Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Market Street, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

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,
Collector 4th District.

aug22-tf.

TO SECOND DISTRICT TAX-PAYERS.

TAXES are now all due, and I am compelled to settle with the State and individual claimants. I have no option in the matter. *I must pay* or be sued. Therefore, tax-payers must pay me or I must proceed to collect the same according to law. This is positive and will admit of no delay and those desiring to avoid unpleasant legal proceedings can do so only by immediate payment of their taxes before January 1, 1886.

On Saturday, Dec. 26, I will be at Kennedyville; Monday, 28th, at Lynch's; Tuesday, 29th, at Chestertown; Wednesday, 30th, Chesterville, and Thursday, the 31st, at Still Pond.

SAMUEL COMEGYS,
Collector 2d District.

dec5-5t.

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,
5th District.

aug8-tf.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ANN E. KENDALL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 9th day of July, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of December, 1885.

CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,
Administrator.

jan2-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LOUISA MORGAN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 9th day of July, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of December, 1885.

THOMAS J. SHALLCROSS,
Administrator.

jan2-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

REBECCA STRONG,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of June, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 22d day of December, 1885.

H. M. THOMAS,
Adm'r c. t. a.

d26-4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, December 15th, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of HENRY T. JUMP, late of Kent county, dec'd, made and reported by MARGARET A. JUMP, executrix of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 16th day of January, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $800.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND, } Judges.
W. STEVENS,

True copy—Attest:
T. ROMIE STRONG,
Register of Wills.

Dec. 19-4t.

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

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.

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d26-3t.

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Attractive, Entertaining, Instructive.

The Family Journal of America.

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A Paper for the Homes of the Land—Sparkling and Original in Every Feature.

On the first of January, 1886, a new departure in every feature of the Weekly Times was made. Every number will be liberally illustrated in its War contributions, which have so long been a specialty in its colums, and in its Stories, which will be greatly enlarged from the pens of the best writers, and in Current History, Biography, Politics, Art, Science and the leading events of the day.

The time has passed for the weekly journal of the city to fill the place of the newspaper. The daily newspapers from the great centres of news now reach into every section of the land. Every inland city and every town of importance have their daily newspapers, and the local weekly, with the wonderful progress in provincial journalism, meets every want that the daily newspaper fails to supply. The metropolitan weekly of today must be much more than a newspaper; it must be a magazine of family reading; it must lead the magazine in popular literature, and it must meet every requirement of the intelligent reader of every class.

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will be published in each number from the ablest writers who participated in the bloody drama of civil strife, and each will be profusely illustrated. The most entertaining and instructive Stories from the best writers of fiction will appear in each issue, with illustrations.

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Selling Out to Close Business!

SMITH & SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, SNUFF, &c.

MUST BE SOLD by Dec. 31st!

Our 50c. Chewing Tobacco cannot be beaten. Our Cigars, made to order, a Big Bargain. Come and see for yourself and that will prove it. nov7-tf.

SALT. SALT. SALT.

Ground Alum and Turks Island.

OFFICE:—Vosbell House Corner, and Coal office at the Chester River Steamboat Co. Wharf. nov7-tf. SMITH & SMITH.

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At Our Store!

DRY GOODS—in Great Variety

POPULAR PRICES!

White and Gray BLANKETS, CLOTHS and FLANNELS, Cassimeres and Shirtings, Buttons and Knit Goods, Hosiery, Gloves.

A large assortment of UNDERWEAR.

Latest Styles of FALL HATS and CAPS.

A VERY CHOICE LINE OF NECKWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BOOTS and SHOES a Specialty!

Sugars, Pepper, Syrups, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Segars.

A full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Brooms, Brushes and Buckets.

We have some very PRETTY PATTERNS of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Our stock for the Fall trade has been selected with great care and will be sold at

☞ BOTTOM PRICES! ☜

No trouble to show goods. Give us a call.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
CHESTERTOWN.

Oct. 17, 1885.

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.

oct17. J. H. SIMPERS.

LUMBER!

A SPECIALTY!

We have JUST LANDED and are selling on CLOSE MARGINS for CASH only—

1 car load 21,000 ft. ⅞x6¼ Wh. Pine Siding,
4 " " 60,000 " 1x12 do. Barn Boards;
1 " " 15,000 " 1 Edge Fin'g Lumber,
1 " " 18,000 " double Dressed Picks and Selects.
1 " " White Hemlock Studding;
1 vessel load Cypress Fencing & Shingles,
1 " " 60,000 ft. 1x12 16 ft. N. Carolina.

En route and due here in a week another lot of 4x6, 5x5, 6x6 and 6x8 Georgia Timber up to 40 feet in length. Odd sizes resawed.

The above added to our large assortment of VIRGINIA PINE BILL STUFF, Joists, Scantling, etc., offers to purchasers of Lumber for Houses or other Buildings, opportunity unsurpassed in the State.

Our stock of FLOORING and SIDING is worked out of Seasoned Boards and kept seasoning for months after working before delivering to our customers.

Having spared no expense on my

YARD, MACHINERY and VESSELS

To COMPETE for the LUMBER TRADE,

in this and Queen Anne's counties, we think we are entitled to a call from you before deciding your place of purchase.

We can now make it your interest, convenience and pleasure to enter your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.

SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

WANTED:

100,000 Bus. New Corn

FOR WHICH THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

WILL BE PAID

On delivery at any of the Stations of the Kent Co. Railroad,

[Now called the Baltimore & Del. Bay Railroad.]

☞ Can be found at the Express office or at residence on High St.

V. HENDRICKSON,
CHESTERTOWN.

n28-tf.

AT BETTERTON!

Can be found a full assortment

—OF—

LUMBER.

for building purposes,

Also, Lime & Cement,

BRICKS and HAIR,

FINE SALT, G. A. SALT,

ROCK SALT, FODDER YARN,

HARD & SOFT COAL,

GAMBRILL'S FLOUR.

☞ GRAIN bought or sold. Give us a call.

TURNER BROS.,
BETTERTON.

Oct. 15, 1885.

CARPETS and OILCLOTHS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

The Way of the World.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
 Weep, and you weep all alone,
For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth
 It has trouble enough of its own,
Sing and the hills will answer,
 Sigh it is on the air;
The echoes rebound to a joyful sound
 And shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you,
 Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your pleasure,
 But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
 Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are *none* to decline your nectared wine,
 But *alone* you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
 Fast, and the world goes by,
Forget and forgive—it helps you to live,
 But no man can help you to die!
There is room in the halls of pleasure
 For a long and lordly train,
But, one by one, we must all march on
 Through the narrow aisle of pain.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

LADIES FLORAL CABINET.

"Mother! Mother! Come quick, Dolly has got something in her throat!" exclaimed Tom Ingalls, putting his head in at the kitchen door one winter morning while his mother was getting the breakfast. Mrs. Ingalls, a sad-faced weary-looking woman, hastily put down the pile of plates she was carrying to the table, and, catching up a shawl, threw it over her head and shoulders and went out.

Dolly was the Widow Ingalls' one cow, and it would fare hard with the little family if that fountain of milk and butter should be choked up! The steps were icy, the daylight was yet dim, and Mrs. Ingalls slipped and fell. She rose with difficulty and limped along the path toward the barn. She had sprained one ankle slightly, but Mrs. Ingalls was not one of those who can lie down and be waited on if any harm comes to them. She entered the barn and went anxiously toward Dolly's stall. That mild-eyed animal was peacefully munching hay, while Tom, by the light of a lantern that hung on a nail against the wall, was calmly engaged in milking her.

"I don't see that anything ails Dolly, Tom; was she choking when you came for me?"

"No, ma'am," replied Tom, demurely, "I didn't say she was choking; I said there was something in her throat, and so there was; cows can't eat without their food goes down their throats, can they?"

Mrs. Ingalls made no reply; but turned away and limped slowly back to the house, while a crestfallen look came over Tom's face. He had expected a sharp scolding, and, not getting it, felt defrauded of the best part of his joke.

"What's the matter with you, Ellen?" asked Aunt Martha half an hour later as the little family were sitting down to breakfast, "seems to me you walk lame."

"I slipped on the ice and hurt my ankle as I was going to the barn this morning," replied Mrs. Ingalls, with a look of gentle reproach at Tom.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Tom, "that's why you didn't scold me, is it? That's just like women; if there's nothing the matter but a little fun, we fellows just catch it; but if there's something worth scolding about, they are as meek as lambs."

"Then you're at the bottom of your mother's mishap, are you, Tom?" said Aunt Martha. "Ah, well, if you keep on, you'll reap the whirlwind some day, as I've always told you."

"That's so, Aunt Martha; if I ever reap half as many as you've prophesied for me, I shall be blown into atoms twice over—cyclones will be nothing to it," rejoined Tom.

Tom Ingalls' father had been a steady, quiet farmer, and his mother was a meek, gentle woman, who by her gentleness had added an abiding sadness since the death of her husband a year previous to the commencement of our story. Mr. Ingalls had inherited the small farm on which his widow and sister and Tom now lived, but the old house had burned down while Tom was a baby and he had built, not a new house, but an L, and intending as soon as his circumstances would allow to build in front of it. But he had not been prosperous and the small dwelling consisted only of a kitchen, which was also the living-room, one bedroom, and a tiny room under the eaves, which was occupied by Tom. The small farm yielded a comfortable living for the two women and boy, and Mrs. Ingalls looked hopefully forward to the time when Tom would carry on the farm himself and perhaps build for a younger Mrs. Ingalls the house his father had meant to build for her. Tom was but ten years old when his father died, but was strong and active for his years and overflowing with fun and mischief. He could not be induced to take anything seriously, but looked upon life as a gigantic joke which no amount of preaching or disciplining could turn into a reality.

Tom continued to grow in mischief as well as in strength and stature, and at eighteen carried on the farm alone and kept his mother and Aunt Martha in comfort with the proceeds of his labor and the neighborhood awake with his harmless frolics and practical jokes.

The farm that joined the Ingalls' place on one side was owned by Elkanah Watkins, who was probably Tom's only enemy, except one Horace Scudder, who was Watkins' hired man. For Tom's inexhaustible good-nature and cheerfulness were quite irresistible, while his industry and freedom from bad habits or petty meannesses had gained for him a considerable degree of respect from his townspeople. But Mr. Watkins had a pretty and spirited young daughter, Lizzie, now about fifteen years old, who had grown up on friendly terms with Tom, and had laughed at his mischievous pranks and taken his part when others censured him. And as Tom's attention now began to be more than mere neighborliness demanded, Mr. Watkins' parental anxiety was roused to such an extent that he forbade all intercourse between the women of his household and the Ingalls family. Tom still met Lizzie at singing-schools, neighborhood parties and other rural gatherings, but as she was usually escorted by Horace Scudder she scarcely dared to treat Tom with any show of friendliness, well knowing that any civility on her part would be reported to her father by the watchful Scudder, who had his own designs on Lizzie, as she was an only child and would naturally inherit her father's large and valuable farm. But Tom's wit was sometimes a match for Scudder's watchful pertinacity. One day Tom chanced to learn that Lizzie was to spend the evening at the Kents, about a mile away, and that her father was to send Scudder for her at nine o'clock. That night at supper Tom could not keep his face sober. His mother wondered what ailed the boy, and Aunt Martha sighed dismally and mentioned the whirlwind. But nothing could depress Tom's spirits, and after awhile he went to his room, and coming back with a small bundle under his arm left the house, telling his mother not to sit up for him as he might be out late. A few minutes after nine Lizzie Watkins left the Kents under the escort of her father's hired man, and they had walked about a quarter of a mile when they heard a low groan by the roadside. They stopped to listen:

"What do you suppose it was Lizzie?" asked Horace, nervously.

"Some animal, probably," replied Lizzie, carelessly. "Come, don't stand here,"

But just then the groan was repeated. It was a blood-curdling sound, and struck terror to the heart of Horace, who was naturally inclined to superstition.

"I say, Lizzie, we'll go back and get Mr. Kent to go home with us."

"Before I'd be scared by a noise!" exclaimed Lizzie, scornfully, "go and look over the fence and see what it is; the sound seems to come from that clump of bushes just over there."

"I tell you, Lizzie, it isn't anything mortal that makes that noise, and I'm back for help," said Horace, as the groans continued.

"And I shall go and look over that fence," declared Lizzie.

But she was spared the trouble, for at that moment a tall figure, robed in a flowing white garment, appeared to rise from the ground, and gliding rather than climbing over the fence came slowly toward them. Horace gave a yell more unearthly than the groans and ran back toward the Kent farm, leaving Lizzie to the "tender mercies" of the "sheeted dead," as he supposed.

"Oh, Tom! how dare you!" cried Lizzie, half-choking with laughter. But the triumphant ghost had thrown himself down on the grass by the roadside and was rolling over and over in spasms of laughter.

"Oh, didn't he scud though!" cried Lizzie, with a fresh outburst, as she looked back over the road where her recreant escort had disappeared.

"Why shouldn't he scud?" demanded Tom, "he is a Scudder, you know—a lively one, too, when he is thoroughly scared. Don't ever call him Horace again, Lizzie. Call him Scudder forever!" And Tom and Lizzie roared in concert.

The ghost arose, folded his sheet in a bundle, and gave Lizzie his arm, saying:

"If I find you alone in the middle of the road at this time of night, I suppose your father can't blame me for taking you safely home."

"We won't care if he does, Tom," answered Lizzie with pretty defiance.

It was late in the autumn and Farmer Watkins had got out his sleigh for repairs, and two handsome wolfskin robes were hung in the orchard to air, and the family went to bed forgetting to take them in. It was a little past ten when Lizzie got home and went up to her room, which was over her father's. He was awakened by the sound of her steps and lay awake some time, and was dropping off to sleep about eleven when he thought of the robes. He got up and went out to get them but they were gone, and he came back, supposing Horace had taken them in. In the morning Mr. Watkins asked Horace if he took in the sleighrobes the night before, but Horace said he had not thought of them.

"Then some scoundrel has stolen them!" said Mr. Watkins.

"Did you know that Tom Ingalls was prowling around here last night?" asked Horace, suggestively.

"No I didn't; did you see him?"

"I should think I did. You sent me over to Kent's to bring Lizzie home and he cut in and came home with her himself."

"How did that happen? Haven't you pluck enough to hold your own?"

"I wasn't going to quarrel with him," said Scudder, evasively, "but if you don't want him to run off with Lizzie, as well as the sleigh-robes you had better look out, that's all."

"Confound him! I wish he was in Jericho with the rest of the thieves," said the irate farmer.

"If I were you I would get rid of him some way," suggested Scudder, who was thirsting for revenge. "Suppose you charge him with stealing those robes; you know his joking way; he would own to it, likely as not."

"That's worth thinking of; we'll make an errand over there this noon."

About noon as Tom was busy in the yard cutting his winter's supply of wood, Watkins and Scudder came along, and stopping at the fence the former said:

"Good morning, Tom; have you seen my steers go by? They've strayed off somewhere since chore-time this morning."

"No, I've not seen them," replied Tom, answering Mr. Watkins, but beaming on Scudder with great apparent friendliness. "How did you find yourself last night, Scudder, when you stopped to look? Bless me, how you did scud!

"When a Scudder is scudding
He scuds like the wind! Ha! ha! ha!"

roared Tom.

"Shut up your mouth," cried Scudder, angrily.

"Shut up yourself, Scudder," said Watkins, good-naturedly. Then turning to Tom, with a twinkle of fun in his eye, he asked, as if in joke, "See here, Tom; what have you done with those two wolfskin robes you stole from my place last night?"

"Took them over to Easton and sold them this morning," replied Tom with his accustomed readiness. "You didn't suppose I should keep them and use them before your face, or sell them here in the village where everybody knows me, did you?"

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it," returned Mr. Watkins, with a queer laugh. "So you haven't seen the steers?"

"No, but if they've run away just send Scudder after them. There is no doubt he could overtake them. I'd match him against a trotting-horse any day!" And Tom laughed again. Scudder gave him an ugly look but made no reply, and the two men went on.

Before night Tom Ingalls was arrested and taken to jail on charge of having stolen a pair of valuable sleighrobes from Mr. Watkins. A more completely surprised fellow than Tom could not have been found, and it was not until his trial came on, and evidence began to accumulate against him that he could realize that the affair was anything but a most preposterous joke. Every circumstance was against him. Mr. Watkins testified that Tom had confessed the theft to him, and Scudder was witness to the confession. The robes were actually traced to Easton and the man who bought them, though unable to swear to Tom's identity as the one from whom he purchased them, admitted that he looked like the one. Unfortunately for Tom he had gone to Easton that morning and although his presence there was accounted for by other business, no one could prove that he did not also take the robes there. His mother reluctantly admitted that he was away from home until eleven o'clock on the evening of the theft and Scudder testified to having seen him on the premises after ten o'clock. The case went against Tom, and he was sentenced to three years in State prison. He was taken back to the jail to pass the night, and was to be removed to prison the next day. Tom was buoyant and undismayed. He sent word to his mother to keep up her courage and the farm, and to Aunt Martha that she must excuse him for not calling to bid her good-bye, as he was too busy "reaping the whirlwind" to have time for such formalities. In the morning when the jailor carried his breakfast to the cell the inmate had flown. On the wall in great letters that could be read afar off, were scrawled with a coal the words: "Ye shall seek me, but ye shall not find me!"

When Lizzie Watkins knew that Tom had been convicted and sentenced her indignation knew no bounds. That Tom was innocent and that her father and Scudder had wilfully ruined him she felt sure, but had no proof. If anything was needed to ripen and mature her budding love for Tom, this had supplied it. But her love and indignation were alike too deep for words.

After the Watkins household had settled into quiet that night Lizzie stole softly out and went over to Mr. Ingalls. Aunt Martha had gone to bed, but Mrs. Ingalls, as Lizzie had expected, was still up, and nearly crushed with sorrow and disgrace. Lizzie went down on her knees to Tom's mother and clasped in each other's arms the two mingled their tears of sorrow and indignation. Midnight came and they had scarcely moved when a face appeared at the window behind them; after looking a minute it disappeared, the door softly opened and the next moment Tom had his mother and Lizzie both in his arms. There were low cries of joy and ejaculations of surprise, and rapid questions and answers, and then Mrs. Ingalls hastened to put up some food and a small bundle of clothing for her son. Meanwhile Tom, still holding Lizzie to his breast, said:

"I never thought of finding you here, Lizzie."

"Who should comfort your mother if not my father's daughter? Oh, Tom! I wonder you do not hate me!" was Lizzie's answer.

"But I don't. I love you to distraction! You are very young, Lizzie, and I will not ask you to wait for me, but if ever this theft is cleared up I shall come back for you, and if not, I shall send for you when I have made my fortune somewhere else; and if no one wins you in the meantime you will be mine, will you not?"

"Tom," said Lizzie, solemnly, "young as I am I know my own heart; I shall wait for you until you come or send for me, if I wait my whole life!"

There was no time for more. Tom took the bundle his mother had prepared and there were more tender words and tearful kisses and good-byes, and the two women—for Lizzie had left her girlhood forever behind during these few hours—were left to their lonely vigil.

They would not sleep for anxiety and toward morning Lizzie stole softly into her father's house, from which she had not been missed.

Years passed on and nothing had been heard from Tom Ingalls. When he had been gone five or six years, Aunt Martha died and Mrs. Ingalls was left alone. She was not an old woman, but she had never been very strong, had always overworked, and now she was laid up with rheumatism. The Kents came over for a day at a time and did for her what they could, but she needed to have some one with her constantly. When Lizzie Watkins heard of her helpless condition she went to her father and began:

"Father, I was twenty-one last spring. I have worked faithfully and been obedient, but now I am my own mistress, am I not?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," replied her father, "but what do you mean to do? Aren't you well enough off? I've never found any fault with you since you gave up about Tom Ingalls, and your stepmother treats you well, and I am sure you have everything you want."

"You've been very kind in most things, father," replied the girl with a trembling voice; "I have had everything a girl could want, but—you're mistaken about Tom Ingalls. I have never given him up, and now his mother is sick and alone I am going to stay with her."

"You're not going to do any such thing!" thundered Mr. Watkins bringing his fist down on the table near which he sat with an emphasis that jarred the room.

"I am my own mistress, and I shall go and take care of Tom Ingalls' mother," repeated Lizzie with unshaken firmness.

"Then you'll never cross my threshold again or get a dollar of my money, dead or alive!" said he passionately.

"That will be as you please, father," was Lizzie's quiet answer, and before night she and her few belongings were under the widow's roof.

Mrs. Ingalls dropped all her cares on Lizzie's plump young shoulders and soon regained a portion of her health, and with it more of cheerfulness than she had known since Tom's father died. Aunt Martha had always had a depressing influence on her, but Lizzie had a bright, buoyant nature akin to Tom's and the girlish companionship was like a tonic to the lonely woman.

A few years later there was quite a sensation in the little community about them. A notorious burglar had been captured in a neighboring town and after his trial had resulted in a ten years' sentence to State prison, he had cleared Tom Ingalls' reputation by confessing to the theft of Mr. Watkins' wolfskin robes nearly ten years before.

The greater part of the community had always believed that there was a mistake somewhere, and had never really credited Tom with the theft in spite of his conviction, but now his innocence was proved, and the two women who had been true to him all these years were glad and triumphant.

The night before Christmas they were sitting before the cheerful fire that burned in the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace. Mrs. Ingalls was a sweet, motherly-looking woman though pale and thin, while Lizzie was blooming as a rose, still girlish and handsome, though she had passed her twenty-fifth year. They had been talking of Tom as usual and wondering where he might be.

"If he is alive—and I believe he is—and has heard that his name is cleared, we shall see him soon," said Lizzie.

"You are always hopeful, Lizzie," said the other; "no other girl would have waited for him all these years or given up a good home to take care of his feeble mother."

"I could not do otherwise," answered Lizzie "Tom was innocent and my own father had prosecuted him. It was for me to make such reparation as I could. I think I always loved Tom from the time when he used to carry me—a five-year-old tot—to school on his sled in winter, but my father's injustice bound me to him irrevocably."

At this moment an unusual noise about the premises made the two women start nervously. The noise seemed to be overhead and presently a voice called down the chimney, saying,

"Look out down there, good friends!" and with this warning down came a mass of snow on the fire smothering the flame and scattering the ashes about the hearth. Then the voice called down again, "Did you think Santa Claus was a salamander that he could go down such a hot chimney as this?"

The voice sounded high and thin coming so far down the chimney, but there was a tone in it that acted on Lizzie like an electric shock. She sprang from her seat and caught hold of Mrs. Ingalls, crying out, "Mother, it's Tom! We might have known he wouldn't come home like anybody else!" Then with momentary reaction she sank back in her chair, white and faint.

"More likely it is some of the village boys up to mischief," replied Mrs. Ingalls, yet trembling with excitement at the possibility of its being Tom.

But there was the greatest scratching and squeaking in the chimney, and in another moment a live turkey hung before them struggling and fluttering.

Lizzie sprang from her chair and released the fowl from the rope to which it hung and shut it in a basket.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingalls; "who ever heard of a Christmas turkey coming down the chimney before, and alive, too!"

But now there was more racket and a terrific squealing and in a moment more a live pig, as large and as white as a two-year-old baby, hung before them. Lizzie had fed too many living pigs, and salted down too many dead ones to be seriously dismayed; so she laughingly released the pig and dumped him into the wood-box for temporary safety. Then there was more squeaking and fluttering, and a pair of chickens reluctantly appeared, which were consigned to the same basket that harbored the turkey, and Lizzie stood by the hearth expectantly, but the voice called down the chimney once more, saying:

"Your chimney is too small; the rest must come in at the door."

Then followed a scrambling on the roof and a step at the door, which Lizzie flung open, and there stood Santa Claus in a great fur coat with a big pack on his back, and venerable white hair and beard. But Lizzie flew at him "like a wild cat," as he said afterward, and presently, before Mrs. Ingalls could collect her scattered wits, the fur coat and the pack were on the floor and the white wig and beard were in Lizzie's hands, and there stood Tom, stout, hearty and laughing, holding Lizzie tightly to him with one arm and reaching out the other to his mother.

Tom and Lizzie were married on Christmas Day. There should be no more waiting, Tom said; and the pig and his companions helped to furnish the wedding feast.

Tom had done well in those ten years and had come home much richer than he went away. He added more land and stock to their farm and built the pretty new house for which his mother had always hoped. Tom was prosperous and respected and held responsible offices in his native town, but he never lost his relish for fun and practical jokes.

But Mr. Watkins could not hold out against Tom's exuberant good nature, and the two families were soon on the best of terms. In fact, Tom's father-in-law became so fond and proud of him that at his death he left his whole property to him, thus keeping his word to Lizzie.

A Fit of Economy.

A New York merchant, residing on Hancock street, Brooklyn, although a gentleman of comfortable means, has frequent economical fits. Desiring to surprise his wife upon her return from the country, Mr. —— concluded to undertake the task of varnishing his dining room, which had lost some of its lustre. After devoting some time to searching for a pot of varnish which had been used on previous occasions, the merchant, coatless and with rolled-up sleeves, commenced the job which, after a labor of over eight hours, he finished to his entire satisfaction. The following morning he rose early, and his first mission was to examine his work. Greatly to his surprise, he found that the 'varnish' had not dried a particle, although both doors and windows had been left open. A closer examination disclosed the fact that he had not found the pot of varnish, and had varnished his dining room with maple syrup!

"THAT boy of yours is not adapted for the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged. "What's the trouble with him?" "He hasn't realized a sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B. buried her fourth husband. I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wanted the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

"IF man wants to own the earth, what does the woman want?" inquired Mr. Gray of his better half, after a little family matinee a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle smoothering tone, "to own the man, I suppose."

A Thrilling Episode.

The story of the rescue of the last exploring party in the Arctic regions is simply told, in a recent account of the expedition, but it is one to excite the keenest interest. The day of relief, for which a few of the poor fellows had lived so long, in the face of starvation, made the end of a horrible and tragic experience. It was half-past eight o'clock in the evening, when the cutter steamed round the bluff of Cape Sabine, and made her way to a cove, four miles away.

Arrived there, the rescuers plainly saw, outlined on the top of a little ridge, the figure of a man. Instantly the coxswain caught up the boat-hook, and waved his flag. The man on the ridge had seen the approaching boat; he stooped, picked up a signal flag from the rock, and waved it in reply. Then he came cautiously down the steep rocky slope. Twice he fell, before reaching the foot. Colwell, one of the relief crew, hailed him from the bow of the boat.

"How many are there left?"

"Seven left."

As the cutter struck the ice, Colwell jumped off and met the man. He was a ghastly sight. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. As he spoke, his utterance was thick and mumbling, and his jaws worked with convulsive twitches.

"Where are they?" asked Colwell, briefly.

"In the tent," said the man, pointing over his shoulder. "Over the hill; the tent is down."

"Is Mr. Greely alive?"

"Yes, Greely's alive."

"Any other officers?"

"No." Then he repeated, absently, "The tent is down."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

Of course the relief party hastened on to reach the tent. They found that it had been so wrenched by a gale that had been blowing for the last thirty-six hours as to be in imminent danger of falling. There was no entrance except that under the flap opening, which was held down by stones. Colwell called for a knife and cut a slit in the tent cover and looked in.

It was a sight of horror. On one side, close to the opening, with his head toward the outside, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were open but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side, was a poor fellow, alive to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the clump of his right arm.

Two others, seated on the ground in the middle, had just got down a rubber bottle that hung on the tent pole, and were pouring from it into a tin can.

Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant, staring eyes.

As Colwell appeared, he raised himself a little, and put on a pair of eye-glasses.

"Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"Who are you?"

One of the men spoke up.

"That's the major—Major Greely."

Colwell crawled in and took him by the hand, saying to him,

"Greely, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greely, in a faint, broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words.

"Yes, seven of us left—here we are—dying like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Then he fell back, exhausted.

Humors of Duelling.

Even so foolish and wicked a practice as duelling has its humorous side, and one who condemns the entire subject as criminal may yet enjoy the jokes connected with it. Major Truman's *Field of Honor* gives the following incidents:

In England, in the eighteenth century, two physicians, named Mead and Woodward, met in combat with swords, and after a few minutes' fencing, Woodward, in attempting to make a deadly lunge, slipped and fell. Mead had his antagonist in his power, and at once exclaimed:

"Take your life! I do not want it!"

To which the prostrate Woodward replied:

"I'll take anything but your medicine; I can't take that."

An officer under Ney once informed that great marshal that he had challenged a brother-officer.

"What for?" interrogated Ney.

"For slapping me in the face."

"Go to him and say that you have washed your face, as it was easier to get rid of the effects of blackguardism by water than by fighting, and say also that I have commanded you to withdraw your challenge."

A Frenchman sent a challenge to an old soldier, who had lost his leg in the service of his country. The latter replied:

"I accept your challenge on one condition—that you cut off one of your legs, so that we may meet on an equal footing."

The pleasantry, of course, put an end to all idea of fighting.

Gen. Putnam had an affair with an English officer, who was a prisoner on parole.

At the time appointed, the Briton appeared, and found Putnam seated on what seemed to be a keg of powder. The American general saluted his antagonist and invited him to sit down also on the keg.

Putnam then set fire to a slow-match which apparently communicated with the contents of the barrel, and coolly said to his companion, that the chances of their being blown into atoms were equal.

The British officer first glanced at Putnam, then at the keg, and then at the slow-match, the fire of which was approaching the powder.

He could not bear it. Jumping up, he made preparations for a hasty exit, during which Putnam shouted:

"You're just precisely as brave as I took you to be! But you needn't hurry, for there's nothing in the barrel but onions. I thought I'd try you with onions first."

Gallant Apologies.

Courtiers are not always confined to courts; the true gallant is born, not made by circumstance or training. There are a good many instances on record of the "retort courteous," which infallibly disarms the resentment of any reasonable being.

It is a very old one, this of the gentleman who stepped upon a lady's foot, and immediately exclaimed:

"Pardon me, madam; but if you will have feet so small that no one can see them, you must expect to have them stepped upon."

This is capped by a more modern story. A young lady entering a railroad car on a suburban line seated herself opposite a gentleman, who from the first, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She at length became indignant, and inquired:

"Why do you stare at me so, sir?"

He replied that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted upon her statement.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" pointing to his left optic.

"Yes, sir, it's that eye."

"Well, madam, that eye can do nobody harm. It's a glass eye, madam, only a glass eye. I hope you will excuse it. But really, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so charming a lady."

What lady, though she were possessed of ever so little vanity, could frown after that, even if the interested glass eye proved unmanageable still?

Progressive Teas.

Progressive teas are the latest fancy. At these the guests change places at the end of each course, and while to some who have exhausted their fund of conversation it is a happy release, to those indulging in an enjoyable tete-a-tete it is rather the reverse. It is a German custom to get up and walk around the table in time to some popular song. Perhaps we will come to that later on. It is well to have the china used on these occasions ornamented with heads of illustrious people or scenes of noted places, as they would suggest topics of conversation, and we all know that at formal teas and dinner parties people always appear at their worst from this lack.

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.

The Wisest and Best of the Two.

BY MRS. C. H. POTTER.

A person who felt interested to know,
 Questioned once a philosopher thus:
"When a man and wife quarrel, pray which of the two
 Should be foremost to make up the fuss?"
'Twas plain that the wise man had long ago found
 That no rule in such cases would do,
For he answered, quite briefly, with wisdom profound,
 "The wisest and best of the two."
'Tis a test of the metal of which we are made,
 But 'tis vastly well pleasing to know
When we've meekly retracted harsh words we have said,
 We're "the wisest and best of the two."

Making Men Taller.

Charity Commissioner Beeves, of Brooklyn, told an *Eagle* reporter how he got a man appointed on the metropolitan police force. The narrator said:

"It was in the time of the metropolitan police, and he wanted to get on. He went to New York and I went along. He went through all right until he came to height, and he fell below the standard three-quarters of an inch. I felt very much cast down about it, for he was a friend of mine, and I was very anxious that he should get on the force. A physician with whom I was acquainted happened to be there at the time, and he asked me if I was interested in the man who had failed to reach the height standard. I told him I was."

"That's all right,' said he, 'I'll tell you how to fix that.'

"Of course, I didn't believe it could be done, except by some trickery, but I thought I would listen to what he had to say, anyway. He told me to get an order for remeasurement, which I did with his assistance, the applicant for the position to be measured again the following day. 'Now,' said he, when he had got the order, 'you take your man to some hotel near here, give him a warm bath, and put him to bed. Make him stay in bed until tomorrow morning, about an hour before the time for him to be measured again, and tell him to sleep all the time, if he can. If he does this he will be three-quarters of an inch taller, and come up to the standard.'

"I didn't know what to think about the suggestion. My medical friend was not given to joking, but I thought he had begun. However, I was anxious that my man should get on the force, and was willing to try anything. I told him what the physician had said, and he agreed to do it. The next morning he appeared, and, when he was measured, he not only came up to the standard, but was a little above it. We were both as much surprised as gratified, and when I spoke to the doctor about it he said: 'Well, I told you so.' Then I was curious to know how it was that such a thing could be done, and asked him. He explained that every one of the numerous joints in the human frame was supplied with a natural oil. When a man has walked a good deal, or gone through much exertion of any kind in a day, the oil is used up, and the joints come close together. The difference this would make if there was but a single joint would be very little, but when there are so many it reduces the height in some cases as much as an inch at the end of a day's work. Let a man take a warm bath, and long, restful sleep, the joints will be resupplied with oil, and the consequence is he will be taller. You may not believe this, but it is a fact.'

His Word Was His Bond.

The late Samuel Brown was a merchant of Boston, Mass. When the elder Quincy was Mayor he saw the necessity of removing the Almshouse and the House of Correction to South Boston. Mr. Brown owned a very large vacant estate where the buildings now stand, and, Mr. Quincy called upon him and asked the price of the estate referred to. The reply was, "$30,000." Mr. Quincy said that would do, and asked thirty days' refusal and a bond to it, in order to endeavor to persuade the City Council to agree to the measure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no bond, as he said his word was always his bond. The Mayor took his word and in twenty-eight days had obtained the proper authority, and again waited on Mr. Brown, saying that he had come to complete the sale of the land.

"What land?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Why the South Boston land we spoke of," said the Mayor.

"At what price, sir?" asked the former.

"Thirty thousand dollars," replied the latter, "the price agreed upon."

"Did I say that amount, sir?"

"You did."

"Have you any writing to that effect."

"No, sir, none."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "since you were here I have been offered $60,000 cash for it, and you expect me to sell it for $30,000 to the city?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quincy, "because you agreed to."

"Have you any proof of that?"

"Yes; I am the witness."

"But you, being an interested party, cannot be a witness. Have you any other witness or proof, and do you wish me to refuse $60,000 for the land and sell it to the city for $30,000?"

"I do!"

"You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy?"

"None, sir, whatever," replied the Mayor, stretching himself up with great dignity—"none whatever but your word and that you said was your bond."

"And," replied Mr. Brown, stretching himself up with equal dignity, "so it is. My word is my bond, and for $30,000 the land is yours."

White Bears.

Sam Ward was once seated opposite a well-known senator at a dinner at Washington. This senator was very bald, and the light shining on the breadth of scalp attracted Ward's attention.

"Can you tell me," he asked his neighbor, "why the senator's head is like Alaska?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Because it's a great white bear place."

The neighbor was immensely tickled and he hailed the senator across the table:

"Say, senator, Ward's just got off a very smart thing about you."

"What is it?"

"Do you know why your head's like Alaska?"

"No."

"Because it's a great place for white bears."

"UNCLE JAMES," said a Boston young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is the chicken by the gate a Brahmin?"

"No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn."

"Why, certainly, to be sure! I can see the horns on his ankles."

NEVER judge men by appearances. A man may look as bold as a lion and be a major general of militia and yet make his wife go down stairs first when he imagines he hears burglars in the house.

THEY say it is no longer the style for girls to learn to play the banjo, because it took up so much of their time that they either had to abandon it or stop putting up their hair in curlpapers.

WE have a subscriber who asks whether it is proper to kiss a baby. This depends as much upon the subscriber as upon the baby. Some men ought never to kiss anything.

"THE modest man," says a writer, "will generally embrace an opportunity." But if her father catches him at it his modesty won't save him worth a cent.

FOR the first time in the his history of the United States there is not a single Smith in Congress.

THERE are but two colored men in the present Congress—both in the House of Representatives.

IT is easier to set a man fighting against all the world than to make him fight with himself.

A FRUIT GROWER of Citra, Florida, has sold his crop of oranges on the trees for $80,000.

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