msa_sc2901_scm1624-1056 ©Maryland State Archives

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. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882. No. 36.

CHRISTMAS CLOTHING

BORDLEY BROS.

Have bought nearly 500 Children's Suits and Overcoats for the Christmas Holidays

Ranging in age from 3 years old up, and ranging in price from $2 to $10. We are selling a first class solid wool Child's Suit, elaborately trimmed, for $5, and a solid wool Overcoat for $3.50. Parents would do well and find it greatly to their interest to examine our goods and prices before purchasing.

Now let us tell you What we can do for Men:

In the first place we have the largest stock of MEN'S SUITS and OVERCOATS on the Shore, ranging in prices from $4 00 to $35 00, including all styles and qualities. We are selling a good suit, WHICH WE MOST POSITIVELY GUARANTEE TO BE ALL WOOL, FOR **$8.75**, something that no other Clothing Man on the Shore can do; we bought these suits at a sacrifice, and are selling them in the same way.

In our NEW STORE ROOM can be found a line of CHEAP CLOTHING, the low price of which have absolutely surprised all who have bought. In this store can be found Suits and Overcoats from $2 50 to $10 00; single heavy weight pants as low as 65 cents. Here you can find a great many Solid Cassimere suits, selling for less money than they cost to manufacture, because the sizes have been sold out, and the balance of the lot placed in the Cheap Store to be sold below cost.

We are buying constantly, and although the season is late, still we have a very large stock left, and can suit all who favor us with a call.

We also carry the largest stock of

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

to be found on the Shore. We are selling a good FUR HAT for $1 25, and wool hats, as low down as 35 cents.

Our line of NECK WEAR and SILK HANDKERCHIEFS is pronounced the finest in the county. UNDERSHIRTS by the hundred. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in all cases.

BORDLEY BROS.,
December 9, 1882. CHESTERTOWN, MD

NOW IS THE TIME

TO CALL AT THE

"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE,

Under the Kent News Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—AND—

Take a Look at the Large Display

Of READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have just received from New York one of the largest and best selected stocks of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods that were ever presented to the people of this county, if not the largest ever on the Shore.

A large assortment of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's OVER-COATS from $1.50 to $25.

We Sell MORE Clothing, BETTER Clothing, and CHEAPER Clothing

Than any one Store on the Shore.

For we buy our Clothing direct from the manufacturer and buy strictly for the CASH; therefore can afford to sell much lower than stores that are compelled to buy from jobbers on long credit, or who handle goods on commission.

Our stock consists of

Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's

Ready Made CLOTHING.

OVER-COATS, BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS of every description to fit children from 3 years old up to the stoutest man.

Also, a large stock of the newest styles of Cashmere and Worsted PANTS from 75 cents up to $10 per pair. Our stock of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS is complete in every particular.

GIVE US A CALL, examine our stock and compare our goods and prices with any other house in the State is all we ask.

Sept. 30, 1882. A. FRIEDMAN.

T. D. PIERCE—

DEALER in BOOTS AND SHOES of every description;

PRICES always the lowest, and one price to all.

IMMENSE STOCK of BOOTS and SHOES to select from.

ELEGANT STYLES, QUALITY and FIT.

RELIABLE RUBBER GOODS a specialty.

CASH DEALING enables us to sell at small profit.

EVERY PAIR of BOOTS and SHOES guaranteed.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
Nov. 11, 1882. Adjoining the Bank

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!

Having moved to the large and commodious Warehouse

168 W. PRATT ST.,

[Next to Corner of Light,]

I am prepared to furnish the public and trade generally WITH EVERYTHING APPERTAINING TO

GUNNING and FISHING.

as I have as complete stock as will be found in New York.

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leather Goods, Glass Balls, Glass Ball Traps, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

W. P. PATTERSON,
July 2, 1881. 168 W. PRATT ST., Baltimore.

AT W. H. LAMBERT'S is the place to get Bargains in all kinds of Groceries and Meats. s30.

45 CENTS a Pound for good, sound TOBACCO. Try it, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FLOUR kept constantly in stock. FLOUR by the Barrel or Bag, and sold at the lowest cash prices. aug12. WM. J. MCFEELEY & SON.

ALL kinds of Canned Goods at LAMBERT'S.

VENDUE

INTENDING to discontinue farming, I will sell at PUBLIC SALE at my residence, "Ellendale," Eastern Neck, on

THURSDAY, Dec. 21, 1882,

The following Property:

Five Good Horses

TWO COLTS,

5 MILCH COWS, 1 YOKE of OXEN

ONE BULL,

3,000 LBS. OF PORK,

1 FARM WAGON and Harness;
1 Ox-Cart, 1 Willoughby Grain Drill,
1 Champion Combined Reaper & Mower,
1 Single Champion Reaper; 1 Horse Rake;
1 Horse Power, in good order:
1 Circular Wood Saw, 1 Fan,
1 Cider Mill, Plow Harness, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention.
1 COOK STOVE and Kitchen Furniture

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over, a credit of 9 months on note with approved security.

W. E. WILLSON.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. d9-ts.

PUBLIC SALE!

THE undersigned, about to quit farming, will sell at PUBLIC SALE at his residence near Kennedyville, on

THURSDAY, Dec. 21, 1882

The following Personal Property:

4 Head of Horses

Two of them Good Drivers;

2 COWS, 1 YEARLING HEIFER,

10 HEAD OF SHOATS,

1 Jump-seat CARRIAGE, nearly new;
1 TOP BUGGY and Harness;
2 WAGONS and 2 sets Harness;
1 CHAMPION REAPER and Mower combined;
1 Scythe and Cradle, 1 Roller;
1 Dearborn Pole; 1 Log Horse-Trough;
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Bridles, Collars, Plow Harness, &c.
Also, 1 COOK STOVE.

The sale will commence at 11 A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of 11 months on negotiable note payable at Kent National Bank. No property to be removed till terms complied with.

C. W. RAMBO.
C. W. WARREN, Auct'r. d9-ts.

TAX NOTICES.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

THE undersigned Collector of FIRST DISTRICT, hereby gives notice that he will be at the following places for the convenience of Tax Payers after this date, namely:

At CHESTERVILLE Tuesday afternoons.
At GALENA on Thursday mornings.
At SASSAFRAS Thursday afternoons.
At MASSEYS Saturday mornings.
At MILLINGTON Saturday afternoons of each week until further notice.

Tax Payers are urged to pay their taxes promptly.

JOHN F. WHITTINGTON,
n25-tf. Collector 1st Dist.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE undersigned, Tax Collector, respectfully informs the Tax-payers of the Second District that for their accommodation he will be at Kennedyville on Saturday, August 19; Locust Grove on Wednesday, Aug. 23; Still Pond, Saturday, Aug. 26; Chesterville, Wednesday, Aug. 30, and at each of the above places every successive two weeks from the dates above named.

WM F. ROEDER,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 2d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE *THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.*

THE Books are in my hands for collection, and for the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Smithville every Saturday morning; at Worton Heights every Saturday evening, and in Chestertown every Tuesday. Please settle your taxes early.

S. AMOS REED,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 3d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE *FIFTH DISTRICT.*

TAXES for the present year are now due, and it is to the interest of all tax-payers to make early payments.—My tax bills are all made out and ready to be receipted.

Until further notice I shall be in Chestertown on Tuesdays, and at ADKINSON & BOULTER'S store at Edesville at other times. B. B. ADKINSON.
s30-tf. Coll'r 5 Dist.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE tax accounts are made out and ready for settlement. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown all day on Tuesday and every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment is respectfully solicited. J. M. J. BYRON,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 4th District.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

1882. 1882.

Christmas!

THE PRETTIEST! THE LARGEST! THE BEST! THE CHEAPEST!

SPARKS!

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,

Has just arrived from the cities with his Stock of

Goods for CHRISTMAS!

which includes the Largest Variety—the Prettiest—the Best—and the Cheapest—ever opened in his establishment, and he flatters himself that he has not been outdone heretofore in this line by any dealer in Kent County.

In the CONFECTIONERY line he has everything you can desire in the way of Candies, Fruits, &c., and in

TOYS

you can find hundreds of Doll Babies from 5c. to $5! Also a beautiful line of PRESENTS for old and young.

Christmas Tree Ornaments!

COME AND SEE! And you will find that it is not necessary to go to the city for Christmas goods.

We are determined to please if it be possible to do so by keeping a large stock and selling at low prices.

Don't forget the place—

SPARKS'.
Dec. 9, 1882. Opp. Court House.

Happy Christmas!

W. H. LAMBERT

DEALER IN

Family Groceries Specially,

Has just opened a large stock of RAISINS, PRUNES, CITRON, Currants, Dates, Candies and Nuts, and a large variety of Fancy Cakes

FOR THE HOLLIDAYS!

All kinds of CANNED GOODS, Plum Puddings, Potted Meats, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies, Preserves, Mince Meat, &c., constantly on hand.

FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO a specialty, at lowest prices.

Give me a call.
Dec. 9. W. H. LAMBERT.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

E. M. WILKINS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the seventh day of June, 1883; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 28th day of December, 1882.

MARY A. WILKINS,
RICHARD HYNSON,
d2-4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

PETER STOKES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of MAY, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WILLIAM STEVENS,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM DEFORD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 29th day of May, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WM. B. USILTON,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

A CARD.

IT having been rumored that I intend to discontinue the Coal business, I take this plan to inform my customers, and the public generally, that such a report is without any foundation, whatever, but have secured the services of J. B. McIntyre, who will attend promptly to all my business connected with the coal trade. I will keep constantly on hand at my yard, at the Chester River Steamboat Wharf, Chestertown, a full supply of the best quality of White Ash Coal of various sizes; also, Soft Coal for Engines and blacksmiths. Orders for Coal direct from the vessel a specialty, and respectfully solicited. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to business and by selling an article that is good, to continue a share of public patronage. Respectfully,

THOS. DEC. RUTH.

N. B.—J. B. Intyre will receipt for all bills due for Coal. Parties owing me will please settle at once, I need the money. T. DEC. R.
Aug. 15-tf.

NEWEST styles of Fall and Winter HATS at J. H. SIMPERS.

THE WONDROUS STORY.

A CHRISTMAS SONG: FROM HOOD'S CAROLS.

Angels told the wondrous story,
And the midnight heaven smiled,
When the Lord of Life and Glory
Came to earth a little child;
Lowly cradled in a manger,
Laid aside his diadem;
Come and greet the lovely Stranger;
Hail the Babe of Bethlehem!

CHO:—Shout aloud the blessed story;
Sing again the sweet refrain;
Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace, good will to men,
Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace, good will to men.

Tho' his sceptre's might is endless,
And the far off worlds his own,
Yet he stoops to aid the friendless,
Asks our heart to be his throne;
When we come, our off'rings bringing,
He will not our praise contemn;
Let us join the angels singing,
Hail the Babe of Bethlehem!

Welcome, welcome, Glorious Stranger,
To our hearts in early youth,
Thro' this world of sin and danger
Guide us by thy holy truth,
Till we reach death's chilling river,
In thy name the tide to stem,
And forever and forever,
Praise the Babe of Bethlehem!

PEN PHOTOS OF "YE OLD FOLKS."

NUMBER XIV.

GHOSTS—A TERRIBLE FRIGHT AND AN EXCITING RACE.

He got into the bed and his wife withdrew with the light but the moon shone brightly in at the window and he decided to watch out for the appearance of the old tanner. Nature, however, asserted her sway, and he fell into a quiet slumber. Soon he saw the sash lifted and the well-remembered broad-rimmed hat and snuff-colored coat coming through. In an instant he was out of bed and tumbling down stairs. He was met at the foot thereof by his wife.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing, dear, I was dreaming, I guess."

Again he was escorted to his room, but before consigning himself to the embrace of Morpheus, he placed his garments all in easy access, so as to be within reach if needed, as he felt sure they would be. At the "wee sma' hours" of the night, he was aroused by the well-remembered voice and words of the old tanner:

"You Sal, (pronouncing it Saul) bring me a quart of whiskey from the cellar and a pitcher of water from the well." Looking up he saw David Crane standing at the bedside, staring down upon him. He did not stop to confer with flesh and blood, nor for that matter, with its ghostly representative, but grasping his clothes rushed down the stairway and made for the outer door.

Once in the open air his courage revived, and adjusting his garments, he grasped a stout stick from the wood-pile and challenged all the ghosts in the universe.

"Who's afraid," he exclaimed, "of old David Crane? I am not. Let him come; I dare him to feel the weight of this cudgel."

A short lane led to a gate at the public road; this gate opened up hill, and when thrown wide open would be sure to fall to, moving slowly at first and gaining as it closed would strike the post with accelerated velocity and a furious slam. Throwing open the gate he passed through and had proceeded some distance on the way home when the gate closed with a sound like the report of a musket. Isaac, who was still breathing out threatenings against ghosts, generally, dropped his stick and took to his heels, crying out:

"My dear sir, I did not mean you, no sir, I would not strike you for the world."

After running some distance his cooler judgment again prevailed, and he re-commenced his vituperation of all ghosts. Just then he passed near a fence, behind which sat a flock of geese, and a brave old gander ran his head through and seizing in his bill the bottom of Isaac's pantaloons gave it a vigorous tug. Again his courage oozed out at his finger ends, and he exclaimed:

"Indeed I meant no harm; it was not you I meant."

He suffered no grass, however, to grow under his feet, nor paused in his rapid flight until he had made half the distance toward home. On his arrival there he was in a profuse perspiration, and calling up a negro boy, he directed him to kindle a fire in his bed-room. Thus done he ordered him to stretch himself on the carpet and go to sleep, while he sat before the glowing fire and mused on the events of the night. He soon became drowsy and concluded to seek his couch. The chair in which he sat was one of those old-fashioned ones, the seat of which was made of twisted corn-husks, while the back was supported by two upright posts into which curved slats were inserted. Over the back of this chair he had hung his coat, while his hat occupied one of the projecting knobs of the posts, his shoes were in position at the foot of the chair and his pantaloons were thrown into the seat with the legs hanging over. In short he had unconsciously dressed up a first-class ghost. After a good sound nap he was awakened by the sound of heavy, stentorious breathing. Raising himself on his elbow and gazing at the chair, he said to himself:

"Ah, ha! So you followed me home, did you? There is no mistake this time. I'll give you such a welcome as you deserve;" and gliding out of his bed, as noiselessly as he could, he grasped a pair of tongs and dealt the supposed intruder a blow which upset the chair, scattered the clothes and aroused the snoring negro, who, springing to his feet, shouted murder at the top of his voice. This awakened his daughters who came rushing down stairs in great fright to see what had happened.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he, to their anxious inquiry. "It is nothing, I was only dreaming."

He told me that he knew he should have to explain to his wife the change of lodgings, and the story would leak out, so he would tell it himself correctly. I think he came to the conclusion if he could not fully agree with Mrs. Turner that cider would intoxicate, that it was unquestionably a very feverish drink. In his latter days he became blind and dependent on his children and friends. SEPTUAGENARIUS.

Starting a Young Man.

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian who has been dead these many years, that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business.

"Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire.

"Occasionally."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year he again presented himself.

"Do you smoke?" asked the great man.

"Yes, now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and after worrying through another twelve months once more faced the great philanthropist.

"Do you chew?"

"Yes."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

But the young man never called again. When some one asked why he didn't make one more effort, he replied:

"Didn't I know what he was driving at? He would have told me that as I had stopped chewing, drinking and smoking, I must have saved enough money to start myself, and he'd been about right."—*Wall Street News.*

A ST. MICHAEL'S youth called on his lady love last week with a half pound of chocolate drops in one pocket, to treat her, and in the other was a quantity of darkcolored pellets, which he had purchased for his mother, who wished to give them to her chickens for the gapes. By some mistake he handed his fair one a handful of the gape remedy, which she hastily devoured. To say she was sick would be putting it mildly. She was ill. The engagement is "off." His ardor is diminished, and he gets very angry now if a person gapes in his presence.—*Crisfield Leader.*

A MAN'S good breeding is the security against other people's ill manners.

IF the poor man cannot always get meat the rich man cannot always digest it.

THERE is a loquacity which tells nothing and there is a silence which tells much.

GREAT THINGS are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

In a rugged and mountainous district of Wales is situated a mining village, noted for this little story which the miners tell to their children.

Years ago in the little village of ——, there was an humble but neatly-kept cottage, where an old miner dwelt with his wife and only child—a son. And Alick was but a young boy when he first descended into the mines with his father.

One evening, as the old miner was returning home from a neighboring village, his attention was attracted by a little girl. She was weeping bitterly. A few broken, almost inarticulate words told that she had been deserted by her mother. The child, weary and hungry, had cried itself to sleep, and while she was sleeping, the unnatural parent had forsaken her.

The old man was touched by the incident.—Raising her tenderly in his arms, he wended his way homeward. Entering the cottage he placed the light burden in his wife's lap saying:

"God in his wisdom has seen fit to choose our home from all the other homes in the village to shelter this deserted child. Knowing your kind heart, wife, I did not fear to bring the little one to you."

The dame pressed the good man's hand affectionately in reply, and Amy—for so the child was called—was soon seated before a simple repast.

Alick, on his return from the parish school, welcomed the little girl with every expression of pleasure.

Years passed away, and Amy's childhood days were spent.

Without great claims to beauty, there was, nevertheless, a charm about her which they all recognized.

The miner and wife were not surprised when Alick one day asked them for their consent to make Amy his wife, and to this request they accorded their heartfelt blessing.

The day for the rustic nuptials were named, and was looked forward to as an occasion of general rejoicing. The happy day arrived; work was suspended that all might join in the merry-making.

Taking the hand of the trembling girl within his own, Alick, according to the long-established custom of the village, led the way to the little vine-covered church where the parish priest blessed their love. Children strewed flowers by the way-side and sang gay songs. Each guest had made a modest offering, but to no one would Alick confide the nature of his gift, wishing, as he did, to excite an agreeable surprise.

When they had returned to the cottage Alick kissed his wife, telling her he would leave her but for a short season. He left the house, and, with one last, lingering look at the doorway where Amy stood waving a merry adieu, he hurried off in the direction of the old mines, and a curve in the road soon hid him from view. As his little figure disappeared Amy uttered a faint sigh, suggestive of a dull foreboding of evil or the fullness of her mirthful joy.

Days passed, and search had been made everywhere. Weeks followed; then months. But the bridegroom did not return. Nor could his absence and strange disappearance be accounted for. No clew was gained by those who searched untiringly. At length hope was abandoned. The widowed bride clung tenaciously to one idea which seemed almost like a folly; in life or death, she would see her husband again before she was called away from earth.

Forty years were gone, and but for the sad, wistful face of old Amy, and the whispered stories of the peasantry; the unaccountable disappearance of Alick would have been forgotten. But the tale told in an under-breath by many a heart was, that Alick had been carried off by an evil spirit, with whom he had held compact. Many even went so far as to say that his soul haunted the old cottage, and had been seen during stormy nights in the mountains. Amy indeed asserted that she often heard his voice calling her, and the light that burned always from nightfall until dawn in her casement told that her heart ever kept vigil over his fate.

The old cottage continued to be thought haunted by ghostly visitors, and because of this superstition none would occupy it. It gradually fell into decay. The women of the village rarely passed the dead miner's house without offering a prayer for the restless soul.

The old mines having been worked, it was at length determined that new excavations should be opened. Amid the operations a subterraneous murmur was heard mingling with the sound of the pick. Suddenly a wailing cry rent the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. Those above rushed in terror to the mouth of the pit, and the most fearless were about to descend, when the call bell was rung violently. Every rope was at once put in use; and the miners were white and trembling with intense fear as they reached the top.

To every inquiry they accorded the most disconnected replies, such as "a man," "a demon," "a miracle!" At length from one old man they gathered that they had worked steadily to open communication between the new and the old mine, but only finding a small obstruction at last a sturdy blow was made, and the dividing wall had given away; that when the cloud of dust had passed from before their astonished eyes they saw a young man; that he was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked fresh and fair, and that his lips were still red. Instead of approaching him they had fled in fright, filled with the belief that it was an evil spirit in human guise they beheld.

The owner of the mine listened attentively. As the old man ceased he rushed forward exclaiming: "To the mine; To the mine!" Soon the truth was known. Ere many minutes three miners issued forth, bearing between them the body of the young man. With a feeling of irrepressible horror they laid him down on the greensward. His clothes were old and indicated a style worn years and years ago; all were, however, in a perfect state of preservation. He seemed dressed as though for a fete. In his hand he held a box. It contained a gold cross, chain and medallion. Time had blackened these little pledges, which the stranger had doubtless intended for some village maiden.

They were about to raise the body and bear it away for burial, when old Amy was seen approaching.

They made way for her, and those near at hand were struck by the singular expression of her face. Her eyes sparkled with new life, and her steps, usually so feeble, seemed to have gained the elasticity of youth. Waving them aside with an imposing dignity, she advanced directly toward the dead man. Kneeling, she parted the dark hair on his brow and murmured, in a tone of inexpressible love and tenderness, his name—"Alick!"

At once all was clear. In an instant the old people present recognized the companion of their youth. Again she spoke:

"Alick, friend of my childhood, my husband, I knew that we would meet again on earth."

As she ceased speaking, her head dropped lower and lower, until it sank upon his breast, as if in prayer.

At length the young men advanced to remove the body. Gently the women raised the figure of the forlorn woman. Seeing that she made no resistance, they bent over her, and found that she, too, was dead. The same grave holds them both.

He Forgot That.

After he had explained that the old woman was bound and determined to have a new bedroom carpet, and that being he was in town he thought he'd take it home and surprise her, he added that he wanted inham carpet to cover a room seven by eleven.

"You mean ingrain."

"Well, I s'pose it's all the same. How much is that piece?"

"Seventy cents a yard."

"Awful steep, but kinder purty. How long will it wear?"

"Oh, ten or twelve years."

"Can it be turned?"

"Yes."

"Anything to get out of repair?"

"Nothing."

"Will the colors fade?"

"They are warranted not to."

"Seventy cents a yard, eh? Well, I kinder like it. Can't the old woman sew it together?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I can nail it down, I reckon?"

"You can."

The number of yards required were cut off, rolled up and paid for, and the buyer soon departed. Two hours passed, and the call was forgotten, when he drove up to the store, and leaped to the walk and rushing in he called out:

"Hang me, if I hadn't got four miles out of town when I suddenly remembered that I didn't ask you if the blamed thing would wash!"

SEEN FROM GABE'S WINDOW.

Famous Horses Whirling Noted Men Over the White Roads.

From the New York Sun.

A man with a ruddy face, mild blue eyes, a red nose, and a husky voice, sat in Gabe Case's Thanksgiving afternoon, with his heels on the window sill and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. He wore a fur cap and a heavy driving coat, and he watched the roadsters as they swept over the wide stretch of snowy road with the critical air of an old horseman. All around him were men who talked horse volubly, shook hands vigorously, and warmed themselves at the bar. Up and down the road from the bridge to the bluff was a rushing line of horses of every color and size, and sleighs of every fashion, with here and there a cab looking very much embarrassed and decidedly out of place.

"Do you see that round-shouldered man in the small cutter, with his cap pulled down over his eyes and his side whiskers sticking out behind like a couple of frosted wisp brooms? That's Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and he's driving his famous team of mares, Aldine and Early Rose. They lift their feet nicely, don't they? and their heads hang pretty, eh? But Lord, they never did 2.16 in Hartford nor anywhere else. That's one of Vanderbilt's little jokes."

"He looks comfortable."

"Yes, those sealskins ought to keep a man warm; but they cost a good deal of money. I tell you, my son, there's a large amount of wealth skimming right along there in the person of Mr. Vanderbilt and his team. Let's see how much it is."

The ruddy-faced man with much tugging and blowing, got an envelope out of his pocket, and, taking a pencil from the reporter, continued:

"Now he bought that team through Rockafeller for $30,000, but the mares hadn't made a double record then, and were not so valuable then as they are now. He considers them worth $100,000, and they would probably bring half that under the hammer to-day. That makes:

Horses	$50,000
Sleigh	300
Harness	200
Sealskin coat and cap	800
Fur lap robe	30
Gloves	16
Total	$51,346

"If you put Vanderbilt himself down for say a hundred million you will at once grasp on to the fact that you are gazing upon what represents a large pile of lucre—hello, there's Ed. Stokes spinning along behind him—the youngish man with the gray hair and deeply marked features. He's driving his crack team Lyman and Bell Flower, and his position in following Vanderbilt is singular, so to remark."

"Why?"

"Because he follows him around whenever he gets a chance, no matter where he is. The old man don't take to Stokes however. You notice the hatchet-faced young man with a thin, red beard, driving the long-legged mare? That's young Vanderbilt—'young Cornel'—who drives a horse much more gently than his father does. The keen-looking, horsey man skimming behind him is John Rogers, driving Wilkes' filly; and the big man with the bay team that drops its fore feet like pile-drivers is Shepard F. Knapp. 'Ullo, here comes Gen. Grant—the fat little man in the plug hat driving the commonplace bay mare. Observe how stylish and coy U. S. G. has become. He is almost the only man on the road today who sports a brand new silk tile and yellow driving gloves. That's the influence of Wall street. He traveled all over the world without improving his way of wearing his necktie, but a few years on the street sends him forth strictly fashionable as to hat and gloves."

Just here there was a quick movement among the watchers, and the hospitable contingent that was still giving thanks at the bar moved hurriedly to the windows. Coming down the road was a square-shouldered, fine-looking man, with snow-white mustache, who sat erect in his sleigh, holding the reins over a team that made the snow fly in clouds.

"That's Frank Work and his great team Edward and Dick Swiveller—the fastest team in the world for money. Talking about Vanderbilt's expensive turnout, why Work knocks them silly! He is taking all the good he can of the day. I saw him this morning skimming along behind his newly purchased chesnut mare Florence. Vanderbilt has driven single to-day too. He went skipping by here this morning behind Lysander. This is the first time we've had snow on Thanksgiving Day since '56-'57, and the boys are bound to enjoy it. There's Johnny Murphy again. He has been out since morning, driving alternately the bay gelding Pickard with a record of 2.18¼, Judge Fullerton 2.18, and the chestnut mare Lady Pritchard, with a record of 2.21. That's good enough stock for any man to ride behind, accordin' to my judgement, which may or may not be good."

An Alarmed Trio.

A few months since a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn and demanded lodging for the night. It was evident from his appearance and actions, that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day. The landlord was a lazy, good-natured soul, and had imbibed rather freely himself.

"If I give you a light and tell you where the room is, you can find the place?" said the landlord.

"Och, an' it's meself that can do that most illegantly. Jish show me the way, an' I'll find it aizy," rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given, and so was the candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitred the inside of the room, and found it contained a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing and quietly crept into the back part of the bed.

He had been in the bed but a few minutes when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman eyed them closely. They seated themselves on chairs in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arms around her waist in a cousinly manner, and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was a witchery in it which demanded a repetition. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with him in the enjoyment of the scene, and to this end he nudged him; but his companion stirred not. He then put his hand on him, and found that he was tightly locked in the cold embrace of death!

"Murther—murther! Howly saints an Hiven pertect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides toward the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs, when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent on making him their prey, and the whole three went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first.

The landlord stood agast as the Irishman rushed into the bar, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eyeballs ready to start from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again. When the young lady and gentleman found that it was not the corpse that had so unceriminously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room (they being the watchers for the night), and doubtless commenced their courting at the point where it was so suddenly broken off.

A CHURCH IN LUCK.—The Congregational Church at Easton, Mass., wins $5,000 as the result of Tuesday's voting. The house of worship was burned not long ago, and in response to an appeal for aid in rebuilding, Oliver Ames jokingly replied that if elected Lieutenant-Governor he would give $2,500, provided the successful candidate for Governor would contribute a like sum. A local paper says that Gen. Butler heard of it and promptly agreed to cover the conditions as far as he might be concerned. The General was elected on the democratic ticket and Mr. Ames on the republican. The church members are non-partizan enough to be thoroughly satisfied with both results.

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.

Some of the Isms.

The following are a few of the isms which the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* publishes for the benefit of readers not versed in the conflicting beliefs of the day:

ATHEISM.

A disbelief in the existence of God. An Atheist is a fool, for the bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." And the reason why he says it in his heart is because said heart is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If his head were level he would say nothing of the sort, for reason admits that God is, since His works declare Him.

DEISM.

A belief in the existence of God, but a denial of revealed religion. A Deist is, therefore, an infidel. He often declares his belief in natural religion—that is, what man may discover by reason alone. Deism and rationalism are twins.

POLYTHEISM.

A belief in the existence of many gods.

PANTHEISM.

A belief that the universe is God. Spinoza was a pantheist and so was Hegel, a recent German philosopher. "A strange belief that leans it's idiot back on folly's topmost twig."

UNITARIANISM.

A belief in the unity of God, as opposed to the orthodox belief of a trinity in unity.

MATERIALISM.

A belief that there is nothing but matter in the universe. What we call mind and soul are to materialists only properties of matter. Of course materialists deny immortality to man. Death is annihilation of existence.

SPIRITUALISM.

The opposition of materialism, originally was a belief that all matter is really spirit, and that, therefore, the universe is only God's concentrated thought. Latterly it means those who believe in the intercourse with the spirit world. We suppose the witch of Endor was a spiritualist.

FATALISM.

A belief that all events necessarily happen—that is, ordained and cannot be altered.

MOHAMMEDISM.

The doctrine of the Mussulmans, who believe in the unity of God and that Mohammed was His prophet. They are fatalists.

CALVANISM.

The leading doctrines are original sin, particular election and reprobation, particular redemption, effectual grace in regeneration and perseverance of the saints.

ARMINIANISM.

Is very nearly the opposite of Calvinism. Its beliefs are (1) conditional election and reprobation; (2) universal redemption, limited in its benefits only by man's act in his failing to believe and obey; (3) regeneration is absolutely essential and instantly follows justifying faith. It is the work of the Holy Spirit, given of God. There is no irresistable grace, and apostatism is possible. Both Calvinists and Arminians believe in total depravity and future eternal puishment.

UNIVERSALISM.

A belief that all men will be finally saved.

BUDDHISM.

Nominally believed by one-third of the human race, teaches that there have been so far four successive incarnations of Deity, followed by stages of unconsciousness. The highest good is Nirvana, or the state of unconscious repose. The last incarnation was called Gaudama, 500 years before Christ, and in after ages another will come to lift men up. Meanwhile its adherents are practically idolators.

Minorisms are almost as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. Most of them, like falling leaves, have had their day.

Troubles of Women's Life.

Whether last year's fall dress will answer this winter.

Whether to put a parrot or pigeon on their winter bonnet.

How much the woman across the street paid for her bonnet.

What is the best disposition to make of small boys on beau-nights.

Why the people they meet in real life are so unlike the ones they read of in novels.

How much cloth, "cut on the bias," it will take to trim a dress with seventeen ruffles.

Why is it that a man of forty-horse brain power is so insanely stupid when asked to match worsted.

Whether it is wiser to marry a homely man with a big fortune, or a handsome fellow without a cent.

Why is it so much more tiresome to sweep a five-foot room than to take a five mile tramp after autumn leaves?

Whether sky-blue, paris-green or old-gold ribbon is most becoming round a steel-gray poodle's neck.

If Edison couldn't get up some sort of a patent kitchen machine to run things while the cook is on a strike.

Which is the best way of getting at the right side of her husband's pocket-book for her winter supply of wearables.

How some girls can contrive to get married after one season's courtship, and some others can't after half-a-dozen.

If it will pay to run a back parlor stove and extra gas bill this winter for the same chap who enjoyed those privileges last year.

Whether it was wise after all, to sell that overcoat last summer for the plaster image that got broken so easily.

Why is it that the man you set your cap for walks off with some other women, while you marry the man you took no trouble to win.

Why the man who wou