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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News;

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
Two DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

House Siding!

1x6 White Pine, any quality;
1x6 Picked Clear Seasoned Cypress;
⅝x6½ No. 1 Dressed White Pine, North Carolina German or Rabbeted, 1x6 and ⅝x6 do. Rough or Dressed;
⅝x6½ Virginia rough or dressed;
⅝x7½ Va. Knotty Cheap Siding;
⅝x6½ rough, knotty, clear of sap White Pine Sound Siding—knots in this last are sound and boards coming from the heart of selected White Pine logs—is unsurpassed for durability.

Call and Examine the above SIDING.

JOSEPH TURNER.
SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885—tf.

E. T. COMEGYS,
GRAIN
Commission Merchant,
Chestertown, Md.

☞HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.

I also have J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove buying for me.
Telephone call No. 64. Sept. 5.

WINTER GOODS!
At Low Prices
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS',
CHESTERTOWN.

CANTON FLANNELS from 6 cts. per yard up, Muslins, all widths, Calicoes as low as 4 cts. per yard, Cloths, Cassimeres, Red, White and Gray Wool Blankets, Table Damask, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirting, Velveteens, Blankets, &c.

HOSIERY from low grades to fine regular made, Gloves, Corsets, Shawls, Skirts, Towels, Lace, Hamburg, Handkerchiefs of all kinds, Fine Shirts, Gent's and Boy's Underwear in great variety. Ladies and Children's Vests, Notions generally.

OUR stock of Boots and Shoes is large. We have Button and Lace Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children in all grades, Heavy and Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, and Winter Boots for Men and Boys all sizes and grades, also full line Rubber Goods, Overshoes, all at the very lowest prices.

NEW STOCK of Hats and Caps of the newest Fall and Winter Styles to suit all ages.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

QUEENSWARE, Glassware, Plates, Cups and Saucers, Vegetable and Meat Dishes, Bowls, Pitchers, Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

GROCERIES, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Soaps, Flour, Tobacco, Segars, &c., with a large general stock, bought at low prices; we offer inducements to cash buyers by selling at small profits.

BUTTER, Lard, Eggs and Poultry taken in exchange for goods at market prices.

oc17. J. H. SIMPERS.

LOOK!

J. B. McINTIRE
Has opened on the Corner of High and Mill Sts.
A GENERAL GROCERY
—AND—
Provision Store!
and will keep constantly on hand a choice lot of
Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Spices, Pickles, Lard, Meats both salt and sugar cured;
Broiling Beef chipped to order;
Salt Fish, Flour by the bag, pound or bbl.
Meal, Buckwheat, and
A Nice lot of CONFECTIONERY.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE:
J. B. McINTIRE,
Corner of High and Mill sts., nearly opposite the M. E. Church.
oc31-3m.

To Tax Payers.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

AS COLLECTOR of the Fourth Election District I have my tax books in hand, and bills made out against each individual tax-payer, I am prepared to receive taxes for the year.

To accommodate tax-payers I will be at the Register's office in Chestertown every SATURDAY and TUESDAY afternoon.

Prompt payments are requested, so that I may not be embarrassed and saved the unpleasant necessity of forcing collections.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,
aug22-tf. Collector 4th District.

A Word to the Wise About Taxes!

THE MAN—or woman either—who pays his taxes most promptly, is the most happy. He has relieved himself of a burden that increases in weight the longer it is borne; costs and interest are added and the tax-payer feels justified in blaming everybody and everything for the results of *his own negligence.* Therefore, be wise and happy—PAY YOUR TAXES at once—out of your Wheat or Peach money and don't wait for corn or uncertain collections.

To accommodate payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday and Worton Station every Saturday afternoon.

I have my books now in hand and your bills are ready. Resp'y,
aug22-tf. JAS. S. GEMMILL.

FIFTH DISTRICT, ATTENTION!

'Come, let us Reason Together!'

AS citizens we desire to have good roads—we wish to attract visitors and strangers; as good and charitable people we want to make the poor comfortable: to secure peace and order it is needful to have efficient officers. Your boys and girls must be educated. All these things need money—it is indispensable. The Tax Books are now ready, and to facilitate the payment of your taxes I will be at

ROCK HALL at 10 A. M., GREY'S INN 12 M., and EDESVILLE at 3 P. M.;
First and Third Wednesdays in each month.
At LANKFORD and KILBURN the 2d and 4th Monday in each month

☞I shall be pleased to meet all my friends with their pockets full of current coin of the County, State and Nation as above appointed.
JAMES THOS. LAMB, Coll'r.
aug8-tf. 5th District.

A Splendid Assortment of TINWARE of our own manufacture, for sale at low prices. W. A. WHEATLEY.

Trustee's Sale
OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
IN CHESTERTOWN, MD.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county as a Court of Equity, wherein Edgar F. Wiatt and Charlotte S. Wiatt, his wife, are complainants, and Wm. H. Lassell, James T. Lassell and others are defendants, the undersigned as trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Voshell House in Chestertown, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, the 8th of December, 1885

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

All that Valuable Property

situated on the southwest side of High Street, opposite the old M. E. Church building, and running through to Cannon street, and known as the

"LASSELL PROPERTY"

This property will be offered in parcels, and sold as may prove most advantageous and a plot will be exhibited at the sale.

Parcel No. 1

fronts on High street 29 feet, with a depth of 133 feet, and lies between the storehouses of Mrs. Ruth Maul and James S. Bradley.

It is improved by a THREE-STORY FRAME DWELLING in good repair and containing 8 rooms, now occupied by Capt. Jos. W. Thompson. The front room is a large store-room now occupied by E. F. C. Perkins as a provision store. This is one of the oldest and best stands in the town, and is adapted for any trade, having been long known both as a milliner's and watchmaker's stand.

Parcel No. 2,

as now held, is an unimproved lot fronting on Cannon Street 206 feet and running back 168 feet.

This parcel will be subdivided and offered both as a whole and in parcels, as will be shown on the plat to be exhibited at the sale.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the decree are as follows: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or in thirty days thereafter at the option of the trustee, and the residue in two equal installments, with interest from the day of sale, in one and two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchasers with a surety or sureties to be approved by the trustee.

JAMES A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, Auctioneer.
Nov. 14, 1885—ts.

Times Hard! Money Scarce!
Quick Sales! Small Profits!

FOR BARGAINS GO TO
GREEN POINT!
—ON HAND—
LUMBER. FLOUR. GUM BOOTS.
COAL. SALT. GUM COATS.
LIME. BACON. OIL SUITS.
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, TIMOTHY SEED,
ROCK SALT. COAL OIL. SALT FISH,
ROPE YARN, &c., &c., &c.

☞If we have not on hand what you want we can get it for you.
oc24. WM. B. TURNER.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S
Corn Hoes! Corn Hoes!
AND
CULTIVATOR TEETH!

WE have on hand a large lot of the BEST STEEL CORN HOES for sale, and a fine lot of extra heavy CULTIVATOR TEETH made expressly for puting Corn Ground in order for wheat.

These goods will be sold cheap. Call and look before buying.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
sept12. Chestertown.

Hardware! Hardware!

HINGES, LOCKS, BOLTS, KNOBS, Screws, Latches, Hooks and Staples, Hammers, Saws, Planes, Chisels, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Augers, Braces and Bits, Files, Tacks, Mallets, Hinge Nails, and every kind of Hardware kept in a first class Hardware store.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Farmers' Hardware!

Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, Rakes Trace Chains, Hames, Traces, Backbands Plow Lines, Grindstones, Vises, Hedge Shears, Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, W. Wash Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., &c. The largest and best assortment and at moderate prices.
mh14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station in Chestertown formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quick Lime
or Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
Oct. 15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned having rented his farm near Fairlee, where he now resides, will sell on

WEDNESDAY, 9th of December, 1885,

his entire stock and farm implements &c., consisting of

18 HEAD of CATTLE,

1 Yoke Oxen, large, good workers; 6 very fine Cows, in milk; 10 two-year-old Heifers and Steers;

1 Bay Horse, 1 Odd Mule,

4,000 POUNDS OF PORK, IN SALT;

1 Champion Binder, 1 Champion Single Wheel Reaper, 1 Champion Light Mower, 1 Hyland Corn Sheller & Power, 1 Hyland Roller, 1 Kemp & Burper Manure Spreader, 2 Farm Wagons, one with springs; 1 Ox-Cart, 1 Ox-Dray, 1 Hay Rake, 1 Light Peach Dearborn, 1 Empire Drill, 2 Twin Harrows, 1 Acme Harrow, 2 AA Harrows, 1 A Harrow, 1 Thomas Smoothing Harrow, 1 Spring Tooth Harrow, 1 Ladow Harrow, 4 Chilled Plows, 1 New-Ground Plow, 1 Sulky Cultivator, 6 Iron-Frame Cultivators, 4 No. 4 Wiley Plows, 2 Small Acme Plows, 1 Corn Planter, sows Fertilizer; Plow and Wagon Harness, Single, Double and 3-team Trees, Log Chains, Lot Iron, 2 Fans, Weighing Beams, Grub Hoes, Wheelbarrow, Grind Stone.

Large Kitchen Stove & Fixtures, Tables and Dairy Fixtures,

1,500 Heads of Cabbage, in kiln; 60 bus. Potatoes, in kiln; 25 bus. Turnips in kiln; Stack good Timothy Hay, about 3 tons; and many other articles usually found on a farm.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of Nine Months will be given on note with approved security, negotiable and payable at Chestertown National Bank. No goods to be removed until terms are complied with.

SAM'L H. CRAWFORD.
U. A. C. GARRETT, auc'r. no21-tds.

N. B.—MR. EDGAR H. STRONG, will also sell at the same time and place

6 GOOD, YOUNG HORSES

that will be guaranteed as drivers and workers. n21-ts.

TRIBLE

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BUY YOUR HOLIDAY PRESENTS. MIRRORS. MIRRORS.
The largest assortment of Mirrors, the lowest prices. Hand Mirrors, Triplicate Mirrors, Plush-Frame Mirrors, Bronze-Frame Mirrors. Now is your time to buy before the rush begins.
LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS, HDKF'S, HOISERY.
All new and Popular Prices.
JEWELRY, JEWELRY, JEWELRY.
In Jewelry we have all the new Styles, Bracelets, Pins, Eardrops, Chains and Hair Ornaments—Rhinestone and Gold.
BISQUE WARE. BISQUE WARE.
DOLLS AND ORNAMENTS.
BEAUTIFUL BISQUE ORNAMENTS AND JOINTED DOLLS.
ALL PRICES. ALL STYLES.
JEWELRY CASES.
Plush Work Boxes, Odor Cases, Comb and Brush Sets, Whisk Holders, Zylonite Combs, Brushes and Mirrors, Ivoroyd Brushes and Mirrors in beautiful Satin-Lined Plush Boxes, Manicure Sets, all at popular prices.
LEATHER GOODS.
Pocket-Books, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Wallets and Leather Cases, Satchels and Purses for Coins.
Don't wait for the crowd, come now, while you can get the best attention.
JAPANESE PAPIER-MACHE GOODS.
All new decorations, made expressly for our retail sales.
TRAYS, WAITERS, MATCH SAFES, CRUMB TRAYS and BRUSH, BRACKETS, BREAD TRAYS, GLOVE BOXES HDKF. BOXES, all new decorations. Our prices are right, and we ask you to come now before the rush begins.
PICTURE FRAMES, EASELS AND ALBUMS.—We show a large assortment of PICTURE FRAMES, some in brass and new, at 17 cents; beautiful PLUSH FRAMES at 25 cents, and better goods if you want them. ALBUMS are selling well.
INKSTANDS, SCHOLARS' COMPANIONS, MATCH SAFES, SHAVING SETS, TOILET CASES AND COLGATE'S & CO.'S and LUNDBURG'S PERFUMERY. Now is your time to buy. You can get the best attention.
FANS.
Fans in beautiful paintings, Feather, Satin, Silk, and some beauties with Pearl Handle.
WHISK BROOMS.
WHISK BROOM HOLDERS.
These goods are sold in large quantities for the holidays and this season we shall show beautiful goods at low prices, and a full assortment of Clocks which keep excellent time.
32 AND 34 NORTH CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD. n21-y.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This You can Do by Buying Goods of
THOMPSON----Up Town.

WE will sell you a barrel of Gambrill's, or Wm. Lea & Son, Co.'s Flour, a sack of Salt, a barrel of Lime, &c., for less for the cash than you can buy it in the city.

WE will sell you good brown Sugar at 6c., good Green and Roasted Coffee at 12½c. and 10 lbs. Granulated Sugar at 80c., cash.

WE will sell you a good, solid Plow Shoe at $1, $1 25 and the Best Plow Shoe at $1 40 a pair, also a pair of Gent's Sewed Bals., (a good dress shoe,) for $1 35 such as is sold at $1 50. A Gent's Calf, Buttoned or Lace Shoe at $2 50, such as is sold for $3 00 and a pair of Ladies' Kid Front, Glove Kid Tip, Worked Button-hole, a splendid article and warranted sound for $1 75.

LIME, LIME, LIME.—Hair and W. W. Brushes, a large stock and for sale in quantities. We aim to keep a little of everything and by buying our goods close for the cash, and discounting all our bills we are enabled to sell very cheap.

☞Give us a call and we will prove to you that we mean business. Thankful for past favors we are

Yours obediently, &c.,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Sept. 19, 1885. UP TOWN.

UNDERWEAR.—Gent's Undershirts at 25, 50, 75 cts., $1, $1 25, $1 75 and $2. Ladies and Children's Vests, all sizes and prices.
oc17. J. H. SIMPERS.

PUBLIC SALE!

THE undersigned intending to discontinue farming will offer at public sale at his residence in Quaker Neck,

On WEDNESDAY, Dec. 2, 1885,

the following property:

3 Good Milch Cows,

10 HEAD of HOGS,

weighing about 300 lbs. each, already dressed;

Farming Implements:

1 Wagon and Harness, 1 Empire Wheat Drill, in good order; 1 Champion Reaper, 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Corn Marker, 1 Roller, 2 Wheat Fans, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Dearborn and Harness, 1 Carriage Pole, 1 Set Double Carriage Harness, 1 WheelBarrow, 1 Farm Bell, 1 Sleigh, 1 Grindstone, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Forks, Shovels, Hoes &c.

A lot of PURE PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKENS, &c., &c., also, a nice lot of CABBAGE.

Household and Kitchen Furniture:

1 Singer Sewing Machine, in good order; 1 Good Cook Stove, No. 8; Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, 1 Lounge, Safe, Bureaus, Stands, Chairs and other things too tedious to mention.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; all sums over $10 a credit of Ten Months, on note with approved security, payable at Chestertown National Bank, with interest added. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

WM. H. BLACKWAY.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auc'r. no21-tds.

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale on the premises where Lewis Grantlin now resides, on

FRIDAY, December 4th, 1885,

the following property:

1 GRAY MARE, Nelly;

1 Bay Mare, Kate;

1 BAY MARE, Fannie, 4 years old:

1 Bay COLT, 2 years old; 1 yearling COLT;

ONE MULE.

6 HEAD of CATTLE,

consisting of Cows and Heifers:

One-half interest in a Binder, 1 Spring-Tooth Harrow, 1 Sulky Cultivator, 2 Wagons, 2 Horse Carts, one new; 1 Drill, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators and many other articles too tedious to mention.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. SHALLCROSS.
no21-ts. AGENT.

Public Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale, at his residence in Broad Neck, on

MONDAY, November 30, 1885,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

6 HEAD of HORSES,

all good Workers and 3 good Drivers;

12 HEAD CATTLE

including 6 Milch Cows, now giving milk, and 1 Shorthorn Bull, fine size, two years old last Spring;

2 Farm Wagons, one of them nearly new;
2 Sets Wagon Harness,
Hay Rigging, 2 Ox-Carts,
1 three-spring Dearborn, Corn Sheller,
1 Roller, 2 Wheat Drills, Plows,
Harrows, Cultivators,
2,000 Bundles of Corn Blades,

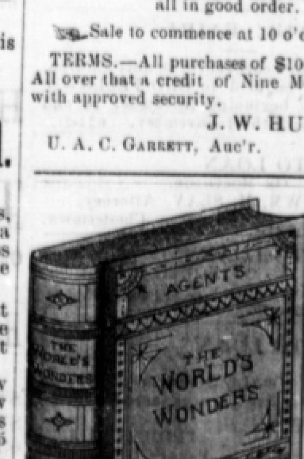
5 TONS GOOD TIMOTHY HAY.

Also, I Large Cook Stove and Fixtures,
all in good order.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

TERMS.—All purchases of $10 or less, cash. All over that a credit of Nine Months on note with approved security.

J. W. HUBBARD.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auc'r. n14-ts.



Agents guaranteed to workers. No money required till books are sold. Hundreds of dollars per month made by Agents. Write for proofs and extra special terms. The marvelous success of this grand work proves it the greatest book of the age.

"World's Wonder's" is a Complete History of the World's Great Explorations, with descriptions of Wonderful, Curious and Savage Races of Men; strange wild beasts, birds and reptiles; the Marvelous Wonders of the Polar and Tropical Worlds, heroism of daring explorers, thrilling adventures and wonderful achievements, in one large, splendid, cheap volume of nearly 800 pages and 300 grand illustrations. The greatest book ever published. It is a grand **Educator**, 17 volumes in one, and **Outsells All Others.** ☞Send for proofs of agents making hundreds of dollars per month. No experience necessary, as we teach every one how to build up a grand business. Write for our splendid testimonials, AND HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Address, HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO. 120 N. 7th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WINTER BOOTS.—Men's Boots at $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50. Boys Boots all sizes and prices. Those intending to purchase will do well to examine our stock. J. H. SIMPERS.

The Irony of Time.

If we could resurrect the years again
When life is on the wane;
If we could learn by many a bitter truth
The value of our youth,
Ere the inexorable hand of Time
Has harvested our prime—
How we should drain from every flower we meet
The last drop of its sweet!
We scorn the present hour, and try to borrow
Some foretaste of the morrow;
The morrow has its morrow and the pain
Of hope deferred again;
So waste the years, till Age defeated stands,
Desolate, with empty hands.

Pilgrims on paths our fathers trod before,
We trace their footsteps o'er,
On every height, in every vale we meet
Signs of their toiling feet
Gashed on the rock and wounded by the thorn
Where we are stung and torn.
What was it that they sought? O, burning eyes
Fixed on low western skies!
The beckoning shapes that seem so fair to you
Wear the same dazzling hue
That lured the Vikings through tempestuous seas
Beyond the Hebrides,
Toward purple isles of peace and golden lands,
To die on freezing strands.

Time has no precious treasure stowed away
Beyond our grasp today;
Earth has no social garden of delight
Hid from our aching sight.
Too late we learn the humble highway flower
Is life's best gift and dower;
The light that kindles in meek, maiden eyes
Is love's divinest guise;
Too late, too late we find there is no more,
On any sea or shore,
Than those rich offerings we have overthrown,
Pursuing the unknown.
Nor any road by which we can attain
Youth's vanished grace again.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A WHISTLING GIRL.

Hallie McGuire sat on the window-sill whistling "Nancy Lee" and swinging her heels. They were pretty French heels, and belonged to the daintiest pair of slippers imaginable. Her dress was dark gray, plainly made, yet fitting exquisitely to her rounded curves and delicate outline; a jaunty little apron, with scarlet bows on the pockets; scarlet at the throat and nestling amid the waves of her dark hair completed her costume, and out of this pleasant combination of color arose her charming, piquant head.

No one had ever called Hallie beautiful; her skin was too pale, her scarlet mouth too wide, her "tiptilted" little nose too aggressive to merit such an adjective; but she was so bewitching, so original, that she possessed greater influence over others than if she had been an "orthodox beauty." Women, half envious of a charm they could not analyze, yet loved her for her sunny, merry ways; while men—surrendered unconditionally to her charming ways.

Hallie possessed an accomplishment quite rare in the quiet village where she lived; loving music with passionate fervor, but denied by nature a voice for singing, she could whistle as sweetly and clearly as any mocking-bird. Other girls vainly tried to imitate her; proper mammas spoke of the habit as highly indecorous and unladylike, while Jack, her merry, teasing brother Jack, gave up in despair at being excelled by a girl. And so she sat there, on her high perch, whistling, and trying to solve the perplexing problem—would she make custard or chocolate cake for supper. It was a golden morning in the last of May, the kitchen door stood widely open, and through it came sunshine and vague perfume, and the humming of bees. Outside, over the window, a scarlet creeper was growing, its leaves and gorgeous blossoms forming a gleaming frame for the unconscious picture.

Sauntering down the sidewalk came three young men in earnest converse — Jack, Hallie's loving, teasing brother; Fred Evans and a Mr. Hamilton. Fred was an old college chum of Jack's; Mr. Hamilton a stranger until that morning—both had come down to the quiet little town for a few weeks' fishing and hunting among the ferny streams and woods.

Just now they were planning for a day's sport and discussing tackle, bait and other necessities. A few steps farther, and the pretty little tableau came in view; for a background the shadows of the quaint, old kitchen, where, framed in by scarlet and green, sat the unconscious Hallie, saucy, bewitching, with the clear sweet whistle ringing out on the fragrant air. All three paused instinctively; then Jack in his cheery fashion, forgetful of forms spoke out: "That's my sister, come in and be introduced."

"Thanks, no," murmured Mr. Hamilton, so stiffly that Jack looked up surprised, until Fred, breaking into a laugh, explained, "You see Hamilton's particular aversion is a woman who attempts anything in the least masculine, and whistling, I believe, he considers a thing unpardonable. As for myself, I would consider it a great pleasure, but promised to be at the station to meet a friend at nine, and," looking at his watch, "I've just ten minutes to make the run. Ta-ta, old boy, we'll see you further." So saying the young men disappeared around a corner, Jack rushed up to his room, and Hallie, having decided in the same breath that "a sailor's wife his star should be" and that chocolate cake was the nicest, dismounted from the window and plunged into the mysteries of the cook-book.

"Hallie," said Jack, at the dinner-table, with his mouth full of potato, "when does Motherkin give you your birthday party?"

"On my birthday, of course, Mr. Brilliancy; or, to be explicit, next Wednesday evening, from eight to twelve P. M. Why?"

"May I bring up two friends that I met today? Strangers in town — want to do the handsome thing — charity begins at home, you know," rattled on the glib-tongued Jack.

"Of course," assented Hallie, serenely, "you are always at liberty to bring your friends."

It was a warm evening in the early part of June; indoors all was light and motion and music, as became Hallie's birthnight, and among the gay groups of friends she moved a demure and graceful little hostess. Presently she was confronted by two new faces, and heard Jack's cheery voice — "My sister — Mr. Evans — Mr. Hamilton."

Both men were in evening dress, and both fine-looking, but in Fred Evans she saw, even in that passing glance, a man of intellect and strong will, genial yet reticent, keeping back his best. The other seemed to her superficial, and yet a man of immense conceit, who considered himself as belonging to a superior order of beings.

The evening passed, as all such evenings do, with music and gay, sweet laughter, and at midnight the company divided.

Hallie, tired little queen, lost herself in slumber the moment her head touched the pillow. Fred Evans sat long on the balcony smoking his fragrant Havana, musing over the frank, brown eyes that had looked into his own, but silent as was his wont, while Mr. Hamilton had made a new discovery — that a girl who whistles, and probably does other unladylike things, can yet be cultivated, charming, refined.

This was a small village, and the new acquaintances were thrown much together. Every few days the two young men found their way to the McGuire cottage, Fred more frequently as he was Jack's chum.

As the summer wore on Fred became almost indispensable, he was so versatile in talent and so full of pleasant plans for enjoyment. He was a fine performer on the piano, playing often dainty little arias of his own composition. One of these in particular attracted Hallie's quick ear, and she was soon warbling it with her own clear note; but as she was rather shy of her accomplishment Fred was none the wiser for many a day. Once, though, he accidentally heard her beautiful rendering of his own favorite air, and softly whistled a harmonious alto, making as lovely a combination as you would wish to hear. Jack, from an unseen corner, loudly encored, and "The Duet" became from that day a family institution. Once or twice, at different times, Hallie met Fred's eyes fastened on her with a look that made her heart throb. A strong yearning shone out of them, only kept down by pride and a resolute will. But the mute language never found outlet at his lips; his manner to her was as frank and unembarrassed as that to Jack himself.

As the weeks glided by Mr. Hamilton came more frequently, and there was a certain impressiveness in look and tone and a grand consciousness of being irresistible that often set Hallie into gales of laughter. The two gentlemen were sitting together on the balcony of the hotel one radiant night in September. The next week they were to separate for their winter homes. Both were smoking—Evans more silent even than usual; Hamilton inclined to be confidential.

"The fact is, Evans, he said rather pompously, "I shall offer myself to Miss McGuire before my departure; I may, in fact, have an opportunity tomorrow. With my wealth and acknowledged position, she can hardly refuse. She is a charming girl, and though she has some glaring faults, I am convinced that once my wife I shall be able to correct them."

Fred replied only in monosyllables, and finally leaving the placid Hamilton to his complacent reverie, strode away moodily to his room. Once alone he buried his face in his hands, and gave himself up to bitter thoughts. "So tomorrow is the end of it all, and I must quietly stand aside and see another obtain what I would be so proud to win. This cursed poverty! Were I rich I would make one struggle for her love; but what could I offer, save the humblest home, the simplest pleasures. Hamilton is right—she is made for fairer surroundings. The least I can do is to keep out of the way." Then, speaking huskily, he added, "God bless you, my darling, even though you are not for me." And rising, he took down his books for an hour's hard study.

Two squares away, in a dainty rose-hung room, lay Hallie. She had been tossing wearily for an hour or more, thinking sadly to herself, "Tomorrow it will all be over—my happy summer." Then reading her own heart, and finding she had given its love unsought, crushed back her tears, and proudly resolved to hide her secret from all prying eyes.

The next day dawned clear and bright—the perfection of picnic weather. Every one was early at the "Cliff," and none more charming than Hallie, who with true philosophy resolved to extract every possible drop of honey from this her last sweet day.

But what was the matter with Fred? Silent, absent-minded, almost morose, he had no gay banter for any one. Hallie felt her heart grow heavy as lead under this unexpected change; but womanlike, to shield herself seemed to be in her wildest, gayest mood.

"Hallie, dear," called out a pretty blonde, "won't you please braid some oak-leaf caps to hold these lovely raspberries—one for each plate? nobody can make them as pretty as you."

And so Hallie, the others being busy, strayed off by herself, got her overskirt full of oak-leaves, sat down in a mossy corner, while with deft fingers she wove the pretty trifles, as she had often done before for the tea-table at home.

As she worked her eyes filled slowly with tears, but determined that she would not be so foolish, she began to whistle a rollicking little jig; and so occupied did not hear the step behind her. It was Mr. Hamilton.

"That odious habit again," he thought in displeasure, which made him appear stiffer than ever, as he seated himself by Hallie's side.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss McGuire, but opportunities are few today, and I wish to speak to you on a matter of importance."

Hallie made round eyes of astonishment at him. Clearing his throat he pursued:

"Before leaving for the winter I wish to make you a formal offering of my heart and hand. I can give you wealth and position such as you never enjoyed before. You please me, and I think that under my careful guidance your impulsive, and perhaps too pronounced, nature will be molded into a refined womanhood."

Hallie's face was a study; incredulity, a struggling desire to laugh, and vexation at such free criticism succeeded each other. But then, remembering that the man was evidently in earnest, she rose saying with gentle dignity:

"You do me much honor, sir, but I can never be what you wish," and was leaving, when Hamilton, astounded by her answer, forgot his usual good-breeding and confronting her, said angrily:

"Ah! I see Mr. Evans has forestalled me."

And then how Miss Hallie blazed! Stamping her small foot she haughtily replied:

"You have no right to make such a statement! You are"—high and clear through the woods rang a gay young voice.

"Where are you, Hallie McGuire; you promised to tend to the fire;" and hastily obeying the whimsical summons, Hallie fled, leaving the discomfited Mr. Hamilton to console himself as best he might.

At sundown there was a gathering up of wraps and baskets, and a sauntering homewards.

"Where is Hallie?" queried two or three. Some one answered that she had gone home with a near neighbor, and nothing further was said. Instead of this the young girl, restless after the conflicting experiences of the day, had wandered away by herself for two reasons—to think it all over, and to get a clump of maidenhair fern for her Wardian case at home. She saw a tantalizing bunch growing far out over the edge of a swampy pool, and in reaching for the treasure slipped and fell forward. Poor little girl! The mud and water was deep, reaching almost to her waist; but, worse than all, a sharp pain through one slender ankle and an ugly cut on her wrist proved all too truly that she was severely hurt. She called again and again, loud and clear, but only a mocking bluejay answered her; she tried for the hundredth time to get out, but the banks were slippery. Two hours went on. Hallie, naturally courageous, was getting depressed and frightened, and the pain in her ankle was sickening. Almost despairing she was about to make one more effort to free herself, when on the crisp twigs sounded a quick step, and a cheery whistle rang out on the air. It was a difficult strain from "The Duet." Instantly Hallie took up the other part, and the sleepy birds above her must have been surprised at such a burst of melody. There was a moment's astonished pause, and then an anxious voice called: "Hallie, where are you?" and guided by her cry of joy, Fred came springing over logs and bushes till he stood by the swampy pool. It was the work of but a few moments for him to rescue her from her dangerous position. As she felt the firm ground under her once more, the relief, the reaction, the pain, together, proved too much, and she sank in a little quivering heap at Fred's feet. Not in a faint—it is only heroines in novels that faint so easily—but white, sick and unable to stand. Fred, though not knowing the extent of her injuries, was frightened at what seemed to him a deathly swoon. In an instant he was on the ground beside her, chafing the limp, wet fingers and resting the tired little head on his shoulder. As he gathered her close to his heart all the weary longing of the summer, all the sternly-repressed passion of this hateful day, found utterance at his lips:

"Oh! Hallie, my darling, speak to me." A faint, pink flush crept into the white cheeks and the brown eyes met his with shy, sweet meaning in their depths.

* * * * * * *

There was a wedding at the merry Christmas-tide. Mr. Hamilton so far recovered from his defeat as to send Hallie for a wedding present a lovely little escritoire, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. In one of its small compartments, wrapped in tissue paper and small enough for a charm to a lady's watch-chain, was a tiny silver whistle. The full significance of this Hallie hardly understood, until Fred laughingly explained.

They were standing by the sparkling fire in their cosy parlor; suddenly Hallie faced him gravely:

"Now that I am a married woman, Fred, do you want me to give up whistling?"

"Why, of course not, if it's any consolation to you." Then drawing the curly head close to his heart, he added: "Oh, blessed little talent! except for that I might never have found you!"

LOUISE.

A Fortune Won by a Passing Courtesy.

Jennie Jones is a pretty young lady, residing at Highland, Ulster county, New York. She is a dressmaker, and about a year ago, while employed in New York, she befriended an old lady who had lost her pocketbook by loaning her a small amount of money, and also assisted her across the street when the horse car, in which she had met her, come to the place where the old lady wished to alight. Miss Jones gave her name and place of residence to the old lady, at her request, and thought no more of it. A day or so ago Miss Jones received a letter from a lawyer in Buffalo, which stated that by the death of an old lady in that city she was heiress to $50,000. The lady who bequeathed the money was the person whom Miss Jones had assisted a year ago.

WHEN Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson was recently asked if women were equally capable with men in receiving what is called the higher education he is credited with the answer, "There is no sex in intellect."

In the Country Lawyer's Office.

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes afar off. He didn't want a little bit of justice weighed out in a gingerly manner and done up in coarse brown paper, but he wanted justice by the carload and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the tin sign on the door: "George Boxem, Attorney-at-Law." The lawyer was in. So were a two-dollar desk, two fifteen-cent chairs, a huge cuspidor, and a rusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

"I'm Jim White, sir. Live out by Gray's Corners. I bought the Tomkins farm, you know."

"Ah!"

"Skinner jines farms with me. His steers get into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs in his 'tater patch."

"Good! I like a man of spunk."

"And he kills one of 'em."

"What!"

"He kills a hog worth two dollars."

"You don't say! Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own this county. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay?"

"Oh, yes; and he said he would like to shoot me."

"Is it possible? Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous."

"I came to ask you if—if—"

"Why, of course you have the best kind of a case against him, and it's your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but how—how much will—"

"Oh, the cost will be nothing. Just leave me $5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard of such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chicken-hearted and afraid of him."

"Well he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners."

"And as much money to law with?"

"You bet!"

"That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter."

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White.

First year — Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days lost time, and a cash expense of $58 to each farmer.

Second year—Three trials, one disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal, and a cash expense of $150 to each farmer. Time lost thirty-five days.

Third year—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions, and two farms pass into the hands of two lawyers.—*New York Sun.*

General Forrest and the Dude.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, visited New York shortly after the close of the war. One day, while riding down in a Fifth avenue stage, a dude of the most pronounced type entered and took his seat in the corner opposite the general. While searching his pocket for something the youth withdrew a large envelope from which a number of papers slipped and were scattered on the floor. He picked up those within reach, and turning to Forrest, who looked like "a member from the rural districts," said in the drawling, consequential and supercilious tone peculiar to his class, "I say can you reach those papers?" The general grasped the situation in a moment, and extending his arm until the cuff and shirt sleeve separated, exhibited a broad expanse of wrist, replied with well-assumed country *patois*, "Wall, I jis' kin, stranger, an' that's about all." Then he drew himself up to a sitting posture again and looked innocent, while the occupants of the stage roared, and the embarrassed dude proceeded to help himself, and as quickly as possible leave the unsympathetic company.

An old gentleman, who, to judge from his shaking sides, heartily enjoyed the scene, now changed his seat for one next to the general, and remarked to him, "Stranger, excuse me for the question, but where are you from?" "Arkansaw," was the rejoinder. "Well, said the old man, "I've always heard that an Arkansian is a —— of a fellow, and now I believe it. Shake hands, stranger!" He was doubly delighted a few moments later when, on arriving at the New York Hotel, Forrest introduced himself *propria persona*, and invited his new-found friend to become his guest at dinner.

She Went for Fresh Rolls.

A wedding under unusual and quite romantic circumstances occurred in Des Moines, Ia., the other day. The suddenly-accepted groom is Loren F. Bishop, a good-looking young man, who keeps a bakery.

Miss Mary Shoemaker, a pretty miss with a merry laugh and a pretty figure that is the perfection of grace, came into Mr. Bishop's bakery to buy some fresh rolls, and she looked at the young baker in such an irresistible way that he was quite beside himself with admiration.

"Miss Shoemaker," said he, "you look so pretty that I have half a mind to go right with you and get married."

"I never refuse a dare," said the pretty girl, with flushing cheeks and eyes that sparkled with a bright, roguish light.

"Well, shall I go and get my coat and get a license?"

"If you want to you may, and I'll go with you, too."

The young man's face sobered down a little, but he went and got his coat.

"Do you still want to go?" he gently inquired.

"Why, I thought it was you who wanted to go," said the maiden, hesitatingly.

"Well, I do, but I thought maybe you would give it up."

"If that's all, we'll go," was the reply.

Loren was caught, and had the good sense to see it. They went to the county clerk and got a license, and before sunset they were married.

Train Talk.

There was a long-haired man in the smoking car, and some of the passengers were making sport of him. They called him a crank.

"Tut, tut, boys," said an elderly passenger, "don't call a man a crank simply because he has long hair. Let me tell you a story. I owned a farm many years ago down East. One day I noticed a long-haired man walking about my place in a very queer way. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was just looking about a little. But he was there the next day and the next. Finally I insisted on his telling me what he wanted, and he said:

"Well, farmer, there's buried treasure under your farm, and I've been trying to locate the best place to dig for it. I've found the place, and now I will make a bargain with you. You do the digging and we will divide the treasure equally between us.'"

"I agreed, and went to digging where he told me to. I spent all the money I had on earth putting the hole down, notwithstanding the neighbors laughed at me and called the long-haired man a crank."

"You were a bigger fool than I took you for," laughed one of the passengers.

"There you go again," said the old man. "You youngsters judge by appearances and think you know all. You—"

"But you never found any buried treasure, did you?"

"Yes, I did; hundreds of thousands of dollars worth."

"What kind?"

"Coal. The long-haired man was a great geologist."

Two shivering souls met face to face,
Upon the shore of Saline creek;
Each brow was seamed with sorrow's trace,
And both were very meek.
"Pray tell me who are you?" one cried;
"You seem to be of hope bereft."
"I cannot tell," he sadly sighed,
"I only know I'm left."

AN Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends the evenings when he is away from home.

GOOD is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

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, BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A QUEER MARRIAGE.

Last week James Fauntleroy, a rich young farmer, went out walking on Ragged Edge Hill with Miss Mollie Downes, the belle of Chatham Hill Village, in Smyth county, Va. While passing along a narrow pathway on the mountain side, overhanging a deep ravine, they were accosted by Pierre Dugan, another farmer, who had been a suitor for Miss Downes' hand for several years. Dugan came upon the couple while Fauntleroy's arm was around the girl's waist. He had not previously known that he had a rival, and began to reproach the girl bitterly. Fauntleroy told him not to speak rudely to the lady, and when he thereupon applied the epithet, "a heartless coquette" to her, Fauntleroy struck him full in the face. The blow caused Dugan to stagger and fall from the narrow path into the ravine, where he lay senseless for several hours, until Fauntleroy could return to Chatham Hill and organize a relief party, who, with aid of ropes, succeeded in getting the insensible man from the bottom of the ravine. Dugan had both legs broken, and it was feared at first that he was internally injured.

Miss Downes' grief was intense, and she fainted when Fauntleroy was arrested and thrown into jail. The friends of the latter, while endorsing his course in repelling Dugan's objectionable language to Miss Downes, were seriously alarmed as to what his fate would be if Dugan should die. They quickly perceived that the only witness against Fauntleroy in the event would be Miss Downes, and several of them suggested the advisability of her leaving the State. This seemed undesirable, and then Fauntleroy's brother, who is a lawyer, suggested that it was a pity that he was not married, as Miss Downes could not be made to appear as a witness against her own husband. The suggestion was quickly caught at, and on Friday night the Downeses, brother and sister, drove quietly into Chatham. They were met at the jail by Lawyer Fauntleroy and a minister named Peterson. The party had previously located the cell occupied by the prisoner, and they pushed their carriage directly under the cell window. Lawyer Fauntleroy jumped into the seat of the carriage and, thrusting his hand through the iron grating, broke out the glass of the window. At the same time he called out to his brother to reassure him.

The latter, by dragging his cot under the window of the cell and standing on the headboard, managed to get his head on a level with the window. The necessity of the marriage was quickly explained, and then Lawyer Fauntleroy jumped down to the ground and aided Miss Downes to the seat of the buggy. It was found that the trembling girl could not reach the eager hand stretched from the barred window over her head and plainly discernible in the brilliant moonlight which flooded the jail and vicinity. Then Lawyer Fauntleroy knelt down in the buggy, and the minister aided Miss Downes to plant her foot on his back and stand on him. From here she succeeded in clambering to the shoulders of her brother, who stood braced against the jail wall. In this position she could easily grasp her lover's hand, which she kissed fervently. In this strange situation, unable to see each other's face, the loving young couple were hurriedly married.

The sentiment in the county is strongly in favor of the young couple. All the parties are well-to-do county people, and have borne excellent reputations.

Influence of Light on Animal's Colors.

As a rule, the parts of animals most exposed to rays of light are, other things being equal, richest in coloring matter. The backs of wild animals are usually and with few exceptions (as among nocturnal and burrowing animals) more strongly colored than their bellies. Another class of exceptions may be seen among fishes of certain families which lie on their sides instead of on their bellies, and expose, not their backs, but one of their sides to the light. In these fishes the upper side is colored, while the under side, next to the ground and to darkness, is not.

Articulates also have their upper sides most strongly colored, although what in them answers most nearly to the dorsal column is next to the ground. The parts of the shells of mollusks which are in contact with the ground are uncolored, while the parts exposed to the light shine with varied tints; and this, whatever may be the peculiar positions assumed by particular shells.

For individuals of the same race, the abundance of the coloring matter is generally proportioned to the intensity of the light to which they are exposed. This fact is generally understood, though exact observations bearing upon it are not as numerous as it is desirable they should be. It is well known that the skin is tanned by light, that people from the north are browned by living in the south, and that ruddiness and freckles appear under the action of the sunlight. Some people of the white race, like the Hindoos and the Moors, that live in southern climates, are frequently darker skinned than the negroes themselves. Still, we cannot affirm that light is the only cause of these changes.

Mr. Gould has observed that birds are more strongly colored when they live in countries having a clear sky than on islands or the seashore. Berchstein says that the colors of the plumage of cage birds are affected by the shade in which they are kept. Mr. Allen has shown that the color of several species in the United States changes as we go from north to south.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"MAMMA," he said, "what makes people die anyway?" "Everybody's got to die," said mamma, in the usual evasive way in which people answer children's questions. "If God made people, what does he mean by making them die?" "My child, you forget that people must die to make room for the children that are always being born. There would be no room for the new people if nobody died." "That's so," said the little fellow contemplatively—"and there's so many dogs."

A TEXAS DOCTOR gives the *Medical Bulletin* an account of the ease with which doctors are made in that State. He took a six-hour ride with a Texan villager, who asked him a great many questions about the remedies used for certain diseases then prevailing in that locality. On the following week he had occasion to visit a neighboring village, where he found his recent companion with his shingle out as a full-fledged doctor. He had graduated in that six-mile ride.

THE New York *Sun* says: "The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thinks the correct climax for a novel would be 'He kissed her, and nothing more was said.' It is with great hesitation that we differ from so eminent an expert, but it seems to us that a still sweeter climax would be, 'She kissed him, and then they said all that the circumstances required.'"

WHEN Judge Kelly, "the father of the House," was last re-elected, "Sunset" Cox said to him: "Well, Judge, you will probably be kept in Congress all your life." "I was a candidate for life—barring lunacy or paralysis." "You made your exception too broad," replied Cox; "lunacy does not disqualify a man for a seat in Congress."

THE Fort Worth *Gazette* says: "A man near here who has kept account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife since their union consents to its publication, as follows: First year, 36,500; second year, 16,000; third year, 3,650; fourth year, 120; fifth year, 2. He then left off keeping the record.

AN eminent Methodist minister told the editor of the *Christian Advocate* that, when preaching once at Sea Cliff camp-meeting, he was so annoyed by two clergymen behind him on the platform talking about lots and bargaining about lots that he with difficulty refrained from denouncing them.

THE *Chicago News* says: "The line between propriety and too great familiarity might be drawn at three kisses—one to make the loving man appreciate what he is leaving, one to encourage him to take another, and the third to carry away with him to be returned at their next meeting."

"YOU are charged with kissing this young lady in the dark," said the judge to the prisoner, a good-looking young man. "Merciful heavens!" he gasped, "is that the young lady?" "It is." "Then I plead not guilty, your honor." "Not guilty?" "Yes; and I desire to enter a plea of insanity."

A TRAMP PRINTER, to whom the editor of the North East *Star* gave a quarter two years ago, acknowledged the kindness by an editorial on Maryland hospitality in a prosperous Minnesota paper, of which he is now the editor and proprietor.

LET there be in every man's life a time for silence and holding his tongue, of keeping it back, like David, even from good words, even though it be pain and grief to him.