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

Local and other correspondence solicited.
As an evidence of good faith all communications addressed to The News must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

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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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.

Professional Cards.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

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

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

Dr. THOMAS H. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. EDWARD A. SCOTT,
A graduate of the University of Maryland, and with a practice of twelve months in hospital attached thereto, having located in Galena, offers his professional services to the public. He will be found at all hours at the residence of his father, Cornelius J. Scott, when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

—FOR A—
Reliable Dentist,
Making but Moderate Charges, Visit
DOCTOR PHELPS,
GALENA, MARYLAND.

Worthless Teeth removed without pain. Examine his samples of beautiful artificial teeth. Full set for $5. oc30-6m

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

JAMES SADLER,

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 7th day of June, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of November, 1886.

JAMES THOMAS LAMB,
Dec. 4-4t. Administrator.

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 co., Maryland, of

OLIVER P. BECK,

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 7th day of June, 1887, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 30th day of November, 1886.

MEDFORD M. RASIN,
Dec. 4-4t. Administrator.

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

WILLIAM DERRY, colored,

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 23rd day of May, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23rd day of November, 1886.

PHILIP E. TREW,
n27-4t. Administrator.

Now is The Time

to have your BARREL, SEPARATOR, PLAIN and HAND

CORN SHELLERS

repaired and put in thorough order for shelling; also, to have your

Horse Powers

put in thorough condition. Do not delay this important matter until you want to use the implement.

A Corn Sheller in thorough working order saves time, saves money saves grain and saves worry.

is prepared to make every Farmer happy in this direction. His Shops at Galena and Chestertown are running their full complement of skilled mechanics, and nowhere can such work be done more satisfactorily or at less cost. Give us a trial.

Nov. 6. WM. A. HYLAND.

School Books
—AND—
SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

Those who need School Books and the necessary articles for school children in going to school, can be supplied

at M. A. TOULSON'S,
aug28. DRUGGIST.

A Bargain!

SIXTY PAIRS LADIES' WORKED BUTTON-HOLE, PEBBLE, GOAT, BUTTON BOOTS, AT $2.
Actual value $2.50.
n6. at R. F. PARKS'.

Convenient pleasant, and certain in their results, are Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets, Recommended by physicians and endorsed by all who have used them. The best remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, and Constipation. Guaranteed, and sold at 25c. by
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

DON'T YOU BUY
B 4 U C
THE FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Christmas Goods
now being received and opened at
H. A. SPARKS'
consisting in part of

Fancy Goods and Novelties and Hammered and Polished Brass, Gilt, Bronze, Plush Goods, Dressing Cases, Odor Stands, Albums, Shaving Sets, Satchels, Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, &c.

In Toys we shall not have as large a stock perhaps as some others but will try and show you a nice assortment and at lowest prices.

In our Confectionery and Fruit department we claim to take the lead and have one of the best stocks to be found in the county, they will speak for themselves and prices will please you.

Don't forget our Lamps. We have them at lower prices than ever. We will sell a nice Hanging Lamp for $2.50. Stand Lamps, Hall Lamps and every other kind of Lamp.

Fine Groceries, Canned Goods, English Pickles, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies.

Triple-Plated Ware very cheap. Clocks, Clocks, Clocks, price them before buying.

These are a few of the many goods to be found in our stock. We have many other goods which space will not allow us to mention. Give us a call. H. A. SPARKS,
Dec. 4, 1886. opposite Court House.

The Philadelphia Times.

The Daily Times.

The Philadelphia Times is delivered by carriers in all the cities, towns and villages surrounding Philadelphia for six cents a week, and is sold by boys and news-dealers for one cent a copy. It is universally conceded to be the best newspaper in the world for the price, publishing all the associated press news, quotations of the produce and money markets and all the news of the world in a compact and readable form. Independent in everything. It is not excelled in quality or quantity by any paper at any price. By mail—four months, one dollar. One year, three dollars, post-paid. One month, 30 cts.

The Weekly Times.

Sixty-four columns of magazine-newspaper reading matter, crisp, attractive, interesting, instructive. The Annals of the War, by active participants, illustrated; Woman's World, contributed to by some of the best women writers in America; the latest fashions; Times Young People—by themselves; original stories, both short and continued; topics of the time; pointed editorial comment; special articles on thousands of subjects, and all the news are among its attractions. Terms, $2 per annum; clubs of ten, $15, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club.

THE SUNDAY TIMES.

12 Pages—96 Columns—5 Cents—$2.00 a Year.
Address THE TIMES,
Times Building, Phila.

SPECIAL NO. 2.
ALL THINGS ARE READY
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
—Visit—
Our Double Store-Room
to be convinced.

WE take pleasure to announce to the public that we have the largest and cheapest stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS ever brought to this town. Bought of the importers at lowest prices, and to be sold 50 per cent lower than last holidays. We have not space to tell you what we have in stock but we invite you to give us a call and see the

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL,
RAILROAD TO FAIRY LAND,
WALKING BEAR,
TALKING BABIES,
JACK'S BEAN STALK,
DANCING NEGROES,
STEAM ENGINE,
AND OTHER SHOW TOYS

that will please you all; to be sold below Baltimore prices. We have bought our Nuts and Fruit from first hands and will be able to sell you a first-class article. No old stock. We take pleasure in showing you goods in our stores.

A full stock of Cake, Bread, Fruit Cake, Jelly Cake and all kinds of Delicacies in season.

KRIS KRINGLE

will visit us this holiday and remain until January 1st. He expects to greet all the children with pleasure. He will arrive Saturday December 18th on the Kent Railroad at 2 o'clock P. M. He will ride through the streets of Chestertown distributing Toys to the children and take up his lodgings at Hudgins' Bakery. He will be pleased to see all who visit him and give them a Christmas Present.

Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers, Aunts, Uncles and Cousins,

don't forget to bring the Little Ones in town on the 18th of December to see KRIS KRINGLE arrive on the Kent County Railroad with part of his family. They will be glad to see you and will stop at

HUDGINS' DOUBLE STORES,
Cross Street, Chestertown.

P. S.—Our Mince Pies are first-class and our Taffies are made of pure sugars. n27.

NEW STORE at GALE'S WHARF
where GOODS can be had at
City Prices for Cash!
FLOUR, FISH, MEAT, SALT,
MACHINE OIL, HARDWARE, &c.
je9-tf JOHN GALE.

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

A COLD WAVE COMING!

Which probably may last all Winter. For prevention and comfort you can obtain

A Stove at a Low Price
—AT THE STOVE STORE OF—
JOSEPH S. CLARK,

Who has a full and complete line of HEATERS, both Single and Double, COOK STOVES and RANGES, FIREPLACE HEATERS, both for Comfort and Beauty, with or without Slate Mantels, at a LOW price and put up at short notice

STOVE REPAIRS FOR ANY MAKE OF STOVES.

In addition to Stoves I have a full line of HARDWARE, both ship and builders' supplies; a full line of TINWARE, GUNS, Ammunition, and everything pertaining to a First-class HARDWARE STORE. ☞Call and examine my Stock and I think I can convince you of the fact that I am selling goods as LOW as can be bought.

HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE
OF
J. S. CLARK,
Under Town Hall, (Postoffice in same department), Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

GEO. H. CLARK'S
GENERAL STORE.

The Leading Dry Goods Store of Still Pond.

WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FINE GROCERIES AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Also, a complete line of BOOTS and SHOES. We have everything in the line of NOTIONS that the people need and the Stock is new and complete.

GLOVES To Fit any Hand—Prices and quality cannot be beat! **GLOVES.**

We have a HAND-MADE BOOT which we GUARANTEE.

This is the place to buy your ROPE YARN, as we buy direct from headquarters and we can give you the benefit of the LOWEST PRICES.

We Guarantee Complete Satisfaction Both as to Our Goods and Low Prices.

STILL POND CLOTHING HOUSE
AHEAD OF ALL!

Genuine, Honest CLOTHING at Prices Lower than any store in the county. A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR FIVE DOLLARS!

- WINTER CLOTHING -
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Elegant Cutaway and Prince Albert SUITS, Satin-lined, Tailor-made, at the LOWEST possible price. OVERCOATS of all kinds and prices, from a heavy Overcoat for $5 to a Gent's Satin-lined, Corkscrew or a nice Melton, Satin-lined.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS A SPECIALTY.

PARAGON OVERALLS, warranted not to rip. HATS and CAPS.

LOUIS LAMBORN,
Nov. 20, 1886. Middle Store in Town Hall.

VENDUE.

UNDER a Bill of Sale from Mrs. Maria Sutton to Tilghman Shafer and to Shafer & Medders, dated the first day of December, 1886, and on file in the Clerk's office for record in the chattel record books for Kent County, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale at the late residence of W. F. Roeder, near Kennedyville, on

MONDAY, December 20th, 1886,

The Following Property:

Three Head of Horses,

One Sorrel Horse Harry, about 11 years old;
One Brown Horse Bill, " 12 " "
One Brown Mare Jenny " 15 " "

One White Cow, 'Rose,'

1 RED AND WHITE COW,

1 Farm Wagon, 1 Dearborn, 1 Peach Dearborn, 1 Mower, 2 Cultivators, 1 Harrow, 1 Oliver Chilled Plow, 1 Roller, 1 Family Carriage and Harness. About 20 Acres of Corn in the Shock, 32½ Bushels of Wheat seeded on the farm now occupied by the said Mrs. Maria Sutton.

☞The sale will commence immediately after the close of Mr. Roeder's sale.

TERMS CASH.

TILGHMAN SHAFER.
G. W. Jacoby, Auc'r. d11-ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, as adm'r of Oliver P. Beck, will sell at the late residence of said deceased, at Hanesville,

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1886

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

1 Bay Horse, 8 yrs. old

1 3-Spring Dearborn, nearly new;
1 Sleigh, nearly new;
1 York Carriage and Harness;
Half-Interest in Carriage House;
1 Good Board Hog Pen;
About 1 Ton of Clover Hay;
" 3 Tons of Coal;
" 2 Cords of Pine Wood;
" 2 Dozen Chickens. Also a

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

STORE GOODS,

such as are generally kept in a Country Store, and

HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

☞Sale to begin at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS.—All purchases of $10 or less, cash; all over that amount a credit of Nine Months on negotiable note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

M. M. RASIN, Adm'r.
T. J. Parsons, Auct'r.
Dec. 11, 1886.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Household Goods

AS Executor of Wm. F. Roeder, deceased, and by an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent County, the undersigned will offer at Public Auction at the late residence of deceased,

On MONDAY, 20th day of December next,

beginning at 10 o'clock A. M., the following personal property, to wit:

HOUSEHOLD GOODS!

consisting of

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, 4 Feather Beds, 4 Bedsteads, a large lot of Quilts, Comforts and Spreads, Bureaus and a lot of other Household Furniture. Also, a large No. 28 Cook Stove, with water tank attachment, all nearly new; a valuable Eight-Day Clock, a large lot of China and Crockeryware; a lot of other articles not here enumerated will also be offered.

TERMS.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; over that amount a credit of Nine Months will be given on Note with approved security.

G. W. ROEDER, Exec'r.
G. W. Jacoby, Auc'r. n27-ts.

Our Holiday Gift!

OUR determination to effect a speedy clearance of our immense stock of thoroughly reliable and stylish Men's and Boys'

WINTER CLOTHING

before taking inventory, has induced us to present

A WATCH!
—WITH EVERY—
CASH PURCHASE EXCEEDING $11.99.

These Watches are the genuine Waterbury Stemwinders, are warranted excellent time-keepers (not a toy), and are sold by jewelers at $3.50. From today until further notice we give them to you absolutely and positively

FOR NOTHING!

with every Retail Cash Purchase exceeding $11.99. Largely increased sales and a certainty of having no stock to carry over for next winter form our compensation. We want you to buy our clothing on its superior merits in every detail, and because our prices are guaranteed to be honest, and then accept the Watch as a genuine present. If you do not need it, it will be such an acceptable and useful Christmas present for some one else. Come at once; certainly, before Christmas, as this grand opportunity continues but a very short time.

OEHM & SON,
Pratt & Hanover Sts., Baltimore, Md.

Many Of the good things of this life are sorrowfully let alone on account of Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; sold on a positive guarantee at 25 and 50 cents, by
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

A PEDDLER'S STORY.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me! You see I am now right from the far West and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a little village in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was pleasant; I meant it was warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about 3 o'clock, and for awhile it poured down hard, and it was very dark outdoors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight and I knew that if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight as I wished to be off before 2 o'clock. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning. There were a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber, Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a thoroughly villainous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave sometime during the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give an alarm at 1 o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused and by 2 o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast, yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about a half dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village, and at a short distance ahead lay a large track of forest, mostly of green pines. The road led directly through this wood, and, as near as I could remember, the distance was not far from twelve miles. The moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone perhaps half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard an exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind and there is room enough within for quite a party providing they would stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to get a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had certainly broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out and, of course, he supposed that I had some money with me. And in this he was right, for I had over $2,000. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he had supposed I had reached a safe place and then either creep over and shoot me or knock me down, or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud and I knew I could slip off without any noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six-shot one and sure fire. I drew this and having twined the reins about the whipstock I carefully slipped down into the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down and is fastened by a hasp which fits over a staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick, so that a slight push from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of a half mile further I should come to a good hard road and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through this mud. It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. This continued some moments and then came a heavy thump as though the sole of a boot was applied to the door. I said nothing but the idea struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started and nothing else in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice:

"'Let me out of this!' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing in there.

"'Let me out and I'll tell ye,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you're in there for?' I said.

"'I got in here to sleep on your rags,' he answered.

"'How'd ye get in?' I asked.

"'Let me get out or I'll shoot ye through the head,' he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance would be twelve miles. I slipped back upon the footboard and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare, and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait then that even astonished me. She had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a great pace.

"The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally he stopped and in a few minutes came the reports of a pistol—one, two, three, four, one right after the other—and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat one of these balls, if not two of them, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell and then a deep groan and said: 'Oh, save me! I am a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down again on the footboard. I now urged the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip, and she went along faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so that I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'whoa' to the horse and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with a whip.

"She wasn't an hour in going that dozen miles, not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none for I had a good pistol, and more than that my passenger was safe, yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men cleaning down some stage horses.

"'Well, old feller,' said I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you?' he cried, and his voice trembled a little, too, as he asked the question.

"'I am the man you tried to shoot,' I told him.

"'Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment ye show yourself. Now lay quiet.'

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and find the sheriff and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two other men with him. I told him the whole story in a few words, exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But mind you, the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicions we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and, as I let the door down, the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in the town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning, I should have the reward of $200 which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and went to work to stow them away in my cart. I found the bullet-holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me $200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart and I found the four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was looking and showed me the prints of the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain and must have been given with great force.—*Boston Budget.*

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

Complaint of a Man Who Is Not Permitted to Enjoy Himself.

Man (to friend) — "Come, let us walk down this way again."

Friend—"Why?"

"Don't you see that fellow over yonder?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, I want to meet him as often as possible."

"I don't understand you."

"I'll explain. You know that I am the worst man in the country for owing people."

"Yes."

"And that when I owe a man I dodge him."

"I believe that I have noticed that."

"Well, now I've got my revenge."

"How so?"

"Why, you see that fellow over there owes me. When I see him dodge me it nearly tickles me to death. I have been so hampered by men whom I owe that now I enjoy being owed. See how he gets around the corner? Let's walk over that way. Say, hold on; let's go back."

"What's the matter?"

"See that fellow?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nothing; only I owe him. Confound it, a man never begins to enjoy himself but that some unfortunate thing arises."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Postoffice Romances.

On one occasion a gentlemanly-looking person called and expressed a fear that he had enclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, and that all his prospects in life depended on his having his letters and correcting the mistake, inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to save two mercantile houses in the same line of buisness, whose interests clashed at every point. A similar blunder occurred in a more delicate affair, when a young lady was most urgent to have her letters returned, as she had accepted the wrong offer of marriage. The local postmaster was unable to resist her earnest entreaties, and thus prevented a painful catastrophe. But a whole romance might be written on the following incident: A young lady, who had been engaged to a prosperous young manufacturer, was informed a few days before the marriage was fixed for, that the firm was insolvent. Not a moment was to be lost, and a letter was written and posted, breaking the engagement; when, within two hours, it was discovered that the report was entirely unfounded. The report continues: "The daughter with her parents rushed to the postoffice, and no words can describe the scene—the appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of the family, to have the fatal letter restored, but alas! all was in vain, the rule admitted of no exception."

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown? "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar; but if you wish it I will have that brought up and shown to you."

A German doctor has produced a cure for consumption which has been wonderfully successful. He makes his patients pass the night in the open air of the Thuringian forests, well wrapped up, and sleeping in light hammocks, so as to avoid all dampness from the ground.

SAVED BY A LETTER.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Here is a truthful representation of a California arrest, trial, conviction, appeal and reversal of verdict. A man had robbed a coach running between Stockton and Sonora, concealed the money (all he could carry) about his person, sought lodgings not far away, and in the night had risen, stolen a horse and struck a bee line across the country toward a station where he could get quick transportation to San Francisco intending to start for home by steamer. He belonged to Arkansas. In the morning the horse and rider were missed. A party started in pursuit, and in twenty-four hours had his horse broken down and him corralled. He saw his game was up, and coolly awaited the result. The party overhauled him at early dawn.

"Good mornin', stranger."

"Good mor'n."

"See anything of a man about your size straddle a sorrel mare lookin' a heap like the one you ride?"

"No, I haven't."

"That's a poorty good mare o' yourn."

"Yes, she's worth a cool five hundred, but she's a little winded now; say, mister, I'll give you five hundred clean boot for that one o' yourn and stay the deal."

He was making a good bluff, and although he knew that he was recognized his offer would well pay for the broken down horse, and he hoped that his money would save him. He counted without his host.

"That's a straight blind o' yourn, pard, and it strains us to come in, but we're thar and hold you over. You looked a little played out as well as the mare. If you jest git down and join our party it'll stretch your legs, and mabbe you need stretchin'."

He blanched a trifle, but obeyed in dogged silence. The pursuers all dismounted and the spokesman, approaching, threw over his head a noose, passed the other end of the rope over the limb of a tree that overshadowed them, and called the other members of the party around him.

The culprit stood erect; not one of his muscles quivered.

"Now, pard, is everything all right? Does it fit your neck according to Hoyle?"

"All right."

"Have you got anything to say why this little picnic should not proceed?"

"Nothin'."

"Have you got any word to leave to yer friends? If yer have, make it short, for we've got to break camp inside er ten minutes."

The stranger raised his eyes from the ground for the first time and looked his self-appointed judge and executioner steadily in the eyes for a moment and then drawing from his pocket a crumpled letter spoke with a slight tremor of his voice: "Perhaps you are a better scholar than I be. If you just read that and be kind enough to answer it I'll tell you what to say."

The executioner had already passed the coil of rope to his comrades and they had drawn it taut. He took the letter, and as the party stood around him ready to run up the culprit at the first signal he opened it and read aloud:

B——, Ark., January 19, 18—.

My Dear Son James: For long weary months I have waited for news from you since your last kind letter to your old mother. God bless you, James, and answer my prayer that this letter may reach you, thanking you for your ever thoughtful care of me in my old age. I received the money and it kept me from sore need. But once more to look into your face and feel that you were near me would cheer my old heart more than to possess all the gold in California. When are you coming home? You promised me in the spring you would come back to me. May God prosper you and return my dear boy to my arms before I die. From your loving mother, ——.

He began the letter in a strong clear voice, but before the closing words his reading was hardly audible and tears stood in the eyes of the rough men who listened breathless to its contents. The rope had slacked until it dropped from the hands of his comrades, and as the breath of morning rustled the leaves of the trees above them and God's sunlight shimmered down through the opening boughs, melting their hearts to pity, the thoughts of each were busy bringing memories of their own boyhood days and a mother's loving prayers. Silence for a few minutes; then, reverently folding the soiled bit of paper, the reader passed it to its owner, and without a word slipped the noose from his neck. In tones as gentle as a mother's he asks:

"Was you going home, stranger?"

"Yes."

"Good-by."

The stranger dared not trust his voice in thanks, but drew from his belt a small bag of twenties and offered it to the leader.

"Hoss?"

"No; take her, and—good-by."

He mounted the mare and slowly moved away, while the party watched him out of sight; then turned and silently retraced their steps to camp. The court was adjourned.

Not "Smart."

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of those so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railroad. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I 'spose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller. "Will you please get me a piece of paper and envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

"The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied:

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of Billy. But here comes the boss!"

The boss came in, and seeing the stranger cried out:

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar smartness might secure him, as he is still out of employment.

The Warning.

He spoke of love till twelve P. M.,
Of sunshine in a cottage.
With him she thought 'twould rapture be
To live on Esau's pottage.

At length a rap as from a stick
Came from the upper story
And with it one shrill voice that said:
"Your pop's a comin', Flory."

Mind reading is now the proper caper in Boston. "Take hold of my left hand and tell me what I'm thinking of," said the head of the family to his confiding spouse. "Oh yes," said she, grasping his hand convulsively, "you are thinking about taking me to hear Patti!" But she had to guess again.

Monsieur is a noted miser. His wife says to him: "My dear, is it not time to think of Jules' education?" "Yes, but it costs too much." "Do you not know of a good school that is cheap?" "Certainly." "Which one?" "The school of adversity."

CHASING THE WHALE.

Captured and Landed on the Beach at Lewes, Delaware.

The whale which was seen in the Delaware river at several different points last week is dead. A few days ago, when the lamp-tender on the Delaware Breakwater went up in the light-tower to put out the lamps, he saw what appeared to him to be the bottom of an upturned vessel slowly drifting toward the stone pile. He awakened the operator in the United States Signal Department, and, by the aid of powerful glasses, discovered the object to be the upturned body of some ocean leviathan. It was floating on the surface in the midst of a large field of drift ice, and apparently lifeless.

The crews of several vessels in the harbor discovered the body about this time, and by the activity displayed aboard of some of them it was evident that an expedition was about to be organized for its capture. The operator immediately cabled ashore to Lewes, Del., that the carcass of a dead whale was floating just outside of the Breakwater. Jack Lynch who enjoys the reputation of a veteran whale hunter, was immediately notified. He quickly collected a number of custom-house boatmen, and taking F. C. Maull's large surf boat and a quantity of implements, such as rope, axes and harpoons, launched the boat into the surf which was running very high at the time. After capsizing twice, the boat with its venturesome crew finally got out over the line of the surf and was soon pulling in the direction of the whale's location.

About this time a boat manned by four sailors was seen to put out from the schooner Lurena, off Somers' point. As soon as Captain Jack discovered the interloper he urged his crew to redoubled efforts, and from their experience in making their way through the ice it was evident that they were gaining on the schooner's boat. It now became a regular stern chase, and as the occupants of each boat were aware of the sum of money to be realized from the whale's carcass they pulled with all their strength. After fighting their way through the ice for about two hours the surf-boat drew up abreast of the Lurena's yawl. By this time the crews of very nearly all the vessels in the harbor were up in the rigging shouting words of encouragement to the contesting parties.

At this juncture the oar used by Peter Martin became entangled in a cake of ice and snapped off close to the handle. The Lurena's boat then drew gradually ahead, and for the time it looked as though they were going to win the prize. With a ready mind and a strong arm Captain Jack threw his steering paddle over the gunwale of the boat and into Martin's hands. After this exciting episode the schooner's crew gradually began to lose heart and finally dropped out of the race altogether, leaving the surf-boat in undisputed possession of the prize.

The victors drove a harpoon firmly into the body and attached a rope to it. Then began the struggle. The ebb tide had begun to flow and for some time it looked as though the boat, whale and ice would all be carried out to sea together. With indomitable pluck Captain Jack still retained his hold on the carcass, until the tug George W. Pride, Jr., seeing the plight of the boat's crew, came to their assistance and towed the whale and boat into the Breakwater, where, after several hours' of hard labor, the carcass was finally landed on the beach, above the iron pier.

The blubber and whalebone taken from the carcass, it is estimated, will be worth $800. When viewed on the beach it was evident that the whale's death was due to the fact that he had been crushed between two large fields of ice. The skin was torn off in large patches and the tail was badly mutilated.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

A Letter to a Young Lady on the Eve of Marriage.

One sometimes finds a gem among the castaways of forgotten years. The following congratulatory letter to a young lady on the eve of marriage is venerable, but good:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands—three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card and upon a name—a name with which your gentle life began, a name with which your thorough heart was lost. There is nothing strange about the card. The maiden sign still looks up from it calm and customary, as it looks on many a friendly visit as it lies in many a formal basket.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be at home one day, and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there put a tongue of fire into that speechless pasteboard. It tells us that these cards are but the heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friends' hands and plucked flowers, shall close down on one to whom she will be a friend and a flower forever after.

"I send you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest type of a delicate, durable friendship. They spring up by one's side when others have deserted it, and will be found watching over our graves when those who should have been there have forgotten us.

"It seems meet that a past so calm and pure as yours should expire with a kindred sweetness about, that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

"The three great stages of our being are birth, the bridal and burial. To the first we bring only weakness; for the last we have nothing but dust. But here at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promises that arm each with the other's heart to help on in the life struggle of care and duty.

"The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene—the gay and frivolous will look solemn for once, and youth will come to gaze on all that its sacred thoughts pants for—age will totter up to hear the old words repeated over again, that to their own lives has given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb; some will laugh as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it for it, is fate, not fun, this everlasting linking of their lives.

"And, now, can you, who have queened it over so many bended forms, come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch buried in one particular bosom, marking only hours and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and feeling shall be in unison until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the great central heart of all."

A Queer Appetizer.

This morning, says the *Kingston* (New York) *Freeman*, a dyspeptic-looking man entered a blacksmith shop in Rondout. He waited until the blacksmith put a hot shoe on the foot of a horse that was being shod, when he bent down and drew in with his notrils several draughts of smoke that arose from the burning hoof. After the man left the shop, a reporter of the *Freeman* asked the blacksmith if the man who had just taken his departure was crazy.

"Oh, no," responded the blacksmith, he is only working up an appetite. Strange it may appear to you, yet the fact is true, that the inhalation into the lungs of smoke from a horse's hoof when it is being shod is the best appetizer in the world. That man you saw here will now go home and eat a good square meal. He came into the shop without an appetite, and went away hungry. I have on an average five patients a day, who visit my shop for an appetizer. One day not long ago they all gathered about at one time. It was a funny sight to see them all bending over to get their nostrils near the burning hoof and draw in good hearty 'snifers.' If I could bottle the appetizer and get a patent right on it I could make a mint of money in a short time. How does it affect my appetite? Go ask my wife and she will tell you that I eat more than any man she ever saw. On extra busy days, when I cannot go home to dinner, she sends it to me by two children. Each one brings a well-filled pail. It is a rare occurrence when a blacksmith who shoes horses gets rich from the revenue he derives from his trade. It is almost impossible for him to do it. The appetizer that is constantly arising to his nostrils makes him ravenously hungry, and the bulk of his earnings goes to satisfy a craving appetite."

Scrap of conversation between two ladies overheard on a suburban train a few morning since: "Oh, yes; this is his second year, you know; he has just entered the sycamore class."