him out by the hair.

"Dod gast the water," choked Mr. Spoopendyke; "I'm full of the measly stuff. So you got in, didn't you? Let go my hair, will ye? Let go, I tell ye! What d'ye think you are anyway—a steam barber shop? Going to let hold of that hair some time?"

But, frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bathing house.

"Oh, if I hadn't saved you," she sobbed.

"Yes, yes, you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. All you want is four airtight compartments and two sets of tholepins to be a patent life-raft."

"Are you going to let go that hair?"

And as she released him they went to their separate apartments.

Dying Words of Great Men!

Middletown Transcript.

All great men have dying words. It would not be worth their while to die if they couldn't hand down some last words for future generations to quote. Otherwise, they had better live, and save the funeral expenses. Dying words should not be left to the last moment. They should be prepared in time, like impromptu speeches for other occasions, so that they may appear a little more polished than they would if they were hewed out on short notice, while the undertaker was standing behind the door with a tape measure under his coat-tail, wondering whether it would be mahogany or rosewood. This being the case, and since the minds of great men are much occupied with other matters, we have written out a few dying words for some of our leading minds, who may be called on to die at some time when they have no dying words about them:

Bob Ingersoll—"Don't forget my fan and linen duster."

U. S. Grant—"Death is horrible—but it don't cost a cent."

R. B. Hayes—"At last I am counted out. Give my sympathies to the poor."

Alexander III—"It must have been loaded."

W. Mahone—"Where am I?"

Sitting Bull—"I surrender."

Judge Robertson—"I am confirmed."

Roscoe Conkling—"I am resigned."

I. platt—"So'm I?"

SOME men are always trying to begin at the top, unmindful of the fact that it is all folly to shingle the house until after the cellar has been dug.—*New Haven Register.*

PAPER dinner plates are now in use. By-and-bye they will print the news of the day around the rim and serve them fresh at every meal.

"WHAT is home where love is not?" asks a susceptible young poet. It's a mighty interesting place—to the neighbors.

A MATCH is a gentle thing; but scratch it and it will fire up in a second. Matches are not altogether unlike folks.

A SICK man, with a mustard plaster on him, said: "If I should eat a loaf of bread I'd be a live sandwich."

Napoleon Before and After Waterloo.

GOING TO WATERLOO.

We saw two carriages approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur! L'Empereur!* We arrived breathless, and only preceding the emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of the street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons;