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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News;
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. R. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
112 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,
For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.
All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,
For the Sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-y.

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Fruits, Produce, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Fish, &c.
Correspondence cheerfully answered.—Reference, Citizens' National Bank.
No. 2 BOWLY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, Md.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. jy26.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO,
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets, BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

MANSION HOUSE,
N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
I. ALBERTSON.............. PROPRIETOR
ROOMS FIRST CLASS
With GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD
At $1.50 PER DAY.
apr21y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
OFFICE opposite the Court House, on Main st., adjoining store of T. W. Eliason, Jr. Special attention paid to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe3-tf.

HOPE H. BARROLL. S. HOWARD HAMAN.
BARROLL & HAMAN.
We beg leave to state to our friends that we have associated ourselves together for the transaction of legal business between Baltimore city and Kent county.
We will give prompt attention to the collection of claims against parties in Baltimore and other cities. BARROLL & HAMAN.
n3-6m. Chestertown.

DR. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.
Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

ESTEY ORGANS! ESTEY ORGANS!
No more suitable Christmas Present than an ESTEY ORGAN. Terms easy. Prices low.
d22 LOUIS K. STAM.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing upon the farms known as "Camelsworthmore," "The Skirven Farm" or "Merritt Farm," after this date, with dog, gun or otherwise. The law will be strictly enforced.
WILLIAM R. GALE,
EDWARD BIDDLE,
W. F. WOODMENDER.
October 27, 1883—tf.

NOTICE.
JOHNSON & BROTHER take this method to notify all persons wanting Pump work done in the best manner, that they are prepared to do all work in their line at the shortest notice and in the best manner. All work warranted, charges moderate. All orders left with Bradley Johnson, the Butcher, will meet with promptness.
Sept. 1-tf. JOHNSON & BRO., CHESTERTOWN, Md.

Too Many Goods!
WE have too many goods of all kinds and will offer INDUCEMENTS on any goods we have for the Next SIXTY DAYS. Try us,
SPARKS,
Jan. 12, 1884. opp. Court House.

OYSTERS!
We are prepared to serve OYSTERS in any style, and flatter ourselves that in cooking we can't be beat. Give us a trial.
LUNCH.—We will also serve a substantial LUNCH at from 15c to 50c. Persons from the country will find it to their interest to call and see us.
FRESH BREAD, Cakes, Pies, Confectionery, &c., for sale at low prices.
E. CUMMINS & CO.,
oc27-3m. opposite the Bank.

Merchant Tailoring!
REMOVAL.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has removed to the store room opposite the Bank in Chestertown his MERCHANT
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
and has on hand a fine assortment of CLOTHS and CASSIMERES. He will make Suits to order and *Guarantee a Fit* and satisfaction in every case. A call and examination of his goods is solicited. Prices moderate.
Jan. 5. LOUIS STOLL.

NEW GROCERY STORE
Corner of High and Queen Streets, opp. A. J. Cahall's.
D. A. BACCHUS
Would call attention to the fact that he has purchased with care and for cash a full Stock of Goods, such as
Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses,
Syrups, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Segars, Hecker's Oat Meal, Lea & Sons' Flour, and a choice line of Candies, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, Nuts, and in fact everything pertaining to a first class Grocery and Confectionery store.
Warrants his prices as low as the lowest. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
fd1-tf. D. ARTHUR BACCHUS.

NEW IDEA
IMPORTANT! IMPORTANT!
As I expect to occupy my New Store, opposite Stam's Drug Store, the coming February, I intend to sell off my stock, regardless of cost, as I intend to open an entire New Line. Persons in want of bargains will do well by calling and examine goods and prices as great inducements will be offered to purchasers.
Our stock consists of
Ladies' and Children's
HATS,
trimmed and untrimmed.
Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Velvets of all shades, Satins Laces, Handkerchiefs, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Hosiery of all kinds, Infants Cloaks and Dresses, Worsted Goods of all descriptions.
Gents' and Boy's Hats and Caps, Shirts, laundried and unlaundried, Merino Underwear, Hoisery and many more goods too numerous to mention.
SPECIALTY IN FURS.
Furs altered and repaired. Call at the NEW IDEA, opposite the old post-office, Chestertown, Md. Oct. 20, 1883.

CARPETS! CARPETS!
LOWER THAN EVER!
LOWER THAN EVER!
JUST RECEIVED a lot of All-Wool INGRAINS, worth 75c., which I am offering for 55 and 60 cts. per yard. Sales of Hundreds of Yards per day show that people are beginning to realize the fact that I mean everything I say, and that they can save money by buying of us. Very truly, R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 8-tf.

MILLINERY
—AND—
Fancy Goods.
MRS. KATE GILL
Takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally that she has opened a full and complete assortment of new FALL and WINTER MILLINERY.
HATS and BONNETS,
The Latest Styles Out.
Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Edgings, Tuckings, Rufflings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets and a complete line of Zephyr Knit Goods always kept on hand.
nov3. MRS. KATE GILL.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and Liver Pills,
For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch
Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Headache and Constipation.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

BOOTS.—Men's Winter Boots at $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4. Boys' Boots at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

NOTICE!
THE
FARMING COMMUNITY
OF KENT COUNTY
are hereby respectfully notified that we have established an agency for the sale of our line of
Farming Implements
at Chestertown, Kent county, Md., with Mr. WM. ARTHUR ELLIOTT in charge.
We handle a full line of Implements from the smallest Plow up to the largest Traction Steam Engine.
Parties desiring information about ANY IMPLEMENT or MACHINE manufactured in the United States, are respectfully requested to call and see Mr. Elliott.
Our full advertisement will appear shortly.
ELLIOTT & GEMMILL,
Centreville, Md.,
Dealers in Agricultural Implements, Iron and Wood Pumps, Wind Mills, Saw Mills, &c.
P. S.—I have no sub-agents in the county; I want to deal with you direct and will make it to your interest to either see me in person or correspond with me.
WM. A. ELLIOTT.
Jan. 19, 1884.

TAKE NOTICE!
—THAT—
JAMES A. SHAW,
Still continues the BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS and recently obtained the exclusive right to sell the
Justly Celebrated James Mean's
SHOES
For MEN'S WEAR,
in Button, Congress and Bal's, and we believe them to be the very best Shoes made in this country for the money.
They are made of fine Calf and for style and durability cannot be surpassed; the retail price is stamped on the bottom of each pair and are sold at that price from Maine to California.
When in want of a NICE SHOE call
At SHAW'S
On Court Street,
and look for yourself. He will treat you politely and *will not get angry* if you fail to get suited.
Remember the place—Court Street,
jan12. Chestertown.

MILL NOTICE.
THE "GALENA MILLS,"
better known as "Miller's Mills," have been under repairs and are now in first-class order. We are now ready to grind Wheat and Corn for our customers.
Our motto of milling is to guarantee satisfaction to all customers in way of turn-out and good flour and meal. We will gladly take back and pay cash for any bad flour we may make from good wheat. Try us and see what we will do for you. We have put in a Corn and Cob Crusher to grind corn on the cob for feeding purposes.
WHEAT AND CORN WANTED for which the cash will be paid at highest market prices.
FLOUR, MEAL, and all kinds of Mill Feed for sale at the lowest market prices. For our reputation and responsibility we refer you to any of our former customers in and around Chestertown, or to the editors of this paper.
Very resp'y,
WM. J. SPICER,
Feb. 2—tf. Galena, Md.

COAL!—WOOD!
To our Friends, Customers and the General Public.
WE are selling now nothing but strictly pure LEHIGH COAL. As our demand has been larger than we anticipated, we have determined to keep the trade going on this quality Coal and we mean to sell it at the same price as the Havre deGrace Coal.
We would also call attention to our stock of WOOD, which we are selling at reasonable prices, and we guarantee as good as can be had in this market, especially our Pine Wood.
Give us a call and we will treat you politely and assure satisfaction. Thankful for past favors, I remain
Yours, very resp'y,
jan12 J. D. BACCHUS.

LARGE Stock of FRUITS, LEMONS, Oranges, Grapes and Nuts
d8. at LAMBERT'S.

A BIG THING—
The stock of Bargain Goods at SPARKS'.

A LARGE LINE of Gent's, Ladies' and Children's Vests.
at T. W. ELIASON'S, JR.

MAMMA'S BOYS.

BY M. S. P.

"Who wants to go and see Aunt May?"
Says Mamma; "It's a pretty day."
"I do!" cries Ned;
"I do!" cries Fred;
"Me, too!" cries Baby Ray.

"Well, you can take some apples, Ned,
In your wheelbarrow, you, too, Fred;
While Baby Ray
Can haul Aunt May
A loaf of my light bread."

So off they go; a merry crowd,
With cheerful cries and laughter loud.
"O what a noise
For three small boys!"
Says mamma, pleased and proud.

Aunt May is baking, but she cries,
"Why here's my boys!" And off she flies
To fix the fire.
Three boys admire
Her cookies, cakes and pies.

"O dear! I want a little wood,
This cake will fall; who'll be so good?"
"I'll go," said Ned;
"I will," says Fred;
Says Ray, "I b'lieve I tould."

Their barrows standing at the door,
Ray's little wagon on the floor.
Are very good;
To haul in wood;
They work an hour or more.

When they come in 'tis dinner time—
But O there never was a rhyme
To tell the joys!
Of these three boys,
Whose appetites were prime.

"Dear Ann," to mamma writes Aunt May,
"The boys have had a splendid day,
And been so good
To haul in wood;
Send them again, I pray."

But now 'tis mamma wants some wood,
And says, "I knew three boys so good."
"I can't," says Ned;
"I'm sick," says Fred;
Says Ray, "*Don't b'lieve I tould.*"

I Said So.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"He'll be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they don't come true."

This was said with an air and tone of self-importance by a brisk little fellow who walked uneasily about as he spoke and seemed to consider himself of no small consequence.

"I have had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going and where it will all end, as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see the end of Miller's course and no mistake. See if he isn't all used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth!"

"Why do you prophesy so badly for Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason—you must have one."

"Oh! as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-complacent reply, with a toss of the head and two or three strides across the room. "But you mark my words and see if they don't come true. See if Miller doesn't go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well; we will see."

"So you will, or I am no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man, named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him to suppose that he knew some fact connected with the business of Miller of which they were ignorant.—And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless, busy, here-there-and-everywhere little bodies, who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful and business-absorbed people. He visited the theatre once or twice every week—not really so much to observe the play as to see who regularly attended.—He looked into the club-rooms and political assemblages and kept himself posted in all the little and great matters that agitate the surface of a community or stir it more deeply. His means of information in regard to his neighbors' business and prospects were certainly very great, and his opinion in regard to these matters worth something. This fact made his remarks about Miller half believed by several who heard them. In truth, he had good reasons for his evil prognostication, for he had met too frequently at the theatre, and in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was, likewise conversant with many facts proving clearly that he was unworthy of the trust that he had reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the conduct of his clerk, he contented himself like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. It only required the abstraction of a few thousand dollars to embarrass and finally break up the merchant's business. The prospect of such an untoward event was very fair. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debt. The uneasiness that these occasioned led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief. His first decision of the subject was to ask for an advance of salary. He was in the receipt of one thousand dollars a year. Pressed hard by a man whom he owed, he was almost forced into an application for more salary. He did not think of denying himself any of the expensive pleasures in which he indulged as a surer measure of relief. The application was not favorably considered.

Mr Miller paid already as much for clerk-hire as he felt himself able to do. The salary of Grey he considered fully enough for a young man. After receiving a positive refusal on the part of his employer to grant his request, the clerk, concealing as fully as possible his disappointment, turned to the performance of his regular duties. But there was a tempest in his breast. Even with an increase of salary up to the amount he asked, the difficulties that surrounded him would still have been great. The only course by which he could have then extricated himself from immediate difficulties, would have been to borrow upon the representation of an increase of salary. Now that hope had failed.

Temptations try and prove men.—Where there is integrity of character, purification is the consequence of strong trials. But when a man without fixed principles gets into difficulties, especially when brought about by his own wrong conduct, he is in imminent danger. Evil counselors are near him with specious arguments; he must not listen to them—if he does he will almost surely fall into the snare laid for his unwary feet.

"Something must be done," said the young man, with compressed lips, after he had recovered a little from the confusion of mind into which Mr. Miller's positive refusal to grant his request had thrown him.

"Something must be done. What shall it be!" That question gave activity to his mind. He thought and thought for a long time. But only one hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this caused an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but everything was so dark that, for relief, he turned to it again.—The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money—only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed. A good opportunity presented itself for using as large a sum as two hundred dollars without a suspicion of the fact by Mr. Miller, and he embraced that opportunity. Pressing demands were thereby met, and a surplus left in his hands.

From this time forth a host of evil counselors had access to his ear, and he listened to them too often. There was no reform in his habits or expenses, but rather a giving of the rein to both. He indulged more frequently in expensive pleasures, and had, in consequence, to resort oftener to the funds of his employer, which he did with less and less compunction of conscience each time.

Not many months passed before Miller found his business pressing upon him too heavily. His payments were not made with the same ease as formerly. There having been no diminution in his business, he was entirely at a loss to account for the fact. Not the slightest suspicion of the real cause passed through his mind; for his confidence in Grey was unbounded. Had he known anything of his habits, doubts of his integrity would have been awakened; but of the many facts that had come under the observation of Deal, not one had been suspected by Miller.

Rapidly did young Grey run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'ill be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Grey about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he saw the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed, and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or another. The cause of this he could not define, and, unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavoring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times."

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the litte man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray, what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason: His principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagances that must have consumed money equal to four times his salary."

"Indeed!"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did Miller know this?"

"Of course, he did not."

"But you did."

"Yes; and I said, dozens of times, that if Miller didn't look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked, half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined, by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on and prophesy his downfall!"

"It was no concern of mine," said Deal, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbors of approaching danger. He who does not do so is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall always look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him, but you heartily forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this."

So saying with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could ever wish to have.

There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft-repeated—"I SAID SO." But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbor of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us, I fear, will find our garments spotless.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

FOWL evolution: When a cock-eyed lover becomes a hen-pecked husband.

January Strawberries and Peaches.

"Have you my strawberries?" asked a fashionably-dressed lady, as she stamped the snow from her overshoes and glanced up anxiously at the proprietor of a Chestnut street fruit store yesterday. The dealer replied by stepping behind the counter, whence producing a box carefully covered, he began to remove from it a succession of warm wrappers. His customer with a look of great satisfaction, and when the removal of the lid finally disclosed a score of huge strawberries nestling in a quart box in all their luscious beauty she seemed perfectly happy. She took them and had them charged.

"That quart of berries will cost the lady just twelve dollars," said the fruiterer, as his fair customer stepped lightly across the pavement and entered her carriage, bearing her high priced treasures in triumph. "She wanted them for a sick friend, and people who can buy hot-house strawberries in January don't stop to haggle about the price. Such berries as those in midwinter bring anywhere from $9 to $15 a quart. Exacting invalids with wealthy friends are very good customers, though we sometimes receive larger orders from extravagant society people, who must have some strawberries to grace their board at a fashionable dinner, regardless of the cost of the luxury. A few days ago we sold a Philadelphia lady five quarts of splendid berries and they cost her just $45."

"Here are some grapes," continued the dealer, indicating a box of fine Muscatels. "We can sell you a limited quantity of those at $6 a pound; or if you prefer, we can fill your order for a crate of peaches at $1 per peach. No, sir; no discount if you take a cart load. They are $12 a dozen and we sell them 'straight', without exception. Cucumbers also cost $1 each at this time of year."

"What do you think of this?" asked the dealer in extravagant luxuries as he produced a pair of large ripe tomatoes and surveyed their proportions with the eye of an epicure. "Those are samples of a lot that are just going to a lady on Walnut street. Their price, did you ask? Well, there's no profit in it for us, but she is an old customer and we shall let her have them at 80 cents a pound. It's only an accommodation, however."

"What other extortionate allurements can you offer?" ventured the reporter.

"Oh, we have hot-house pears, oranges and pomegranates—"

"Any watermelons?"

"No, sir; no watermelons. Sorry I can't show you one."

Then the reporter left, explaining that he was looking for a watermelon, but did not care for peaches or strawberries out of season.—*Phila. Times.*

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

"Say, Uncle Mose," said young Jake Snow as he met the old man; "Who am dis aunty-monopo'ly I heerd some ob de folks talkin' about?"

"Hush, chile, doan go 'roun' 'spo'sen' yer ign'rence like dat. Aunty-monop'ly ain't nobody but jes w'at sum people b'lieves."

"How's dat?"

"W'y yer see, w'en a man has all dere is, dat's monop'ly an' w'en you doan b'leeve in one man habin all dere is, dat's aunty-monop'ly."

"How'd dey git to callin' hit dat way, Uncle Mose? Doan peer to me to hab much sense in hit no way."

"Now jes hole on, an' let me 'splain. Dere was a ole nigger name Monop'ly, and he had a power o'chickens. An' dere war ole Aunty Monop'ly as hadn't none, and she war 'posed to ole Monop'ly habin' all dem pullets—he's ownse'f. Dat's de way hit fust started an' now w'eneber a man had all dey is, dey says he's ole Monop'ly, an' w'en anudder one hain't got nuthin' and wants to divide, den dey say he's old Aunty-Monop'ly."

"Is you for Aunty-Monop'ly, Uncle Mose?"

"Now, see yer chile, dis am a mattah ob princerpel. I'ze got a lot ob chickens an' a cow, darfo', on de chicken and cow question I'ze monop'ly. But Rosschile he hab a bank, an' a railrode, darfo', on de bank an' railrode question I'ze Aunty-Monop'ly ebery time. Dis yar fing am a mattah ob princerpel."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.—"So you have been fighting again on your way home from school!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"

"Yes, pa, but—"

"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"

"Oh, no! no! He called me names."

"Names? What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your business. Take off that coat!"

"But he didn't call me names!"

"Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!"

"When he called me names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into you I—I had to fight!"

"What! Did he call me names?"

"Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—"

"William, put on your coat and vest and here's a nickel to buy peanuts! I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the district, don't be afraid to sail in!"

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH.

Some go to church to weep—
While others go, they say, to sleep.

Some go to say their prayers—
Others go to put on airs.

Some go their wives to please—
Their conscience others try to ease.

Some go to tell their woes—
Others go to show their clothes.

Some go to hear the preacher—
Others like the solo screecher.

Boys go to reconnoitre—
Girls go because they ought-er.

Many go for sage reflections—
But precious few to help collections.

WHY isn't a turkey like a girl? Because a dressed girl will walk about and a dressed turkey won't. And vice versa the other way.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule.

He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed, "If I ever heard of the like! Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness! your head on that lace tidy I had done up only last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life!"

Mr. Skinner got up and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

"The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. "I did suppose you had more sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner goodnaturedly. "Ya-a-h. I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-h."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She sat down and took a book, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if it had been a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she feared, her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out on the bed, on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly-gray head sunk deep into a white, starched pillow-sham, with these words embroidered in the centre:

"Sleep sweet, beloved!"

He was not only asleep, but snoring with a look of sweet content on his wide open mouth.

"L-o-t S-k-i-n-n-e-r!"

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and stood staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow-sham.

"I declare I forgot," he said, looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't I got a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wife sharply. "The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on."

"Would you rather I'd get——"

"I'd rather you'd get some common sense," she said. "If you must sleep in the day-time, why there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose"—ungraciously—"I can take off the quilt and the shams, and let you have your nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad example to set to the children, and you know it."

"But I *am* so sleepy," answered her husband, "my head is as heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness! sheer laziness!" said his wife sharply.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words that his wife heard him say were that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the mis-used sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight and she busied herself in getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived, as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in the house were to the effect that cleanliness is akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in the house several times every day; she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diptheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through the kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went with flannels around their throat and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was.

They did not know.

This seemed strange; she questioned them closely but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without his family.

"He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

"Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting-room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he had looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wandering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

"Strange!" she said, as it grew dark. "I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he is there, and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he was not there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried; hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business troubles; Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with sudden force that she had been in the habit of driving him from pillow to post at railroad speed and at the end of a broom or a dust brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he had become suddenly insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with the children.—All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only fire arms he possessed—it was gone!

Then Mrs. Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried, and it was indeed a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door of that horrible parlor opened, and an apparition—no it was Mr Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

"I overslept myself," he said in a meek, apologetic tone looking at the clock.

"I should say you did," answered his wife, "and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix you up something nice," and she went out taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ever knew it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lay down anywhere when he was tired and his wife would throw a shawl over him, and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on the sofa in the parlor where he took his Rip Van Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that grizzly-gray head was worth more than all the pillow shams in the world to her, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are really and truly, and not in any zoological sense, a "happy family" now.

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

A NEW GAME.

"It's an awfully ugly old day," said Dot, angrily surveying the wet landscape with its dripping foliage and sodden grass that seemed really never to have known the glint of sunbeams or dust-clouds under summer breezes.

"And we were going to have such an elegant time this afternoon," wailed Louie peeping out at the dismal prospect which at that moment was framed in the angle that Dot's arm made as she stood with right arm akimbo, a tall and miserable statue of blighted hopes, before the wide west window.

"Four, pour, poor, boor, boon, born, corn,—oh! dear!" said I from my book on one side of the big open fireplace. "Corn, cord, hard, hare,——."

"What *are* you doing, Hetty?" interrupting me as I meant she should, but with a little expression between the meeting of her delicate brows that seemed to question my sanity.

"Trying a new game, Dot," said I, alluringly. "Do help me—I'm getting farther and farther away. I want to turn 'four' into 'five' by simply changing one letter at a time until the required word comes around. Only one letter at a time, and each change must make a real word—not a 'made-up' one, and each letter changed must be placed in the same order in the words as the one displaced. For instance, you cannot change 'snag' to 'sung' though only one letter is dropped out, but you can change 'snag' to 'snug,' for the letters are in order. In changing 'four' to 'five' I have caught a 'hare,' but do not see how it will ever bring 'five.'"

By this time both girls had paper and pencil and were down beside me on the floor, making effective pictures of themselves in the sheen of the firelight.

"H-a-r-e—oh, I know; h-a-v-e!" soliloquized Louis in tones of satisfaction.

"H-a-v-e? How will h-i-v-e do?"

"And f-i-v-e will end your sorrows, Hetty!" cried Dot in tones of victory. "Give us another, Hetty, dear!"

"They must, of course, be words having the same number of letters. Choose, yourselves, and we will all work it and see who will get through first."

"Change 'fire,'" said Dot.

"To 'burn,'" said Louie.

Silence for about three minutes.

"I have it!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

And, strange to say, we all came to it by the same changes in this wise:—fire, hire, hare, bare, barn, burn.

"Now let us see if we cannot do away with an unnecessary word or two," suggested I. "It would have been more to the point if we changed it in this way: fire, fare, bare, barn, burn."

"I see!" exclaimed both girls. "Give us another, Hetty, and see who can get the shortest list; that's more of a game than seeing who can get through first."

"Shoe to boot," suggested Louie.

Down went three heads over paper and pencils and silence held us for a little space. I raised my head first in token of a task accomplished, and my action was quickly followed by the girls.

"Here is mine," said Louie; "listen: Shoe, shod, shed, sled, fled, flee, free, fret, feet, beet, boat, boot!"

"Fourteen words," exclaimed Dot. "I have won. Listen: Shoe, shop, chop, crop, coop, cool, fool, foot, boot!"

"Nine words. I can do better than that: Shoe, slow, slow, blow, blot, boot!"

"You have it, Hetty. Oh, well, when I get to be 50 instead of 15 I can do things too."

"I've won! I've won!" cried Louie, suddenly jumping up from her Oriental position on the hearth-rug. "I've worked it down to four words, and I'm only 11 years old! Just see: Shoe, shot, soot, boot! It's so much fun!"

A LADY whose husband was the champion snorer of the community in which they resided confided to a female friend the following painful intelligence: "My life has not been one of unalloyed delight. I have had the measles, the chicken pox, the cholera, the typhoid fever and the inflammatory rheumatism, but I never knew what real misfortune was until I married a burglar alarm."—*Boston Post.*

A LITTLE GIRL has solved the botanical problem why flowers are armed with pistols. It is to shoot off their perfume with.

IF those who make up theatre parties were really polite they would allow the person on the stage to do the talking.

WE should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.