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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, JAN. 8, 1887. No. 33.

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.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

S. M. Wilkins versus D. P. Jones,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE creditors of D. P. Jones are notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereon with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County within two months from this date.

S. M. WILKINS, Trustee.

Dec. 25, 1886—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HARRY WALLEY,

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 11th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of December, 1886.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Executor.

d25-4t.

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, Administrator.

d18-4t.

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.

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.

TO ALL PERSONS

Interested in Coal

WE, having made arrangement by which we have our COAL shipped direct from the mines to Chestertown, perhaps it would be to your interest to call and see us before buying elsewhere.

J. T. TWILLEY & CO.,

July 4, 1885. Chestertown

OH, NO! DO NOT GO TO THE CITY

—FOR—

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S COATS, or for LONG or SHORT WRAPS. There is a new Stock at R. F. PARKS'. no6.

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.

Town Hall

THE SIGN!

STAM'S DRUG STORE

THE PLACE!

For Holiday Novelties!

WE have everything new: New Building, New Store, New Goods, and we are now making a bid for your trade. We have made store and building attractive for our customers, and now we want to show you our goods. So come today. Come Monday. Come every day next week. We mean this for a standing invitation. Store is large and roomy, plenty of things to see.

We cannot advertise specialties, we have too many, but we have something you want; something you will enjoy when you get it. Don't miss coming in this season; don't be afraid of prices; we are LOW, LOW DOWN this year, because we want to give our store a boom; we want to make you remember it when you go home. And now we will close with a Merry Christmas to all.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist,

Dec. 18. Under Town Hall.

DR. HERNANDO MORA'S

Great Spanish Specific

CURES

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.

This wonderful Remedy was discovered a few years since by a distinguished Spanish Doctor of the Homeopathic School, who after using it with great success in his own practice commenced putting it up for sale. It is now for the first time offered to the public in this country.

Dyspeptic Symptoms, Low Spirits, Sour Stomach, Pain in the Bowels, Restlessness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Variable Appetite, Low Fever and languor call for the immediate use of the Specific.

When symptoms of Malaria in any form appear the Great Spanish Specific should be at once resorted to, to prevent the development of the disease and the treatment continued until the patient's health is fully restored.

Remember, the Great Spanish Specific can only be obtained of the authorized agents, and any medicine bearing its name sold at drug stores is a worthless counterfeit.

Send to any address on receipt of price. $1.00 per Bottle or 6 Bottles for $5.00.

LINNELL & CO.,

SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS,

d25-y. 25 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

At Betterton

YOU WILL FIND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF DRY

LUMBER, SHINGLES

AND PICKETS,
SASH, BLINDS and DOORS,
PLASTERING LATHS and HAIR,
LIME and CEMENT.

HARD and SOFT COAL,

HARDWARE,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR,
FINE AND ROCK SALT,
SALT FISH.
STEP LADDERS for Peach Picking,
PEACH BASKETS and BOXES,
HARRISON'S P. M. PAINTS,

all of which we offer at low prices and on reasonable terms. Call and see us or write us. Telephone call No. 63.

TURNER BROS.

July 17, 1886.

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.

R. S. USILTON.

YOLINA ALMANAC 1887

AND DIARY FOR

The BEST ALMANAC, and a COMPLETE DIARY for every day in the year. To be had FREE of all dealers in medicine, or mailed on receipt of a 2c. postage stamp. Address

VOLINA DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Thousands of cases of Consumption are cured every year by Acker's celebrated English Remedy. It is a guaranted preparation; if it does not help you it will cost you nothing. Try it. A single dose will show its good effect. Trial bottles 10 cts.

C. F. STAM, Druggist.

1837. THE SUN. 1887

A. S. ABELL & CO. ..... PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

On the 27th of May, 1837, the BALTIMORE SUN will celebrate its Fiftieth anniversary. From the earliest period of its career the SUN has been a "Household Word" in the homes of its subscribers, and a synonym for accuracy of statement, fair dealing, promptness, energy and enterprise in the collection of news. It is noted throughout the country for the independence, conservatism and thoughtfulness of its editorial utterances. There is probably no newspaper published in the United States whose opinion carries more weight or whose influence is more widely extended than the Sun's; a fact upon which it may justly pride itself as the legitimate result of painstaking care in the preparation of all matter admitted to its columns. The SUN'S facilities for collecting news from all quarters of the globe are being constantly extended and improved, and new features are added without regard to expense as occasion demands.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN has long occupied an enviable position as a model family newspaper, containing not only the news of the world and a variety of literary matter and miscellaneous reading for the family circle, but special features of recognized value, including an agricultural department, which supplies every week a mass of well-digested information for the farmer.

Full commercial, financial, cotton, cattle, market and stock reports up to the hour of going to press.

Terms of subscription by mail, invariably in advance. Postage on all subscriptions in the United States and Canada prepaid.

One Year	$6.00
Six Months	3.00
One Month	50c.

As an advertising medium its value is, of course, in proportion to its immense circulation.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN.

Terms invariably cash in advance. ONE DOLLAR a copy for Twelve Months. Premium Copies for getters up of Clubs for the "Baltimore Weekly Sun:

FIVE COPIES ..... struggle condensed	$5.00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun for one year.	
TWENTY COPIES	$20.00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun nine months.	

Address A. S. ABELL & Co. Publishers, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 1, 1887.

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.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

A LARGE STOCK OF

North Carolina Frame Stuff

on hand and to arrive.

Also, just received a large lot of very fine

12 Inch Stock

North Carolina Boards.

A cargo of the best grade of

Shaved Cypress Shingles

expected in a few days.

Stock Large. Prices Low. Terms Moderate.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

SHINGLES!

A Bonanza in Shingles

that were never offered LOWER.

ALL KINDS of SHINGLES

Another lot of CHEAP NORTH CAROLINA CULLINGS received; WHITE PINE CULLINGS, etc.

Buy Where We Sell on Low Cash Figures

Small, fair profits and large sales.

We do business to the advantage of our customers as well as ourselves and when we can't we will try another clime.

JOSEPH TURNER,

SCOTT'S POINT LUMBER-YARD, Dec. 11.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!

—*Susan Coolidge.*

HOW SHE SAVED THE MONEY.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

I've often read and heard about how persons feel when death "stares them in the face," as they say in stories. I used to wonder what kind of sensation it was. Now I know.

You see, John—John's my husband—was foreman of the night hands in the factory for a long time. He went to his work at six at night, and came home at five o'clock in the morning. So I had to stay alone all night, or the same as alone, anyway, though the child there was company for me, but for all the help she'd be in any trouble that might happen, I might as well have been entirely alone, you see.

I never was afraid of burglars; because we hadn't anything they'd think it worth their while to come after. And then—we didn't hear much about them in those days—though they've got to be plenty enough since. If I'd heard as much about them then as I do now, I presume I would have felt timid. But, as it was, I felt as safe as you please, and when John used to coax me to let him get a boy, or a big dog to stay with me, I always told him I didn't want to be bothered with 'em.

One day, a friend of John's, who had been working in the factory a long time, and saved up quite a little sum from his wages, got tired of that kind of life, and said he was going to quit it, and find him a little farm somewhere, and settle down. I knew what that meant. He'd taken a fancy to a girl that worked in the factory, and he wanted to make a home somewhere for himself and a wife.

He and John had always been the best of friends, so it was quite natural he should bring his money here, and ask John to keep it for him till he wanted to use it. He didn't want to carry it with him, he said, while he was looking up the little farm he had set his mind on buying. John told him he had better put it in the bank, where it would be safer, and growing a little, but he said he'd feel just as safe about it with us as he would if he put it in the bank, and he didn't think it would have a chance to increase much before he got around to use it, because he calculated to buy his farm as soon as he found the one that suited him.

So he left it. There was a trifle over a thousand dollars, he told John, and I thought by the way he looked at it when he gave it to my husband, that he felt all his chance for the future was wrapped up in the bills. They represented the home he had set his heart on having, you see, and I couldn't help thinking—what if he should lose it?

John took the money, and put it in the till of that old blue chest in the corner there. That was one Sunday morning, when John didn't have to be at the factory. I always shall think the man was looking in through the window, and saw John put it there. He had been prowling about the house, I suppose, and happened to look in at just the right time. Anyway that's what I always shall believe about it; for how else, I'd like to know, should he have known anything about it? But there, I'm telling you my opinion, and what you want to hear, I suppose, is what happened.

One stormy night, about a week after that, John went off to work as usual. I felt kind of nervous some way, though I couldn't tell why I felt so. I've wondered a good many times since then if I didn't have a sort of presentiment of what was going to happen. But I made up my mind that it was the storm and the wind that kept howling round the house that made me feel so, and I didn't say a word to John about it. The child, there, was about two years old then. I told her stories for an hour or two, and then, when she begun to feel sleepy, I sung to her, and it wasn't long before she was tucked up in bed, fast asleep. Then I got my knitting and sat down by the fire and worked till the clock struck nine. By that time I was sleepy and concluded I'd go to bed, too.

I must have slept about three hours, for when I woke up the big clock on the city hall was striking midnight.

As I lay there listening to the clock I heard a step in the hall. The first thought that came to me was that something had happened at the factory and that John had come home. But as the steps came near the door I knew they were not John's. I was wide awake in a minute and the wonder is I didn't get up at once. At first I thought I would and then I thought perhaps it would be better to keep still and see what was going to happen. Getting up and rushing out into the other room wouldn't help matters any, and it might make them a good deal worse.

The steps came to the kitchen door and then paused. Then I heard the door opened softly, and some one come into the kitchen. The door between the kitchen and bedroom was open a trifle and as I looked out I saw a man with a lantern in his hand. He stood there listening.

You can well believe I was frightened. I did not dare to scream. I just lay still and looked out of the least little bit of a crack in my eyelids. I knew the man as soon as I got a good look at his face. He was a great burly fellow, who had been a hand in the factory some time back. I had heard John say that he had been discharged because the proprietors thought he stole.

He stood there less than a minute, I suppose, but it seemed to me that it was more than an hour. Then he came toward the bedroom. He pushed the door open softly and looked in, holding up his lantern that he might see through the opening. I shut my eyes tight then. He stood there and watched me for a time with the light shining full in my face. It was terrible, terrible. I didn't dare to move a muscle. I was in agony for fear the baby would wake up. I felt sure then, and I do now, that he would have killed me if he had thought I was awake. You can't have any idea what I suffered as I lay there. It seemed to me that life just depended in my keeping still, and to keep still under such circumstances was a pretty hard thing to do. I don't pretend to say that I am more courageous than lots of other women, but I don't believe you can find many who would brave it out in that kind of danger better than I did.

By and by he seemed satisfied that I was asleep and turned away from the bedroom door leaving it wide open. I saw him go over to the old blue chest and knew then what he was after.

I breathed easier when his back was turned. I didn't dare to stir, though, but just lay there with my eyes open and watched him. I saw him take a big bunch of keys out of his pocket and try several before he found one that fitted the lock of the chest. Pretty soon he found one that would open it. He turned the cover back against the wall, and went to rummaging about in the till for the money that was covered up with some old cloth and papers. It wasn't long before he found it, and after making sure it was what he was after, he put it in his pocket and shut up the chest.

You can't imagine how I felt when I knew that poor Ben Green was likely to lose his money. He had worked so hard for it and depended so much on it to help him get a home, that losing it would be like death to him. I wouldn't have felt so bad if it had been our own I'm sure.

When he had closed the chest he took up the lantern and came back to the bedroom door and looked at me again to make sure, I suppose, that I was asleep. I shut my eyes again and deceived him as I had before. Then he went into the hall, but instead of going toward the front door he went the other way, and I heard him open the door into the cellar-way. Like a flash it came to me that I could trap him if I was quick enough. I never stopped to think about what might happen—all I thought about was saving poor Ben's money. I got out of bed, slipped into the hall, and was close behind him as he stood looking down into the darkness. In less time than it takes to tell it I sprang against him with every bit of the strength there was in me, and he went tumbling headlong down the stairs. Then I swung the door shut, slipped the bolt into its place and he was my prisoner. I knew he couldn't get out of the cellar unless he came through the door, for it was walled up with stone, and I felt pretty sure of that door, for if you'll look at it, you'll see that it is thick and heavy.

Dear me! How the man did rave and swear. It made my blood run cold to hear him. But I didn't stop to listen long. I slipped on my dress and took the baby and wrapped her up in a shawl and started for the nearest neighbor's for help. I sent a boy to the factory for John, and the neighbor and I went back to the house. The man was trying to beat the door down with something he had found in the cellar, when we got there. The neighbor had a pistol and he was all ready to fire at the man the minute he made a hole through the door. But before he succeeded in doing that, John came, with two or three others, and they captured him without much trouble, for they told him they'd shoot him like a dog if he didn't give up peaceably, and they would have done it and he knew it.

So, you see, I saved Ben's money after all, and the first thing John did the next morning was to take it to the bank—wouldn't have kept it in the house another night for anything. And that very day John gave up his night job, and I haven't been alone a night since. I didn't know how frightened I really was until it, was all over. But after they had the man and I knew the money was safe, I seemed to give out, some way, all at once, and had to go to bed; and it was two or three days before I began to feel like myself. I tell you what it is, I don't want another such adventure. One's enough for me.

FERGUSON'S BOY, FREDDIE.

I dined with Ferguson the other day. Ferguson has a little boy named Freddie. Freddie is a boy about nine years of age, and is considered very bright. He is; he is positively brilliant. But if he were my boy I think I could polish him still more. At all events I should try.

Freddie came into the parlor soon after my arrival, his face shining from a recent vigorous application of soap and water, and his yellow hair plastered down to his head so that every bump was plainly visible.

"You don't remember Mr. Johnson, do you?" said his father, taking the young cub on his knee.

"Yap," was the reply.

"What's that?" said Ferguson reprovingly.

"Yap," repeated the boy, with a surprised look.

"Haven't I told you to always say yes sir?"

"Yessir."

"That's better. So you remember Mr. Johnson, eh? It's nearly three years since Freddie saw you last," added Ferguson, turning to me.

"It's astonishing what a memory the boy has. What do you remember about Mr. Johnson, Freddie?" he inquired.

"I remember," replied Freddie, ingeniously, "that his hair was white at the roots and black at the ends, and mar said she guessed he hadn't dyed it this week."

This remark produced a feeling of constraint, so to speak, and Freddie was banished from the parlor. I did not see him again until I went into dinner.

Ferguson asked a blessing. As soon as he had finished Freddie burst out with:

"Par what's the reason you never do that 'cept when we have company?"

Ferguson made some facetious remark, but I saw a light in his eyes which told me that there was trouble ahead for Freddie, and I rejoiced in secret.

"Mar," said Freddie presently, "don't you wish Aunt Maria was here?"

"Why, Freddie!" said his mother, with a fond smile.

"'Cause you said the other day that you wished she an' Mr. Johnson would meet, 'cause he'd be such a good catch for her, an' it was about her last chance, an—"

"Frederick!" shouted Ferguson.

"Why, Freddie Ferguson!" exclaimed his mother.

The subject was quickly changed. I felt that it would be wise to send Freddie away from the table, but Ferguson dared fate, and permitted him to remain.

"Gimme another piece of cake!" said Freddie presently.

"You have had three already," said his mother, gently.

"I know I have, an' want another."

"But—"

"I want another piece of cake?"

"What can you possibly want of more."

"Wanter eat it, of course. What'd yer s'pose I wanted to do with it—put wheels on it and use it for a wagon?"

It struck me that this would be a good time to remove Freddie and inflict corporal punishment upon him, but Mrs. Ferguson thought differently. She regarded Freddie's remarks as laughable.

"It's astonishing what a fund of humor that boy has got," she said, as she gave him the biggest piece of cake on the plate. "He's always making quaint remarks like that. Par and I think he'll become a great humorist."

"Mr. Johnson," said Freddie, as we rose from the table, "can I feel of your diman pin?"

"What a singular request," said Mrs. Ferguson. "But please let him do it if you don't mind, Mr. Johnson. He's got some funny idea in his head and we shall see what it is."

We did. After rubbing the diamond several times with his forefinger (incidentally covering my immaculate shirt-front with currant jelly,) he said wonderingly:

"Why, it ain't sticky at all."

"No, Freddie, of course not," said Ferguson, smilingly. Why should it be sticky? Diamonds are not sticky."

"No, I s'pose not," said Freddie, "but I heard mar say that she thought it wasn't a diman at all but only paste, an' I knew that paste was—"

But at this point Freddie was hustled out of the room by his father and in a few moments my heart was gladdened by the sounds of dismal yells in the distance.

I saw no more of Freddie that evening. I do not intend to dine at Ferguson's again soon.

FOOLISH GIRL.—A romantic young waiter girl at a hotel in Ontario came very near losing her life by trying a foolish experiment. She had heard an old saying that any girl who swallowed a raw chicken heart would have for a husband the first male person she shook hands with, and, believing the proverb, attempted to swallow a chicken's raw heart but failed. The heart stuck in her throat and would not move either way, down or up. A doctor was called in, and arrived only in season to save the deluded girl from an untimely death by choking.

KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL.—Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in a married state. If you do, you may rest assured that however strong the injunction of secrecy on the one hand or the pledge of it on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

FOR convenience in reckoning a uniform standard of time was adopted, November 18th, 1883. It covers the whole of the United States and Canada, and is in four sections, namely, Eastern, Central, Mountain and Western. Previous to the adoption of "standard time" there were 58 kinds of time used by the various railroads of the United States. Now there are but four.

"WHY do you drink that vile stuff?" said a temperance man to a toper. "Because, my dear sir," was the crushing reply, "it isn't thick enough to eat."

HOMELY WOMEN MADE ATTRACTIVE.

By Marion Edmunds Roe.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

"Good taste will supply good looks."

Every woman has a secret desire to be pretty.

It is a legitimate longing. Every woman ought to care how she looks for her own sake and the sake of those about her.

To dress with neatness and taste will add to our own self-respect, and will greatly increase our influence over others.

I have never seen a woman so homely but she might be made good-looking, and many plain women may become handsome by knowing "How to make the best of themselves."

To improve a sallow complexion there is nothing else so good as the daily bath, with early rising and exercise in the open air. Occasionally use quite hot water and plenty of soap, and always use a flesh-brush or a coarse towel.

By this treatment I have seen repulsively yellow faces become clear and fresh as a blush rose. Exquisite cleanliness is in itself a most powerful charm.

A celebrated beauty who was noted for the shining luxuriance and softness of her hair, gave the following as her method of producing the desirable result:

"Take the whites of four eggs and beat to a froth; rub well into the roots of the hair. Let dry; then wash clean with a mixture composed of equal parts of bay rum and rose water."

Thorough brushing will change the harshest, dryest head of hair to glossy softness. Every one with dark hair looks better with their front locks waved. Try to produce a natural effect. Do not have tight, small crimps that are plainly the result of artificial means.

In regard to the eyes, the only rule necessary is to bathe them in clear, soft water, and be very careful not to strain them by night reading nor over-use at any time; above all, have a frank honest look in them. Do nothing of which to be ashamed if you want to have beautiful eyes. In this feature more than in any other the charm lies in the expression. I have seen the palest, buttermilk-colored eyes that were pleasant to look into, because of the pure kindly soul which looked through them.

It is necessary to be good in order to be truly beautiful.

If the teeth have been neglected have a dentist examine them and fill all that can possibly be saved and extract what cannot. The pain and expense that might be saved if people were only taught to keep their teeth clean is very great.

To beautify the teeth:—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this and as much tepid water, applied daily with a soft brush, removes tartarous adhesion, arrests decay and whitens the teeth. It is also pleasant to use and leaves the mouth refreshingly clean and wholesome.

If one would have white hands some care must be taken not to expose them to the sun and wind. It will make them smooth and white to wash them in sand covered with quite hot water, using white castile soap; at night cover with cold cream, dip in oatmeal flour or bran, and put on gloves.

Citric acid and oxalic acid are both used to whiten the hands, but they are so powerful and dangerous that I would not recommend their use. There is a quality in hands more important than whiteness and delicacy.

A woman's hand that has the firm grasp of friendship and the magnetism of love possesses a much more potent influence than the whitest hand in the world, which by its loose clasp betrays coldness and indifference.

An erect and graceful carriage of the person is very attractive. This may be attained by walking with a heavy book upon the head or by fastening the braids of hair to the dress so as to hold the head in the proper position; a slovenly walk and stooping figure will detract fifty per cent from the loveliest face and most elaborate toilet, while an erect and dignified carriage may so impress the beholder as to make him believe a costume royal when it is only royally worn.

By faithfully following the course I have pointed out, a clear complexion, glossy hair, honest eyes, white teeth, soft and sympathetic hand, and an erect and graceful figure are among the possibilities for every woman, unless nature has been exceptionally unkind. If to this list of physical attractions she adds neatness and taste in dress, a plain woman may become irresistibly charming.

Chesterfield said, "No woman is homely when tastefully dressed," and Ella Rodman Church has written what every woman who has ever given the subject any thought will acknowledge as true, namely: "Taste and style command more admiration the world over than dowdyish beauty."

A woman by careless and slovenly dress will not be able to secure the highest respect from the best persons in her circle of acquaintances, and may even fail to win the love of some good man who might be all the world to her. "We cannot separate people from their looks."

It has been truly said, "No woman is so potent in her simple identity as if she made a picture of herself."

A woman should never set aside any instinctive preference of her own in regard to particular shapes and colors. By a kind of mental magnetism she will select that which best suits her style and character, and yet some knowledge of the laws of form and color are essential to the highest success in dress.

Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that as much art was necessary to perfect a costume as to paint a picture.

No woman can look her best who does not dress according to her age, her station, her beauties and her defects. An elderly woman may be beautiful if she dresses with reference to her age, while if she were to array herself like a young lady she would excite ridicule rather than admiration.

No one likes to see the wife of a mechanic flaunting in silks and satins, nor a servant girl outshine her mistress in elegance of costumes. A girl who is obliged to work for her living may be very charming in a neat and simple dress, but the moment she attires herself richly, the beholder is impressed by the incongruity between her station and her dress. In other words, she is practising deception by trying to appear what she is not.

We will now notice some of the defects which may be partly overcome by proper attention to form and color.

If very fleshy, you should wear only black or very dark goods. If tall and slender, wear full-flounced dresses, with plenty of draping, full sleeve, and a little padding about neck and shoulders. Avoid stripes and plaids; also whatever is striking or conspicuous. The solid colors are in better taste for every grown woman's gown, no matter what her figure. Leave the rainbow tints for the children's costumes.

The secret of using bright colors with effect lies in this: they must be introduced in small masses on a neutral ground. A knot of ribbon of just the right shade at the throat may transform the pallor of plainness into the bloom of beauty.

The subject of color is one of much importance to every woman who desires to dress becomingly.

Few complexions are perfect; one is too pale, another too florid, another too sallow, but a knowledge of what to select will help to overcome these undesirable qualities. A tinge of rose may be imparted to a pale complexion by a bow of rich garnet or wine-colored ribbon, not bright enough to set the face at a disadvantage.

A florid complexion is toned down by a black dress with delicate white or creamy tinted lace about the neck, not a thick, opaque lace, which is never beautiful nor becoming, but that which is fine and open-meshed, showing the dark through.

Sallowness, the most frequent of all defects among American women, may be overpowered by wearing a dress of deep yellowish brown.

Muddy complexions must avoid the purity of pearls, the clearness of pink coral, and the white smoothness of silver jewelry. In other words, where the face is not fair, delicate colors must not be brought close enough to it for unfavorable contrasts.

A writer on dress says, "The shade of the hair is a good guide for becomingness, especially where the hair is brown, and can be matched to the materials of the shops." I have tried the suggestion, and find it one of the safest rules to follow.

Delicate, creamy lace about the neck is almost universally becoming, while the metallic whiteness of polished linen is as universally unbecoming; no complexion but the most perfect can afford the disadvantage of trying the contrast, while a full ruche of creamy *crepe lisse* will soften and beautify the plainest face. Women with long, thin necks, ought always to dress them high, with an abundance of lace, either black or white, as is most becoming. Sometimes a combination of the two is most effective; a little delicate white, by casting reflected light, adds to the wearer's fairness, while the black next the skin would make too harsh a contrast.

A bit of white about the neck has been called the insignia of ladyhood. It is certainly suggestive of purity and refinement. Collars faced with dark, leaving only a narrow rim of white, are becoming if the facing is well chosen. A collar faced with cardinal is nice to wear with a gray dress; one faced with brown would be suitable with an ecru gown.

Attention to minor details will heighten the effect of any toilet. It is because French women pay attention to this fact that they are considered the best-dressed women in the world. Their costumes appear to be all of a piece; they are not content to have one rich article of dress and another shabby. I have seen an American woman wear a gold watch-chain over a calico dress, an elegant sealskin sacque with coarse shoes, an expensive bonnet with ragged gloves. They spend all their money in purchasing one extravagantly rich article and have nothing left with which to obtain suitable accessories.

It is in vastly better taste to pitch the scale of dressing much lower and have every detail in perfect keeping.

If you doubt your own taste it is a good plan to make a study of the best-dressed woman of your acquaintance. But if she has fine features and wears a small bonnet, you must not follow her in this particular if your own face is large. A person with prominent features should always wear large hats and bonnets. Select some lady for pattern who is as near like yourself as possible. Having once found what is most becoming do not make any radical change.

It may be possible for a woman to wear several different colors, but there is one color for her which is best; this is likely to be the case also in regard to form. When by experiment and study of your own individual needs this best style of costume has been decided upon, retain it. Nothing will be gained by change. Artistic dress is always more beautiful than merely fashionable dress.

The most distinguished women adopt some particular style of costume, and retain it year after year, regardless of the freaks of the fantastic fashions which is occupying the time and brains of their more frivolous sisters. I recall one eminent lady lawyer who always wore a black silk skirt and perfect-fitting velvet basque; this was her work-dress, and very beautiful she looked in it. Another lady of my acquaintance, who is an artist, wears always the same style of large black hat turned up on one side and covered with plumes. The distinguished elegance of her hats is the admiration and envy of her lady friends, who change their head-gear four times a year, and yet never succeed in getting anything half as becoming as this lady's hats are to her. Having done the best with your body and its covering, something still remains to be done.

"Men are easily attracted by a beautiful face and a lovely toilet, but it is by beauty of character that the greatest amount of influence is exerted and the regard of worthy people retained."

The object of truly beautiful dress is to react upon the life and make that beautiful as well.

A Matter for Thought—Roads.

How to get good roads may well be discussed by farmers' clubs during the winter, and should be thought about by every farmer. How important this matter is, is shown by the following statement made by Mr. Rudolph Hering, president of the Enquirers' Club, of Philadelphia:

A load which one horse can draw on level iron rails will require, on smooth, level asphalt road, one and two-third horses; on bad Belgian pavement, three and one-eighth horses; on good cobble-stone road, seven horses; on bad cobble-stone road, thirteen horses; on ordinary earth road, twenty horses; on sand road, forty horses.

Good roads not only save horseflesh, but vehicles. Take what are ordinarily called "good roads" and "bad roads," and a vehicle used on the first only will last twice as long, at least, as one used on the latter only. No one can doubt that country roads would be fifty per cent. better than they are now, if the labor and money put upon them were