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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Professional Cards.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

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.

Drs. T. H. & J. W. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

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.

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.

Continental Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1885 $4,938,501.92

Will insure all kinds of Farm Property and Dwellings against any damage by Fire and Lightning, for any length of time from 10 days to 5 years on terms that can't be beat. Buildings insured while being built. New and valuable property insured close to actual value.

A postal from parties wishing insurance will receive prompt attention. The following well-known and valuable properties are insured in this company.

The residence of James A. Pearce, Esq., H. W. Vickers, Esq., and Mr. S. Vannort, also, the County Court House, the New Jail and the County Almshouse.

JOHN D. URIE, Agent,
aug1. Chestertown, Md.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This You can Do by Buying Goods of

THOMPSON----Up Town.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,
and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found
at C. M. LUCAS',
opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

W. REGISTER'S

MARBLE WORKS!

[NEXT DOOR TO THE MARKET HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.]

I Challenge the United States to produce better marble or finer finished work than I have done at my Yard. I guarantee its durability. You can see for yourselves in all your Cemeteries or in my Yard. I work no Scraps that have been thrown away by the saw-yards. I work no Pennsylvania marble; it will not stand the weather. I keep no agent out to torment. Persons know when they want and they had better look at the stone before buying—go look through your Cemeteries and see the broken and defaced stone. If you want a good and lasting Tombstone or Cottage Monument or a Shaft Monument of any size, I have the Largest Finished Stock of Marble on this Shore, and I will not be outdone in Prices. Call and examine for yourself. Respectfully,
aug15-tf. W. REGISTER.

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.

TOBACCO at 50 and 60 cts. per pound. Segars 2 for 5c. and at 5c. that are hard to beat. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

GREEN POINT!

—ON HAND—

LUMBER. FLOUR. GUM BOOTS.
COAL. SALT. GUM COATS.
LIME. BACON. OIL SUITS.
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, TIMOTHY SEED,
ROCK SALT. COAL OIL. SALT FISH,
ROPE YARN, &c. &c. &c.

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

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Baltimore City letters of administration on the personal estate of

MARY CORNELIA J. LEARY,
late of said city deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 2d day of August next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of January, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, ADM'R,
CHESTERTOWN, Md.

All persons indebted to the estate of said Mary C. J. Leary are hereby notified to call at or send to my office and settle the same on or before Tuesday, February 15, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, ATT'Y,
fe6-4t. CHESTERTOWN, Md.

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

SAMUEL BLACK, (col'd.,)
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 3d day of August, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of January, 1886.

T. J. FLETCHER,
j30-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

GEORGE W. T. PERKINS,
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 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,
WILLIAM M. SLAY,
jan23-4t. Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CAROLINE C. PERKINS,
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 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,
WILLIAM M. SLAY,
jan23-4t. Administrators.

Ratification Notice.

Charles T. Westcott, Trustee,
versus
William Perkins, Francis A. Perkins.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, January 30th 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property made and reported by CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Trustee, under a deed of trust, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of April, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 5th day of March, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $4,163 65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 30-4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of Real Estate of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

HAVING examined the proceedings relative to the sale of the lands of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes, and the same appearing to be regular, and the provision of law in relation thereto having been complied with, it is therefore this twenty-sixth day of January, 1886, ordered that notice be and the same is hereby given to all persons interested in said property so sold, that they be and appear in this court on or before the first day of April, 1886, to show cause, if any they have, why said sale should not be ratified and confirmed, and that this notice be published in the KENT NEWS once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of March, next.

JOSEPH A. WICKES,
True copy—Test:
j30-4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

HATS, CAPS, newest fall and winter styles at J. H. SIMPERS'.

Is It TRUE?

WHAT?

That there is a Shoe Store in Chestertown as well-equipped in Stock as are many of the first-class city stores?

RUMOR says it is true, and we have investigated the matter and *know* from personal experience that not only this is true, but a

FURTHER TRUTH
is that at this store

Gentlemen's Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Boys' & Misses' Shoes, anything and everything in Shoes, from a pair of Shoe Strings up to a pair of

THE FINEST

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hand-made Goods can be had at a

LOWER PRICE!

For the SAME QUALITY of WORK THAN IN THE CITY.

☞ **READERS!**

please bear this in mind and govern yourselves accordingly.

NOW! the next important question is where is the Store? Answer:

GOSLEE,

THE SHOE MAN,

Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown, Md.

☞ A full stock of RUBBERS for Ladies, Gents and Children now in stock. Please give me a call and if we don't satisfy you it will not be our fault.
Feb. 6, 1886.

THE DULL SEASON!

MAKE IT PAY

—BY—

CAREFUL PURCHASES!

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE

DRY GOODS LINE?

If you do there is ONE PLACE in Chestertown that we know will sell you during the present season especially the GREATEST SORT OF BARGAINS. That place is the store of

J. H. SIMPERS.

Very great attention has been given personally to the

SHOE

BUSINESS!

and those in want of SHOES or BOOTS will find it greatly to their interest to call at J. H. SIMPERS'.

Shoes for Ladies' Wear!
Shoes for Gents' Wear!
Shoes for Children's Wear!
Shoes of Highest Grade!
Shoes of the Cheaper Grade!

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!

Shoes that can't be beat in quality for the price!

Our stock is just the thing to select from at this season embracing besides the above a full line of

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES,
CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!
TOBACCO and CIGARS!

Give me a call and be convinced.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE:
J. H. SIMPERS.
Jan. 30, 1886.

HUDGINS' BAKERY!

Fresh BREAD, CAKES and PIES

always on hand. TOYS, BABY CARRIAGES and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS in abundance.

Just received a fine line of Comic and Sentimental

VALENTINES

of the latest designs.

W. HUDGINS,
j30-2t. Cross street, Chestertown.

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

The World's True Heart.

DAVID THOMAS WILLIAMSON, JR.

The world is like a lute well strung;
It vibrates to thy heart's full tone
Of joy or sadness, outward flung,
Through sympathy alone.

Art truly happy? Sing thy song
Aloud in all sincerity,
The world's true heart will sing along
A song of joy with thee.

And when thy heart makes mournful moan,
When joyous chords all silent be
Thou wilt not sing thy dirge alone,
The world will mourn with thee.

So, laugh when thou art full of mirth,
And weep whene'er thy heart is sad,
Think not the great heart of the earth
Throbs only for the glad.

THE ROMANCE
— OF —
A French Police Court.

Translated by Alex. E. Sweet.

A handsome, well-dressed lady was strolling past the stores on one of the fashionable streets of Paris, inspecting the contents of the show windows, after the manner of women, particularly those which contained fashionable dresses and hats, referring of course to the show windows, not to the ladies. A little gentleman, also well dressed, followed her. In fact we might say he pursued her. Every once in a while he would stop and gaze on the lady with undisguised admiration and an eye-glass, and sigh as if he had been eating large quantities of unripe fruit. As soon as the lady saw him, an expression of disgust and rage passed over her handsome features. She hastily entered one of the stores, closing the door after her with a bang that sounded like an imprecation.

"Don't imagine, dearest, that you can escape me," said the little man, who had followed her into the store.

"What do you wish?" asked the storekeeper of the lady.

"I wish you would protect me from the impertinence of this man, who follows me wherever I go."

"If I annoy you, madame," said the little man, "you have nobody but yourself to blame for it. It is not my fault. Everything in the world must have a beginning and so must our personal acquaintance."

"That, sir, is a very stupid joke," said the lady, scornfully.

"I never joke, madame. Please listen to me for a few minutes," he said, persuasively.

"I desire this scandalous scene to come to an end," said she.

"So do I. Will you be kind enough to take my arm, and I will accompany you to your residence, or anywhere. O, I could be happy with you in a desert."

"But, sir, I don't know you."

"That's what distresses me. All that I ask is for you to give me a chance to become acquainted with you. For your own sake, madame, take my arm. I'd offer you my hand, too, if I thought you would take it, and my heart, too."

"You are an impudent fool. I shall not take your arm."

"That's what I expected you to say," replied the little man, with a sigh, "but, thank Heaven, I can compel you to listen to what I have to say. I shall simply call on the police."

"To return you to the asylum for the feeble-minded, from which you are no doubt a fugitive or perhaps it is the jail from which you have made your escape, for you look as much like a villain as you do like a fool, which is saying a great deal," said the lady, her face wreathed with contempt.

"Why do you propose to send for the police?" asked the proprietor of the store.

"The lady will tell you why," said the little man. "Do not allow her to leave the store until I return, or you will be held responsible by the authorities. I will go for a policeman and a hack. Once more, madame, will you take my arm and return to your residence or shall I go for the police? It is positively your last chance. 'So long as the lamp holds out to burn the prettiest sinner may return,' as the poet says. Return with me to your residence."

The anger and astonishment of the young lady knew no bounds. She glared at the audacious little man, and hissed "No!" with a big N.

After once more warning the store-keeper not to lose sight of the lady, the little man went out. Everybody present was paralyzed with astonishment. The lady said that she was Baroness Z, and lived on the Rue de Paradise. She was about to leave the store when the little man reappeared with a policeman.

"Policeman I authorize you to arrest that lady," said the little man.

"Policeman, I want you to arrest that puppy who has been annoying and insulting me on the streets," exclaimed the baroness.

"Madame, you must go with me to the station house; you must tell the police justice all about it. This gentleman accuses you of theft."

"Theft!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, theft," replied the policeman, smiling cynically, "but please don't make a scene. One person likes absynthe, another has a weakness for cigars, and you probably have a penchant for emptying the pockets of strangers."

"This is infamous!" exclaimed the lady, "I am Baroness Z and if you will accompany me to my residence I will convince you of your mistake, and pay you for your trouble," said the baroness.

"Ah! an attempt to corrupt the officers of justice. I'll put you on my little list."

"Now, madame, the hack is waiting at the door," said the little man.

There was nothing to do but obey. The look the baroness gave the little man was enough to frighten a lion, but he only sighed and shook his head, as much as to say this is a tough world.

The police justice seemed to be a very nice gentleman. He had just dined and was in the best humor imaginable. On seeing the baroness he smiled and bowed. He had so much to do with people who had been run over on the street, drunken rowdies, disreputable women, and such canaille, that he was pleased to see some apparently respectable criminals patronize his court. Taking his seat on the judicial throne, he asked pleasantly what was the nature of the case.

The little man and the baroness sprang to their feet. They addressed the chair simultaneously, and with considerable show of emotion, particularly the insulted baroness.

Judge—"Don't both of you speak at once. Which of you is the complainant?"

Gentleman—"I am."

Baroness—"I am."

Judge—"That is impossible. Policeman, which of the parties applied to you first?"

Policeman—"The gentleman did, your Honor."

Judge—"Now, sir, you have the floor. Madame, you will allow the gentleman to state his case."

The baroness sits down with a gesture of despair. The little gentleman bows to the court, clears his throat and asks:

"Has your Honor ever been in love?"

Judge—"I might reply to that question that it was none of your business, but I do not blush to acknowledge that on several occasions I have been under the influence of the tender passion."

Complainant—"Then your Honor will comprehend to some extent the sufferings that I have undergone. About two months ago I recovered from a dangerous, and, what might have been a fatal illness. My physician said I needed a change of air and amusement. I lived at that time in the Boulevard de Tophet, so I moved to the Rue de Paradise. My greatest pleasure was to look out of my window every morning and witness the awakening of Aurora."

Baroness—"Your Honor, he lies. He did not bother himself in the least about the rising sun. It was me that he stared at like the escaped lunatic that he is. For the past two months I have not been able to look out of my window without being subjected to the impudent glances of that wretched little caricature of a man, whom your Honor allows to air his insolence in your court.

"O, you wretch!" and the baroness grit her teeth and shook her head at the complainant, who sighed.

Complainant—"What the lady says is to some extent true. Yes, I confess I feasted my eyes on her peerless beauty. My physician told me that I needed something to divert my mind from the cares of business. That is my excuse. After awhile it became a positive necessity for me to stand at my window. O, what a lovely vision it was! How beautiful she is; but your Honor can see for yourself. Isn't she a daisy?"

Judge—"Please confine yourself to the case, young man. I have been there myself, so to speak, but the rules of the court do not permit you to elaborate so much. You have the sympathies of the court, but be brief."

Complainant—"I neglected my business, I shut myself up in my room, and I lived only for her. How often did I resort to strategy to communicate with my lovely tormentor? I sent her letters breathing of love from my window. I saw her tear them to pieces and scatter them to the winds of heaven. I sent her flowers almost as fresh and beautiful as her lovely lips and eyes and next morning I saw my bouquets in the trash barrel amid dead cats, cold hash, and other debris."

Judge—"Poor, unfortunate young man!"

Complainant—"Well may your Honor say that I am unfortunate. The sympathy of this most honorable court is balm to my bruised and bleeding heart. Soon people will read on my sad tombstone: 'Here lies a poor young man who perished of unrequited love. He could move a police justice, but he could not move the cruel object of his affections.'"

Judge—"Come to the point, if you please. What is your complaint?"

Complainant—"I bribed her servants; they took my money, but the base menials never gave me a chance to converse with her. Disguised as a letter-carrier I sought to converse with her, but she ordered the janitor, with large copious feet, to kick me out into the cold street, which he did. Whenever she went out I followed her as faithfully as her own shadow."

Judge—"What a nuisance you must have made of yourself."

Complainant—"True love is never discouraged. Yes, I followed her wherever she went. I learned yesterday that she was going to move away so there was no time to be lost. Driven to despair I registered a solemn vow about six o'clock this morning that I would tell her of my love before the sun sank to rest behind the western hills. When I attempted to explain my emotions on the street she repelled my advances. She refused to listen to me. Then, being in despair, I accused her of theft and had her brought before Your Honor."

Judge—"That was the act of a lunatic."

Complainant—"Perhaps it was. Your Honor will concede that it was crowned with success. I have at last had an opportunity to tell her that I loved her for herself alone. Thanks to your Honor she has been obliged to listen to me. God bless your Honor for it. Heaven will reward you for it and I will not forget it."

The Judge looked at the baroness, who blushed, and looked down on the floor.

"Yes, your Honor," continued complainant, "you will place it on record in this case that I am twenty-five years old and rather good looking; the only son of my parents, who dote on me. Make a note of it that I have an income of 16,000 francs a year; that I own a beautiful villa in the country and a hotel in Paris. Please record also that I am of noble birth, my family coat-of-arms being three clover leaves under a lion rampant in an azure field. Also state that I tender my hand to Madame ——. Just put it down."

His Honor laughed. The baroness, who was a wealthy widow, smiled and blushed. They will be married next Sunday.

POURED OIL IN THE CHIMNEY.

A Practical Joke That Resulted in the Serious Burning of Seven Men.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times* from St. Louis dated February 5, says: A fearful practical joke, resulting in probably fatal injury to several persons, was enacted in East St. Louis at twelve o'clock last night. At that time Morris McGlinn, James Donohue, William Guilky, Pat Boyle, Scott Anderson, Jos. McGee, Fred. Ericson, and another person unknown, all switchmen in the yards had congregated in a little frame shanty a short distance east of the repair shops. They were seated around the blazing fire, talking, when some one raised a laugh at the expense of one of those present and they then started to play jokes on one another. It seems that the man whose name cannot be ascertained, on account of the refusal of any of the others to divulge it, had been made the subject of some sport, and smarting under the ridicule to which he had been subjected resolved to get even. He left the shanty and proceeding to the repair shops procured a can of oil. He then climbed up on the roof of the shanty without making any noise and started to pour some of the oil down the chimney, his intention being to cause a slight explosion and frighten those inside. As he raised the can to the top of the chimney it tilted and, the cover falling off, the whole contents went into the stove pipe. The stove door was open and the ignited oil shot out through it and in an instant the whole shanty was in flames.

The seven terrified switchmen could not unlatch the door and screamed loudly for help. Their clothes caught fire and their situation was most perilous. Hearing their agonizing cries, the man who had poured the oil in the chimney knew that his intended joke had turned out seriously, and jumping from the roof of the burning house he began to batter in the door. It soon yielded and he then dragged his seven unfortunate victims out. By this time the night watchman and a number of other yard hands, attracted by the flames, which had shot through the roof, arrived on the scene and, taking off their coats threw them around the seven men, whose clothes were burning on their backs. Fortunately there was considerable snow in a slough near by and the men were hurried down the embankment and rolled in it until the flames had been entirely extinguished. They were then conveyed to the relay depot reading rooms.

Scott Andereon, one of the injured men, was found at his residence this morning. His hair was badly singed and his neck covered with bandages. Three fingers of his right hand was burned nearly off. He said he was the least injured of the lot; that he knew the man who had played the joke on them, but would not tell his name.

WASHINGTON'S AIDS.

Washington was a good judge of men and horses. He never trained for the saddle a colt which he should have sent to the plow; and he never, unless overruled, put a man into a place he could not fill. The generals he selected rarely failed to do their work, while those whom Congress forced upon him seldom justified the selection.

He showed his usual good judgment in selecting his two aids, Alexander Hamilton, of New York, and Richard K. Meade, of Virginia. The Virginian was a fearless horseman, but the New Yorker was a vigorous writer and strong thinker.

"Hamilton," said Colonel Meade, "did the headwork of Washington's staff, and I did the riding."

At the close of the war Washington, while taking leave of his aids, said to Hamilton: "You must go to the bar, which you can reach in six months." Turning to Colonel Meade he said: "Friend Dick, you must go to your plantation; you will make a good farmer, and an honest foreman of the grand jury."

Both predictions were fulfilled. Hamilton became a leader of the New York bar, and Meade built with his own hands, a log-house of two rooms on his plantation in the valley of Virginia, where he became a famous farmer. Several years later Meade visited Mount Vernon, and Washington rode to meet him. They met on the opposite sides of a pair of drawbars, and both dismounted.

"Friend Dick," said Washington, "as your host, it is my privilege to take down the bars."

"Well, general," retorted Meade, "I will be your aid still."

"Isn't my photograph excellent," said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "I think there is a little too much repose about the mouth."

JOHNSON'S UMBRELLA.

THE PART IT PLAYED IN CARRYING OFF THE FAIR AND ARTLESS MARY JANE.

A Story of Love and Intrigue.

A long time ago I was madly enamored of Mary Jane Bowles. Mary Jane was what you would call a pocket Venus, and often have I been tempted to tuck her under my arm, like a packet of sugar, and fly to the nearest desert island. She was an artless girl, and very fond of society—especially the society of young men with whom I was not on terms of ardent friendship. I did not blame her for this, and when she invited me to tea, and I found that Johnson had also been invited, my discerning eye observed that this was not coquetry, but pure exuberance of spirits. Mr. Bowles, I noticed, was of the same opinion, and it was a great satisfaction to me to have my judgment confirmed by so experienced a parent. Mrs. Bowles, had she been alive, would no doubt have agreed with us.

I had known Mary Jane since she wore short frocks. Johnson had known her about a month. It was pleasant to hear her call me Sam and him Mr. Johnson, but somehow the familiarity in my case seemed to have bred, not contempt—oh, dear, no! nothing of that kind—but a sort of nonchalance of manner. But that was her artlessness.

"Dear me, Sam" she observed at the teatable, "what have you got such a long face for?" Johnson's attention had made me a little pensive.

"Something must be long to make up for the prevailing shortness," I said.

Johnson was not much taller than Mary Jane. I made a note of that sarcasm afterward. My impromptus are too often lost.

"Don't be impertinent, sir. Look into that spoon. Your face is exactly like the reflection you see there, isn't it, Mr. Johnson?"

He grinned. It was then observed for the first time the singular breadth of his visage. His grin seemed to extend across the room.

"If Mr. Johnson will hold the spoon horizontally he may admire his own image," I remarked, playfully.

Johnson grinned again. He was one of those insanely good-humored men whom it is impossible to annoy.

"Sam, you are outrageous," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Johnson and I are going to practice our duet. You stop here and talk to pa!"

When I left the house that evening I was thoughtful. It struck me that Johnson had Mary Jane in his mind's eye. I could not damage that organ of vision, so I decided that nothing could be gained by hitting him. But something would have to be done. I wanted to marry Mary Jane. She was a charming girl, and her father had a little money.

My suspicions about Johnson were confirmed next day. I met a lively friend, who said:

"Oh, you know Johnson!"

"Well."

"He's going in for the little Bowles. Told me he should propose tomorrow night when he takes her home from Twig's party."

"Perdition!"

"Eh! Slap-up-girl, isn't she? Thought you were sweet that way."

"Per——! Oh, no; not at all! There's my car. By-by!"

Going to propose when he took her home from Twig's! By all the powers he should not take her home from Twig's!

It had been agreed that I should escort Mary Jane to the ball of Twig. It was a fine night, apparently, but I took my umbrella. It was a new one, surmounted by an alligator's head in German silver. Fervently I invoked Jupiter Pluvius to befriend me, and hoped Johnson would leave his umbrella at home.

It was less than ten minutes' walk, but there was time enough to show a little preliminary tenderness, if not to put the grand question itself. With an artless girl like Mary Jane it was best to approach such a subject by degrees.

"'Twas just such a night as this," I said, softly, "when you and I, Mary Jane, trod the grassy turf beside that murmuring brook—"

"Oh, I remember!" she exclaimed, laughing in her guileless way. "I know what you are going to say. That was the time you fell over the stile running away from the bull. And your nose was done up in sticking plaster, you know; and you scratched my face with it, sir!"

I had forgotten that circumstance, but what did it matter?

"Yes, Mary Jane," I said, passionately. "And why did my nose scratch your face? Because my lips were seeking that paradise which now—"

"Good evening, Miss Bowles." It was Johnson. I saw him grin in the moonlight, and—confusion!—he had brought his umbrella.

There was a little dancing at Twigg's, but I had no pleasure in it. My mind was full of Johnson's umbrella. It came before my diseased vision like Macbeth's dagger. I clutched at it and had it not.

Time wore on. I stood at the window alone and looked out at the weather. Heavy clouds obscured the moon. Heavy drops began to fall. Then the temptation had me in its grip.

"His umbrella?" I gasped. "I'll hide it."

"It's going to be a nasty night, after all," said a hated voice at my elbow. "I believe only you and I have brought umbrellas. There'll be an awful scrimmage for cabs. Luckily we havn't far to walk."

He was grinning more than ever, but he could not have heard me. A cab would not suit him, of course! He wanted to walk home with Mary Jane, slowly—very slowly, so that—frenzy! I would do the deed. I would throw his umbrella—

"Oh, Sam, do take me down to refreshments. I asked Mr. Johnson, but he has forgotten me."

She looked up into my face so bewitchingly that my heart thumped as if it were a door-knocker in the hands of a demon postman. He knew she was thirsting for a claret-cup, and yet he left her. Careless brute! What a husband he would make! Whereas in me—in me—she would find—

"Mary Jane," I wispered as we left the giddy crowd that stood around the liquids, "Mary Jane, may I see you home?"

"If you are a good boy perhaps you may. But here's Mr. Johnson, and I owe him a dance."

He took her away, but she looked back at me with a smile. I really never saw such an artless girl in my life.

And now, to make assurance doubly sure, I crept up stairs to the room where the umbrellas had been left. The gas out and the window open. The melancholy voices of divers cats seemed to protest against the crime, but my nerves were firm. I could see nothing. No matter; I knew where my enemy had put his umbrella. I groped for it. I grasped it by the ferruled end. Just then a footstep startled me. I rushed to the window and dropped the hateful thing into the black abyss below. There was a splash. I felt a sardonic joy. He had brought his umbrella for fear of rain. Well, it might do its duty in the water-butt!

I went down to the refreshment room, drank a glass of wine, chatted a while with Mrs. Twig, and recovered my self-possession. Then I sought Mary Jane.

Everybody was now going away. With a fiendish delight I saw Johnson walking up-stairs to get his hat and coat and his—Ha! ha! I waited till he came down. He was perfectly cool, and—did my eyes mock me!—he had in his hand an umbrella! I could not see the handle, but of course it was mine. The fellow's impudence staggered me. I tore into the room above. There was no umbrella there. It was mine!

I went down, resolved to make an example of Johnson. He stood in the hall, leisurely putting on his gloves.

"Excuse me," I said, calmly, "but you have got my umbrella."

"I think not," he replied, with his everlasting grin.

"But you have, sir. There can be no mistake about it. Pray, is your umbrella handle an alligator's head in solid silver?"

"I think not," said Johnson, coolly. He held up the umbrella. It was not mine.

"I am quite ready, Sam. What's the matter? You can't find your umbrella? Oh, dear! And Mrs. Twig says she has lent every umbrella she has. Are you sure you brought it? Oh, thank you, Mr. Johnson. Good night, Sam; Mr. Johnson will see me home. It isn't raining much, and you won't get wet if you run all the way."

I don't know wether I got wet or not. For that matter, I don't know how I got home. I believe the Twigs thought I had been drinking too much. Perhaps I had, or how could I have thrown the wrong umbrella out of the window? It was found some weeks later, and when it was brought up to me in a pulpy condition by young Twig, who is the smallest of wags, he suggested that I should adopt a water-butt and umbrella as a crest. Johnson did propose to "the little Bowles" during the walk home. They are married now. That umbrella business remains a mystery; but I am still convinced of the artlessness of Mary Jane.

The Quest of the Soul.

Amid all scenes of pleasure voices fall
From some far region, some diviner part
Of this wide universe, and seem to call,
To call and woo us with resistless art;
And, listening to their sweetest melody
Of joys beyond and endless days to be,
The soul upsoareth on impatient wings
To some far shore, some land of wood and stream,
Where sound the songs that no man ever sings,
Where on the living, palpitating strings
Of lyres immortal as the hands that play
The dream of music is no more a dream:
Where hopes and loves that thrill our forms of clay
And die away, as torches in the night,
Shall rise again, like spirits of the day,
To breathe upon us all their old delight.

FASHION NOTES.

Woolen nightgowns are shown.

Fur is used on boots—for lining.

Millinery reveals new wonders.

Khedive satin is a new material.

Silk underwear continues popular.

Aqua-marine jewelry is again worn.

Raised velvet flowers are exquisite.

Bonnet strings are growing—longer.

Farmer's satin skirts are much worn.

A sea gull bonnet is one of the fancies.

Woolen scarfs are applied as trimming.

Low linings obtain now with thin fabrics.

A variety of plush shows lace-like stripes.

A new make of Astrakan cloth is elastic.

Jerseys are the make-shifts of the season.

Black and brown are used in combination.

The blouse mantle is used by four-year-olds.

Whole skirts of Astrakan are fashionable.

Cords of various sizes are used in embroidery.

Silver and copper threads are used together.

Jet bonnets, trimmed with red, are well worn.

Cut glass is very fashionable for the tea table.

New varieties in pointed shoes are appearing.

Both hats and bonnets are made in boucle cloth.

Belts are unbecoming to all waists over 25 inches.

Cuffs are on suits with collarettes and fichus.

Straight back drapery is becoming to full figures.

Fur cuffs have springs to fit the wrists more closely.

Thick and fast comes novelties in shoes and slippers.

Pinking is applied again to ruches and flounces.

At theatres, short dresses are the rule invariably.

Book muslin is as much worn as it was thirty years ago.

Straw fans are a novelty, made with ribs of straw cloth.

The academical hat of university life suits young faces.

Buttons have ceased to grow, and are now elaborating.

Woolen lace, interwoven with gold and silver, is shown.

Remember that health and comfort depend on overshoes.

New trimming beads are pricked all over like the walnut.

Common beadwork in jet is the most tawdry of all trimming.

Corded ribbon, with velvet revers, is new and fashionable.

Spider's web lace is a new introduction for old ladies' caps.

Ostrich feathers are now placed mostly at the back of hats.

White, yellow and silver may be made up with yellow crepe.

EXQUISITE BRIDAL DRESS.

If you will follow me into this parlor, where only those who have the open sesame are allowed to enter, I will show you a bride's dress nearly completed for a little lady that lives on the Hill, and another lovely costume for Madame Lasar Studwell, who will wear it upon a public occasion. The first is made of heavy white satin, with a long, square train, bordered with a large, single cord. The front and sides of the skirt are bordered with a very narrow side-pleating of satin. The front breadth is quite plain, but a little at the left side is a spiral of rich duchess point lace, set on the edge of a straight width of the lace, reaching from waistline to foot. Upon the other side the front and side breadth are lined and joined together about four inches from the edge. Each side is turned back and upon this is set a jabot of the lace, reaching from the foot up the skirt about fifteen inches, and finished with bows and ends of white satin ribbon. This side is ornamented at various points with bows of white satin ribbon and orange blossoms. The corsage is hardly finished, but one can see the V-shaped neck and artistic collar flaring at odd spaces from the neck to the point of the waist and filled in with rich lace matching that upon the skirt. Corsage bouquet of orange blossoms and white roses. This dress is simple, but extremely rich and ladylike.

The second dress is of white satin duchesse in walking length. Front of white satin brocade, the figures outlined with pearl beads. The left side has long narrow side pleats of the satin, partly covered at the top with satin revers and a pointed piece of the beaded satin. The opposite side is of plain satin, with revers of the beaded material, and the back drapery is another piece of artistic workmanship arranged exquisitely over a large side-pleated skirt. The foot of the foundation skirt is bordered with fine knife-pleating of satin, with under pleatings of lace. The corsage of white satin is cut quite low in front, with stylish neck finish of the beaded brocade, closing over a chemisette of the beaded material edged with a pearl border. Short elbow sleeves are finished with duchesse lace and pearls.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FAULT FINDING AT TABLE.

Woe betide the woman married to a man who systematically growls at the table! Life brings her neither peace nor happiness. Three times a day her tyrant growls and snarls like any other wild animal over his food. I knew a man of this kind once, and how I pitied his wife and daughters. One of the latter married in haste one day—joined her fortunes with those of a comparatively poor man not exactly in the same set as she was accustomed to live in, simply to have her meals in peace. It is said that she made her future husband swear that he would never make a fuss over his dinner, and I understand that they are today the happiest couple living. Reconciliation took place before they were married, but they left before the nuptial breakfast—we all remarked that—and though of course she visits the house, nothing could induce her to take a meal there. She is a woman of spirit. As for the man's wife—poor woman! May be in younger days she might have thought of possible relief by means of a divorce, and they do say—mind you I do not assert it, though it did come from a distinguished jurist—that something of this kind was entertained; but such a plea of mental insanity, when only food was placed before him, could not be advanced, for in every other relation of life—that is to say, save when at the table—he was amiability itself. If he were only younger, the habit might be whipped out of him. As it is, it can only be borne with patience.

Woman's Wit.

A woman's advice is generally worth having; so if you are in trouble tell your mother or your wife or your sister all about it. Be assured that light will at once flash upon darkness. Women are commonly judged inexperienced in all but pure womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intentions or insights are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal there is no cat there. I advise a man to keep none of his affairs from his wife. Many homes have been saved and many fortunes retrieved by men having full confidence in their wives. As a general rule the wives confide the minutest of their plans to their husbands. Why not reciprocate? The men who succeed best in life are those who make confidants of their wives.

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 TERRIBLE APPETITE.

The terrible power which the appetite for intoxicants has over its slaves, is vividly illustrated in the following incident:

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small bundle of clothing. Going to the bar, he said: "Landlord, I am burning; give me a glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a lot of chalk marks, and said: "John, you see the old score, not another drop until that is paid."

The poor man glared fiercely at the man behind the bar. "Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in this world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet; will you give me your boots for twenty cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for one moment, then said: "Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out into the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death. Give me gin, and you may have the boots."

He sat down and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man should have gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could and took the rest away. When night came on he had drank the last drop and he went to sleep in a barn. The frost-king came and took the poor man in his arms. The next morning he was found dead in the barn.

A FEW LONG WORDS.

A correspondent has asked for the longest word in the English language. There have been a large number of answers, some of them quite amusing. Here is a list of words, with the number of letters in each:

Philoprogenitiveness	20
Incomprehensibleness	20
Disproportionableness	21
Suiconstitutionalist	21
Honorificibiltudinity	22
Velocipedestrianistical	23
Transubstantionableness	23
Proantitionsubstantionist	23

Only the first three words are to be found in the last edition of Webster's dictionary, and disportionableness undoubtedly is the longest word in that volume. The correspondent who originated honorificibilitudinity defines it as honorableness, but it certainly has not honorableness enough to entitle it to a nest in the unabridged. Velocipedestrianistical likewise lacks age and respectability, but it may find its way into Webster in time; it certainly has good locomotive powers. Suitconstitutionalist is doubtful, and we do not believe even a mandamus would get it into the dictionary. Transubstantionableness might get there if Webster wasn't looking. The man who invented proantitionsubstantionist says it is a good English word "derived from a short and simple Latin root, and means one who dissents from the doctrine of dogma of the so-called real presence." That may all be, but he ought to be condemned to pronounce the word twice a day as long as he lives if he tries to introduce it into the speech of honest men.

But speaking of long words, what is the matter with Llanfairwllgwgyllgertrobwllgerchwyrmbyllgogerbwlfzanttosiliogogogoch, the name of a village in Wales.—*Rochester Post and Express.*

A Boy Who Understands "Em."

The other morning a boy about 14 years of age knocked at the door of a house on Brush street and asked the woman if she didn't want the snow cleaned off the walk.

"How much?" she cautiously inquired.

"Thirty cents."

"I won't pay it. If you want to do the work for ten cents you can go ahead."

He leaned on the handle of his snow shovel and looked thoughtful, and she finally queried:

"Well, what do you say?"

"It's just as that woman around the corner told me," he replied. "I shoveled off her snow and she gave me 50 cents. I told her I was coming to ask you, and she said—"

"I don't know her. What business is it to her?"

"Yes, but—"

"What did she say?"

"She said I'd get left. She said that any woman who wore a plush sacque and passed it off for a three hundred dollar sealskin would be mean enough to go out nights and shovel her own snow."

"Boy!" whispered the woman as she turned white clear around her neck, "I want you to clean off the snow. When you are through I'll give you a silver dollar, and I want you to go around and tell that woman that any one who buys and wears dollar store jewelry and fourteen shilling shoes hasn't got sense enough to fall off a bob-tailed car."

An Inscription.

The Dublin *Mail* recently published the following communication from a correspondent: "I enclose a copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavations now proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a church dedicated to a saint and missionary known to the chroniclers by the name of Uncatus Ambulans. The inscription is as follows:

"I, 'SABILLI—HŒRES' AGO
'FORTIBUS' ES IN, ARO
NOSCES 'MARI 'THEBS 'TRUX
'VOTIS 'INNEE—PES 'AN DUX.'"

Upon this the *Freeman's Journal* observes that, though not versed in antiquarian lore, it offers a translation which may suit all purposes. Here it is:

"I say, Billy, here's a go,
Forty 'busses in a row.
No, says Mary, they be trucks,
What is in 'em? Peas and ducks."

A Little Boy with a Great Head.

Over on Dayton's Bluff is a school-house. The school is presided over by a very pretty and interesting young lady teacher, who is a great favorite with the juveniles intrusted to her care, and the boy scholars are constantly in a turmoil as to which shall have the privilege of escorting her home after the close of school. Last week one sagacious six-year-old man determined to be ahead of his competitors, and during the afternoon he raised his hand to attract the teacher's attention. When asked what he desired he arose and in a polite manner asked the teacher if "he might have the pleasure of escorting her to her home after school." The girls laughed, the boys looked cross and the teacher accepted the invitation.—*St. Paul's Globe.*

Taken Down.

He was really a clerk in a grocery store, but on Sunday afternoon mounted on a high horse, he looked as if he might be a member of Congress. He was putting on more than usual dignity and grace, there were several ladies on the sidewalk admiring him. He was satisfied in his own mind that he was creating a great impression when a small boy on the sidewalk cried:

"Hey!"

He looked around. So did the ladies.

"I say, Mister," continued the boy, "last night you only gave me five candles for a quarter. I oughter got six."

AT a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted: "Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeare? and Miltons and Spensers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly, from the gallery, "All dead."

IF your fowls must wade through barn-yard mire and filth, shiver in the cold, huddle in corners, and wonder if they are ever to get another feed, it will not take a big basket to hold all the eggs they will lay.

THERE is some hope for the dude at last. A Sacramento man has invented a calf-weaner.