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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.

Vol. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1886. No. 38.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

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HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

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HOPE H. BARROLL,

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Loans negotiated. Collections promptly attended to. Law office removed to Court street next door to drug store of Colin F. Stam. ja9.

JOHN D. URIE,

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.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,

DENTIST.

81 N. Charles Street. Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Sept. 12—1885-y.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,

Opposite Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

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

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,

Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.

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

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LEO SMITH,

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 15th day of July, 1886; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 5th day of January, 1886.

WALTER H. HADAWAY,
Admr. c. t. a.

j9-4t.

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

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.

Ratification Notice.

William D. Burchinal et. al.,
versus
J. Burton Burchinal and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of the late John H. Burchinal, made and reported by MARTON DEK. SMITH, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of March next:—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of February, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $10,500 00

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,

Jan. 16—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Visitors and Governors of Washington College,
versus
James C. Roseberry
And Edvina Roseberry, his wife,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, the named and constituted attorney for the Visitors and Governors of Washington College in their mortgage from James C. Roseberry and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Nineteenth day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Nineteenth day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,312.35, subject to a prior lien of $1,687 65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk

Dec. 19, 1885—4t.

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

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.

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.

THE SUN.

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,

BALTIMORE.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER

IN THE WORLD.

THE SUN IS NATIONAL, INDEPENDENT,

CONSERVATIVE, and DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

THE SUN from the first day of its foundation has been in the front rank of progressive journalism, and its circulation and influence have become national. It may be said with entire truth that there is no newspaper upon which more pains are taken than upon THE SUN to secure accuracy of statement in the news it contains and the opinions it expresses. The intelligence it presents to its readers from all quarters of the globe is therefore looked for with the peculiar interest which its reliability inspires.

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THE BALTIMORE SUN ALMANAC, a valuable publication of ninety-six pages, is published as a supplement to THE SUN about the first of each year. It is not for sale, nor is it distributed except to subscribers of "THE SUN," Daily and Weekly, for whose benefit it is published. Every subscriber to "THE SUN," Daily or Weekly, whose name is on our books the first of the year, will receive a copy of THE SUN ALMANAC *free of charge*.

Getters up of Clubs will find the most liberal terms that can be offered by a First-Class Family Journal.

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Address A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
SUN IRON BUILDING,
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THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES.

Attractive, Entertaining, Instructive.

The Family Journal of America.

STORIES OF THE WAR ILLUSTRATED IN

EVERY ISSUE.

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 columns, 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.

STORIES OF THE WAR

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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Sold by all news agents at five cents per copy. By mail, $2 per year, or $1 for six months. Clubs of ten $15, and an extra copy to getter up of the club.

Address, THE TIMES,
Times Building, Philadelphia.

Oysters! Oysters!

—AT—

MRS. CUMMINS', ON MAIN Street.

I am prepared to cook and serve OYSTERS in the very best style at short notice at my saloon nearly opposite the Bank, in Chestertown.

Families supplied by the gallon or in smaller quantities. My oysters are fresh and the best to be had.

s26-tf. MRS. CUMMINS.

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

NEW THINGS
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,
Oct. 17, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

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.

LUMBER!
A SPECIALTY!

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

1 car load 21,000 ft. 4x6¾ 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, 6x8 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 Annex 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 carry your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.

SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

UNDERWEAR.—Gent's Under-shirts 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.

The Way to Run a Farm.

When I was young at farming,
I'd watch the turnip-tops,
And quickly go to wishing
For good, big, rousing crops.
I wished for mammoth pumpkins
All others to outweigh;
In short, I took to nothing
But wishing all the day.

A solace sweet and soothing
In every wish would lurk.
Till dreaming speculation
Seemed surer than hard work.
I wished my cellar full of
Potatoes with a will;
I wished the granary groaning
With corn to go to mill.

While other farmers wished for
A good supply of rain,
I thought it as sound logic
To wish for fruit and grain.
And so I went on wishing,
Contented with my lot,
* * * * *
In autumn no potatoes
Were boiling in my pot.

I tell you I discovered
That wishing only breeds
Keen disappointment; wishing
Won't pull up choking weeds;
It won't hoe corn in summer,
Or husk it in the fall;
I tell you, boys, that wishing
Won't run a farm at all.

That winter my potatoes
I had to go and buy
Right from my smiling neighbors,
Who had a good supply.
They'd slyly nudge their elbows,
And laugh me with a laugh,
That labor's where that's golden,
And speculation chaff.

I learned this goodly lesson—
And in my heart it teems
One day of honest labor
Is worth ten years of dreams.
And now in idly wishing,
My duty ne'er I shirk;
But just roll up my shirt-sleeves,
And like a beaver work.

—*An Old Farmer's talk to his boys.*

PINKIE'S REVENGE.

BY HELEN JACKSON.

"What a perfect shame that she got here today!"

"Sh—sh—, she might hear you!"

"Nonsense! She is down in the reception room. I don't suppose, if she is from the backwoods, she has got ears that can hear through doors."

"Girls, I am ashamed of you. How can you be so unfeeling toward your own cousin!"

"I don't care, mamma; she is sure to be awkward and dowdy. How can we have her at the dinner table tonight? I shall die of mortification to have to introduce her to Mr. Morris as our cousin."

"Perhaps she will be too tired to come down to dinner after such a long ride. It is a little awkward to add another to a set dinner party."

"Oh, mamma, bless you for the thought! You can tell her that she is too tired. You can arrange it I know."

"Well I'll try."

These were the sentences that fell on the ears of Priscilla Bent as she sat alone, waiting to see the aunt and cousins whom she had come all the way from Kansas to New York to visit, of whose welcome she felt as sure as if she had known them all her life. It was by a blunder of the servant that she had been shown directly up stairs into the drawing-room, which communicated by folding doors with the room where were sitting mother and daughters.

"Pinkie! What a name!" continued the first speaker. "Who ever heard of such a name except for a dog?"

"Her name is Priscilla," replied the mother, "but Pinkie was given to her by her father, when she was a little girl on account of her pink cheeks."

"Well, I will call her Priscilla."

"And I too."

"Your father will not like it," said Mrs. Bent, "but we must go down."

A swift rush of three women down the staircase, three loud exclamations of dismay at the sight of the empty reception room, and a smothered whisper of vexation.

"How very stupid of Ben! Do you suppose she heard?"

These were the opening scenes in the swift little drama which here began so inauspiciously under Mr. Silas Bent's roof this morning. And next to these followed one which seemed almost a justification of all that the Misses Bent had said in regard to their cousin. Slowly rising to her feet, grasping her umbrella firmly in her left hand, rose a tall, an exceedingly tall young woman, who exclaimed in a nasal voice, "Well, I was jest a comin' to look ye up. I didn't know if that fine black gentleman o' yourn had condescended to let you know I was here. I'm most tired to death, I tell you; four days and four nights in the cars is enough to kill an ox. But I'll be all right as soon's I get my coffee. I reckon breakfast's all cleared away by this time, but I don't want much, only a cup of coffee, if the cook ain't thrown it out. I'm real glad to see you. I s'pose uncle got my letter, didn't he?" And pausing in her breathless speech, pretty Priscilla Bent looked sheepishly into the faces of her equally shame-faced relatives. If they had not been too guiltily disturbed in their own minds by fears of having been overheard in their unkind and inhospitable comments, they might have detected a strange look on their Kansas cousin's face, a mixture of twinkle and terror. But they saw or heard nothing except what so thoroughly corroborated their worst fears. Even Mrs. Bent herself, who had resolved to be thoroughly kind to the child of her husband's favorite brother, was thrown off her balance, and, in spite of herself, the welcome she gave was curt and cool.

But nothing appeared to daunt the terrible Pinkie. Radiant good humor shone in her face, her tongue ran like a clapper, and when the dinner party was mentioned, Pinkie cried:

"Not much I ain't too tired! I'll just bunk down and by six o'clock I'll be as fresh as a rooster! We don't often get a chance to a regular dinner-party out in Emporia, and I don't mean to miss one this winter. Say—shall I wear my very best? I've read about the kind of clothes you New Yorkers wear to dinners. But I've got some A No. 1 gowns, I tell you. Now, you just show me my room and I'll go straight to bed an' stay there till dinner-time. You let your black man bring me up a tumbler of milk, will you, along about one o'clock, and a doughnut or hard tack, I'm used to eatin' heartily in the middle o' the day."

When the door was finally shut upon Pinkie her aunt and cousins exchanged looks.

"Horrible!" cried the youngest daughter, Carrie. "It's worse than I ever conceived. How could papa send for her?"

"He has not seen her since she was ten years old," said Mrs. Bent, dismally. "Of course he could not dream she would be like this. He has always said her mother was a charming woman, and they lived in Europe for several years when she was little. It is horrible, girls!"

"Sunk down!" ejaculated the eldest daughter Sophia.

"Fresh as a rooster!" echoed Carrie. "Mamma, I shall go to bed myself and be too ill to appear tonight. I don't believe Mr. Morris will ever cross our threshold again."

"I will!" she muttered. "I will do it! It will be good enough for them. I know I can. It will teach them a good lesson. But I'll have to work like a Trojan to get the dress ready. Let me see what I have got that will do. Ha! I have it! That old tableaux dress will be just the thing."

"How lucky I brought it!" she chuckled, as she shook out the folds of the white muslin of a most antiquated country fashion. "Now I can go to sleep and rest easy for an hour. 'Awkward and dowdy,'—that is what I will be," and in five minutes mischievous Pinkie Bent was sound asleep.

Anxiety and vexation had made Carrie ill, and it was with a most unbecoming flush on her harassed face that she appeared in the drawing-room a few moments before the dinner-hour. There sat the cousin from Kansas! Was ever such a figure seen in a New York drawing-room before?

A plain white muslin, made in the shepherdess style, very full and very short, scarlet stockings, a broad scarlet sash, and worst of all, on the head a turban of white muslin with a scarlet poppy flaunting in front! This is what the malicious Pinkie had done with herself, whose trunks were full of exquisite French gowns such as her cousins had never owned and not often seen. She knew at least that the opals on her soft white neck would command a certain sort of respect, even from inhospitable relatives.

"Thank heaven she wore them! That will show people she at least has money. That necklace couldn't have cost less than $1,000."

"Yes," said Pinkie, nonchalantly. "Ma likes 'em best of all she's got. They're ma's. I like flowers better. I'm great on artificial flowers; always wear 'em every day."

The guests were already arriving, Mr. Bent himself among them, he having, according to the fashion of New York business men, arrived home only in time to dress for dinner. His heart was so full of affectionate welcome for his niece, whom he remembered well as a beautiful child of ten, only half a dozen years ago, that he did not at first note anything but the lovely uplifted eyes and the affectionate voice.

As the dinner progressed, even unobservant Mr. Bent became aware that his niece's attire was not what it should be, and that her voice was too loud. "But the women folks can soon straighten that all out, and the child's as pretty as a picture."

So also thought the Hon. Mr. Morris, who, to Carrie's vexation, on being told by her that the young lady in white was a cousin, who had arrived most inopportunely from Kansas, had exclaimed: "From Kansas! How delighted I am. That is the State of all others I am most interested in seeing. I am going out there in the spring. If all Kansas ladies have so wonderful a complexion as your cousin, that is another reason for visiting the region. Pray, present me to her, will you? I should like to ask her many questions. Perhaps, ah"—he stammered with the curious mixture of diffidence and audacity one often sees in Englishmen, "perhaps your mother will be so very good as to let me have the pleasure of sitting by her side at dinner—that is, if it will not disarrange your plans."

"I am quite sure mamma will not relinquish the pleasure of having you chiefly to herself during dinner," quickly responded Carrie, her heart full of anger and mortification. Nevertheless, several times in the course of the dinner, Mr. Morris heard the shrill voice and thought to himself, "What a pity the American voice is so high-pitched!"

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room Mr. Morris looked eagerly for the Kansas cousin. Not seeing her he accosted Mrs. Bent with true English bluffness: "I do not see your niece from Kansas; I hope she has not gone. I was counting on talking with her all the rest of the evening."

With mingled resentment and confusion, Mrs. Bent replied: "My niece went up stairs immediately after dinner."

In truth Mrs. Bent was in a state of nervous bewilderment. Without for a moment suspecting the real reason of Pinkie's withdrawal, she had perceived that the girl was greatly moved as she came quickly to her when they were entering the drawing-room.

"Aunt, I must ask you to excuse me. I am going up stairs to change my dress; I am not dressed as I should have been."

"Never mind, child, never mind."

Pinkie was gone.

It did not take her long to finish her transformation touches. The dainty white surah silk, with billowy reaches of white lace from belt to hem, the soft, clinging gloves to the shoulders, opal bracelets, the white ostrich feather fan, the satin slippers—all were in readiness. But at last Pinkie's heart failed her.

"It was a shameful trick to play on them. I shall cry, I know I shall; and I'd rather die than cry before that Englishman."

At last she stole down slowly, hesitatingly. Black Ben caught sight of her first and reeled back with excitement.

It was an unerring instinct that led Pinkie, on entering the drawing-room, to glide swiftly to her uncle's side, and putting both hands into his say:

"Dear Uncle Silas, won't you make my peace with aunt, and ask your friends here to forgive me for masquerading as your dinner?"

Before she had half finished speaking, the company had gathered close around her.

"I must say," began Mrs. Bent, in an angry tone. But Pinkie went on resolutely:

"I could not resist the temptation to live up to the New Yorker's idea of a Kansas girl, just for an hour or two. You know that I was exactly the sort of person you all expected to see from the West." She gathered courage as she saw smiles. "Yes, you all know it," embracing the group in her appealing glance, "and we out West all know it. Then, forgive me. You ask them to forgive me, dear Uncle Silas, won't you?"

But Uncle Silas was laughing too heartily. He bent over and kissed her forehead.

"I ask them all to forgive me for kissing you," he said. "A capital joke, Pinkie!"

"That best bit of acting I ever saw," cried Hon. Mr. Morris; "quite clever; very neat. Upon my word, though, I do not think now, really, Miss Bent, I should not have seen through it; I don't think you could have deceived me."

"I should not have tried," replied Pinkie, very simply. Yet there was a certain indefinable something in the tone which caused the Hon. Mr. Morris to change color.

There are no words in which to describe the embarrassment of Mrs. Bent and her daughters.

"Had Pinkie overheard what they had said about her?"

They sounded her as far as they dared. But they never found out.

To only one person did Pinkie ever tell the whole. That was to the Hon. Mr. Morris, after she had been for some weeks his wife.

"I thought it was so unjust in them, Frank," she said—"so cruel. I'd just give them a lesson, and let them see that manners may be only skin deep—easily put on or off. But I'd never have done it, Frank, if I'd seen you first—never. I wanted to run out of the room as soon as I saw you look at me."

"You needn't have done so," replied Hon. Mr. Morris, "for I thought as soon as my eyes fell on you that I had never seen so lovely a face before."

"Did you, really?" asked Pinkie.

"Really," answered the Hon. Mr. Morris.

A Woman's Terrible Affliction.

A very natty two-horse brougham stopped with a flourish at the corner of Spruce and Eleventh streets yesterday afternoon. Its varnish was a dark olive and a crest was painted in crimson on each door. The negro coachman on the box shivered under his cape of sable until the cockade on his hat shook. His face was a dirty gray in hue—not unlike dish-water.

A prim English waiter bounced bareheaded down the steps of the house before which the carriage stopped and opened the door for two befurred ladies. The elder of the pair, who was evidently the mistress of the carriage and the mansion, turned and looked anxiously at the coachman as soon as she alighted. He trembled more than ever and cowered beneath his cape.

"James," said the mistress in a grieved tone, "it's happened again."

"Can't help it missus," answered the coachman, in a voice of resignation.

"Well, don't keep the horses standing," said the lady petulantly.

"As the carriage disappeared around the corner she turned to her companion and said despairingly: "I really don't know what I'll do."

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" was the sympathetic response.

"I sent clear to South Carolina," the elder woman replied, "to get a man to match my brougham. He was a real nice green and I was delighted all summer. Why don't you know how many congratulations I received on my taste at the City Troop races? But now cold weather has come he turns that nasty gray. The wretch, I believe he knew he would, and I paid cash!"

The door of the house closed on the injured woman and a man on the sidewalk who had heard her plaint, said: "Great Scott!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

A DIMPLED BABY'S HAND.

From the Chicago News.

Everybody was afraid of the old Governor because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man found guilty of a crime, had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence and knowing that his family needed his support, sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old Governor replied "no;" and having made up his mind, the old Governor had no patience with those who persisted in their intercessions. So the old Governor was in high dudgeon one morning, and when he came to his office he said to the secretary: "Admit no one to see me; I am weary of these constant and senseless importunities."

Now the secretary had a discreet regard for the old Governor's feelings, and it was seldom that his presence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old Governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work. His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had the secretary seen the old Governor in such a harsh mood.

"Has the mail come—where are the papers and the letters?" demanded the old Governor, in a gruff voice.

"Here they are, sir," said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old Governor's table. "These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?"

"No, not now," growled the old Governor; "I will read the papers and my private correspondence first."

But the old Governor found cause for uneasiness in this employment. The papers discussed the affair of the imprisoned man, and those private letters came from certain of the old Governor's friends, who, strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner's affair. The old Governor was highly disgusted.

"They should mind their own business," muttered the old Governor. "The papers are very officious and these other people are simply impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change me."

Then the old Governor turned to his private secretary and bade him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old Governor growling and fumbling over the pile of correspondence. He knew why the old Governor was so excited; many of these letters were petitions from the people touching the affair of the imprisoned man. Oh, how they angered the old Governor!

"Humph!" said the old Governor, at last. "I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no, more, I suppose."

When the secretary made no reply the old Governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and contemplatively regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

"You have not shown me all," said the old Governor, sternly. "What is it you have kept back?"

Then the secretary said: "I had not thought to show it to you. It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I should not bother you with it."

The old Governor was interested. A child's letter to him—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened to him before.

"A child's letter; let me see it," said the old Governor, and, although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

"It is nothing but a scrawl," explained the secretary, "and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing to it—a mere scrawl; for the child is only 4 years old. But the gentleman who sends it says the child brought it to him and asked him to send it to the Governor, and then perhaps the Governor would send her papa home."

The old Governor took the letter, and scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it? Such strange hieroglyphics and such crooked lines—oh! it was a wonderful letter, as you can imagine.

But the old Governor saw something more than the strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude pencilings. He could see in between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love his heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

He saw, or seemed to see, a little head bending over the crumpled page, a dimple hand toiling at its rude labor of love, and an earnest little face smiling at the thought that this labor would not be in vain. And how wearied the little hand grew and how sleepy the little head became, but the loyal heart throbbed on and on with patient joy, and neither hand nor head rested till the task was done.

Sweet innocence of childhood! Who would molest thee—who bring thee one shadow of sorrow? Who would not rather brave all dangers, endure all fatigues, and bear all burdens to shield thee from the worldly ills thou dream'st not of!

So thought the old Governor as he looked upon the crumpled page and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter; for you must know that from the crumpled page there stole a thousand gentle voices that murmured in his ears so sweetly that his heart seemed full of tears. And the old Governor thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul. And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with the other's in trustful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old Governor said to him: "Give me a blank." But what most amazed the secretary was the tremulous tenderness in the Governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old Governor's spectacles as he folded the crumpled page reverently and put it carefully in the breast pocket of his greatcoat.

"Humph," thought the secretary, "old Governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected."

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people grasped him by the hand and said: "Our eloquence and perseverance saved you. The old Governor could not withstand the pressure we brought to bear on him?"

But the secretary knew and the old Governor, too—God bless him for his human heart! They knew that it was the sacred influence of a little child's letter that had done it all—that a dimpled baby hand had opened those prison doors.

That Terrible Telegram.

The other day a young housewife left her home to spend a few days with several lady friends in the city. Before going she provided a good supply of cold edibles for her husband and told him that he could help himself whenever he was hungry. He took lunch down town and went home in the evening for dinner.

As he tells the story, he found cold chicken, cold butter, cold pie, cold milk, cold salt, cold mustard, and several other cold dishes, but with all that he was not entirely satisfied, and hunted high and low for something else.

At first he did not know what it was, but finally concluded that he wanted bread. He knew there was some in the house but he could not find it. Finally he concluded to telegraph his wife, for he could not live without bread. Accordingly a telegram asking "Where is the bread?" was dispatched.

The wife received it in the midst of a number of ladies, and it frightened her nearly to death. With the cry "I know it is bad news; I know Mr. B—— is killed!" she fell in a faint.

The ladies present cried from sympathy, and a most lugubrious scene presented itself when the man of the house happened in.

"What's the matter here?" he asked.

"Mrs. B.'s husband has been killed and she has fainted," was the reply.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, she got a telegram."

"Where is it?"

"We haven't opened it yet."

Imagine the scene when