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.

Terms of Subscription:

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Established 1862.

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Successors to Barkman & Lawder,

General Commission Merchants,

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jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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Foreign and Domestic FRUITS,

Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.

Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.

150 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.,

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,

WITH

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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. y

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.

R. J. FOARD,

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FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN and PEACHES,

GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER,

EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, &c.

No. 95 South Charles Street, corner Camden,

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May 17, 1884.

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C. C. TILGHMAN.

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(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)

General Commission Merchants,

No. 18 BOWLY'S WHARF,

jel4—6m. BALTIMORE.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.

R. NELSON STEVENS,

—WITH—

WRIGHT & SPARKS,

Commission Merchants,

No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,

For the Sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK

AND GENERAL PRODUCE.

jan6-y.

PRODUCE.

We are COMMISSION MERCHANTS in all kinds of PRODUCE—Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Garden-Truck, &c. Correspondence solicited. No trouble to answer letter. Send us your name and address and we will quote you our market. Marking-plates, Shipping-tags, Shipping-cards, and daily quotations of our market furnished free of charge.

D. E. MANTON & CO., 153 Chambers st., N. Y.

Our motto, "Quick Sales, Prompt Returns."

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY

RUTTER & ASHBURY,

Commission Merchants,

And Dealers in

GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,

No. 79 SOUTH STREET,

BALTIMORE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,

Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.

Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.

T. D. GAMBRILL,

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Terms—$10 per session of ten weeks. References: Sanders & Stayman and Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Baltimore; C. M. Lucas, Chestertown, and others. Pianos and organs tuned and repaired. a19-tf.

DR TEACKLE:

STATE VACCINE AGENT,

o18-3t. 128 Park ave., Baltimore, Md.

A. R. TODD, M. D.,

MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

Office consultation free. jy5.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,

Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL. B. HOWARD HAMAN.

BARROLL & HAMAN.

We beg leave to state to our friends that we have associated ourselves 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-tf. Chestertown.

Cook Stoves! Cook Stoves!

The largest assortment on hand we ever had, and selling lower than ever sold in Kent county.

THE EXCELSIOR

is one of the BEST COOK STOVES ever made, and hundreds are now in use in Kent county—not a single complaint. Price and sizes to suit every one.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Heating Stoves! Heating Stoves!

15 to 20 Different Kinds!

All Sizes and Prices!

Would like all to inspect our large assortment of Heaters, and be convinced that we are up with the times in *quality, beauty and low prices.*

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

THE NEW GOLDEN SUN

AND

GOLDEN SUN HEATERS

cheaper this year than ever before. Put up to heat one, two or three rooms. Call and examine and get prices.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN!

Five different kinds and the cheapest in the county, at

J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

Guns! Guns! Guns!

PISTOLS! PISTOLS! PISTOLS!

Sporting Apparatus and Ammunition, Breech Loading Shot Guns—Single and Double Barrel, Double and Single Muzzle-Loading Guns. Call and examine our stock of Guns and Prices.

oc26. J. K. ALDRIDGE

LEGAL NOTICES.

Ratification Notice.

C. Aultman & Co.,

vs.

Lavinus C. Graves.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 17th day of October, 1884, that the sale made and reported by HOPE H. BARROLL, agent duly authorized in a mortgage from Lavinus C. Graves to C. Aultman & Co., dated the 1st day of December, 1881, to sell the personal estate mentioned therein, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th of November next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $295.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,

True copy, Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,

Oct. 18, 1884—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of Administration c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

RHODA MULFORD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of May, 1885, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of October, 1884.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

Oct. 25—4t. Administrator.

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

CAROLINE S. PRYOR,

late of Wilmington, Del., 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 23d day of April, 1885, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, 1884.

JOHN A. BENSON.

Oct. 25—4t. Administrator.

The Old Stand

STILL ALIVE!

I am now ready to serve the public with

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Buns,

ROLLS, BISCUIT and PIES

EVERY DAY.

Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobacco, Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Orders for Families and Parties promptly attended to.

Also, orders for Ice Cream taken.

WM. H. BLAKENEY,

Hudgins' Old Stand, Cross Street

jy19-tf.

ORGANS —AND— PIANOS!

Buy the world wide renowned WATERS new scale PIANOS. Also, Orchestral Chime ORGANS. They excel in elaborate style of cases, brilliancy of tone, &c.; a joy forever; fully warranted for 6 years; pays terms. Address

WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,

Gen'l Agts., Edesville, Md.

WHITE PINE FENCING!

A Carload just received from Grand Rapids, Michigan, of Superior WHITE PINE FENCING, by

m13. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES!!

A large invoice of the best No. 1 HEART SHINGLES, direct from the Swamps, just received and for sale low, by

m31. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A BOX of CIGARS at 1.25, 1.30, 1.70 2.00 and 3.50, at

THOMPSON'S, up town.

Cook Stoves! Heaters!

DOUBLE HEATERS, FIRE PLACE HEATERS AND RANGES.

OUR line of Cook Stoves is complete, and embraces the following, viz: The Brunswick, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Emerald, Virginia, Farmer Boy, Orion, Leon and New Charm.

We guarantee our "Brunswick" to be heavier and larger in oven than any Cook Stove on this market. It has reversible cross pieces and lids.

Our Ranges are as follows: The Victor, Maryland, Reliance, Ardmore, Duval, Clifton, Daisy and Cozy.

Heating Stoves, such as The Argand, Alliance, Derby, Clifton, Astor, New Royal, Edison, Starling and others.

Truly Yours, Derby and Crown Double Heaters, also the "Splendid" Fire Place Heater, which has given such universal satisfaction. Every stove guaranteed. Call and examine our stock and get prices.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,

s29. adj. Kent Nat'l Bank.

CARPETS!

OIL CLOTHS, &c.

The new and enterprising firm of

CRANE BROS.,

67 West Baltimore St.,

A few doors above Gay St., BALTIMORE,

Have made extra preparations for the FALL and WINTER TRADE.

They have in store one of the largest and best selections of CARPETS ever exhibited, which they desire the readers of this paper to inspect.

Their patterns are choice and cover a wide range, while their prices are low.—They of course keep their usual stock of Matting, Oil Cloth, Hassocks, Rugs, &c.

oc18-2m.

Great Bargains

IN SILKS!!

I WILL sell the best value in Colored SILKS at $1 per yard ever offered on this market. Also have VELVET to match the shades at reduced prices.

Come and see these goods

at R. F. PARKS'.

WILL offer to the trade at unprecedented low prices 100 pairs white and gray BLANKETS. These goods are from the recent large auction sales in New York. That these goods are of merit, I simply ask an examination.

Yours, R. F. PARKS.

THE FARMERS' ATTENTION is called to our large stock of FODDER YARN, at closest prices.

R. F. PARKS.

BEST GRANULATED SUGAR. 13 pounds for $1, cash.

Oct. 4. at R. F. PARKS'.

Snow Hill Nurseries.

300,000 No. 1. PEACH TREES!

Over 50 varieties, among which can be found kinds suited to all sections including the New and Old Standard Varieties, largely of the Yellow for canning and drying purposes. Also 100,000 APPLE TREES, 40,000 of them are Extra Long Keeping varieties, adapted to southern planting or wherever long keeping varieties are desirable. We also offer a full line of NURSERY STOCK, Small Fruit a specialty; can fill orders in large or small quantities, at reasonable prices; write for descriptive circular, which we mail free to all applicants. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address:

WM. M. PETERS & SONS,

Wesley Station, Worcester co.,

aug 30-y. Maryland.

CHESTERTOWN

Marble Works!

OWING to my health I am compelled to SELL OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF MARBLE regardless of cost.

My stock is very large, comprising all the latest designs that can be found in the city yards, with a full line of Marble Posts of all sizes; galvanized Railing for fencing. All of my work is finely finished and set up by myself.

Persons wanting anything in my line of business will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock.

Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours, respectfully,

je21-tf. W. REGISTER.

WHITMAN'S

Improved Fountain Pump.

PORTABLE PUMP & SPRINKLER.

THIS convenient and easily managed apparatus serves equally well for watering Shrubbery, Plants and Flowers; for washing Windows and Carriages; for extinguishing Fires; for Sprinkling Sidewalks and roads. Fires taken in season can generally be extinguished by a very small amount of water, and such an apparatus as Whitman's Fountain Pump ought to be in every establishment where there is any danger from a conflagration. Call and see them. For sale by

m17. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

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.

BOOTS and SHOES. Just received, a large new stock all grades, at lowest prices. An inspection invited.

oc4. J. H. SIMPERS.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

A SMALL FARM.

BY virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Elizabeth Crew to The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, dated December 10, 1883, and recorded among the land records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 5, folio 83, &c., the undersigned as attorney for the mortgagee will offer at public sale in front of the Court House door in Chestertown,

On TUESDAY, November 11, 1884

At Three o'clock P. M.,

All That FARM,

Or TRACT OF LAND, called

'FAIR PROMISE'

situate near Betterton, in the Third Election district; and of which the said Elizabeth Crew lately died seized,

Containing 23 ACRES,

1 ROOD and 4 PERCHES of LAND.

The soil is good and improved. There is a PEACH ORCHARD of

1400 TREES,

also an APPLE ORCHARD on the farm. It is admirably located, convenient to churches, schools, post office, manufacturing shops and within two miles of the village of Betterton on the Sassafras River, where there is a daily line of steamers to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

It could be made a valuable TRUCK FARM.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Are a Two-story



Frame Dwelling House,

and Back Building in good repair, and Out Buildings suitable for the place.

THE TERMS OF SALE

are cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification of the sale, at the option of the undersigned, with interest from day of sale. The terms may be modified to suit purchasers.

MARION deK. SMITH,

Attorney named in the Mortgage.

Oct. 18, 1884—ts.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

A HOUSE AND LOT.

BY virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Albert Perkins and Sarah E. Perkins his wife, to The Chester Loan Association, dated January 24, 1883, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county in Liber S. B. No. 4 folio 13:—(the property therein mentioned and described has since been conveyed to Sarah E. Newsome, wife of Frisby Newsome;) the undersigned as attorney for the said association will offer at public sale at the Court House door in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY, the 18th November, 1884,

At Three o'clock P. M.,

All that Lot of Land

situated at Worton Station, Kent county, which adjoins the lands of Harry E. Cooper, Wm. McLaughlan and others, and now in the possession of the said Newsome and wife, having a frontage on the road leading to Lynch's of 40 ft., and a depth and even width of —— feet, containing one quarter of an acre of land.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Consist of a One-and-a-half story



Dwelling House

nearly new,

with a small Stable and Carriage House.

THE TERMS OF SALE are cash on day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof at the option of the attorney, with bond and approved security, the purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale.

MARION DEK. SMITH,

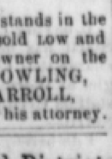
o25-ts. Attorney named in the Mortgage.

A GOOD BUSINESS STAND

At Private Sale!

—IN THE—

Thriving Village of Fairlee.



THE owner intending to discontinue Butchering, desires to sell his property consisting of a

HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND

in the village of Fairlee, Kent county, Maryland. The Dwelling is a Two-Story Frame Dwelling, with Storehouse attached, 38 feet long. The Out-Buildings are Stable, Carriage, Slaughter and Ice Houses in good repair. There is a pump of excellent water in the yard and all kinds of fruits ample for family use.

This property is one of the best stands in the county for a Butcher, and will be sold LOW and on EASY TERMS. Apply to the owner on the premises.

JAMES C. DOWLING,

or HOPE H. BARROLL,

oc11-3t. his attorney.

Notice to Tax-Payers of 3d District.

THE tax books for the Third District are now in my hands and the bill of each individual tax-payer is ready for settlement. I hope that payment will be made promptly, thereby saving me the disagreeable duty of resorting to legal measures.

The law explicitly requires that I shall proceed WITHIN THIRTY DAYS from the date of receiving the books to collect, so that I have no option in the matter.

I may be found at Worton Station every Tuesday afternoon and at the court-house in Chestertown on Saturdays.

Respectfully, JAMES S. GEMMILL,

a16-tf. Coll. 3d Dist.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE undersigned, having been appointed collector for the 4th Election District, would inform tax-payers that their accounts are made out and he is ready to receipt them.

Remember the discount to early payers.

He will be at the Court House every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon until further notice.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,

a9-tf. Coll. 4th Dist.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the little room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout;
It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In my mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more,
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him up to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet.
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*Harper's Young People.*

MADAMOISELLE PAPA.

From the French of Paul Celieres.

Every morning when the miners collected around the entrance to the Berard pit to answer to the roll call, the last to appear was always a tall, jovial fellow, who led by the hand a little girl of some seven or eight years. It was Michel Perron and his little daughter. Before setting foot on the platform to descend into the pit, the man raised the child in his arms, imprinted a kiss on each cheek and set her down again. The child cried "Au revoir, papa!" At the sound of the bell, the signal for descent, she clasped her little hands together, twisted her little fingers, and repeated again and again the word, "Papa," till the moment when very sure that papa could hear her no more, she went to the schoolroom to pass there the day.

Evening came, she was the first at the entrance to the pit, whence Michel Perron came out first always. As in leaving her he raised the child in his arms and she clung closely to him, crying joyfully, "Papa." And all the brightness of her little soul beamed forth brilliantly in her smile and in her glances. The miners had heard her repeat so often these two syllables, they had been so struck by the strange passion that she, unknown to herself, put in them that they had named her "Madamoiselle Papa."

And surely never was a name more appropriate. Her father lived only for her. Her mother was dead long, long since. She had hardly known her. She had only known him. In all the recollections of her earliest childhood it was he, he only, that she remembered. For her his rough hands had been gentle; for her his face was always smiling and tender; for her the man had become woman and child at once. Ah! but how much also she loved her father, and how fearful she was every morning when she saw him go down into that yawning hole, the bottom of which she could not see.

A miner had taken a fancy one day to hold her close to the edge of the pit, when, recoiling from the obscure gulf, black as far as the eye could see, she had sprung back with a cry of terror. "Papa goes down there," she thought, "suppose he should not come back."

And on this day, when Michel had taken her in his arms, as he always did for the farewell caress, she clung more closely than ever to his neck and said tremblingly, in a whisper:

"You will come back, will you not?"

"As always, little one."

"Is there any danger? Say—papa!"

"Of course not, pet."

"Could anyone—could you—die down there?"

"Be tranquil," said Michel, smiling. "I will not die without telling thee of it."

"Ah!—Au revoir, papa!"

It was gospel truth since her father had said so, and she went away to school almost reassured. But the recollection of the black gulf into into which her eyes had glanced, was not wholly effaced, and afterwards she was fearful every morning, she trembled every evening; she feared always lest from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend, her father would come back no more.

A presentiment. Who knows?

One day the rumor spread suddenly that an explosion of fire-damp had just occurred. In less time than it takes to tell it the entrance to the Berard pit was thronged. Excited throngs rushed from every direction. Of all the miners down there how many would be seen again?

The daughter of Michel was at school. She knew nothing of it, and indeed if any one had spoken of it before her, would she have understood? Could she know, poor little thing, what an explosion of fire-damp was? No. But at her age one understands already what death is; one understands at her age, when one sees stretched on the earth, pale, inanimate, lifeless bodies; and the approach to the Berard pit was strewn with them when she came at night to meet her father. She was stupefied for a moment; then it dawned upon her. She had seen these men descend living. She knew them very well. Many a time had they caressed her. They were brought up dead. Would her father be brought up so—like them? The thought terrified her. She ran about, her hair streaming in the wind, in the midst of the debris, which had been brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

There were many others certainly who cried, and who called "Papa!" but no other with such an accent of despair. The others were sent away. Nobody could send her away. She ran, poor child, from one body to another, stopping sometimes, as if in a disfigured face, she might recognize the one she sought. Her father was not among the dead. Confidence returned to her. She grew calm and sought him among the living. Nobody had seen her father. Of the 60 miners who had gone down in the morning 45 had ascended; 14 were dead. There was one missing. It was Michel. All this was explained to her. She comprehended it, and she clapped her hands as if they had said to her: "You will see him again. She recalled suddenly that one morning her father had said to her: "I will not die without telling thee."

And nothing else was needed to give her the assurance that her father was still living. Children have the most tenacious faith. One does not drive easily from their minds an idea which has once taken root there. So when the next morning—she had spent the whole night there—they tried to make her understand that it was all over, that she would never see her father again, that they had explored all the galleries and searched everywhere, she shook her head and said, weeping: "Look for papa!"

They gave her little attention. In 40 hours had they not exhausted every means? Without doubt there was something strange in his disappearance. Living or dead, they ought to have found Michel, and they had not found him. His plans in his hand, the chief engineer had himself directed the researches. They had carefully examined even the smallest recesses in the galleries. It was the opinion of all that in the frightful overturning caused by the explosion the unfortunate miner had been swallowed up, without its being possible to say where or how. Industry like war has its battles and its soldiers missing, as well as its soldiers dead.

For 48 hours Madamoiselle Papa had waited feverishly, but without growing weary. At every human form that appeared at the entrance she started up, and not recognizing the one she awaited, sat down again with a profound sigh. They tried to lead her away, and she wept so bitterly that it ended in leaving her there. They thought that fatigue would conquer her. But whence comes to the feeble such strength in the grievous crises in their lives? Ask God; it is his secret.

The third day the child was still at the entrance to the pit.

"We must put an end to this," said the chief engineer, and approaching her he said, "Be reasonable, little one."

"Papa! Seek papa!"

"Alas! He is dead."

"No!"

She uttered this "No!" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why not?" he said.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the engineer. And he made a sign that she should be taken away. But she clung desperately to him, crying: "Papa is not dead! I want to go down! I will find him!"

They took her away and sent her under good care to the school. An hour later she was at the Berard pit, and, clinging to the engineer, she repeated: "I want to go down! I will find him!"

The engineer was a kind-hearted fellow. He took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "perhaps that would be best. When she has seen with her own eyes she will believe. This condition, if it lasts, will perhaps kill her."

And taking her in his arms he stepped on the platform and gave the signal for descent.

They went down.

At eight years to descend into this yawning gulf the thought of which terrifies! How she loved him, her father! She shivered nevertheless, when she found herself in the obscurity, descending into the awful depth, whence rose an unsavory air that suffocated her. The engineer felt the trembling little hands tighten their clasp, the blonde head press closer to his own and tears fall on his neck. When they were down she disengaged herself and ran away, crying "Papa, papa!"

For two hours she traversed the galleries, questioning the men whom she knew, striking with her little fist the black wall, pressing her ear close to it, peeping into the least cleft, and thrusting her hands in calling always "Papa, papa!"

The engineer—himself a father—who had followed her with difficulty, grew very weary of explaining what he had twenty times explained already, of showing her what he had shown her twenty times, how the explosion had taken place; where it had taken place; what had been done to find the victims. The child questioned still, and repeated still "He is living! Look for him!"

Here, as at the entrance of the pit, she would have remained three days, if he had not taken her by force and remounted with her.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the schoolhouse and kept there, orders also that if she appeared at the Berard pit, she should not be allowed to descend into the mine. All his directions were scrupulously followed, and the next day, without thinking at all of her, he was inspecting the working of the mine, when he felt himself suddenly seized by his coat. It was Madamoiselle Papa.

She had for the second time escaped from the schoolhouse. Repulsed at the entrance to the pit, finding nobody who, for her sake, would disobey the orders given, she had slipped under an empty cart and thus descended into the mine. She soon narrated that and obtained pardon for it. Five minutes later she commenced her search. With ardent faith she sounded, as on the evening before, the wall of coal, passing and repassing in the same place, without despairing, without growing weary. The men no longer gave her any attention. They merely glanced at her with a look of pity, shrugging their shoulders and saying: "Poor little 'Papa!'"

The little "Papa" sought always. Suddenly they saw her run, pale, trembling, choked. She cried: "There! there! papa!"

"What! there?" said a miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where is it?"

She retraced her steps followed by everybody, hesitated, stopped, turned again.

She could not find the place again. All the blocks of coal looked alike, all the hollows were the same, all the galleries similar. And yet she was sure she had seen it, that bit of blue cloth. Where his blouse was he must be—living, no doubt—her father, and she could not find him again.

One by one, weary of this useless search, persuaded that the poor little girl was distracted by her grief, the men turned away and went back to their work. But hardly had they had time to take up the pick or the mattock, than a despairing cry recalled them.

The little girl, panting, her eyes fixed, her lips apart, her hand in a hollow in the wall, cried, "I hold it, I hold it!"

They moved her aside and looked. Yes! it was a bit of cloth—of blue cloth. It was a blouse. Was there a man there? They set to work, find what blows of the mattock they gave! In a twinkling the wall was thrown down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Perron.

He had been there three days and four nights.

Confused cries arose on all sides, and more piercing than all others, a cry escaped from the lips of the little girl. She sprang upon the body clasped it with both arms, half wild, weeping, and repeating again and again, "papa! papa!"

He was very low, the poor Michel. Weakened by the deprivation of air and nourishment, he recovered his senses only to faint away again! but he lived. She had spoken truly, Madamoiselle Papa. The man would not die without having told the child; and the thought of her whom he had left living above him, had increased tenfold his strength. He had conquered death!

A week later he was up, thin, but well and ready to commence work.

The evening before he was to go down in the mine for the first time, a grand banquet was given by the miners to "Madamoiselle Papa." The place of honor was reserved for her. A formidable cheering and frantic clapping of hands greeted her when she entered, clinging to Michel's hand. There were kisses and embraces given, and many a huzza in honor of the little queen!

And would you know what she replied to all that, smiling and clapping her hands, the little queen?

She said "Papa."

How should she reply to it? It were difficult to say. But more than one brave fellow, who was not in the habit of weeping, you are to understand, brushed away the tears from his eyes on that occasion.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

The Work of a Railway Cartridge in an Unsuspecting Family Group.

A little son of Owen Reddy, living on the line of the new Wyoming extension of the Erie Railway, near Pittston, Pa., recently found a detonating cartridge on the railway track. It was the kind used in exploding nitro-glycerine charges, being an inch and a half long, and resembling the metal cap of a lead pencil. One-half of the cartridge was empty, and the other half filled with the most powerful fulminating compound. The boy took the cartridge to his mother and asked her to clean the dirt out of it so he could put it on the end of his lead pencil. Mrs. Reddy had her baby in her arms. Placing it on a chair, she knelt down by it, and with a darning needle began to take out what she supposed was dirt in the cartridge. The boy who had found it, his little sister and an elder brother grouped themselves about the chair to watch the process. At the first scratch of the needle on the fulminating powder the cartridge exploded. Mrs. Reddy's thumb and forefinger on her right hand and all of the fingers on the left hand were torn off. A piece of the cartridge buried itself in the baby's cheek just below the left eye, making a serious wound. Another piece went clear through one cheek of the eldest boy and lodged in the opposite cheek. The little girl received a piece of the metal in the muscle of the right arm, and the boy who found the cartridge was badly wounded in the neck by the explosion. Mrs. Reddy's hands were lacerated so that one had to be amputated and half the other taken off.

"So you are the new girl," said the boarders to the pretty waiter lass. "And what name are we to call you?" "Pearl," said the maid, with a saucy toss of the head. "Oh!" asked the smart boarder. "Are you the pearl of great price?" "No; I am the pearl that was cast before swine."

"SAUCY JACK" AND THE MONKEY.

An Old Sailor's Yarn.

"When we was a cruisin' in the old Brittannia off the coast of Afrikey," said old Jack Davitt, as we sat together at the door of his snug little cottage over-looking the sea, "we had a little shaver aboard as we used to call 'Saucy Jack.' He didn't know what fear was that boy didn't; and as for bein' angry with him, you couldn't do it, not if you had a heart as a thirty-two pounder. He'd a way o' lookin' up in your face so bright and confident-like with them clear blue eyes of his (as if he was quite sure you wouldn't hurt him) that you *felt* you couldn't, afore he ever spoke a word.

"Fact, he was a regular pet with every man on board, officers and all; and if he was a little mischievous now and again, nobody liked to be hard on him, and that after he'd once got rid of his boyish ways, he'd make as smart a sailor as ever handled a sheet. But at last he got into a real bad scrape, and this was the way it happened:

"You see, Jack was a tip-top hand at imitating folks, just like a play actor; and you would think the very folks themselves was there, talkin' and steppin' about only to look at him. At last, one fine day, nothing would serve him but he must try and touch off the captain; and he had him to the very life, givin' his orders, with his head thrown back and one arm stuck out like the handle of a teapot. I was a-laughin' at it like the rest, when all at once I saw two or three of them start and look awfully scared; and when I turned around, there stood the captain himself, as large as life, and lookin' like a nor'-east gale just before it busts!

"Now, our captain was a smart seaman, and a right good ferlow in his way; but he was rather one o' your high-and-mighty sort, and the bare thought of anybody *laughing* at him was enough to drive him clean crazy. So you may think how he felt, and how *we* all felt, too, when we saw him standin' there.

"'Go up the foremasthead, you young whelp, and stay there until I call you down,' says he, through his clinched teeth; 'and when you come down again, I'll have something ready for you that you won't forget in a hurry.'

"Up went poor Jack dismally enough, and the captain went aft to his cabin. But when he got there he soon had something else to think about.

"I should tell you that the captain had a pet of his own, and that was a little gray monkey, as active and mischievous as 'Saucy Jack' himself. It and Jack were great friends, and they were always a-playin' and a-skylarkin' together; at least the monkey got so rampageous that the captain tied it up, and only let it loose now and then.

"It happened to be loose that day, however, and the minute the captain's back was turned up jumps Mr. Monkey, grabs the captain's gold watch off the table, and away up the main riggin' with it like a flash o' lightnin'!

"You should just have seen the captain's face! for that watch was a birthday present from his wife, and he'd almost as soon lost his right hand as let anything happen to it.

"'Five pounds to any man that will get me that watch back!' he sings out at the top of his voice.

"But not a man stirred; for we all knew well enough that when the beast saw us coming up to try to catch him, the first thing he would do would be to chuck the watch overboard. In the meantime, the monkey, having perched himself in the main-top-gallant yard, began holding the watch to his ear for to listen to its ticking and then he would give it a knock against the wood as if to stop its noise, and then hold it to his ear again, grinning and making sich faces all the time that we could hardly help laughing. But as for the captain, he looked just as if he'd fly in bits on the spot.

"Just then Saucy Jack—whom everybody had clean forgotten—sings out from above:

"'Shall *I* get that thing for your honor?'

"'Do, my boy,' cries the captain, quite eager like.

"The word's warn't well out of his mouth when Jack was swinging himself along from mast to mast by the running stay, like a spider on a thread.

"When the monkey saw his chum a-coming he began chattering and grinning like anything as much as to say, 'Now there'll be some fun.' For, d'ye see, Jack and he used to play ball with rolled-up bits of rope-yarn, and seeing Jack coming along, he thought there was going to be a game at ball.

"And so there was, sure enough, and a precious queer one, too. Jack got astride of the yard, and worked himself along till he came pretty close to the beast; and then he threw a bit of biscuit, which just missed, and went rattling down on deck. Then, Mr. Monkey having nothing else to throw back, threw the captain's watch!

"Little Jack caught it as neatly as if he was playing cricket; but in doing it he lost his balance, and the next moment he was swinging head downward in the empty air, hanging by his feet!

"We all cried out at once, like so many madmen, and in a moment the whole crew were halfway up the rigging to try and save him. But he didn't need much saving, *he* didn't. Before any of us could get near him he swung himself up on the yard again, and slid down one of the stays cool as could be, with the watch—which he'd never lost hold of—crammed into his mouth for safety.

"The minute he touched the deck, he went straight up to the captain with the watch in his hand, and he says to him:

"'I'm sorry I made fun of your honor, and if you like to punish me for it you can; I ain't a-going to shirk my share.'

"'I'll be shot if I do!' cried the the captain, clapping him on the shoulder. 'Here's your five pounds, my boy, and right well you've earned them; and I'll never forget what you have done for me today.'

"And he *didn't* forget it, and the end of that job was—"

But just at this point Jack's yarn was interrupted by a deep, hoarse shout that came rolling up to us from the town below:

"Hurrah for Admiral Corbett! Hurrah for Captain Brown!"

"What is all that?" asked I, springing to my feet.

"What's all that, d'ye say?" answered old Jack, with a jolly laugh; "why, it's the end of my yarn, that's what it is. Admiral Corbett's our old captain of the Britannia, and Captain Brown, his chum, is Saucy Jack."

A PROBLEM.

Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy:
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true.
And he marked the place with a fish hook,
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
'Twas a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the piece,
And their quite unequal length.
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "O, Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened,
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it.

—*St. Nicholas.*

ANY PERSON who breaks open a letter or reads a postal card, after it has passed through the postoffice, for the purpose of obstructing correspondence or prying into the business of another, is liable to a fine of $500, or imprisonment at hard labor for one year.

A MISSOURI MAN who refused to run for a county office was chased into a swamp and then hunted out with dogs and guns and made to accept. When Western politics get after a man he's got to come in out of the wet.

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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..

AUBURN TRESSES.

I shall be considered unorthodox, says a writer in the *Whitehall Review*, when I say that next in loveliness of all the hair I have ever seen comes a chevelure of golden red. Very red hair is orange, and orange hair is far from beautiful; but the abundant tresses to which I refer were of the color of perfectly white corn, with that reddish tinge which makes the waving harvest fields so beautiful. Red hair, even if unlovely, has its advantages in a practical age, when a girl or woman dares not to be insignificant, "invisible," on penalty of being nobody. The writer of a little book on the toilet sets forth as follows one of these advantages: "Enter a room in daylight (by artificial light red loses much of its ferocity) where there are women without bonnets or hats; and if there be one of them with bright unmistakable red hair, she will stand out from the rest with a never failing prominence, which, if she be a pretty woman—and red-haired women often have great beauty of feature, and very often lovely complexions—is of the greatest advantage to her, socially speaking.

Another advantage lies in the fact that the possession of red hair restricts the owner to a narrow but select range of color. "Another advantage?" cry the phalanx of the red-haired sisters. Undoubtedly I do, and to prove it I ask if, in your inmost souls, you do not adore pink and cherish the belief that it suits you? Of course you do. I never knew one of your coloring who did not. Restriction as to color, if universal, and regulated on a basis of good taste, would make England more celebrated than ever for handsome women or pretty girls, many of whom now ruin their looks by wearing wrong tints. And what may the red-haired wear? I will tell you. If you wish to be insipid and commonplace, wear pale blue. That has been the heritage of the red-haired for centuries. If you would like to jump out of that deepened groove and wish to look a very poem, buy warm golden browns, orange tinted yellows, ruddy cream colors, with a flash as from russet leaves upon them, terra-cotta, and the whole range of such tints as are exemplified in primroses, buttercups, marigolds, tea-roses, Marshal Neils, and Gloire de Dijon, chestnut browns, chocolate, dull wallflower reds, and dull gold color. A beautiful rousse, who is a great favorite in English society, wears a gold band in her hair, and usually dresses in the evening in yellow satin or gold-covered velvet. She is a picture, indeed, and in her walking gowns of chocolate, relieved with amber, or of tawny red and gold, is as picturesque a woman as one would wish to meet.

Insurance Risks in Inebriety.

The well-known fact that life insurance companies find excessive mortality in their risks in certain sections of the South and Southwest has been the subject of some interest lately. Several of the Hartford companies who have examined the facts have found that this mortality came directly from inebriety, and was due to the liberal interpretation of the agents, who did not realize that any risk of inebriety was perilous unless the insured had suffered from delirium tremens many times. No use of alcohol, either moderate or occasionally immoderate, was thought to be dangerous.

The agents and examiners had no clear conception of the danger of alcohol, and treated the companies' views as extreme. The result was that special examiners were sent from the home office to cancel all the risks of ten thousand and upward where the insured were found using alcohol to any excess. Finally some of the companies withdrew their agents altogether, and do not solicit business in certain sections. In one case twenty-eight deaths were all traced to the excessive use of alcohol, and were all paid, simply because it was cheaper to settle than to contest. At a recent meeting of the Tennessee State Board of Health, the Secretary reported that a Hartford life insurance company had ordered its agents not to issue any policies in six counties of the State, owing to the excessive mortality of the policy-holders. The question came up of the cause of this mortality; as no reports indicated any special disease in this section, a letter was addressed to the secretary of the company to know the reason.

The answer was that from the amount of insured lives in these counties, the average loss to the company should be about sixty-eight thousand dollars, when in fact it was over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—more than double the loss of any other section, and that without any special cause of epidemic disease.

The real explanation was the want of care in taking risks and the number of inebriates who had been taken as proper cases. It is the same old blunder of supposing inebriety to be a mere vice at the control of the victim, and in no way periling life unless used to great extremes.—*Journal of Inebriety.*

DIED RATHER THAN PAY TAXES.

A Rich Pennsylvania Farmer Commits Suicide Rather Than Pay His Taxes.

New York Herald, Oct. 24, 1884.

The community in the vicinity of Stonetown, a small village some six miles from this place, was thrown into great excitement when it became known this afternoon that John Stoneback, aged sixty years, a wealthy and well known farmer, had committed suicide by shooting his head completely from his body. The deed was committed in a large Swiss barn, which is on the farm where the deceased resided, and while a tax collector was waiting in the house for his return from the barn for the purpose of getting taxes for which Stoneback was in arrears.

AFRAID OF THE TAX COLLECTOR.

It was learned from the deceased's wife that he was very much afraid of meeting the tax collector, who, he claims, would come for money, and he had none for him. They tried to persuade him to pay his taxes on the large amount of property which he owns and prevent a sale for the money, which the collector had threatened a few weeks ago. This was his last visit, and if not paid then the officer would have seized the property to cover the amount. It is not known why Stoneback would not pay his just taxes.

DYING IN OPULENCE.

He had no other debts and lived in a fine residence at the bottom of Eagle Mountain. He leaves a wife and several children. The former is prostrated with grief. When the body was brought into the house by the farm hands she was thrown into convulsions. The Deputy Coroner held an inquest upon the body tonight, and the jury rendered a verdict of suicide. Hundreds of people flocked upon the scene, and the affair is one topic of discussion throughout the village. The farm upon which Stoneback lives is very large, and has twenty head of horses and thirty cows.

ADVICE ON MARRIAGE.

A colored philosopher writes: "Let common sense have a show in the transakshun. Doan go off yer feet bekase you meet a girl who can sing like a robin; smile like a rose, an' jump off a street kyar widout boderin de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you am gwine to marry, ax yurselves how fur $10 per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' perwishuns an' house rent an' fuel an' incidentials. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks too sweet for anything in a red plush sacque, kinder figure how many sich duds your income would buy her. Befo' you am all broke up ober a gal who plays on de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poetry, jis sit down an' figger who am to cook yer meat an' taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, an' help yer make $12 to buy $15 worth of tings. Befo' yer let a pa'r of flashing eyes an' a cunnin' dimple captivate yer, look aroun' a little an' see if the owner has got a temper like a cat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekase people take each other unsight an' unseen, jest like de boys swop off their ole jack-knives, an' ef yer doan heed dis yere advice, yer'll find dat yere 'jected de truest gospel ebber was preached."

"YOUNG MAN," said the Professor, "you should not allow yourself to be guided altogether by your own opinions. You should defer to the opinions of others." Student: "But the poet says, 'Tis madness to defer.'" Prof.: "True; but the poet was Young when he said that."