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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881. No. 12.

ADVERTISING:

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

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

Legal Notices.

Ratification Notice.

Richard Hynson, James A. Pearce and Michael Bannon, Trustees,
versus
D. C. Blackiston.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, July 9, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of D. C. Blackiston, made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, JAMES A. PEARCE and M. BANNON, Trustees, under a certain Deed of Trust from David C. Blackiston and wife, dated February 18, 1881, and recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 1, folios 570, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twelfth day of September next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Twelfth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $21,557.57.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 9, 1880—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent Co., Maryland,
versus
George W. Sutton.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, June 28, 1881.

ORDERED, this twenty-eighth day of June, 1881, that the sale made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, the attorney named in a mortgage from Geo. W. Sutton to the Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent county, Md., dated May 25, 1875, to sell the real estate mentioned therein, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 31st day of August next,—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the thirty-first day of July next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,310.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Robert R. Hatcherson and others,
versus
Nathaniel C. Crow and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, July 2, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate in the proceedings in the above cause therein mentioned, made and reported by CHARLES H. BAKER and RICHARD HYNSON, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of September next,—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the fifth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $14,034 60.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Harriett Vanhorn,
versus
Sallie S. Vanhorn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, June 25, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in the proceedings in the above cause, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of August, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the twenty-ninth day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,801.60.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
June 25, 1881—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN BRYAN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 24th of January, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 5th day of July, 1881.

JOHN BRYAN, JR.,
July 9, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

A CARD.

To the Business Men & Legal Profession of Chestertown:

HAVING been reappointed CONSTABLE by lawful authority for my 3rd term for Queen Anne's county, and given good and sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of all the duties of the said office, I solicit a share of the business of Chestertown.

I promise to give my undivided attention to all business intrusted to me, and make prompt returns of all moneys collected by me. I will solicit for a reasonable commission or bring suit according to law as instructed.

M. C. CASEY, Constable,
CRUMPTON, Q. A. CO., MD.

A List of Miscellaneous Articles

FOR SALE AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Perfumery, Colognes, Extracts, Soaps, Clothes-Brushes, Gold Pens, Pencils, Boxes of Fancy Paper, Fine Stationery.

BOOKS.—Seaside Libraries, Franklin Square Libraries, Book Bags, Pens, Inks, opying Pencils, Prayer Books, Hymn Books and Bibles. Also, the Revised Edition of the New Testament, which will be in stock in a few days.

These goods are all fine goods, selected with the greatest care, and are now offered for sale at the lowest possible prices, by

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.
May 21, 1881.

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

T. J. McWHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL

LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted

for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;

J. J. Turner & Co.'s

FERTILIZERS,

which are the best in the market.

They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

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.

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.

PHILADELPHIA

CREAM MEAD

IS THE MOST POPULAR DRINK NOW SOLD.

T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.

June 25, 1881.

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.

LADIES' Kid, Fox, Button and Lace Gaiters. Gents' and Boys' Dress and work Shoes at prices that defy competition.

J. H. SIMPERS.

RICH'D J. FOARD,

DEALER IN

Grain

CHESTERTOWN,

MARYLAND.

New Wheat

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

RICHARD J. FOARD,

OFFICE in F. Platt's Hardware Store, next to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store, High street. June 18—3m.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

New Wheat

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

E. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Md.,

DEALER IN

Grain, Coal, Lime

FERTILIZERS,

Agricultural Implements,
&c., &c.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED

McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,

The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.
je25-tf.

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.

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.

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.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

There comes a time to every life,
When, heart-sick, weary of the strife
And toil of living,
We fain would lay us down to rest,
And feel that we indeed are blest,
Hands folded over the troubled breast,
And God forgiving
Our sins and errors of this life
Which we are living.

But life is not all dull and gray,
For after midnight comes the ray
Of early morning;
And after darkest nights of pain
Our eyes behold the day again,
As rainbows follow after rain,
The sky adorning
With hues which chase away the gray
Of early morning.

And know our Father sends the light,
And, too, he also sends the night,
His wisdom proving;
For darkness makes the day more fair,
The fiercest lightning clears the air;
And we, when thinking of this, dare
Not doubt His loving;
Nor that he sends both day and night—
His wisdom proving.

WE must be here to work;
And men who work can only work for men,
And not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and, so work humanly
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls
As God did first.

—MRS. BROWNING.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

[The following sketch was contributed to *Life Illustrated*, about twenty-five years since, by the proprietor of THE AMERICAN SENTRY, but has been rewritten by him as it appears below.]

It was on the eastern division of the Erie Railroad, late in the summer of 1849. The heavy morning fog had wet the rails just enough to make them so slippery that it was only by the liberal use of sand that we enabled our great "Ten Wheel" locomotive to pull its train up the grades, and, as a consequence, with the best we could do, we had lost a good deal of time climbing the Goshen and the Oxford grades, but they were passed and were now on a down grade with the steam shut off, and trying to regain our lost time by running at as high a rate of speed as was deemed safe under the circumstances.

At times an opening in the dense banks of fog that were sluggishly drifting across the road would permit of a clear view ahead for a considerable distance, only to be quickly obscured by the watery vapor as it again closed over the track.

Our engineer was a brave, cool, clear-headed man, who, while on duty, gave all his thoughts and attention to his work, with a full realization of the fact that the lives and property of others were in his keeping. The impossibility, most of the time, of clearly seeing the track for any considerable distance was a source of intense anxiety to him.

With his gaze fixed on the track ahead, he held the cord leading to the whistle, in one hand, ready, at every instant, to sound the alarm for applying the brakes, while with the other he firmly grasped the reversing lever, ready to throw the machinery into the backward motion in a moment, if necessary. With a deliberate movement, indicating uncertainty, he sounded the call for applying the brakes; he had caught an indistinct view of something ahead, on the track; in another moment the whistle again sounded the alarm, this time in that peculiar, startling manner that cannot be described, but is instantly recognized by the experienced ear of the train-man as a sure indication of imminent peril; he had discovered that the object, at first indistinctly seen, was a little child standing in the middle of the track. Another moment and the reversing lever had been thrown back and steam applied, stopping the forward turning of the driving wheels for a second and then whirling them in a backward direction. The child was too young to have the least perception of danger, and the screaming of the whistle with which the engineer sought to scare it from the track failed to alarm it. Vain were the efforts to stop. The locomotive was pushed forward by the weight and momentum of the train as if by some infernal power, seeking the life of the unsuspecting little one. Oh! that the driving wheels could be made to cling to the track instead of slipping around, and so enable the locomotive to use its gigantic power in stopping the train! In vain the engineer jerked the valve of the sand box wide open; the store of sand had been exhausted in climbing the grades and there seemed not to be a grain left; with only a few quarts of sand he might still hope to save that innocent life. Suddenly the wheels take hold of the rails with a terrible power that seems as if it would tear them from their place, giving a shock of resistance that makes the long train hesitate and tremble as the cars grate and crowd forward upon each other, and the gallant iron steed. Alas, it is only for a moment; a little sand had been dislodged from some corner by the violent shaking of the locomotive, and run down upon the rails. Now the scene becomes one of terror; the brakemen, too, have discovered the child, and are straining at their brakes with desperate but useless energy, while the backward whirling driving wheels throw out great streams of crackling, hissing sparks as they slip round upon their iron track. As the locomotivo passed the child's home near the track, its mother, startled by the great commotion, came to the door, and, seeing her darling's deadly peril, that she was powerless to avert, closed her eyes in speechless agony, that she might shut out the awful scene.

At this terrible moment the engineer had left his post, and, running swiftly along on the side of the locomotive, stepped quickly down upon the lower bars of the pilot (cow-catcher) and while in a crouching position and holding firmly with one hand to the iron bar forming the pilot's centre, he reached forward with the other, and, catching the child by the arm, raised it from the track and bore it along in safety. A moment later he had stepped from the still moving locomotive and carried the child back to its mother, who, seeing that it was unhurt, clasped it to her bosom and fainted as the terrible agony left her mind.

Do you wish to master any science or accomplishment? Give yourself to it, and it lies beneath your feet. Time and pains will do anything. This world is given as the prize for the men in earnest.

AFFECTION is the organizing force in the human constitution.

LITTLE MINCHEN.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

In the city of San Francisco, on the water front, among the wharves and shipping, lived Frau Schmidt, a fair, fat German woman of forty. She had no children of her own, but there lived with her a little girl whom she called Minchen, but whom the neighbors knew as "Minkin." Herr Schmidt shoveled coal on the wharf all day, while his wife made coarse flannel shirts for sailors and boatmen. Minchen, too, did her part toward supporting the family by going every morning to Oakland ferry to sell her little bunches of violets and mignonnetts; and although many of the passengers had just left behind them gardens full of flowers as fresh, Minchen's sweet little smile and pleading blue eyes made them glad to buy her poises to carry in the buttonhole for an hour.

In the same tenement with the Schmidts lived an old Yankee, owner of sail and row boats. Minchen was a great pet of Old Yank's. He often took her with him in the summer evenings to row around Goat Island. Sometimes they landed there, and climbing to the top of the old octagonal light house, watched the huge ferry boats go steaming by. Sometimes Minchen rowed, and though only ten years old, "She knowed," old Yank said, "quite as much 'bout thet thar boat as I does my own self."

On Minchen's eleventh birthday, old Yank, seeing the afternoon was fair and the breeze mild, told her, as she had grown so big and old, that she might take the Sally out all by herself, row till she was tired, and float home with the tide. The kind old man, while Minchen ran home to ask permission of Frau Schmidt, put in the tin box under the stern seat of the boat a large orange and a birthday cake, all frosted on top, and with a large "M" in pink carroway seeds, for a decoration. "She says I may," said the little one, breathlessly, as she came running down the wharf, holding in her hand by one string her torn yellow sun bonnet. With many knowing nods and winks in the direction of the hidden goodies, Yank helped the child into the Sally, and bidding her be careful, stood waving to her from the top of the tallest pile. He watched and waved his old straw hat to her till the black hull of a passing ship hid her from view.

At his coal heap on the wharf Herr Schmidt watched the little boat dance over the waves, swung his red bandana to her, and wished heartily that he could go with his little Minchen out on the water in the bright sunshine.

At her window the Frau dropped the coarse flannel sewing, and sighed a kiss to the figure in the little green boat.

When the good woman's husband returned all sooty and dirty from his work at the coal heap, they talked about little Minchen, how they loved her, and how pretty she was; how soon she must be back from her birthday treat, and how proud she would be of having gone so far by herself. Soon old Yank came in, and said; "Whar's the little 'un? turned in a' ready? Gin out, I reckon."

"She has not come yet," said Frau Schmidt, trembling a little, "but she will soon be here," she added, seeing the frightened look on her husband's face.

Not one word said Yank, but grabbing his hat, fairly jumped down the steep flights of stairs, ran quickly to the wharf, jumped into the first boat he saw, and pulled with all his great strength for the island.

In through the Golden Gate poured the silver fog—over the hills of the city it rolled and tumbled into the bay, hiding ships and steamers, ferry-boats and schooners under its thick veil. But Yank knew the bay well, and steered straight for the island, peering at every stroke into the gray mist for the green "Sally" and her precious burden.

All this time Minchen, who had not been to the island at all, was pulling hard for home, she thought, but the fog had come in so quickly and the wind made the waves so high, that our poor little girl no longer knew which way to steer; so with bow pointed to the Golden Gate, she rowed with all her little strength for the open sea. Wet and weary, she sank at last into the bottom of the boat helpless, for she could row no longer. Praying the good angles to take care of her, she sat quite still, trying to hear the island fog horn; but she could not—the wind was in the wrong direction. "I must be nearly home," she said; "I must try to make for the waves, they surely are just over there." So she rose, took the oars in the poor numb hands, and began to pull again. Suddenly she let both oars slig from her grasp and float away on the high waves, for with a dull, booming sound came the knell of the Fort Point fog bell, and she knew she was passing through the Gate out to the open ocean; that she had taken the wrong direction and was floating out to sea—going away from home and love, away from Frau Schmidt and her flowers to the cold fog and colder ocean, to death—to death—to death. And with these thoughts whirling through her mind, she sank lifeless into the bottom of the boat.

Home came old Yank after an unsuccessful search, and staggered up the stairs to where he knew he should find the weeping Frau. He reached the door of Minchen's room, and opening it found the poor woman crying on the coarse, little bed. He merely touched her arm.

"Gone," was all he said, and turning, went suddenly down to his own room, and there cried like a child. Every day after did he climb to the top of Telegraph Hill, vainly and foolishly he knew, hoping to see the green Sally dancing on the innocent-looking waves. Descending, he went to the Police Station to inquire if any news had come of Minchen. Hearing none, he walked sadly home, wondering how he should again reply to the sad questions in Frau Schmidt's eyes.

The morning after Minchen's disappearance dawned bright and warm on the ocean. The sun, as it looked down from the sky, saw what old Yank would have given his eyes to see—a little, green boat, with a child wet and weary lying almost frozen in the bottom of it. So the good-natured sun shone warmly on the closed eyes and pale cheeks of the little one, till at last she woke at his fond caress, and faint and weary tried to recall what had happened. Slowly it all came back to her—how her happy birthday had ended, how she was floating there on the great ocean, with not even an oar to help guide her to the land she could just see rising from the water.

"Must I float here till I starve to death?" she said, "or die of thirst," and then she remembered the half cake left in the box from yesterday's luncheon, so she clambered over the thwarts to the box, found the cake and began to eat, thinking all the while of dear Frau Schmidt and the roses in the box at the window—how she should never see them again, how she should float on and on till a storm crushed her boat and she should be drowned.

So she sat thinking—our poor little Minchen—all alone on the great ocean, when her eye caught sight of a sail, a very small one, like that of Yank's other boat. Could it be he? She would shout and he would hear. "Yank! Yank!" she called loudly, and waved her apron briskly over her head.

"Ahoy!" came back over the water. Yes, it was he. She thought he saw her. He was coming, and, fainting, she dropped into the water. Nearer and nearer came the sailboat. Some one jumped from the deck, swam toward the sinking child, grasped her firmly in one arm and swam with her to his boat again.

When Minchen opened her eyes she saw—not Yank, but the very queerest man in the world, with grizzly hair and whiskers. He wore leather clothes, and was alone in the boat.

"Well, little girl," he said, "what's your name and how came you alone over there," pointing with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder to the fast disappearing Sally; "were you shipwrecked?"

"N-no, sir," stammered Minchen; and then she burst into tears and cried as though her heart would break. Between her sobs she told the man her name; how she had always lived with Frau Schmidt; how she loved old Yank; about her birthday, and how she sold flowers to make a few dimes to help Herr Schmidt, who loved her in place of his own child, who died long ago.

The old man listened patiently, and then said:

"Minchen, I live all by myself, over there where you see the hills rising from the water. I have no one to speak to; no one to love me, or be loved by me. Will you come with me and be my little girl, and stay among the hills with me? We can be happy, I know. I'll teach you how to row and hunt, and you shall be my little cook when I have taught you how to broil fish over hot stones." Then he suddenly stopped talking, and Minchen only cried as she thought about Frau Schmidt, and wondered why the man did not sail with her to San Francisco.

Then, as suddenly he began to talk again—told her that he went once in six months to the village, where he exchanged his deer and bear skins for clothes and flour; that there he was known as "Grampa Grump," because he never talked with the loungers and gossips at the tavern. But why he lived so alone, or what his name really was, Minchen, or any one else, never knew.

He questioned Minchen closely about her home and friends, and when she told him how happy they all had been together, this old man, whom men called gruff and rough, envied the little one's friends their happiness. "They think her dead," he said to himself, "and dead she shall be to them. I will make her love me as she does them, and with her love will come a little joy to my lonely life, after all." So whenever little Minchen mentioned Frau Schmidt, or Yank, or roses, he frowned and looked so unhappy, that she grew to know she must not mention them to him, so she never spoke of them, but to her own heart.

At length they reached their journey's end. The little craft was anchored in a cove, and Grampa Grump, lifting the child in his arms, waded through the water to the beach. He led her to a rudely built hut of logs, a short distance from the water's edge, pushed open the door and showed her his one-roomed home. He let her see his guns and fishing-tackle; showed her the pile of bear-skins that formed his bed, and told her many stories of his wild life among the hills, while they ate their simple supper. After the meal was over he made her a bed of deer-skins, and gently wrapping her in his great coat, kissed her a good-night, and went down to unload his boat.

In the days and months that followed, Minchen's life was very happy. She wandered over the mountains with Grampa in search of game, set traps for wild pigeons, and went fishing in the cove. But when evening came, and the sun was sinking into the ocean, she went to the seashore, and sitting on the sand, thought long and fondly of the old home among the wharves, and of those whom she knew were sad without. And so lived our little Minchen for four years—each year finding her more fond of the queer old man with whom she lived than the last had left her.

Once in six months they went to the village to make their exchange and purchases. These trips were rare treats to our little maid—not so little now as when we first saw her. The villagers, although they avoided the strange man who always attended her, were always very kind to the girl, and many bits of gay ribbon found their way into Minchen's possession, and once in a while a newspaper or a small, new coin.

Sometimes it happened that the schooner anchored in the bay when they made their half-yearly trips to the village. Minchen always teased to be allowed to go on board, as she used to do with old Yank when at home, but Grampa always said:

"Next time, little one; we must hurry home now." One day, when Minchen had been away from home nearly five years, Grampa at last went with her on board a schooner, which was at anchor in the harbor, at the village. As they rowed under the stern of the vessel, Minchen said:

I wonder what her name is! queer we did not hear of it in the village. Grampa it's so nice; to see the sailors again, you don't know how nice it is, and shading her eyes with her hand she read "Sally—San Francisco."

"Why Grampa Grump, it's Sally—Sally, do you hear?" and scarcely waiting to be made fast she jumped to the schooner's deck, half expecting to find it transformed into the little green Sally in which she had taken her birthday row.

While Grampa sat in the row boat Minchen modestly inquired of the sailors if she could see the captain, and through her mind there went some vague idea of asking him to look for Frau Schmidt and Yank, when he reached San Francisco, and tell them she was well and happy. When stumbling up the companion way came the Captain—Old Yank himself!

"Yank, Yank, dear Yank," she cried as she ran to his side. "Don't you know me? I am Minken your own little Minken!"

"Minken, Minken," said the old man, sadly; "I reckon there hain't no Minken, Miss, Minken's dead and gone these four years an' more. The Frau, she sits and cries all day for a word from her, and Yank—poor old cuss!—he tuk ter sea agin, cause he couldn't stay ashore arter drownin' his Minken. No, Miss Minken's dead, I tell yer."

"No, no, I'm not," said the child. "Yank, why don't you know me? Gampa Gump picked me up out at sea, and with him I've lived ever since."

Yank was at last convinced; catching Minchen in his arms he kissed her over and over again, laughing and yet brushing away the tears from his eyes.

"Granpa, Granpa, come here," Minchen called. "Here's Yank, my Yank. Yes, you must come!" and taking Yank's hand she went to where Grampa, sad and scowling, was standing, his back resolutely turned on his darling's new found friend.

"Happiness is not for me," said he to himself. "I might have known they would find her some day." Turning towards them, he could not but smile and be glad, for Minchen had such happiness in her eyes, and Yank was really crying for joy.

Yank invited them down to his little cabin and over their pipes they agreed that Minchen should go to Frau Schmidt that very day

"I reckon yer'll come along too, Mr. Grump," said Yank. "You kin bunk along wi' me, an' Minken here'll keep yer comp'ny when I'm ter sea."

"No, no, my friend, I cannot live in a city, now. I am too old, and have lived too long away from men to be happy in the midst of them. But if the little one can only come to see me when I come to the village, twice a year, it will be all I ask."

Yank and Minchen promised him that when spring came Minchen should go to visit him.

So the old man left them, to go back to his lonely hut among the pines.

At sundown Yank's schooner weighed anchor, and the stiff breeze soon bore them out of sight of the village.

Long seemed the voyage to our impatient little maid, and tiresome, but when she found herself in Frau Schmidt's arms, with Herr Schmidt and Yank all trying to embrace her at once, and exclaiming, and crying and laughing all together, her trials were forgotten in her great happiness.

The Frau had grown wrinkled, and Herr Schmidt bent and old in the five years that had been making our Minchen so beautiful, but now the Frau's smiles and happy face made one forget the wrinkles, and Herr Schmidt smoked his pipe in such perfect happiness that one did not notice his bent form, and saw only the contented look in his eyes. As for Yank, he grew younger ever day, and all he could say, when he looked at Minchen and thought of her loss, and how he had found her, was:

Wall! I want ter know!"

Business Before Pleasure.

There is a sagacious Newfoundland dog in Norwich. He will take the basket, in which is a note, and go to market, get meat, vegetables, or whatever the note calls for, and carry it safely home. But he has a daily task assigned him, which he performs, rain or shine, and that is to carry his mistress her dinner. She keeps a millinery establishment and does not go home to her noonday meal. Regularly as the day comes around the dog may be seen trotting along Main street at about 11.30 with a basket in his mouth, looking neither to the right nor left, but going straight to the store, where he sets it down and watches it until his mistress comes for it. And he is so well known, too, among the Norwich dogs that he is never molested. But on Monday a stranger dog undertook to have a little racket with him while he was loaded down with his commissary stores. He hung to the basket, but stopped long enough to get a good look at the cowardly cur that had interfered with him, and then started off on a run to the store, where he dropped the basket and immediately returned to the street and began to search for his assailant. He found him on Franklin avenue and proceeded to chastise him in true canine style. In about half a minute he sat down and watched that cur put in his best jumps for the hill-tops of Voluntown, giving a ki-hi at every leap.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

A NOBLE ACT.—A Toronto paper says that two young ladies, actresses, on their way East from California, became interested in the story of a poor widow whom they met on the train, and who was bringing the body of her husband and her four children from Chicago to Boston. Their sympathy was actively manifested, for, heading a subscription liberally themselves, they collected a fund of nearly one hundred and fifty dollars from their fellow travelers, and caused the widow's tears to flow afresh by presenting it to her.

A NEW YORK exchange has a column every day headed "Movements of notable persons," and although last week we fell down cellar wile going after a ball of butter, and although we have read that column carefully every day, we've seen nothing of it. Evidently there should be a change in the staff of that paper, or its subscribers will be kicking in less than a week.—*Boomerang.*

"FATHER," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I suppose so," said his father; "why do you ask that?" "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments; that was all."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SKILLED DETECTIVE.

About two years ago Mr. Azariah Boody, of Newark, N. J., a retired plumber, on returning from a visit to New York, was astonished to find the front door of his splendid residence standing open, although he had closed it securely upon his departure. Proceeding further, he at once perceived by the empty wine bottles and costly viands scattered over the magnificent satin furniture that the house had been burglarized in his absence. A ponderous hair trunk, in which he kept his valuables, had been opened and a set of shirt studs and a package of four per cents removed. It was impossible to tell exactly when the robbery had occurred, but the excited millionaire at once started for police headquarters.

On the steps of the office he encountered a keen looking man, with the eagle nose and hawk eye peculiar to detectives, who inquired if he wished to see the Chief.

"Immediately," said the millionaire plumber.

"He is in New York," replied the man on the steps, "but if it's anything of importance I will attend to it in his place."

"I have been robbed," said the victim.

"I knew it," replied the police attache, with the true promptness of the profession. "Let us at once to the spot."

The plumber led him to the house.

"I trust nothing has been moved since the crime was discovered," said the detective, as they entered the house.

"Absolutely nothing," said the old gentleman, who had read Gaborian's 'M. Lecocq' four times.

"Because," said the detective, much depends upon a careful study of the surroundings," and he began his investigations by measuring a square inch of the dust-covered lid of the trunk. He then produced a small pair of scales, and, scraping off the inch of dust referred to, carefully weighed the same.

"Let me see," he muttered, making a calculation, "dust settles at the rate of 648-1000ths of an inch per hour. It is therefore certain that the burglary was committed last Thursday at 1.15 A. M."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how wonderful."

The detective now approached the remains of the robbers' repast. "There were three robbers," he said.

"Yes, but here are four glasses used," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"The fourth was merely used to pour the corky top from the bottles," exclaimed the detective, who gave his name as Kickshaw. "One of them was a powerful man of advanced age. See this bitten cracker with the marks of decayed teeth. The second was a dandy with a long moustache, for you can perceive here he has repeatedly wiped it on this napkin. The third burglar was unmistakably a woman."

"A woman," gasped the house owner.

"Precisely. You see she has eaten nothing save pickles and the icing from this cake. In her nervousness she has upset the salt and spilt the wine on the cloth. It was doubtless her first affair of the kind."

"Yes, I see," said old Boody, much interested.

"And a pretty woman as well," went on the detective. "You notice she has brushed the dust from every mirror in the room to look at herself. Next, we find that they divided the plunder on the spot. Look! were not these broken tapes the ones with which your bond package was tied?"

"They are."

"During the division they quarreled."

"But how do you know that?" asked Boody.

"By this overturned chair. Besides, the piano is open, and marks of fingers are on the bass keys. Women always sit down on that end of the piano when they are angry."

"Even when burglaring?" said the old party.

"At all times," replied Kickshaw; "it makes no difference whatsoever. The woman had red hair."

"Had, eh?"

"Yes—she—threw that book in the corner at the old man, and made his nose bleed. See this towel stained with blood. No one but a red-haired woman would have done that."

"How do you know that it was the old man's nose?"

"Because," replied the detective, using a pocket microscope, "the blood globules are those of an elderly person."

"I suppose they did not remain hereabouts long?" queried the plumber.

"No, they left the next morning for Chicago."

"Great Heavens! What do you mean?" said the old gentleman. "Are you a magician?"

"It is very simple," replied the human 'sleut' hound." "On this crumpled scrap of paper you will see some figures. Of course the thieves could not realize on the bonds at once. They, therefore, made a computation to discover just how far their immediate cash would take them. Chicago was the result, as the total arrived at is the fare to that city multiplied by three."

"I see—I see," said the plumber.

"I start for Chicago on the next train," continued the thief taker, promptly. "Let me see—perhaps you had better let me have $500 for expenses."

The old gentleman instantly passed over the amount.

"Remember," said the detective, as he departed, "not a word of what we have discovered. Keep perfectly quiet until you hear from me."

And to this day the defrauded plumber is waiting for news from the detective, who, as the reader has already guessed, was the robber himself.

"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to brother Ames. "Yes, they do," replied the brother, "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was 150."

THE "poor people" do not go on Sunday to the fashionable resorts, which "are not for the likes of them." This plea for Sabbath-breaking is old, emaciated and shabby.

Two girls at Waupaca, Co., tossed up for a lover, and the loser acted as bridesmaid at the wedding.