The Kent News:
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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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May 17, 1884.

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—WITH—
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And Dealers in
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Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 ct. per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties.

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.
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Our motto, "Quick Sales, Prompt Returns."

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Foreign and Domestic FRUITS,
Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.
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Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

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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.

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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. jel6-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.
a3-tf. Chestertown.

BRICKING GRAVES.
My charge for BRICKING GRAVES hereafter will be for grown people $8.00; children $4.00, and if the estate is unable to pay, then I will do the work for nothing. Persons desiring work of this kind are requested to notify me IN PERSON.
aug16-6m. JAMES P. COLEMAN.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!
New Goods!
—AT—
Bottomley & Johnson's,
MILLINGTON.
Everything desirable, kept in a first-class store, now in stock. Extra inducements offered this season. The Ladies are especially invited. We have the largest stock of
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
and RUBBER GOODS,
in town. We have a full line of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
WOOD and WILLOWWARE,
GLASSWARE &c.,
which we will sell very low. Give us a call and be convinced that we can sell goods low. We have a full line of
CHRISTMAS GOODS,
Fancy and Ornamental, suitable for presents.
Thanking our friends for their liberal patronage in the past, we hope by low prices and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year we are your friends,
BOTTOMLEY & JOHNSON,
de6-1m. Millington, Md.

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.

BOOTS and SHOES. Just received, a large new stock all grades, at lowest prices. An inspection invited.
oc4. J. H. SIMPERS.

CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.
Ingrain Carpets as low as 25 cts per yard. J. H. SIMPERS.

1885. THE SUN. 1885.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers, Baltimore.
The meeting of Congress, the Inauguration of President Cleveland, and the events likely to follow a change of Administration at Washington, will be attended by many circumstances of more than ordinary interest, while in foreign politics the immediate future promises to be prolific of many striking occurrences. The industrial progress of the country will be marked by many incidents of interest, principal among which will be the Centennial Exhibition at New Orleans. Special correspondents of THE SUN in every part of this country and in Europe will keep its readers fully advised of what is going on in the world, and there could not therefore be a better time to subscribe for it than now, as THE SUN is a complete newspaper, impartial and independent, contains FRESH and RELIABLE NEWS from every quarter—Industrial, Political, Commercial, Financial, Shipping and Special Market Reports; Editorials based upon sound principles and treating upon every subject of current interest.
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Trustworthy in all things. An Epitome of the World's news. The Choicest Gems of Literature. The Latest and Fullest Reliable Market Reports.
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NOTICE!
SALTPETRE,
SAGE, PEPPER.
Large Stock! Low Prices!
—AT—
STAM'S Drug Store.
Nov. 29, 1884.

Something New!
Pinkind's Map of Maryland,
Showing the position of the Counties, Towns, Water Courses, Railroads and Topographical features of the State.
This Map has been designed by Messrs. Pinkind and Melvin for use in the public schools, but we recommend it to parents also for
HOME INSTRUCTION
of their children. The Map is neatly printed in colors; with copious slate exercises on the back.
Price of Map 10c. For sale by
COLIN F. STAM,
n29. Druggist.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!
WE speak the truth when we assert that the
CASPERSON LAMP
Is the Best Light Ever Produced from Coal Oil; Stronger than Gaslight and Perfectly Safe.
READ THE FOLLOWING:
Dear Sir:—Having purchased of you one of the Casperson Lamps we can fully recommend it to all who are in want of a good, strong light, we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. It is by far the best light we have ever used.
JOS. PETERSON,
H. H. BARROLL,
M. T. GOSLEE,
WILBUR ELIASON,
E. W. EMORY,
W. B. USILTON.
We also sell all kinds of Lamps at lowest prices, such as Library and Hall Lamps, Hand, Parlor and Stand Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Night Lamps, Lanterns, Carriage Lanterns.
Chimneys and Shades of all kinds and sizes. Burners of every description and everything else in the lamp line. Liberal reductions made to churches.
H. A. SPARKS,
no8, 1884. oppo. the Court House.

Wanted!
100,000 BUSHELS
—OF—
WHEAT!
For the Wm. Lea & Sons' Co., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.
E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove,
July 12-tf. Kent Co., Md.

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

WHITE PINE FENCING!
A Carload just received from Grand Rapids, Michigan, of Superior WHITE PINE FENCING, by
m13. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

The Unseen Battle-Field.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to protect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band,
Yet there with an unyielding front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a god-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And, glowing on his naked breast,
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to the wondrous sign,
And gazing at it, all receive
Strength from a power divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth—
A truth as great as sure—
That, to be victors, they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife
Imparts a holy calm;
In every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm!

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

ENDED IN SMOKE.

I was sitting on the back porch of my little vine-clad cottage this lazy May morning, puffing immense volumes of smoke from my old meerschaum pipe, undisturbed by aught save the chirping of the songsters of spring, and the cheery voice of my sister Bessie, as she goes singing about her household duties. I am thinking deeply—thinking of my pretty next door neighbor, Kittie American. She is a witching little girl, with the blackest of hair and the bluest of eyes. She does not look her age by five years, which her widowed mother innocently told me was less than my own by 10 years, and I am turning 35.

I have known Kittie nearly a year; I have ridden with her, played with her and worked with her, and to-day, for the first time, the startling revelation has dawned upon my obtuse intellect that I am deeply in love with her.

About 15 months ago I came from the North, bringing with me my only sister, Bessie, and my cousin, Basil Willoughby, and settled down in Bonnie Brae, one of the picturesque little villages which comprises the suburban belt of Baltimore. Basil is a literary man and I am an artist. My sister keeps house for us two old bachelors, though the term can hardly be applied to Basil, for he is only a tall, slender stripling of 24 summers, as fair and delicate of feature as a girl; while I am dark, short, heavy set, weather-beaten and fast growing gray.

I puff and puff until I have thoroughly made up my mind that today shall settle my fate, at least so far as Miss Kittie American is concerned. Carefully knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I arise and walk leisurely over to Mrs. American's. I find Kittie out in the yard, busily engaged in weeding her flower beds and soiling her pretty fingers. She looks up with a sunny smile as she sees me, and exclaims inquiringly:

"Not painting this morning, Mr. Burroughs?"

"No, Miss Kittie," I reply, "I am suffering from an acute attack of spring fever, and have come to you for sympathy and consolation."

"I greatly fear that you have come to the wrong individual," she says, laughing merrily, "for I am going to ask you to turn gardener and help me to rid my flower bed of these horrid weeds."

"Let us compromise, Miss Kittie, by taking a stroll in the woods after wild flowers," I reply.

"Done!" she exclaimed, as she runs into the house after her bonnet, and soon we are strolling along together in the most contented manner possible.

I never noticed before how graceful her lithe, "petite" figure really is, how lustrious her eyes, or how tempting her robust mouth, and I am seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to take her up in my arms and imprint a kiss upon it. What a vivid fool a man is when he has been badly hit! But what man very deeply in love ever yet possessed a vestige of practical common sense of which the all-absorbing passion did not wholly deprive him?

We strolled leisurely through the leafy woods, conversing on the various topics of art and nature, culling wild flowers here and there, and finally, when we have done, Kittie seats herself on the trunk of a fallen tree and I stretch myself indolently at length upon a downy bed of dry leaves. I wonder if I shall have the the courage to carry out my original design, and con over what I shall say and how I shall say it. I gaze at Kittie long and searchingly. Although she is looking the other way she must be aware of my scrutiny, for presently she turns and asks quizzically:

"Are you thinking of putting me on canvas, Mr. Burroughs?"

"I confess I was not, but indeed I would like to, Miss Kittie," I reply earnestly—so earnestly that a faint color mounts to her forehead.

A long pause ensues, and then I say, abruptly: "Kittie, I love you; will you be my wife?"

She looked at me a moment in utter amazement, and then cooly replies:

"Mr. Burroughs, I do not believe I can."

"Are your affections otherwise engaged?" I inquired eagerly.

"No, I think not," she answers placidly.

"Then why can't you?" I ask calmly.

"Well, I have reasons."

"But what are they?" I querry, a trifle impatiently.

"Well, Mr. Burroughs, you are a great smoker, and I detest smoking—"

"But why have you not told me so before this?" I exclaim, throwing away my cigar. "I had an idea you enjoyed seeing me smoke."

"Oh!" I do like to see you enjoy yourself, but under the circumstances it would be different, you know, having a smoky breath above one all the time," she replied, blushing vividly.

"Then I'll give up smoking," I persist.

"I don't believe you can, Mr. Burroughs," saucily.

"Miss American, you are trifling with me," indignantly. "Kittie will you be my wife if I promise you to abandon tobacco?"

"Y-e-s, when you have given it up for good and all," she replies, doubtfully.

I attempted to ratify our bargain with a kiss, but she is too quick for me, and up in arms in an instant. Well, I can afford to wait. We slowly wend our way homeward, feeling supremely happy, for is not my Kittie as good as engaged to me?"

I think it wisest to keep my heroic resolution a secret from Basil and Bessie, so I leave my pipe and pouch in their accustomed place.

"Fill up your old pipe and come out on the porch, Dick; I want to talk to you about the last scribble of mine," Basil calls out to me after supper.

But I curtly declined, greatly to his surprise, and seek the seclusions of my chamber, where I pace savagely up and down, trying to get the better of that insatiate appetite for the weed nicotine. I seek my couch early, but Morpheus refuses to be wooed. I toss, tumble, fret and fume, and finally, about 3 o'clock in the morning, arrive at the conclusion that I love my pipe more fervently than I live Miss Kittie American. I steal cautiously down stairs capture my meerschaum, and returning to my chamber, I enjoy a long, lazy, delicious smoke.

Oh! drug more potent to soothe my fretful nerves than the far-famed narcotic of the Orient! I revel in one long, continuous dream of delight but my appetite is no sooner satisfied than I am seized with a terrible remorse. I have broken my promise and shown myself to be a miserably weak man. I sit upon the edge of the bed and calmly think the matter over; finally I arrive at the conclusion that stimulant must be opposed by stimulant and satisfied with this theory, I get into bed and fall peacefully to sleep.

In the morning after breakfast I sally forth and procure a bottle of the best brandy I can find, This stuff, I agree, will drown my insatiate thirst for tobacco, as I am not in the habit of using stimulants of this character. I can easily dispense with it when it has accomplished my object. I take the liquor to my room and indulge in it more or less during the day. I astonished Bessie and Basil in the evening by appearing crabbed and sour and talk in a boisterous, incoherent manner.

I remain more or less under the influence of brandy during the whole week. I have so far realized my condition that I remain away from Mrs. American's entirely. Finally, Basil tells me I am fast going to the bad, and Bessie implores me with tears in her eyes to save myself from certain ruin. I send for the doctor, who doses me with bromide and fixes me up all right," as he terms it, and I return to my pipe again.

I go to see Kittie and expostulate with her; I try to reason with her; but it is all of no avail; she only replies to whatever I have to say:

"I told you I did not believe you could abandon it; you are too much its slave."

It is evident she despises me for being so weak. I return home heavy-hearted and despairing and seek solace and sympathy in my old meerschaum.

One morning a bright idea strikes me. I take my pouch and pipe and walk about three miles to the summit of a high hill, vulgarly called "Goose Hill." I sit down on an old stump, take a farewell smoke, deposit my pipe and tobacco on the stump and return home. I am sorely tempted during the day and during the night also, but I hold steadfast until the next morning, when my feet bear me against my will in the direction of "Goose Hill," and I fall from grace again. Thrice in the space of three days I take that absurd journey, and then I give up. I go to Kittie and tell her candidly that I have overrated my strength; that it is impossible for me to abandon the habit; that even the physician, on account of my intensely nervous organization, advised me not to attempt it unless I did so gradually, and that would be a matter of months, perhaps years. But she remained impregnable so far as argument is concerned.

"Why will you not abjure that absurd vow, dearest Kittie?" I exclaimed. "I will not smoke in your presence any more than I do now, or not at all, if you so desire it."

"And why will you not abandon that absurd habit?" she answered me. "There is no earthly use in our arguing this question," she continued. "If you do not give up tobacco you must give me up."

"Kittie, do you not love me?" I ask as a "dernier" resort—a final appeal to her heart and affections.

"You know I do, Dick," she confesses, the rosy color mantling her cheeks; "but if you love your nasty old pipe better than you love me I can never marry you. My resolution is unalterable."

Before she is aware of it I catch her up quickly, kiss her passionately upon the lips, and rush out of the house. I reach my room, I know not how, hurriedly pack my valise, rush down stairs, tell my astonished sister that important business connected with our property in the North demands my immediate presence there, kiss her good-bye and hurry away.

Before I can scarcely realize it I am on the cars, being whirled away towards New Jersey, a disappointed lover and a disheartened consumer of the "divine plant." I reach my old home the following day and take lodgings with my tenants. I revisit the former scenes of my childhood, wander aimlessly about the country, accomplishing nothing for the first two weeks; then I began to pick up and go to work in earnearest, and thus three months slip away.

One sultry day in the latter part of August I received a letter from Bessie. My hand trembles and I pale a little as I peruse it. It contains the news of the approaching nuptials of my cousin Basil and Kittie American. Well, well, Basil is not a devotee of the weed, and take him all in all the boy will doubtless make her a better husband than ever I could have been.

I sit in the fast fading twilight, enveloped in a cloud of azure smoke soliloquize thus, as I study the ever-circling rings:

"A pipe of tobacco is a man's greatest consolation, but can it ever compensate for the loss of a fair woman's heart?"

"DON'T TRUST HIM."

Some years ago a retail dealer in the interior of the State, who took butter, eggs and cheese in exchange for dry goods and groceries, found himself over-stocked with the former articles, and was worrying about a prospective loss, when a buyer from the city called around and had a talk with him. As a result the grocer rushed into his house at noon and shouted to his wife:

"Hanner, what d'ye think! There's a feller here from York who'll take my 200 dozen eggs!"

"No?"

"And them 17 cheeses!"

"Is it possible?"

"And them 400 pounds of butter!"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, going to take 'em all and pay cash down."

"Well, well! But Henry, you look out! I know they must eat sich things in New York, but he's buyin' 'nuff to feed half of America for a week, and don't you trust him for any part, and take your chances on finding a market."—*Wall Street News.*

BELVA ANN—"Marie, are my crimps all right? I must hasten to congratulate Grover. He and I are old friends, and besides he is a bachelor a-n-d—oh, how my heart beats!"—*Hartford Journal.*

WHEN a cashier becomes unsteady a depositor is in danger of losing his balance.

Centennial Service at Still Pond.

SERMON BY REV. L. E. BARRETT—METHODISM IN KENT—STILL POND CHURCH AND CIRCUIT—LOCAL HISTORY.

The centenary of the Methodist Epis. Church in the United States was observed by the Still Pond M. E. Church on Sunday, November 30. The church was filled with a large congregation who listened with much interest to the sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Louis E. Barrett, from Matt. 16-18. The speaker sketched in a rapid manner the early struggles of the church, and dwelt upon her present fervor and stability. He said that Methodism owed its influence and prosperity to—

1st—The great faith in God.
3d—To its aggressive spirit.
4th—To its educational power.
5th—To its itinerant system.
6th—To its distinctive means of grace.
7th—To its missionary spirit.

At the close of the sermon the pastor read the following paper in reference to local Methodism:

Methodism in Kent.

Methodism early took root in Maryland. It was introduced in America by some Irish immigrants, among whom were Barbara Heck and Philip Embury; Embury was a local preacher in Ireland, and when he removed to America and settled in New York city Barbara Heck, a pious young lady, who came over with the immigrants, seeing the wickedness by which they were surrounded, persuaded Embury to use his powers of exhortation and go to work for the Master.

This was the beginning of Methodism in this country. He was assisted by Capt. Webb, an officer in the British army, stationed in New York. This was in 1760. In 1769 two preachers were sent from England. They found that Whitfield, who had crossed the ocean thirteen times, had awakened the people upon the subject of religion, and they soon established and built John St. Church in New York city. About this time Robt. Strawbridge, another local preacher from Ireland, settled in Maryland and founded a society in Frederick county, and afterward organized classes in Harford and Baltimore counties.

The soil of the Eastern Shore was early pressed by the foot of the Itinerant Methodist preacher. Kent county was originally settled by the Quakers. The Revolutionary war coming on many young men joined the army; those that returned were turned out of the Quaker fold for taking up arms. These were attracted to Methodism because, doubtless, of similarity to the Friends in plainness of worship and life. After the Revolution Methodism began to grow in these parts. Classes were formed and services held in school-houses and private dwellings until church buildings were erected. I have been unable to ascertain at what time the original church was built at Still Pond—that there was a church here at an early date is certain. I have in my possession an old steward's book bearing date 1801. This book appears to have been kept jointly by Wm. Harris and Benjamin Hanson, stewards. It appears to be a faithful account of all monies paid in at the various quarterly conferences from 1801 to 1832. In this book I find there was a class in Still Pond in 1801—whether there was a church here at that time I know not, but think there was, as public services were held here, and the inevitable collection taken up. In looking into this stewards' record, at the quarterly meeting held at Chestertown, March 1st, 1801, the sum of $75 was paid in by the Still Pond class as quarterage. The circuit then composed Chestertown, Bostwick's, Georgetown X Roads, Wilson, Brick Chapel, Still Pond, Younger's, Worton, Quaker Neck, Comegys, Easter Neck Island, Kent Chapel, Anderson's, Moffett's, Moseley's—fifteen appointments. The circuit was supplied by three preachers, viz: Johnson Durham, Laurence Blackman and James Latimer; John Smith was local preacher and Thomas Ware was presiding elder. At this early date preachers were changed every six months, and received about $100 per year and expenses. They were required to report their marriage fees at every quarterly conference and put the amount in the general stewards' fund.

In next quarterly conference, held in May, 1801, Still Pond reports $10.08 for class money, and public collection. In the next quarterly meeting, held in August, this appointment makes a still better showing, reporting 14s. 6d.

In 1809 Turner's Creek class appears on the list, also Head of Chester, now called Millington. There is no record of any quarterly meeting being held at Still Pond until 1817. Lawrence McCombs was then presiding elder with Wm. Ryder preacher-in-charge. Previous to this there had been quarterly meetings held at Piner's woods, Steward's woods and Pearce's woods.

In regard to the church building at Still Pond Bro. John Webb, our oldest member, recollects worshiping in the church, which stood where the present structure stands, in 1817. Sister Mary Hepbron recollects the church in 1824. She describes it as a small brick structure, with one window on each side. The roof blew off sometime in 1820. Bro. Jas. S. Harris has obtained from the court record the following deed for the land upon which this building now stands:

Still Pond M. E. Church Deed, 1820.

The land on which Still Pond M. E. Church stands was deeded by Thomas Gale and Rasin Gale, both of Kent county, Md., on the 27th day of September, 1820, to John Hepbron, John Howard, George Beck, John Moore, John Turner, Joseph Parsons and Benjamin Price, trustees of the Still Pond Meeting-House, and their duly elected successors in trust, for the sum of $65.00. Sold from land called Redman's Supply joining land called Hepbron's Choice, down middle of public road leading into Still Pond Neck, to Joseph Parsons' lot, thence to beginning, containing 1¼ of an acre.

That they SHALL erect and build, or cause to be erected and built thereon, a house or place of worship for the use of the members of the M. E. Church, in the United States of America. Trustees must have been one year a member of the church and 21 years old before election.

Signed in presence of — THOS. GALE, RASIN GALE.
SAM'L G. KENNARD, JOHN USILTON.
Recorded by WM. SCOTT, Clerk.

When the roof blew off the church in 1820, and which had been standing for some years, it was doubtless proposed to build a new church. It would appear from this deed that the land upon which this first building stood had never been purchased by the trustees, and in order that the land might be safe and secure for the future, this deed was obtained with the expectation that a new church would be erected. This was not however done; a new roof was put on the old building; it was repaired and somewhat enlarged in 1836. It was lengthened, the pulpit changed, and other improvements made—Ignatius Cooper was then preacher-in-charge.

In 1838, under the pastorate of Jas. L. Houston, a great revival, of wonderful feeling, swept over the community, and many were added to the church. This building was torn down and a new one built in 1853. Building committee: John Wilson, Henry Masten, Joshua Clark, Jas. Gale and Joseph Webb. When completed it was considered to be one of the handsomest churches on the peninsula. James A. Massey and Samuel W. Thomas were the preachers on the circuit. In looking at an old class record I find that John Morse and Ebenezer Blackiston were class leaders in Still Pond from 1833 until about 1849, when the names of James Gale and Thomas Rasin appear as leaders. Henry Kelly was leader of a class at Harmony at this time, and also at Still Pond for a number of years. He was succeed in this position by Henry T. Jump, who still is leader of class No. 1.

At the session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference held in March, 1865, Still Pond, Union and Urieville were separated from Kent circuit and formed into a separate charge called Still Pond circuit. T. J. Thompson was presiding elder and Jas. E. Bryan preacher-in-charge. Henry Kelley, James Gale, Thos. Rasin, Rich'd H. Harris and Wm. Ayars were class leaders and John P. Hartley Sunday School superintendent. At the first quarterly conference of the new circuit a committee consisting of Henry Kelly, Jos. W. Webb, John Wilson, Joshua Clark and H. T. Jump was appointed to arrange for Still Pond's share in the division of parsonage property. The committee secured the sum of $650.00.

In the spring of 1882 it was determined to repair and remodel the church—thirty years had made considerable inroads upon the building. At a meeting of the official brethren held in April the following were appointed as the building committee: F. H. Harper, J. S. Harris, J. Frank Wilson, Geo. W. Davis and Joseph H. Clinton. The audience room was entirely remodeled, new roof put on, cellar cut through and heaters placed in it, new furniture placed in the audience room, handsomely frescoed and repainted, reopened and dedicated on the 28th of October, 1883. As the result of the labors of the committee we are today worshiping in this beautiful and comfortable room; a credit and honor to the liberality of Still Pond Methodism and an ornament to the community.

Of the brethren who comprised the first quarterly conference, of Still Pond circuit, held June 19, 1865, viz: Jos. M. Carrow, Geo. W. Crossley, Henry Kelley, James Gale, Thos. Rasin, Richard H. Harris, Wm. Ayars, Joshua Clark, John Kelley, John Wilson, H. T. Jump and J. P. Hartley, but two remain with us, viz: H. T. Jump and Thos. Rasin, both in age and feebleness extreme. The majority of that little band have crossed the river and joined the church triumphant in heaven. At that meeting Bro. Jump was made recording steward, which position he has filled ever since, and the care with which the quarterly conference journal is kept bears ample testimony to his faithfulness.

N. B.—The pastor requests that if any one possess any data in reference to the original Still Pond church, he would be obliged if they would communicate it to him.

HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

In the north of Europe is a mountainous country called Sweden. Its winters are long, snowy and cold. Its summers are short, but very lovely and sweet-aired, especially in the valleys between the high mountains.

The folks who live in that country are noted for their industry and contentment. One morning, a long time ago, a certain king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, was riding through a village in one of the beautiful valleys not far from Stockholm, the capital city. As he rode along he saw a young girl filling a pitcher with water that gushed from the cool rocks which overshadowed the roadside. He stopped at the fountain and asked the girl for a drink. She knew not the stranger, but gracefully stepped forward and lifted the pitcher to his lips as he sat upon his horse. She was evidently very poor, but her kindness, so tenderly expressed upon her face, and her artless politeness, attracted the king's attention and touched his heart. Judging by her appearance that she was a child of poverty, he told her that if she would go to the city with him, he would find her a pleasant home.

"Ah! good sir," said the girl, "God placed me here, and I am not anxious to change my position in life. I am content, and if I were not content it would be impossible for me to accept your kind offer."

"Indeed! Why not?" said the king in some surprise.

"Because my mother is poor and sick," said the girl.

"And you stay at home and take care of her?" asked the king.

"I am her only help and companion," said the girl, looking upon the ground with a genuine modesty that won the sympathies of the royal stranger. "I am happy in my lot, and thankful that I can take care of and comfort the one so dear to me. No offer, however tempting, could make me leave my dear mother."

"Where is your mother?" asked the king, becoming more and more interested in the noble girl.

"In that hut, by the side of the road," said she, pointing toward the humble dwelling. It was a low, thatched building, covered with moss and vines, very neat and clean, but so old and weatherworn that it gave but a poor shelter in time of cold and storms.

The king alighted from his horse and went with the girl to see her mother. He found her sick and suffering, lying upon a bed of straw—a pale, thin-looking woman, looking toward the grave only as a bed of rest—sweet rest. The king was almost overcome at the pitiable sight, and said, while tears came into his eyes—ah, yes, and those tears were far more glorious than the brightest dazzles that ever glanced from his crown of diamonds—

"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so poor and sick."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the woman, in a feeble voice; "but I am so glad that God has given me a loving daughter. She is always trying to relieve me and is my constant comforter. May God in His love remember her and bless her—my dear, dear child!" and her voice was choked back by sobs and her face was covered with tears.

The good king wept with the poor widow. Surely, the angels in heaven rejoiced over that meeting in the lonely hut. The king never received such a blessing on his throne in the palace as there in the lone hut by the wayside! He gave the daughter a purse of gold, and directed her to a better house where she and her mother might be comfortable, saying as he left:

"Go on, my young friend, in your way of dutiful love and care, and you shall not be in want while I have means to help you. I am your king. Farewell!"

And the king never forgot the poor family. He had a sum of money sent to the woman regularly for her support; and at the mother's death he gave the daughter a handsome fortune.

Young readers, remember, oh, remember, the fourth commandment, which is the first commandment with promise: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

HE SAW HIMSELF.

Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family. "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can not drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"That is the first time you ever refused any thing," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had hold of you?"

"No, sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I met them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching that gate, I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No; you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here, and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the girl, and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The action was too life like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

PEEVISHNESS may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement—that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

"WELL," said George, "I must go," and then he said good night with the Emma Abbott attachment thereunto appertaining. "If you must, you mussed," replied Linda, "look at my hair and ruffle." And he ruffled.

"ONLY A BUTTON"

"Fanny," said Mr. Chickerly, looking up from his newspaper, "I shall have to leave here early tomorrow morning."

"To go to Scenersville about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I wouldn't Frank."

"Why not?"

"It's such bitter cold weather to travel in, and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's as likely as not that she'll change her mind about making a will when you get there."

Mr. Chickerly smiled.

"That would be your system of doing things, Fanny, but not mine."

"My system, Frank? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting things off immediately. I wish you'd break yourself of that habit, Fanny. Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

"I don't believe in being lectured, Frank."

"You need not, for I am going to pack my valise. By the way there's a button off the shirt I want to wear tomorrow. I wish you would come up stairs and sew it on for me."

"I will, presently."

"Why can't you come now?"

"I just want to finish this book; there's only one more chapter."

And Fanny opened her volume so resolutely that her husband thought it best not to contest the question.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright fire, Mrs. Chickerly gradually grew droway, and before she knew it she had dropped off into the shadowy regions of dreamland.

She was aroused by the clock striking eleven.

"Dear me, how late it is," she thought, with a little start. "I must go up stairs immediately. There, I forgot to tell the cook about having breakfast at five tomorrow morning, and of course she's abed and asleep by this time."

And laying this salve to her conscience, Mrs. Chickerly turned off the gas and crept drowsily up the stairs.

"Fanny, Fanny, it's past five and the cook hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you sure you spoke to her last night?"

"Oh, Frank, I forgot all about speaking to her last night," she cried, with conscience-stricken face. "But I'll run right up—she can have the breakfast ready in a few minutes."

She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into a pair of silk-lined slippers, and threw a shawl over her shoulders.

Mr. Chickerly bit his lip and checked her:

"No need, Fanny," he said, a little bitterly. "I must leave the house in fifteen minutes or miss the only through train. It's no use speaking to the cook now."

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. But Mr. Chickerly again interposed.

"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you would sew this button on the neck of my shirt. I have packed the others—those that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough but not one in repair."

Fanny crimsoned as she remembered how often in the course of the last month or two she had solemnly promised herself to devote a day to the much needed renovation of her husband's shirts.

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on, an appropriate button was next to be selected.

"Oh, dear Frank, I haven't one the right size!"

"Sew on what you have, then, but be quick!"

But Fanny was quite certain there was "just the right button" somewhere in her work-basket, and stopped to search for it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried triumphantly, holding it up on the point of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick," said Mr. Chickerly, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way Frank; as if anybody could sew a button on well in a hurry. There, my needle has come unthreaded!"

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" sighed her husband, fairly out of patience at last, "why didn't you do it last night, as I begged of you? I shall miss the train, and what little chance we had of a place in Aunt Elizabeth's will will be sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behind hand."

Fanny gave him the shirt and began to whimper a little, but Mr. Chickerly had neither the time nor the inclination to pause to soothe her petulant manifestation of grief.

He finished his dressing, caught up his valise with hurriedly spoken "good by" and ran down stairs, two steps at a time, into the street.

Mrs. Chickerly was sitting down to her little dinner, a la solitaire, with a daintily browned chicken, a tumbler of currant jelly and a curly bunch of celery ranged before her, when, to her surprise the door opened and in walked her husband.

"Why, Frank, where on earth did you come from?" cried the astonished wife.

"From the office," coolly answered Mr. Chickerly.

"But I thought you were off for Scenersville in such a hurry?"

"I found myself just five minutes too late for the train, after having run all the way to the depot."

"Oh, that was too bad!"

Chickerly smiled a little as he began to carve the chicken. "Yes, I was a little annoyed at first; it did seem rather provoking to be kept at home by only a button."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I shall make a second start tomorrow."

"I'll see to it that your breakfast is ready this time to the second, and all of your wardrobe in trim," said Fanny, rather relieved at the prospect of a chance of retrieving her character.

"You need not. I have engaged a room at a hotel near the depot. I can't run any more risks."

He did not speak unkindly, and yet Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased with her.

"But Frank—"

"We will not discuss the matter any further, my love, if you please. I have resolved to say nothing more to you about reforms. I see it is useless, and it only tends to foster an unpleasant state of feeling between us. Shall I help you to some macaroni?"

And, fairly silenced, Fanny ate her dinner with what appetite was left to her.

Three days afterward Mr. Chickerly once more made his entrance, just at dusk, carpet bag in hand, as Fanny sat enjoying the ruddy shine of the coal fire and the consciousness of having performed her duty in the mending and general renovating of her husband's drawers and shirts—a job which she had so long been dreading and postponing.

"Well, how is Aunt Elizabeth?" questioned Fanny, when her husband, duly welcomed and greeted, had seated himself in the opposite easy chair.

"Dead," was the brief reply.

"Dead! Oh, Frank! Of her old enemy apoplexy?"

"Yes."

"Was her will made?"

"It was. Apparently she expected me on the day she herself appointed, but on my non-arrival in the only train that stops, she sent to the village lawyer, made her will, and left all her property to the orphan asylum in Scenersville, with a few bitter words to the effect that the neglect of her only living nephew had induced her, on the spur of the moment, to alter her original intention of leaving it to him. She died the very next morning."

"Oh, Frank, how much was it?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

There was a moment or two of silence, and then Mr. Chickerly added composedly:

"You see, Fanny, how much that missing button has cost me!"

Fanny Chickerly sat like one condemned by the utterance of her own conscience. Not alone the one missing button, but the scores—nay hundreds—of trifling omissions, forgetfulness and postponements which made her life one endless endeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present seemed to present themselves before her mind's eye.

She rose and came to her husband's side, laying one tremulous hand on his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing buttons, say love," she said, earnestly. And Mr. Chickerly never again had cause to lecture his wife.