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.

Vol. 47. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1886. No. 31.

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.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland, Dec. 14, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Margaret Leatherberry, late of Kent county, deceased, made and reported by W. N. E. WICKES, Executor of the said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of February, next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 14th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $300.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND,
WM. STEVENS,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Dec. 18, 1886—4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland, Dec. 14th, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Robert Wilson, made and reported by ISAAC L. LEARY, Executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof, be shown on or before the 15th day of February, 1887;—Provided, a copy of this order be printed in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 14th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $132.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND,
WM. STEVENS,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Dec. 18, 1886—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLAM SCONE,

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 21st day of June, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of November, 1886.

WILLIAM S. SCONE,
d18-4t. 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

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.

ROCKWELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN.
RICHARD S. USILTON, Proprietor
MEALS furnished at all hours.
BOARD by the day, week or month at reasonable rates.
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
Also Families supplied.
RAW BOX and the best BAY OYSTERS.
Thankful for past patronage, a liberal continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.
oc30-3m. R. S. USILTON.

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.

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.

WM. T. RANDLE,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer
[SUCCESSOR TO S. STRAUSS & CO.]
124 Light Street, New Number 330.
I HAVE OPENED on Light street, opposite Pier 7, where I will be pleased to meet all parties using my goods, guaranteeing to do my utmost in pleasing and giving satisfaction. I am making a specialty of FINE LIQUORS AND WINES at LOW FIGURES for CASH. All orders by mail promptly attended to.
N. B.—MR. W. H. COPPER is my agent in Chestertown and all orders given him will be promptly attended to. Old friend, CHAS. T. WYATT, is still with the concern and will be pleased to meet his old acquaintances. d18.

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.

—FOR THE—
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
We have the largest and finest line of
Pocket and Table Cutlery
ever seen in Kent County. Our Stock of SCISSORS, SHEARS and Razors is complete. Call and see.
at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO'S.
—OUR—
TIN TOILET and CHAMBER SETS
ARE VERY PRETTY,
and in many cases suitable Presents.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
YOU OUGHT TO SEE AT
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S
Hardware Store, the line of both
HEATING and COOKING STOVES,
it embraces numerous styles, sizes and qualities. Their prices are as LOW as can be given by any dealer, and they take pleasure in showing their stock. d18.

HOLIDAY OPENING
—OF—
FANCY GOODS
Silverware,
Books,
Christmas and
New Year Cards
IN OUR NEW STORE, UNDER TOWN HALL. PRICES LOW.
COLIN F. STAM,
Dec. 18. DRUGGIST.

Don't trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Acker's English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50c
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE
—OF—
Personal Property

THE undersigned as administrators of G. W. T. Perkins, deceased, will sell at Hopewell, near Chestertown, on the road to Morgan's creek, on

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 29th, 1886,

at Ten and a-half o'clock A. M.,

the remaining Personal Property of deceased, kept over by administrators to finish crops, consisting of

6 Head of Horses
THREE MULES,
all gentle and good workers;
THREE COWS

3 Large Farm Wagons;
3 Sets of Wagon Harness;
1 McCormick Binder, nearly new;
1 Engine and Thresher, both in first-class order, never having been used off of Mr. Perkins' land;
A lot of Locust and Chestnut Posts,
Over 100 Bushels of Potatoes.

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

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

GEO. T. PERKINS,
WM. M. SLAY,
Dec. 18-ts. Administrators.

Public Sale.

INTENDING to discontinue farming the undersigned will sell at his residence, near Connelly's Mill,

On MONDAY, Dec. 27th, 1886,

The Following Property:

4 HEAD GOOD HORSES
true to all harness;
2 Superior Milch Cows,
1 HEIFER, HALF ALDERNEY,

1 Champion Reaper and Mower Combined; 1 Bickford and Huffman Grain and Phosphate Drill, 1 Hyland Horse-Power and Corn Sheller, 1 Peach Wagon, nearly new with rigging for baskets; 1 Horse Cart and Harness; 1 light Dearborn, 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Sleigh and Bells, 1 Wood Sled, 1 Good Set Wagon Harness; Lot of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Forks, Shovels and Plow Gears, 200 lbs. Corn Blades, 1 Ton Timothy Hay.

ALSO, LOT HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

☞If very stormy the sale will take place on the first fair day thereafter.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

TERMS:—All purchases of $10 or under, cash; all over that amount a credit of Nine Months on Negotiable Note with approved security, interest added. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOHN C. DAVIS, AG'T.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auc'r. d11-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 $9.00. 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.

Attractive Goods.
Jewel Cases,
Plush Boxes,
Albums, Bronzes,
VASES—Silesian, Faience, Chantilly, Russian Terra Cotta, Terra Romano, finished in a high order of art, and handsomer than any goods ever before displayed in Chestertown. We can sell you these goods at lower prices than you can get them for in the city.
Dec. 18. COLIN F. STAM.

NEW FALL STYLES in Prints and Sateens at J. H. SIMPERS'.

A MOTHER'S XMAS STORY.

Mother and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbors whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought me home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course she was to live with us; even Harry could not have made a home for me without her, and the only thing which she ever did, which for the moment we thought hard, was when a week before she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas. "Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you all our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, had agreed.

So that Christmas evening mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and tender to me, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke she scarcely heard me. But we had a quiet, happy day—we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire and said:

"Come and sit here, Janet, on your little stool and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you tonight."

"A story, mother dear? Oh, that is lovely, like being a child again?"

"It is true, Janet, of your life and mine. I have never cared to tell it to you before, but I'm not afraid now—my child and I have loved each other all these years—no, I am not afraid."

"What could you be afraid of, dear mother?"

"You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hands on my head, and then she began: "When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very unhappy, and when Andrew Western came and asked me to marry him I was ready to revere the ground he trod upon. He had been coming backward and forward to our house for some time on business with my father and I believe that from the very first day he saw my misery. We were—and to my remembrance always had been—poor, but if I had been a boy my father would have possessed thousands a year. I never wondered that he hated me, that my mother mourned and fretted from morning till night; they had brought me up to feel guilty of a crime and I did feel it in my inmost heart. It was no marvel that when Andrew asked me to marry him, I looked upon him as an angel of deliverance. I loved him with an intensity which amazed and frightened him. It was in vain he tried to make me reasonable and sober. It was in vain that he told me that such worship was wrong and foolish, that it gave him no happiness, while to me it must bring disappointment. I could not listen and at last I wearied him. He said little about it after awhile, but he went away and once more my life was desolate. He said he would come back, but he never did. He wrote to me often, kind, tender letters, but they chilled my heart; and then one day he wrote to tell me that it must be all over between us. He told me how he had striven to hold fast by his love for me, but he could not; the mere effort pained him; the thought of my passionate devotion filled him with dread. He could never return such love, he could never endure to have it lavished upon him; once for all he would give it a death blow; when his letter reached me he should be married.

"I had another lover then, Janet, and I almost hated him; but before many weeks were over I became his wife. He loved me always, but we quarreled. I could not pretend to love him, and he grew reckless; our home was miserable and within a year he died. I was too ill to know what happened for a long time after that. Strange faces passed before me, strange voices spoke kindly words of pity and once every day it seemed to me that Andrew came and stood by my bed. When at last I woke to reason again, you were beside me. Oh, how I loved you! How passionately I loved you! You seemed to me to be all the world, and you saved my life!

"My husband had not left me in poverty, I had no need to work and I spent my whole life in watching over you. I made no friends for I cared for none. I forgot the miseries of my father's house; I forgot my quarrels with my husband; I forgot even my love for Andrew and was scarcely moved when I heard that death had visited his home as well as mine and that he was indeed desolate, for his wife had died and left him childless. Three happy years passed by almost without a cloud. You grew and throve. Every day seemed to my delighted eyes to give a new charm, a new beauty to my treasure; and then in the midst of my joy you fell ill. Day and night, night and day, I watched by your bed—nay, Janet, give me no thanks; it was selfish love! It was all in vain that the doctor and nurse argued with me. I would not leave you. It was fever and must run its course, they said. If you should recover, my strength would be needed when you could know and call for me; but I would not listen, and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark and I knew no more. When I recovered I could not rise from my bed, but I implored with passionate tears to be taken to you. Then some one came forward and sat down beside me and took my hand and I saw that it was Andrew. It gave me no surprise to see him there. I dimly remembered that I had seemed to see him before when I was ill, and for the moment his presence calmed me.

"'Mary,' he said, in his old quiet tone, 'if you do not do as I tell you you will die; and, what is more, the child will die, too.'

"I sprang up with a scream and struggled to go to you. 'My child, my child!' I cried.

"'She is not your child—she is mine,' he said, in that calm tone of truth which had never failed to convince me, and which now pierced like a sword of ice into my heart. 'Yes, she is mine! Listen to me.' His quiet eyes subdued me. 'When you were very ill, dying, they thought, my name was often on your lips, and they discovered and sent for me. On the same day a child was born to each of us, and my wife and your child died. "We might have hoped for her if her baby had lived," said the doctor; and I gave my child to you. Can you not bear what I have borne?'

"Oh, Janet, my child, his words were healing and the sorrow that from that hour I tried to bear was taken from me!"

At first when mother ceased speaking, the world, and love, and life seemed to me to be blank and hollow, but in a few moments I rose from my seat and kneeled at her knees.

"Oh, mother, dear—my father?"

"He died long ago. Janet, do you still love me?"

Then, as we kissed each other, I knew that in all our lives of happy love dear mother and I had never been so near together.

The State of Matrimony.

"It is one of the United States; it is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out of nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

THE editor of a Georgia paper say that liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty, to survive, must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a woman.

THE COMPLAINT OF SANTA CLAUS.

The snow lies deep on the frozen ground,
And the Christmas night is cold,
And I shine before the rime so hoar—
Can it be that I am growing old?

Long years ago when the Christmas chimes
Made merry the midnight sky,
When the carolers' call filled houses and hall,
And wassail and mirth ran high.

When the harlequin mummers reeled and danced,
And the great yule log blazed bright;
When the walls were green with a summer sheen,
In holly and yew bedight;

When the faces of all, the young, the old,
Were brimming with sparkling cheer—
Aye, those were the times when Christmas chimes
Were the merriest sounds of the year!

I snapped my fingers in Jack Frost's teeth,
While the snow was wavering down,
And the icicles hung from my beard I flung—
My beard that was then so brown!

And I wrapped myself in my grizzly coat,
And lit my pipe with a coal
From Hecla's crest, where I stopped to rest,
On my way from the Northern Pole.

My reindeers—O they were brisk and gay—
My sledge, it could stand a pull;
My pack, tho' great, seemed a feather's weight,
No matter how crammed and full!

My heart it was stout in those good old days,
And warm with an inward glee;
For I thought of the mirths of a thousand hearts,
Where the little ones watched for me.

So I gathered my sweets from far and near,
And I piled my cunningest toys
(Unheeding the swirls), for the innocent girls,
And the rollicking, roguish boys.

But the times have sobered and changed since then,
My merriment flags forlorn;
My beard is as white as on Christmas night
Of old was the Glasto thorn.

Tho' my wrinkled-up lips still hold the pipe,
No longer the smoke-wreath curls;
But saddest to see, of sights for me—
My frolicsome boys and girls

Have grown so knowing, they dare to say—
Those protesters wee and small—
That all saints deceive, and they don't believe
In a Santa Claus at all!

Ah, me! 'tis a fateful sound to hear;
'Tis gall in my wassail cup;
The darlings I've spoiled, so wrought for and toiled,
The children have given me up!

My heart is broken. I'll break my pipe,
And my tinkling team may go,
And bury my sledge on the trackless edge
Of the wastes of the Lapland snow.

My useless pack I will fling away,
And in Germany's forests hoar,
From an icy steep I will plunge leagues deep,
And never be heard of more.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

SETTLING A ROW.

Grand Master Workman Powderly as a Successful Peace-Maker.

As Master Workman Powderly is again a figure this story about him may be of interest. At one time he was mayor and ex-officio police-justice of the town of Scranton, Pa. The people of Scranton regarded Powderly as the incarnation of all that constituted equity. One day just as he was closing up his docket a man rushed in and asked for a warrant. Men generally rush in when they are after anything of that sort. While Powderly was questioning him another rushed in and demanded a warrant for the arrest of the one who had come in first. As might be expected, each began a torrent of abuse. Powderly commanded them to keep quiet, but they wouldn't. They wanted to fight then and there.

"Is there no way in which you can compromise this difficulty?" asked Justice Powderly.

No; compromise was a thing of the past.

"I am sorry to see two citizens of Scranton going to law," said Powderly.

"If he would fight," said one of the applicants, "I wouldn't go to law; but he is a coward."

"I will fight you any time," retorted the other.

"Mike," said Justice Powderly to his big bailiff, "lock the front door." Mike obeyed. "Now take the chairs out of the bar, and pile them away." Mike did this. "Now take my papers here and put them away, and move the desk back against the wall." This also did Michael, the bailiff.

"Now, gentlemen," said Powderly, addressing the men who wanted warrants, "there you are—plenty of room—fight it out—and Mike, you keep your hands off."

The situation at once assumed a ludicrous phase and there was no fight. Neither any warrants, for the two men shook hands and walked away.

Lincoln as a Brain Monopolist.

The world is full today of outcry over the unequal distribution of property, and heaven help every sensible effort to make things more equal. But why in the world does no one raise a like, or even louder, outcry over the unequal distribution of the intellectual and spiritual wealth of the world? One man a Solomon and another a half-idiot! One man sailing off on the leaves of a book to Alaska and having the jolliest of times with the seals and walruses there and another too sluggish over a newspaper to know who is President. Bloated capitalists, forsooth! Why, look at that greedy monopolist of a boy, Abraham Lincoln, steadily raking in and salting down as accumulated capital all the wealth of Burns and Shakespeare, and growing ever richer and richer, while all the while the Clary boys around him never laid up against a rainy day so much as the contents of an old almanac. Is this fair play? Why did the Clary boys never have sense enough to set their heads to getting up an anti-monopoly agitation, and crying: Hands off! This is a Democratic country, Abe, and you need not think you are to be intellectual heir of all the ages and leave us disinherited children of nobody! Simply because they foolishly thought and believed they had no brains of their own, nothing but fists and stomachs.

The President's Singing.

The President is not often seen except in his carriage, as he is not fond of walking and does not take nearly as much exercise as he should. Since his marriage, however, he has not worked so incessantly as he did before, and often, nowadays, spends his evenings in the drawing-room with the ladies, sometimes joining them in a song. His favorite air is "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by, Jennie," and he roars out a bass when his wife sings it that at first made the doorkeepers in the vestibule think some frightful cyclone was loose in the yard. A couple of senators called the other evening when he was having an unusually good time, and as they entered the vestibule he was on some very high notes. They looked at each other in alarm and then at the doorkeeper, who, amused at the expression on their faces, laughed outright.

"What on earth is that horrible noise?" exclaimed the one who first recovered his presence of mind.

"It's only the President singing, sir," replied the doorkeeper.

"Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty near every night of late, sir."

"Then I reckon we better call during the day," observed the senators as they started toward a club house to tone down their amazement and tell the story.

Looking into Politics.

"A party leader, said Rollo, looking up from the paper, "is he the man who leads the party?"

"Well, something like that," said Rollo's Uncle George, "he is the man who lies awake nights trying to guess which way the party wants to go, and when he finds out he scoots across lots and tries to get there first; he leads the party unless the party should happen to change its mind and go the other way; he leads the party the same as the leader in the stage team leads; he goes ahead, but he goes the way the man on the box with the reins and whip tells him to go." Rollo said he thought he was beginning to see into politics as through a glass darkly, and Uncle George said that was the way old politicians usually looked into 'em.

THE CZAR'S BEAR HUNT.

How the Autocrat of the Russians was Rescued from the Jaws of Death.

It was a clear, bright, frosty morning in the forests of Northern Russia. The hardened snow was crisp as toast, the frozen trees glittered like silver in the cloudless sunshine, and the woods was all alive with the shrill blasts of hunting-horns and the shouts of men, telling that the Czar Alexander I and his courtiers were out for a bear hunt. No one could have wished for a finer day for the sport, and every face in the party was as bright as the clear, blue sky overhead—all except one. That one was the face of the emperor himself.

A bear hunt in his native forests was Alexander's favorite amusement, and no one could imagine what it was that made him look so gloomily on this beautiful morning, with such a capital prospect of good sport.

The time had been when his chosen comrade, Count Nikolas Soboleff—the best sportsman in St. Petersburg next to the Czar himself—had been beside him, as a matter of course, on all excursions of this kind. But the two friends had grown cold to each other, and causes of quarrel had arisen and multiplied, until at length Alexander, having, or rather thinking he had (for the fault had never been clearly proved), grave cause of offence against his former friend, ended it by banishing him to a lonely fortress in the most out-of-the-way part of Eastern Russia.

But now the merry music of the horns and the familiar cries of the hunters, the bracing keenness of the wintry air, the sight of the woods that he knew and loved so well, brought back the old times as freshly as ever. He remembered how often he and Soboleff had marched side by side over the snow for miles, following the sharp hoof-prints of an elk or the huge round paw-marks of a black bear, and the thought of his old comrade pining in that dismal place rose up hauntingly in his mind.

Hark! what was that? All the party halted and held their breath to listen. Yes, there can be no doubt about it. Far in the distance was heard the shrill, long-drawn bugle call, which told that the game was found.

The first note of the well-known call was quite enough to drive every other thought out of the mind of such a born sportsman as the Emperor Alexander. The next moment he was hurrying over the hard, crisp snow in the direction of the sound, rifle in hand.

As the Czar ran, his bright blue eyes kept glancing ceaselessly to the right and left in search of the expected bear. So eager was he to catch sight of it that he never noticed how persistently he himself was being followed by a tall man with his face half hidden in a huge fur cap, who seemed determined to stick to him wherever he went.

In the heat of the chase the hunters were quickly scattered, and the Czar was soon left alone. But still he was kept in sight by the mysterious man in the fur cap, who seemed to be drawing closer and closer to him, though without coming so near as to attract attention.

More curious still, although no bear had appeared as yet, he was already loosening his long hunting-knife in his sheath, as if expecting to have to use it very shortly.

Suddenly there was a crash in the thicket as a huge black mass came bursting through the bushes, and Alexander suddenly found himself face to face with the largest bear that he had ever seen in his life. Such a meeting in such a place would have startled most men, for the black bear of Northern Russia, though less dangerous than the terrible American grizzly, is a very "ugly customer" at close quarters. But such perils were nothing new to the hunter-emperor, who instantly brought his gun to his shoulder and fired.

But unluckily Alexander was so eager to make sure of the bear before any of the other men could come up that he did not aim as carefully as usual, and the bullet glancing along the monster's shoulder, hurt him just enough to make him doubly furious. On he came with a fierce rush, and rearing up on his hind legs, showed all his cruel white fangs in a hideous grin. At the same moment the Czar's foot slipped, and down he came on his face at the very feet of his enemy.

Another instant and all would have been over; but just then the tall stranger sprang forward, and darting in under the huge extended fore-paw, buried his long knife to the very haft in the great black body. For one moment man and beast were rolling together in a confused mass, amid a spray of falling snow; and then the man rose panting to his feet, and the monster, with one convulsive struggle, lay dead before him.

"Whoever you are," cried Alexander, stepping towards him, "you have saved my life. Ask what you will, and you shall have it."

"Not till you know who I am, and with what purpose I came hither," answered the stranger, in a low, stern voice, throwing back his thick cape as he spoke. "Look well at my face and see if you remember it."

"Had I not banished Nikolas Soboleff," said the Czar, looking at him in astonishment, "I should say that you were he."

"I am his brother Michael," replied the other, "and I came here today to kill you for the wrong you have done him."

There was a moment's silence, while the two men looked fixedly at each other.

"My brother was banished for a fault that he had not committed," resumed Soboleff at length. "To him such a punishment is worse than death, and I vowed to avenge him. I mixed with your men today in disguise, meaning to get near you in the course of the hunt, and kill you with my own hand."

"And why have you saved my life, then?" asked the emperor, eying him keenly.

"Because I should have accounted myself disgraced forever had I let any brave man die while I stood near enough to help him, and still more utterly disgraced should I have been in my own eyes had I accepted any favor at your hand without first telling you that I had meant to take your life, not to save it."

Tears glistened in the Czar's bold blue eyes, as he held out his hand to the man who had sought his life.

"God be thanked," he said, "that it is not too late to make amends. This very day I recall your brother from banishment, and neither he nor you shall ever leave me again.—*Harper's Young People.*

Happiness as It Is in Youth and Maturity.

Isn't it a little queer that as we grow from youth to manhood the objects change which bring us pleasure? The amount of happiness realized varies but little. There seems to be a certain amount of the article implanted in us; no more, no less. The boy's sled gives place to the richly caparisoned sleigh, the toy house to the imposing residence, the toy watch to a real one, the toy boat to an ocean yacht—but the first yielded quite as much pleasure as the last.

The Christmas gifts and pleasures of youth brought as much happiness as houses and lands, honors and fame do in after years. Our happiness is all relative, anyway. We enjoy by comparison. The boy's sled is big enough to fill his mind. The man's yacht is merely a toy, which has its use for a time and then ceases to amuse. Christmas is a reality to the young—a definite pleasure point. To the full grown boys and girls it is an attempt to arouse the old enthusiasm, the belief in Santa Claus, the enjoyment in gift-giving and gift-receiving. It comes and goes, and they try hard to persuade themselves that they enjoyed it with an old time zest.

MERRY CHRISTMAS is here with a smile and a cheer,
Let all your old troubles and quarrels be ended;
For the friend that is near have a greeting most dear,
And breathe a good wish for the foe who's offended.
Though with him was the spite,
And with you was the right,
In kindness of spirit forever tonight.
For whoever makes plea 'neath the evergreen tree
A prince of good fellows, and welcome is he.

A MARRIED woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband." "He is not a good one, to be sure," replied the woman, "but he is a powerful sight better than none!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

Some of the Tricks We Played at Washington College.

BALTIMORE, December 3, 1886.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—While sitting around the old fireplace, with my dear ones at home, this cold and wintry evening, the happy times spent in the halls of Washington College recur to my memory as bright dreams of the past. I recall with feelings of sadness and joy the incidents that occurred during my attendance at this college. I say sadness, because now I have arrived at the age when I look upon the tricks practiced as examples of the thoughtlessness and indifference on the part of young men for the feelings of their fellows and for their own improvement, and to what extent they can exert their energies and powers to accomplish their ends, which if applied to a worthy cause would be an Hercules in its favor. But such thoughts as now engross my attention were far from use, and I never for one moment thought of the dangers we were facing nor the risk of even life until now, and I wonder and am amazed at our miraculous escapes from such dangers to which we exposed ourselves. Thinking perhaps it might interest some of your readers I will attempt to dot down the principal features in a few of the many tricks practiced.

On one occasion, wishing to play a trick upon one of our new schoolmates, we decided to invite him to go for some apples in company with one of the boys. He, unsuspicious of any trick, accepted the invitation, and was quite lively and jubilant as he went along for the forbidden fruit. At the apple-tree was one of the boys who acted as landlord; accordingly when the boys came for the apples the pretending tenant shot. The one in the plot fell and the newcomer ran off to the building and hid himself. The wounded student was carried to the college by his confederates and there with red ink, as representing blood, flowing freely from his arm the doctor, Mr. ——, with stiff hat and cane was summoned. He ordered the new student to be brought in and explain this affair. He was brought in the room and being overcome by fear and excitement keeled over, apparently dead, but after restoratives were applied he came to and could hardly realize the truth that it was all a farce and a trick for some time. Thus was a young man made to suffer a severe shock upon his entire system simply to furnish amusement for his fellow-schoolmates.

On another occasion while one of the classes was reciting, our class, in order to worry the professor, commenced slamming a door in the second-story and when we were called to recite, to avoid detection one of the class had to play sick, so as to keep the door slamming. This duty fell to me and there I banged and slammed for one hour, and the professor would repeatedly exclaim, "My, how that door slams!" and other exclamations, which I shall not mention. I enjoyed it immensely at the time, but what *might* I have accomplished that would have proven more creditable and advantageous in this one hour?

One night when a new arrival made his appearance he was required by the rules of the school, as the students told him, to stand guard at the stile-gate while three others were to be stationed at other places around the building. He was given a gun with the bayonet fixed, and loaded with powder only, with strict orders to ask of any one passing the password three times and if there was no response to fire. Now on this night we were aware of Professor ——'s intended trip to town and we hoped that he would be the victim. But just as we were leaving the building he walked and up the stairs three of us scampered, leaving the raw recruit with carried arms and figure erect facing the professor, who inquired of him what he was going to do with that gun? He told him he was going on guard. The professor then understood all and advised him not to let the boys make a fool of him and ordered him to go to his room. Thus the trick was a failure and all for the best, for someone would very likely have been hurt, for this one on guard would have certainly done his duty.

Hope you will deem this of sufficient interest to publish. Yours respectfully, PRINCIO.

THE MONARCH OF THE SEA.

Ocean travel, writes Frank C. Carpenter, is rapidly changing, and the steamship is improving as fast as the railroad train. The first ocean steamer was built near New York in 1819, and she made a trip across the Atlantic one year later. She was named the Savannah; she was 380 tons burden, and when she came into Liverpool, after a passage of twenty-five days, she was the wonder of all the world. The big ocean steamship of today is from 4,000 to 8,000 tons, and she makes her passage from New York to Queenstown in from six days and a few hours to twelve or thirteen days. Some shipowners now assert that the passage across the Atlantic will be made in four days, and the engineer of this vessel tells me the fast ocean travel is fully as safe, though more expensive than slow travel.

The coal consumed by the seven days' steamers is nearly three times as much as that consumed by the ten days' steamers, and fuel is one of the largest items in the cost of steamship travel. Some of the fast Canard steamers burn 340 tons of coal a day, whereas the City of Richmond, of about the same size, but a ten day's steamer, requires only 100 to 110 tons per day. It costs about $5 a ton to buy this coal and put it in the furnaces of the ship's engines so that the difference between the seven days' steamers in the cost of coal alone is over $1,000 per day. Can you appreciate how much 300 tons of coal a day means? Fifteen tons is a yearly allowance for a small family in an eight-room house. The daily consumption of the Etruria would keep twenty such families for a year, and the 1,500 tons which this ship carries on each trip would more than supply a village of eighty families for that time.

The coal is stored in great vaults, and fifty-four men are required to put it in the furnaces. The ship has twenty-seven furnaces, each of which is as big around as a ton of hay on a farmer's wagon and about twice as long.

They are away down in the bottom of the ship, and as I crept in and out among them, by the aid of the chief engineer and lantern, and saw the blaze of their entrance, felt the consuming heat of their surroundings, and talked with the sweaty, sultry men who were kept at them all day shoveling coal, Dante's Inferno did not seem very far off, and Hades was personified before me. The fastest steamers have 100 men to attend to their furnaces. They must be kept going night and day, and the labor is very hard. The furnaces are so hot that the men must drink great quantities of water, and here they mix the water with oatmeal, and each man consumes gallons daily. This is necessary to keep up the perspiration. In such a heat if a man cannot sweat he will die.

The Cause of His Sorrow.

One of the most pathetic sights I have seen in a long time I saw the other afternoon. He stood on the corner of a street with his eyes cast down and a look of agony on his face. He was sighing heavily as he poked a thick stick into cracks and breaks in the asphaltum, which was terribly open to such poking. He was an oldish man, too, and seemed to be heart-broken. I watched him for quite a minute, and he seemed so deep in painful thought that the people passing almost walked over him without awakening him. I was studying this picture when a friend came up.

"What's the matter?"

"Look at the poor old fellow," I said.

"That! don't you know him? That's old ——, the millionaire. He owns that block, and he's got to put down a new pavement.—*San Francisco Call.*

A PATENT-RIGHT suit was brought before Judge Nelson. Mr. William H. Seward was counsel on one side. In summing up he occupied a whole day. The counsel on the other side made a long speech, the judge charged the jury. After the jury had been absent about two hours, they came into court and the foreman said, "Your Honor, the jury would like to ask a question." "You can proceed." "Well, your Honor, we should like to know what this suit is about."

AN irate female seeks admittance to editor's sanctum. "But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too ill to talk to anyone today." "Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the talking."

THEY call it a romantic marriage in Minnesota when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.