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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:
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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, NOVEMBER 26, 1881. No. 30.

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.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
AND
FERTILIZERS,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN
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.

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,
aug6. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

T. J. MWcHORTER,
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,
y 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
a23-tf.

T. L. SUTLIFF,
Real Estate Agent
AND CONVEYANCER,
CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S Co., MD.
jy23-6m.*

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
☞Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

Roofing & Spouting,
TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE,
Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of
ROOFING and SPOUTING
at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work. Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
☞A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the
CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.
is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)
Agricultural Lime,
in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.
Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,
19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

GLASSWARE, Lamps and Fixtures of all kinds, we are headquarters for and our prices cannot fail to give satisfaction to all.
SPARKS,
aug6. opp. Court House

SALE OF HOUSE and LOT.

BY virtue of competent authority, the undersigned, as Agent, will offer at PUBLIC SALE to the highest bidder,
ON WEDNESDAY,
The 30th November, 1881,
at 12 o'clock M., at the Hotel of W. H. Pennington, in Galena, Kent county, Md., all that
HOUSE AND LOT
in Galena, formerly belonging to Mrs. Alice R. Nowland. This Lot is well situated in the pleasantest and most eligible part of the village, upon the street leading to Georgetown, and adjoining the property of Jas. S. Willson and others.

IT CONTAINS 3 ROODS, 30 PERCHES, and 78 SQUARE YARDS of LAND, more or less, and is improved by a
Good Frame Dwelling,
in fair repair, and of ample size for an ordinary family. There is also a STABLE on the premises.

The situation is one of the best in the village, and the lot is large and valuable.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:
One-fourth cash on the day of sale, and the residue in three equal instalments in one, two, and three years, with interest from date, secured by bond of purchaser with approved security.—Possession given at once.
EDWIN H. BROWN,
AGENT.
JAMES H. COSTIN, Auctioneer.
Nov. 5, 1881—ts.

New Arrival Fall Goods!

LOWEST PRICES!

We have just opened a large general stock of goods suitable for the FALL and WINTER season, and respectfully invite buyers to inspect our goods and prices before purchasing.

DRY GOODS.
DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, KERSEYS, MUSLINS, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Shawls, Skirts, Nubias, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES
Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, FINE BOOTS, Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes, in great variety.

HATS and CAPS!
Newest Styles! Lowest Prices!

CARPETS and Oil Cloths.
Woodenware and Queensware,
Groceries: Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices. Tobacco, &c.

☞We will give you good values, and WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.
J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 15, 1881.

SPARKS,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,
Largest Stock,
Most Beautiful Styles,
Greater Variety,
and Lowest Prices
—FOR—
Lamps and Fixtures
in Kent County!
☞LOOK FOR THE PLACE:
SPARKS',
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Oct. 29, 1881.

J. W. PERKINS,
LYNCH'S, MD.,

HAVING laid in a *LARGE STOCK OF GOODS* in the following lines, respectfully request my friends to inspect the same:
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Notions, Hardware,
Queensware, Tinware,
Willow-ware, Boots & Shoes,
Fish by the bbl., ½ bbl. and ¼ bbl., or kit; also, Horse Collars, Bridles, Lines, Traces and Halters, all at the
Lowest City Prices!
☞Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.
J. W. PERKINS,
March 19, 1881. LYNCH'S.

LIME FOR SALE.
Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station in Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quick Lime
for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
oc15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

VENDUE!

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale at Kennedyville, at 1½ o'clock P. M.,
SATURDAY, Nov. 26, inst.,
THE FOLLOWING
HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE,
Namely: 1 Suite of Cottage Furniture, Walnut Bedsteads, Walnut Bureau, Marble-top Walnut Wash-stands, Mahogany do., all-wool Ingrain Carpets, English Brussels Carpets, Walnut marble-top Table, large stuffed Rocking Chair, stuffed Parlor Chairs and Sofa, Walnut Lounge, Cane-seat Chairs and Rocking Chair, Extension Table and Looking Glasses; 3 Stoves, 1 Cook Stove, Window Shades.

TERMS—All sums of and under $10 cash; over that amount a credit of nine months, with note and approved security.
M. J. GINN.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. n19-2t.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned will offer at public sale on the Bowman Farm, near Fairlee, on
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30, 1881,
at 10 o'clock A. M., the following property:
3 HEAD of GOOD HORSES
One of them an extra driver, 7 years old, and Roan Chief Stock;
8 Head of Superior MILCH COWS,
Three of them fresh by the middle of December, and four fresh by the middle of January.
40 HEAD of GOOD EWES,
And ONE SOUTHDOWN BUCK.
1 Farm Wagon and Harness; one Horse-Cart, nearly new, Chapman & Lambert's make; Cart Harness, nearly new; 1 single wheel Champion Reaper, nearly new—never cut over 100 acres; 1 Woods Mower; 1 Van Wickle Fan, and 1 Pennock Corn Sheller, nearly new; 1 Advance Chilled Plow, 1 Concave, 2 two-furrow Plows, all nearly new; 2 No. 4 Wiley Plows; 1 Iron and 2 wooden Cultivators; 1 Twin Harrow, 1 good York Carriage and Harness, nearly new, hand made; Shovels, Hoes and Forks, 5 Corn Hoes, C. & L. make; 2 3-horse trees; nearly new; Plow Harness, Bridles and Collars; 1 improved Sausage Grinder and Stuffer; a lot of Stone Milk Cans; 1 Churn; 35000 lbs. Corn Blades; 1 Hyland Corn Sheller, with fans all complete; lot of old iron, &c.

TERMS OF SALE:—On all sums below $10 the cash will be required; on all sums above $10 a credit of 12 months on note with approved security, will be given. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.
n12-ts. N. C. CROW.

STOVES!
AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF
—COOK—
AND
Heating Stoves
AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS
BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove
which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves
for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,
AND
New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.
Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the
Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE
for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.
THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,
Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

WE SELL Baker's Chocolates, the best flavoring extracts, Gelatines, Pickles, Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, Chow-Chow, 25, 30 and 40c. per bottle; at
SPARKS'.

A POET'S MAIL.

Four letters and a paper: this one, showing
A careless hand, is from my cousin May;
Ten pages long, and full to overflowing
Of beaux, and belles, and balls, and all things gay.

And this one: well, I cannot quite discover
Just what the indefinite writer does intend;
He's quite too frankly-cordial for a lover,
And much too lover-like for just a friend.

And here a sister poet tells her fancies,
Merry or sad, just as her humor is;
Weaving a web of many-hued romances,
Out of the soberest realities.

And here is one in marvelous superscription;
I make it out by guessing at a part—
I tell the truth without a spice of fiction—
I tear it open with a fluttering heart.

Two cabalistic words here greet my vision—
Two simple words, expressive and defined,
And yet they crush me with their curt precision,
Their most polite "Respectfully declined."

I take up tenderly my little verseling,
That I had written with such loving care;
I feel as does a mother when her nurseling
Is called by others neither sweet nor fair.

I rail against the man who so decrees it,
And like the world-renowned worm I turn;
"He does not know a poem when he sees it,
Elsewise my genius would he quick discern."

Or else he wants to crush out my ambition,
To keep from me my due of fame or pelf;
Or else, O! most judicious, sage decision,
It may be he writes poetry himself.

If that be true, then may the muses flout him,
And play upon him all unworthy pranks.
May every editor in the county scout him,
And all his poems be "declined with thanks."

And now I read again the little verses
I thought so perfect; it must be confessed
This line is bad, and that one surely worse is,
And this thought certainly is ill-expressed.

It may be that my vanity deceived me;
It may be neither jealousy or spite
Inspired the critic who so sorely grieved me;
It may be, after all, the man was right.
—*Carlotta Perry.*

THE RUNAWAY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

The Doane household was in a most delightful ferment. It was at last decided that Thanksgiving should be spent at grandpa's. Richard Doane, a lad of fourteen, and Patty, his sister, a sweet little girl of five, could talk of nothing else. Oh, what fun they would have! Sleigh rides and coasting—for of course there would be snow. Thanksgiving without snow on the ground wouldn't be half so nice; and as they were going to have the very jolliest time they ever did have, it wasn't at all probable that the snow would be mean enough to disappoint them. Dick was a manly fellow, fine-looking, and generally kind and good-natured, but possessed of a quick and fiery temper, which occassioned his parents great anxiety. Mrs. Doane had just begun to congratulate herself that the worst was over when something dreadful happened. Dick was expelled from school, and this, though bad enough, was not all. Dick ran away. All this happened just two days before the intended journey to grandpa's. The following is the letter received by Mr. Doane the morning after the expulsion:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: You know by this time that I have been driven out of school. It was right that I should be, for I was very impertinent and very wicked. I tried to come home, but shame wouldn't let me. I feel that I shall never behave so again, but I can't ask you to trust me after all that has happened. I have taken out the twenty dollars I had in bank, and I am going to try and get some work to do. Kiss Patty for me and try to make Patty forget her bad brother. DICK.

In vain did Mr. Doane declare that it would come out right, and this experience would be the best thing for Dick that ever happened. His mother refused to be comforted, and little Patty was inconsolable; but just because Mr. Doane was firm and wise, the visit to grandpa's was not postponed. Grandpa tried to appear as if nothing had happened, and, in the effort, rather overdid the matter. Dick was a great pet of the old gentleman's, and it was very difficult to be cherry under such circumstances. Grandma said "there was altogether two much stuff in the boy to be spoiled so easily," and went on with her work "just as if Dick had come, too," Patty said, who couldn't quite understand anybody's being happy with Dick away. But grandma was sure the lad was in God's hands, and this thought gave her strength and courage to bear whatever might be sent.

Patty sat by the kitchen table, and watched the old lady sift her pumpkin, and then she helped stone the raisins for the last loaves of cake. Grandma said she was perfectly astonished to see how smart her little girl had grown; and then the little darling's finger's flew faster than ever, for, like other children, Patty liked to be praised. When grandma at last brought out the tins in which she always baked the plum-cakes for Patty and Dick, Patty began to cry.

"What is the matter?" inquired grandma.

"O, grandma?" said Patty, "please don't bake a cake in Dick's tin. O, my poor brother Dick! I don't want any cake neither, grandma."

"Nonsense, child," said the old lady, "Why you and your mother act as if Dick had gone forever! Now look here. I shall bake the boy's cake, and if he isn't here to eat it, I shall be very much surprised. We will ice the cake, Patty, and then you shall put his name on the top in caraway seeds; Dick's uncommon fond of caraway seeds, you know."

Patty looked up and smiled through her tears. It was impossible to be sad very long with such a grandmother as that. By and by the cakes were done and cooled and the old lady spread a thick icing ever them, and before it was quite stiffened she whittled a stick and with it traced in the centre of the largest cake the word "Dick." Then Patty sprinkled the caraway seed carefully into all the places, and just as everything was finished, mamma came into the kitchen to see what had become of Patty.

"Why, child! what are you making!" she said.

"Can't you read?" inquired grandma. "It seems to me that's as plain as a pike-staff."

"Oh, mother! do you really think he'll be here?" inquired Doane, doing her best to keep from crying.

"I shall expect him," replied the old lady, decidedly; "and if he don't come I shall believe God knows better what is good for all of us than we know ourselves; and now, my child, if there is a pleasant thing in the world, I advise you to think about, for it's worse than useless to fret about Dick."

The next day was Thanksgiving. The weather was clear, but blustering and very cold. The ground was well covered with snow, and there seemed nothing left to wish for in the way of comfort and happiness but the presence of the truant. The family drove to the church in the morning, and returned just in time for dinner. Patty burst into tears as grandpa passed her plate, and she sobbed so that grandma told her that she had better take some sugar and go out and feed the pony. Once out of the sound of the house, Patty gave full vent to her grief, and cried as if her heart would break. There she sat on the floor, a poor, little, wilted bundle of merino and misery, the sauce-plate of sugar by her side, with no thought in her curly head for anything in the world but her brother Dick.

"O, Dick! how could you be such a bad boy?" she cried. "Grandma said you would come, and you haven't no such thing, and now you can't have your cake, nor turkey, nor noffin." All of a sudden Yatty heard a queer noise. She stoopped crying and held her breath. It was like a sob from the corn-crib.

"Horses don't cry, nor cows, nor pigs, as I ever heard of," said Patty to herself, as the strange noise was repeated. A ladder stood against the corn-crib, and in a twinkling Patty had climbed to the top and looked in. There stood Dick up to his waist in yellow corn, both hands to his face, crying as he had probably never cried since he was a baby.

"Oh, brother Dick!" said Patty, jumping in beside him, at the imminent risk of being buried alive. "My gracious! there isn't any bottom to this stuff, is there?" Then Dick took his little sister on his arm, and tucked her head in his neck, and pressed his cheek to hers, and Patty cried, and Dick cried and laughed, and all this in the corn-crib. Then Dick lifted her out, and without a word, but keeping tight hold of the little hand, walked with her to the house. "Here's Dick, mamma," said Patty, leading the boy to his mother. "He's all over meal, but you musn't mind that, I found him in the corn-crib."

"What on earth were you doing in the corn-crib?" said Grandma, who wanted to appear as if nothing had happened.

"I didn't mean to come in, grandma," replied Dick, "but I wanted see you all so much, and I hid in the barn. Patty almost caught me, and I ran for the corn-crib."

"And then he sniffed so that I did catch him."

And then Dick sat down to the table, and all waited upon him, and grandma brought the cake with "Dick" on top, and Mr. Doane went to the window and looked out—but this was only a blind to hide his tears; and grandma cut another mince-pie, saying as she did so;

"Where in the world could that boy have been? I shouldn't think he'd had anything to eat since the creation of the world."

The next day everything was explained and forgiven, and when Dick went back to the city he begged the professor's pardon, and was reinstated in school. Has he been a good boy ever since? We are pleased to say that he has, his last experience having been a good lesson to him.—*Elanor Kirk.*

A Strange Sight at Sea.

A STEAMSHIP CUTTING WHALES IN TWO—RUNNING INTO A SCHOOL OF THEM TWENTY MILES LONG.

The Newport, of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co., ran into a school of sperm whales off the Delaware capes on her last southward trip. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, and Captain John P. Sundberg says he could see millions of them from the deck. He estimated the width of the school at half a mile, and its length at twenty miles. The sea was smooth, the sun was shining, and all the passengers were on deck. The vessel was steaming at fifteen knots. Some of the whales were seventy feet long. One of them, about sixty-five feet long, was struck by the bow of the steamship at right angles and about in the middle of the body. The shock nearly threw the passengers from their feet. At the moment of the collision the whale threw up its fluskes and deluged the fore part of the deck. Commissioner Allen F. Swan, of the Brooklyn Bridge, who was looking over the prow, was among the passengers who got drenched. The whale, Captain Sundberg says, was cut in two, the forepart going to one side of the vessel and the after part to the other. The sea was colored with blood. The head was driven down into the water so far that when it came up it arose six feet above the surface, in plain sight of those who were looking over the side. The shock threw the steam steering gear temporarily out of order, but othewise the vessel was not damaged. A few minutes latter a second whale was cut in two almost in the same manner as the first had been. The head went to the port side, but the body passed under the bottom and was struck by the propeller blades. The effect of this on the machinery alarmed the engineer in the engine room, who thought the blades had struck a drifting spar. The course of the vessel was then changed and she ran out of the school.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What makes all men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed, to, and at ease in, the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations, with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

"WHAT'S in a name?" In answer to the foregoing conundrum we would reply; present it to the bank for discount and you will find out mighty quick.—*Wilkins.*

MAGGIE AND THE BURGLARS.

"You are not afraid, Maggie?"

"Me afraid!" said Maggie. "I'd no fear born with me. As for the house, it's the strongest fastened ever I was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burglar could force, and I am not one to let tramps or the like in of my free will. God knows the place will be safe though when you come back—as safe as though there was a regiment of soldiers in it; and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, this old woman; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few intimate friends, hospitality not being one of his virtues.

He was rich, and there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money, too, than most men keep about them; but then it was as secure as a bank vault—patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to wake the household, were attached to every door, and a furious watch dog that lived on raw meat, was in the back garden. The Van Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were mysteries to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business, had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on the gold watches, cashmere shawls, and diamonds of genteel distress.

Two ar three mortgages that he had bought up had been rather cruelly foreclosed, and he was a hard landlord and a bad person to owe money to altogether. On the whole he was disliked in the place, and, rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among his neighbors at at Oakhom.

However, having resolved to marry again—there had been Mrs. Van Nott, who had died years before—he had sought out a wealthy widow of a saving disposition, who lived on a small farm some miles out of town, and having already disinherited her daughter, for espousing an estimable man of small means, and turned her only son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any troublesome generosity into his household, and had offered himself to her and had been accepted.

And now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and his houses, and it was upon the eve of departure that he held the above conversation with his old servant, standing with his portmanteau in his hand, and regarding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the night-watchman, and give him a dollar to take a particular look at this house. Well, good-bye, Maggie, make things as neat as possible; if they look dirty my wife may think the furniture old, and want something new for the parlor." And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"Yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor master! What a pity he should marry, after all—but old fools are the worst fools. A young man of eight-and-forty, too, when he has a sensible servant, sixty last January, and knows what belongs to good housekeeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me? I'd not have gone galivating and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie trotted away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She had said truly that there was no fear born with her, but as the night drew on she began to feel somewhat lonely. As her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into his little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to herself, "I should think something awful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals. I'll make myself a cup of tea, and see if I can get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie shut her self into the snug kitchen, and lighting two candles, drew a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet close to the cooking stove began to feel much more comfortable.

The old clock ticked away on the mantel, the hands pointing to half-past eight.

"I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie. I've worked well to-day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! What's that?"

It was a sound outside the door—a slow, solemn grating of the wheels. Then feet trod the pavement and the bell rang faintly. "A carriage," cried Maggie. "Has he changed his mind and brought her home at once? But that can't be; he's not married yet." And taking one of the candles she trotted to the door, but not before the bell rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, holding the door slightly ajar.

"A stranger," said a voice, "one who has something in particular to say to you."

"You'll have to wait for to-morrow," said Maggie. "You can't come in to-night."

"My good woman," said the stranger, "you are Margaret Black?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty years?"

"Yes."

"My good woman, if you are attached to your master I have bad news for you."

"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie, but she did not open the door much wider, only enough to thrust her head out. "Don't scare me, mister. What is it?"

"The worst you can think of," said the man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the —— road. There has been a terrible accident."

"Preserve us!" cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, "and him on the way to his wedding. He's hurt badly then?"

"He's dead," said the man. "Dead, and we've brought him home."

Maggie sat down on a chair and began to cry.

"We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to-morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall watch with him and allow no strangers to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I am told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them and seal them up before strangers have access to the room."

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried old Maggie. "That it should come to this. Yes, I'll watch alone—I am not afraid; but, oh, dear!"

Then she shrank back and let two men carry a horrible coffin into the front parlor.

They came out with their hats off, and the other man also held his in his hand.

"I regret to leave you all alone in the house," he said.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie, "but it's terrible!"

"If you would like me to stay," said the man.

"No," said Maggie; "I've no fear of living or dead folks. You can go."

Then she locked the door, went into the parlor, and, putting the candle on the mantel, looked at the coffin through her tears.

"He was good enough to me," she said; "poor Mr. Archibald! And this comes of wanting to marry at this time of life, and galivanting on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," and Maggie crossed the room and lifted the lid over the face of the enclosed body.

"I'll take a look," she said to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more Maggie dropped the lid again, and retreated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a face with its eyes shut, and with bandages about the head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well chalked, and not her master's, and Maggie knew at once that she had been well humbugged—that this story of her master's death was a lie, and that a burglar lay within the coffin, ready to spring upon her and bind her, or, perhaps, murder her at any moment.

She could, of course, open the door and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long distance to the nearest house, and, even if they did not kill her, they would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie, aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded, six shots in each. Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed at troublesome cats with great success more than once. If she could secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room. "Poor dear master." She lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out.

It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You had better," said Maggie to herself.

Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprung to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said, coolly. "No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first-rate, especially when I'm afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head bobbed down again. Maggie reseated herself. She knew that this could not last very long—that there must be a conflict before long. It was as she supposed. A moment more and the coffin was empty, and a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge and thus addressed her:

"We meant to do it all quiet," he said, "and I don't want to frighten an old woman. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened," said Maggie.

"I'm coming to take them things away from you," said the man.

"Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took aim and he dodged, but a bullet went thro' his left arm, and it dropped by his side.

Furious with pain, he dashed toward her. She fired again, and this time wounded him in the right shoulder.—Faint, and quite helpless, he staggered against the wall

"There! you've done it, old woman," he said. "Open the door and let me out. My game is up."

"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot you through the heart."

The burglar looked piteously at her, but he saw no mercy in her face. He went back to the coffin and lay down in it. Blood dripped from his wounds and he was growing pale. Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dared not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's friends., and risk her own life. There was nothing for it but to play the surgeon herself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this, she brought him a cup of tea and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing, however, could induce her to let him out of the coffin.

About one or two o'clock she heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but her stout heart never quailed. She trusted in the bars and bolts, and they did not betray her.

The daylight found her quietly sitting beside the wounded burglar, and the milkman, bright and early, was the embassador who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie, in her best alpaca, told the news in laconic fashion,

"Frightened!" she said, in answer to the sympathetic ejaculation of her new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, no! Fear wasn't born in me."

A COUNTRY exchange, speaking of the balloonist who landed in the woods of Chippewa, says: "they were saved from starvation by the sound of a cow bell." We have no doubt the sound of a cow bell, properly cooked, would sustain life for a short time, but taken raw, as the balloonist must have taken it, there must have been very little nourishment in it.

THE QUESTION OF LIVING.

Economy in living is the problem up for solution almost daily in every family, at least those not born with a "silver spoon in their mouths." This is more of an absorbing question this year than usual, as the prices of nearly all articles of food are considerably higher than a year ago. The light wheat crop in the West began in midsummer to affect the price of flour, and then came the long drouth to parch the pastures and prevent the proper growth of the fruit and root crops. Now with the cold weather close at hand, the prudent housekeeper finds that it is of no use to longer delay the purchase of his winter's stock of provisions, and realizes that the high figures of the past month, which he thought might prove speculative and transient, are likely to prevail until the crops of another year come into market. Taking the average of the rise in prices, it is safe to say that the expense of furnishing the table of a family is a considerable per cent. higher than in November, 1880. This is especially so of potatoes, our most staple article of vegetable diet. Potatoes which sold last Fall in New York for $1.25 to $1.50 per barrel, now bring $3 to $3.50, and would be still higher if not for the importation of Canadian potatoes, which find a profitable market here in spite of the absurd tariff of 15 cents per bushel. Good apples, which last year sold for an average of less than $2 per barrel, now range from $4 to $5. The prices of cured meat show an advance of from 10 to 20 per cent, and would be still higher were it not for the fact that the low transit rates on live stock bring the beeves of Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, and even of Texas, in competition with those raised upon the pasture lands of New York and Pennsylvania. Flour has risen about $1 a barrel. The advance in butter and cheese averages about 25 per cent., and eggs are nearly 50 per cent. above usual Fall prices. We cannot doubt that a speculative feeling, as a result of an abundance of money, has had much to do with the advance in prices. Taking advantage of the cry of the "drought," even the prices of kindling wood was advanced in the cities. The increased cost of living falls heavily upon the poorer classes, and upon the great middle class, made up of people whose incomes from wages, salaries, or the profits of small retail business, cannot be adjusted to meet the heavier bills at the butcher's and grocer's. There is no relief unless it be in the practice of more stringent household economies. Fortunately in many things such as dry goods, coal, &c., there is no material change in prices. With many families there is no difference in the end with high or low prices—they spend all they get, whether much or little. With all, greater economy in buying and greater care to avoid the waste of food in the kitchen and larder, will go far toward compensating for the increased cost of provisions.

A Woman's Whims.

The Empress Josephine had six hundred thousand francs for her personal expenses, but this sum was not sufficient and her debts increased to an appalling extent. Notwithstanding the position of her husband, she could never submit to either order or ettiquette in her private life. She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costumes for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequalled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then she appeared with flowers, pearls or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoardes of dresses in the various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures; he would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent, after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin.

IF the good "all die young, heaven must be full of good servant girls. There are none on earth.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

SOME oysters are born stale, some achieve staleness, and some have staleness thrust upon them.—*Breakfast Table.*

IT does not follow that a woman who is married always does right, even though she cannot act a-miss.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

WE always enjoy greenback meetings, when the meeting happens to occur between the greenback and ourself.—*Oil City Derrick.*

GOV. LITTLEFIELD, of Rhode Island, is one of the most quiet and modest of men, and he was insulted by being asked if he was leader of a brass band! But he corrected the impression by assuring those around him that he was only the Governor of the State.—*Webster Times.*

"You were not riding this afternoon, were you, Cecily, my dear?" inquired her intimate, last evening. "No. Don't you think my dear little pony has got the pink-eye. Isn't that dreadful? And a dark red pony, at that. How unbecoming to his complexion.—*New Haven Reg.*

THEY sat together in the lamplight and read the advertising columns of their local paper, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Look, only $15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked. "Oh, no," he answered; "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied. That settled it.—*Hotel World.*

A BRIGHT LAD, a pupil in a public school not a thousand miles from Yonkers, said to his father at the supper table the other day. "Papa, in his talk to us to-day, the Superintendent said: 'Some boys don't know nothing,' and I could hardly help getting up and saying; 'Some men don't know anything.'"—*Yonkers Gazette.*