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KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Professional Cards.

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

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
Office in the dwelling house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. J. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

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No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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

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

Commission Cards.

Established 1863.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
Jan1-y.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO GROVER & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.
Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
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Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. (ja 29-

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.
J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
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—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je 12-y.

DAVID S. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.
We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

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CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
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BALTIMORE, MD.
ja29.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Of 1 Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
PHILADELPHIA.
WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE—My account sales and check every Monday. je4.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. ♂18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

"Diamanta" Spectacles
EYE-GLASSES.

I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific principles, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.
I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,
C. M. LUCAS,
mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

DRY AIR REFRIGERATORS, and Water Coolers for sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY.

HAY AND STRAW FORKS, Horse Muzzles, for sale by W. A. WHEATLEY.

Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887. No. 10.

CAST YOUR EYES
Over These Prices

TAKE in every Store in Town, Examine the Garments they will offer you at these Figures, and, if, when coming to us, we do not Show You 20 Per Cent Better Quality, then Don't Buy of Us, that's all.

FULL SUITS:

Good Black Suit from	$ 3 00 to $ 4 50
Good Cassimere Suit from	5 00 to 8 00
Fine Imported do. from	10 00 to 15 00
All Wool Cheviot Suit	7 00 to 11 00
Fine Corkscrew Cutaway	8 00 to 10 00
Fine Corkscrew Sack	8 00 to 10 00
Imp'd Worsted Cutaway	12 00 to 15 00
Imported Worsted Sack	12 00 to 18 00
Prince Albert Suit	14 00 to 20 00

PANTALOONS:

Large line of Men's Pants	$1 00 to $6 00
Large line of Youth's Pants	50 to 3 00
Large line of Children's Pants	25 to 1 00

Boys', Youths and Children's Suits!

Large line of Boys' Suits	$3 00 and up.
Large line of Children's Suits	1 50 and up.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
SUMMER GOODS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

Gent's Furnishing Goods:
Our Stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods is the LARGEST and BEST ever offered in this town before, and for the latest Styles and Prices in Stiff, Straw and Felt HATS of all colors, just take a look at our Show windows.

A. FRIEDMAN,
The Popular Clothier opposite Stam's Hall
Chestertown, Md. May 14, 1887.

COOLEY CREAMER!

COOLEY CREAMER!!

THE COOLEY CREAMER and its products have been awarded more gold and silver medals than all other milk setting apparatus combined. It is made in four styles:
THE SENIOR, THE ELEVATOR,
JUNIOR, and CABINET STYLE.
It is the only Creamer made which is allowed to submerge its cans, or have them water sealed, which advantage is only to be tested to be proven. The Cooley Creamer has more labor-saving conveniences than any other. By permission we refer you to the following parties who have used them satisfactorily:
Mrs. W. W. Stephens, Hanesville, Md.
" W. H. Stewart, Chestertown, "
" B. N. S. Wilkins, " "
" M. A. Wilkins, " "
" Wilbur Eliason, " "
" Frank Wilkins, " "
" James H. Baker, Romona, "
" Hiram Brown, " "
" W. T. Nicholson, Chestertown, Md.
" Charles C. Wood, Edesville, "
" S. J. Fowler, Still Pond, "
" George A. Jessop, Sankford, "
Miss Maggie Shallcross, Locust Grove, Md.
Mrs. James W. Hurtt, " " "
and others.
Call and examine them and get their points of excellence at the Hardware Store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
April 30, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

Prices to Suit the Times
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
My stock is a general one, of which I enumerate in part the following:
Crinkle Seersuckers, Sateens, Lawns, Percales, Dress-Ginghams, White Dress Goods, Cambrics, Muslins, Cassimeres, Cottonades, Linens, &c.
Hosiery all grades and prices, Gloves, Corsets, Jerseys, Gauze Underwear, Hamburg Edging, White and Red Table Damask, Nice Line Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c.
Men's and Boys' Fine Button and Lace Shoes, Ladies' and Misses' Kid, Foxed and Rubber Buttoned Shoes, Ladies' Slippers, Children's Solar Tipped Shoes. Men's Plow Shoes as low as 90.
Matting as low as 12½ cents per yard.
Fine Straw Hats for Men and Boys, Newest Styles.

Queensware and Glassware!
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Meat, Vegetable and Butter Dishes, Pitchers, Bowls, Tureens, Tea Sets, Goblets, Fruit Bowls, Lamps, &c.
Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Rice, Yeast Powder, Laundry Soaps, &c. Tobacco and Cigars.
I carry a large stock at all seasons and always offer same at lowest market prices. A call solicited.
JOHN H. SIMPERS.
June 18, 1887.

REID'S CREAMERY!

Butter Workers! Butter Packers!
SHIPPING BOXES, &,
for sale and guaranteed to give satisfaction. The great number of each of the above articles use in Kent and elsewhere attest their worth. Below we give the names of a few who use Reid's Creamery:

MRS. GEORGE BECK,	MRS. BEDFORDS,
" GEORGE BELL,	" CORNELIUS OWNS,
" JOHN BELL,	" COMEGYS OWNS,
" JAS. L. BECK,	" HENRY BYUS,
" P. A. M. BROOKS,	" ISAAC CLEER,

and others. Call and see them.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
May 14, 1887. Sole Agent for Reid & Co.

Don't trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you 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 1
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

REFRIGERATORS, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice-Cream Freezers for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!
Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.

PRICE LIST:
MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots		5 00

May 14, 1887.

CHESTERTOWN
MARBLE, GRANITE
—AND—
STONE WORKS
A Full Line of
Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing,
ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
Lower Prices than can be Found in the City
Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
SHOW ROOM and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
CHAS. H. MOORE, PROPRIETOR.
May 21, 1887.

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.
F. J. CARTER
HAS just opened under the NEWS office a FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
WALL PAPER, PAINTS,
Putty, Glass, Kalsomines, &c.
I have 15,000 pieces of Wall Paper, to select from. Call and examine. My styles equal city styles and my prices cannot be beat anywhere.
Paper Hanging a Specialty!
Estimates on Painting and Paper Hanging furnished on application. m28-3m.

OEHM'S.
Everybody knows the reputation of this house for supplying the public with the very best Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, at the very lowest of bottom rock prices; ready-made and made to order. This Spring Season we are way ahead of all previous exhibits. Come and see. You will be welcome, and it SHALL *pay you.*
Pratt and Hanover Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
SAMPLE AND MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Horse-Shoeing!
Improved Forging Shoe.
I HAVE an IMPROVED CONCAVE FORGING SHOE and a STEEL SHOE, VERY LIGHT, to which I wish to call public attention. All intelligent owners of horses can appreciate the importance of doing in the right way this matter of SHOEING, and they ought to be equally well-informed of the importance of using the BEST KIND OF SHOE. The Concave Shoe above mentioned, we think, is THE BEST ever invented to PREVENT animals from FORGING and the STEEL SHOE is used for the hind feet in connection with the Concave. Call and see them. I give personal attention to every horse and Guarantee satisfaction both in price and workmanship.
SAMUEL HICKS,
Shops near M. P. Church.

STRAW WANTED!
HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.
MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorised agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.

LAWN MOWERS! LAWN MOWERS!
The Philadelphia, Boston and other manufactures for sale at the lowest prices.
by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

LOVE ON A TOBOGGAN.

"I tell you young man, you shall not marry my niece."

"And I tell you madam, I will—if I can."

"She is engaged to my son, Tom."

"She is engaged to me, and I don't care a snap of my fingers for your son Tom."

"Sir, your language is ungentlemanly."

"Madam, so is yours."

We were both at white heat; Mrs. Jupp, the aunt, the legal guardian of my adored Julia, positively trembled with rage, and looked around the room as if in search of some weapon with which to attack me. She was large and stout, had a deep bass voice, and hideous wiry curls, and wore glasses of such an intense magnifying power that she seemed to be glaring at one like a hungry Gorgon, (by the way, what is a Gorgon?) and could drive men away from the vicinity of her niece—my dear Julia—by simply favoring them with a stony stare as fixed and awful as that of the Sphinx.

"Leave my house, sir," she said at last, rising and pointing to the door, with a very finedramatic action. Anger is more becoming in a large, stout woman than to a small one—unless she gets red in the face.

"I will not go until you give me some better reasons for the stand you take in this matter."

"I have told you once—she is engaged to my son."

"I don't believe it," I said boldly, though perhaps rudely; but my lovely Julia was reflected in a distant mirror, smiling at me and shaking her head, and I was reckless. Mrs. Jupp gasped, and if a magnified glance from her glaring eyes could have killed me, I would have died on the spot.

"Mr. Edgerton, if my son were here—"

"Confound your son!" said I. I really used a much stronger expression, forgetting for a moment where I was.

I am not quite certain what hit me, but I think it was a footstool, as I afterwards found a gilded claw—in my coat pocket. A man servant, whom I had often fed in other days, picked me up and escorted me to the door murmuring sympathetically the while, that "to be sure, Mrs. Jupp was a leetle uncertain at times." Uncertain! There is nothing uncertain about her. I am a small man, and a tremendous bump on my forehead is conspicuous; nor is one black eye becoming to any one, so I slunk down the street like a criminal vowing vengeance on the old tyrant in petticoats, who only wanted Julia to marry her son in order to keep the money in the family, for Julia was quite an heiress, though of course the fact had no weight with me.

Business of some kind had brought Mrs. Jupp to St. Paul, and there she took a house and established herself with her lovely niece for the winter. In the first stages of my acquaintance I was of much service to the old lady, and ran about and did her errands for her like a born idiot. I also had every opportunity of falling in love with her niece, and this I did as rapidly as possible and with such success that in two months from their arrival I announced our engagement to the aunt, with the above described result, though it must be understood that I have only given the termination of my negotiations—the preliminaries being tame and uninteresting. The next day I spent in my room trying experiments with raw beef as applied to a black eye, and nursing various schemes of vengeance, and the lump on my forehead at the same time.

The day following I ventured down to my office, and from there sent an impassionate note to my darling Julia, a note filled with despair, vows of eternal love and appropriate quotations. My note was returned by the grinning office boy, who said the old lady had opened it in his presence, read it aloud, and told him to take it back to that little fool—meaning me—and added that she would box his—said boy's—ears if he ever brought another. I discharged the boy on the spot, and told him he was an idle, good-for-nothing vagabond. During the day a friend called in, and after some stupid drivel which almost drove me crazy, said, apropos of nothing: "By the way I called on the Jupps last night. Old lady says they leave here on Saturday and are going straight to Europe. Didn't see the fair Julia—always thought you were a little smitten there, you know."

Smitten! Yes, by both of them. If the fool only knew that he was sitting, so to speak, on a volcano, he might go away. He did go away at last, and I relieved my feelings by throwing the inkstand into the fireplace, and kicking the waste basket all around the room. Leave on Saturday. Good heavens and this was Friday!

I began to wonder if the water in the Mississippi was cold—supposing one could cut a hole in the ice—or if poison were better, and had really worked myself into a comfortable sort of gloom, when came that infernal boy again and handed me a note which looked as if it had been kicked about in the streets for a month. I knew the writing at once—it was hers, and in my joy I gave the lad fifty cents and told him he might have a holiday next week, and go to his grandmother's funeral—having a dim idea that he had once or twice asked leave of absence for that purpose.

"My dear George," ran the note. "I am locked up in my room and am crying all the time. Aunt comes to the door every hour and shouts, yes, shouts through the keyhole: 'Have you heard from George? You ought to see him with a black eye. He is so lovely—it's so becoming,' and other horrid things like that. She is going to take me away to-morrow, and carry me off to Europe, and oh, George, I shall die, I know I shall. But I must tell you how to see me once more. She has promised Mrs. Smith-Jones (that horrid woman!) to go with her and see that tobogging slide to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, and she is afraid to leave me behind, and will be obliged to take me with her! Do you understand? This is our last chance, but what can we do? We leave at 4 o'clock, and my cousin Tom will arrive about 1 to go back with us and act as policeman on our journey. Susan, the house-maid, is going to take the note to you. If it is a little stained and yellow don't mind, as I have to send it out in the coffeepot with the breakfast things, for aunt is the only person who comes in the room—she brings in all my meals herself. Good-bye, dear, dear George.

Your unhappy but loving JULIA.

P. S.—Of course there is no possible use in my thinking anything could happen—I wouldn't run away if I could, but I will take my jewelry with me.

P. S. S.—I have promised Susan, through the keyhole, that you will give her $5.

I rushed into the outer office and there sat Susan, a pretty girl, whom I had often seen flirting desperately with one of the young clerks, who is really incorrigible and has been caught making love to the scrub-woman when other material failed. He blushed on seeing me and dipped the wrong end of the pen in the ink. I called the girl into my office and gave her $10 instead of $5, and heard all the particulars of Julia's imprisonment and how Mrs. Jupp was abusing the whole household and raising Cain generally. She had deposited a pail of water and a broom in the hall behind the door and had given strict orders to the servants to summon her instantly should I present myself again at the house. Susan said it was quite settled that the old lady would go to the toboggan slide the next day and take her niece with her, and that they were packing up everything and would leave in the afternoon.

"Tell Miss Julia, Susan," said I, "that I will be there without fail, will wear my toboggan suit, as the old lady—I mean Mrs. Jupp—may not recognize me in it at first."

"Very well," said Susan, "and if Miss Julia's a-going down in one of them things, I'd best tell her to put on thick stockings."

I looked at Susan, and Susan looked at me, and then I burst into the other office and borrowed $5 with which in addition to her capital the maiden departed smiling. Bright girl, that Susan, I shall never forget her.

We were in the height of the much talked of "carnival," so next day I appeared in the uniform of the club to which I belonged, painfully conscious that my legs, particularly the lower half of them clad in red stockings, were out of proportion to the rest of my person, which was much enlarged by the blanket suit, sash, etc. As to my feet they had never looked so large and clumsy, and I was disgusted at the effect.

The first thing I did was to go to a livery stable and make private and confidential arrangements, which had to do with a fast team, a good sleigh, and an intelligent driver—one who knew the city well and his business. I then got my toboggan and started for the slide where I found hundreds of people already congregated, some looking on, others dashing down the hill at railroad speed; one toboggan following another as fast as they could manage. It was a long slide, over a mile in length, and a walk back to the starting was a slow and tedious matter.

I drew the toboggan on one side, and keeping myself pretty well screened from view, watched the various parties as they came slowly up the hill laughing and talking and occasionally pausing to enjoy the sight. It was a beautiful day, cool and clear with a bright sun shining on the glittering snow, which flew into the air like diamond dust before the toboggans as they sped down the steep incline with their merry loads.

Suddenly I saw the hated corkscrew curls of Mrs. Jupp as she sailed into view closely watching my dearest girl, who looked more charming than ever in spite of her confinement and tears. The meddlesome Mrs. Smith-Jones was with them and evidently in the secret, for her lips were pressed tightly together and she glanced about her with the self-consciousness of one who has a duty to perform and is ready for it at any moment and prepared for the worst. The party passed close to me and I distinctly heard Mrs. Jupp say:

"I assure you, my dear, the little wretch abused me beyond belief. He actually called me——"

I heard no more for Julia recognized me in one swift glance, and first blushed and then turned pale—at least I thought so. I touched my toboggan with my missshaped feet, and tried to look loving and meaningly at her; but one eye being black and swollen, the effect was probably spoiled, for she smiled slightingly and turned away her head. Just then some one bumped into Mrs. Jupp with great force, and that irascible lady immediately rose to a white heat of indignation and poured out vials of wrath upon the offender's head. He, the offender, was a meek young man of the blonde type, with an enormous toboggan in tow, with which he was trying to force his way through the crowd in order to reach the slide.

Now was my time. I rapidly took my position, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" Julia jumped on and away we went. Hurrah for the new style of eloping! How the snow flew and the wind whistled! Julia lost her hat at the very start and one of my moccasins followed it.

"Good heavens!" shrieked Julia—you could hear nothing less than a scream—"there comes aunt after us!"

I glanced back and my heart froze within me. Not fifty yards behind us came Mrs. Jupp, riding her toboggan in the fashion and with all the abandon of a schoolboy, her curls flying wildly in the wind, her highly magnified eyes glaring at us over the curve of the toboggan, like the exaggerated orbs of some unknown monster. Her bonnet was still attached to her head by one string and danced behind her in the air like a Chinese kite.

It seems that her eagle glances fell on us just as we started; and realizing the whole thing at once, what does that woman do but knock down—yes, actually knock down with an umbrella—the blonde young man, seize his toboggan and hurl herself after us before any one could stop her. Mrs. Smith-Jones fainted dead away, and almost came down the slide on her own account, but was caught by the unfortunate young man just as she was disappearing over the edge.

"She is not steering at all," I screamed to Julia, who would have been crying if she had breath to spare.

"She will upset to a dead certainty," I remarked.

And truly the old woman's toboggan was wobbling from side to side, in what an expert would have known was a dangerous way. Suddenly I heard a wild shriek, even above the roar of the wind, and glancing back saw a confused mass of drapery about twenty feet up in the air, apparently still rising, and closely followed by the toboggan. I assumed at once that the entire outfit belonged to Mrs. Jupp and my heart grew light again.

We reached the bottom safely and abandoning the toboggan to its fate I helped Julia into the sleigh, which was waiting for us, sprang in myself, and away we went at a speed most surely forbidden by law. "Oh, George," said Julia, who was frightened now and clung to me in a charming manner, "suppose aunt is killed? And I am sure she is. Did you see how high she went? I must go back again—indeed I must."

"Nonsense, dearest; you couldn't kill Mrs. Jupp if you tried. She has probably stolen a sleigh and is after us by this time."

"Oh, driver," called Julia, bracing up at once, "can't we go faster? We seem almost to crawl along. And yet," she said tearfully, "I am sure she is hurt; she—she—" and Julia began to cry in earnest. But when we arrived at a friend's house, where everything was ready, Julia stopped crying and began to blush very much, indeed, and kept on blushing until she was made Mrs. Edgerton, when she said, in a quiet matter-of-fact way:

"Now, George, you must go and see aunt at once."

And so, leaving my wife in good hands, I went up to the Jupp mansion and rang the bell with much inward fear and quaking. John, the footman, came to the door grinning and I trying not to grin also, asked if I could see his mistress. No, Mrs. Jupp had come home "upside down," John said, and was in bed with three doctors attending her. She was in no wise injured, but insisted that she had swallowed her front teeth, as these useful articles were missing when she picked herself up and took an inventory of her belongings. The doctors all agreed that she was mistaken—as in fact her teeth was found in the snow some days afterward—but she called them a pack of fools and always insisted that they went down her throat. My wife and I, after much effort, opened negotiations with the old lady which resulted in a sort of armed neutrality being proclaimed; but we never dare to say "toboggan" to her and the sight of a uniform or anything pertaining to the sport has the same effect on her that a red flag has on a bull, and at such times she is not safe, but considering everything we get on with her very well.

PROFESSOR (to class in surgery.) "The right leg of this patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now Mr. Shorter, what would you do in a case of this kind?"—Shorter—"I'd limp, too."

EMPEROR AND PRISONER.

In the gray of an early morning, during the reign of good Joseph II., of Austria, a strange scene occurred in one of the streets of the old city of Presburg.

The nearly-silent street, flanked by its two rows of tall houses, most of the blinds and shutters still closing the windows at that early hour, was being swept by a gang of convicts, brought each morning through the prison gates for the purpose. In the line of prisoners was an old man whose hair and beard were white as silver, and whose ugly uniform did not wholly hide a certain stateliness of bearing, which he, however, did not allow to hinder his work. But in spite of his prepossessing look and manner, it was to be noticed that only he of all his wretched companions dragged, at his leg, a chain weighted with a heavy bullet. Yet it seemed impossible to believe that he excelled in crime the repulsive looking wretches about him.

As the work of cleaning the streets progressed, the thoroughfare, in spite of the early hour, came at last to have one passerby. A tall, elderly man, very plainly dressed, but wearing a kind of uniform, advanced along one of the pavements, and as he looked at the gang of sweepers his eye quickly singled out the old prisoner. This observer seemed to notice that although the white-haired, aged man, in spite of having the chain and ball to drag, managed by sheer exertion to keep up with the others in his work, the overseer was nearly always shouting at him in anger, and finding fault without cause. The spectator stepped into the road to the old man's side.

"What," he asked, "is your crime, that you are treated in this way?"

The old prisoner, at the sound of a voice which had in it a tone of pity, looked up and stood still, resting his broom upon the stones. It was a terrible story of persecution and cruelty he had to tell. He belonged to a distant province, and was owner of a small property of his own, but unfortunately for him, the farm lay on the skirt of the great estate of Count ——, and this nobleman had fixed an envious eye upon its scanty fields, as King Ahab did long before on Naboth's vineyard. Their owner, prizing the spot as having been the home of his forefathers, refused to sell to the count. From that hour began his persecution. One legal process was served upon him after another, costs being run up at every stage. In the end he was fairly ruined, and was forced to agree to sell the farm to the rapacious nobleman; but he bargained that he was to remain in the house for one year more. One day soon after this he was standing at his gate, deep in grief at his prospect. A wounded hare unexpectedly ran by, and, without thinking what he was doing, he instinctively raised his stick and put the poor creature out of its pain. At that moment the count's servant came up and arrested him on the spot, and although he had not laid a finger upon the hare, he was taken to prison. There he lay for six months before he was tried; and when he was placed before the judge the influence of the count secured his being sentenced for two years' imprisonment. In the meantime his wife and children were turned out of the house and plunged into utter poverty.

"That, sir," concluded the aged prisoner, "is my history."

"But can this persecution be possible?" asked his sympathizing listener. "Why is your emperor not informed of it?"

"Oh," sighed the old man, getting his broom again in motion, "the emperor is far away, and besides, in a quarrel with a nobleman, a poor man like myself must be in the wrong."

"I will see the governor of your prison," was the next remark.

"Nay, nay, sir," the prisoner hastened to say, in a trembling voice, "pray do not try to interfere in my favor. A person once did so, and as the result I suffered fifty lashes, and have had to drag this heavy chain. Do not speak for me, or I shall suffer for it."

Another voice now broke in, speaking in loud, harsh tones:

"There you are again, you lazy fellow, chattering away your time instead of working. Have you found another soft-hearted fool to listen to your whining? Do you wish another fifty lashes, and a chain and bullet for your other leg?"

The brutal speaker was the overseer, and he raised his stick to strike the old man. But the gentleman parried the blow with his walking-cane, sending the truncheon flying.

"Sirrah," exclaimed the furious overseer, "I will arrest you for daring to interfere with an official. You are a prisoner!"

Leisurely the stranger unbuttoned his surtout, disclosing to view a glittering star upon his breast. It was the Emperor Joseph himself. He was accustomed, when traveling, to walk out alone, early and late, seeing things with his own eyes.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the terror-stricken overseer, falling upon his knees.

"Away!" replied the emperor. "Lead me this moment to the governor."

The governor sank into a panic still worse than that of the overseer on hearing the emperor had entered the gaol. He, however, stammered out that the blame rested with the judge, who was a great friend of the count.

"O great God above, what villainy!" exclaimed the emperor. "But woe to him who now injures a hair of that old man."

Hurrying back to his castle, the emperor ordered the judge to be summoned before him. The result was that the judge was put into prison, where he, first of all, received fifty lashes, anwroting to those he had, by his unjust sensence, inflicted on the old man; next the chain and cannon ball were transferred from the innocent prisoner's leg to his own, after which he was made to clean the streets of Presburg like other convicts. And among his companions in this task he soon found the ex-governor and the ex-overseer, the latter of whom now found the stick he had so mercilessly used often coming down upon his own back.

Nor did the good emperor stop here in doing justice; he sent for the liberated old man, and thus addressed him:

"I will make you governor of the gaol, believing that you, who have suffered the barbarous cruelties of persecution, will show humanity to the prisoners under you. Collect your family around you, and may God bless you!"

Before the amazed old man could thank the just, God-fearing emperor, the door of the apartment had closed upon him.—*Day and Rest.*

A Good Judge of Whiskey.

A Western liquor agent declares that "no man can be a judge of whiskey who drinks it. For two years I have tasted whiskey dozens of times a day, but in all that time I have not drunk as much as a gill. A glass of whiskey a day would destroy my usefulness. Drinking the liquor blunts the fine sense of taste a whiskey expert must possess, and absolute temperance is the first essential. More than that, a man must have a fine natural taste to begin with, and must be careful what he eats or drinks. I can't eat onion or cheese, or drink beer, or even soda water, or any highly spiced food, and retain that keen taste on which I'd be willing to base an order for 50 or 100 barrels of whiskey."

NEIGHBOR—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup. Mrs. Stuckup—Yes, they are all imported fowls. Neighbor—You don't tell me so. I suppose they lay eggs every day? Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.

A PERIL OF THE PRESENT.

An Address by the Rev. Dr. S. K. Cox Before the Ministerial Union.

The Rev. Dr. S. K. Cox, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church South, made an address recently before the Ministerial Union of Baltimore on "Luxury a Peril of the Present." He said: "Luxury is a peril to the church and to the State, to the cause of religion and to the interests of the republic. The history of the past shows that just in proportion as nations and communities have increased in wealth and have accumulated the comforts of life, and that superabundance has induced excessive indulgence in luxurious living, so has public prosperity declined with the decay of public virtue and the corruption of public morals. The Roman republic is an example of this. There the vast spoils gathered from world-wide conquests impaired the virtue and courage nurtured in hardier times and led to the effeminacy and licentiousness which were the sure precursors of her decline and fall. Is not luxury a peril to our country? In earlier days our forefathers had to contend with wild and unsubdued nature, aboriginal and foreign foes and all the privation incident to the newly-settled country. But this contest begot a sturdy manhood, with habits of thrift, industry and heroic endurance, which illustrated the virtues of a most exalted civilization in all the walks of public and private life. Now the country has grown so great and prosperous beyond all parallel and precedent. There has been such a rapid increase in population and resources, such tides of success flow into all the channels of industry and trade, our soil in vast and varied area is yielding such a superabundance of products to meet our physical needs, such an unreckoned mineral wealth is being exhumed from the bowels of the earth, that the country is becoming drunken with prosperity. One of the greatest dangers of the times is that in a country still young and so rapidly growing and developing the facilities for acquiring speedy wealth present temptations that with many cause infatuation and mania. The result is that many turn aside from the legitimate pursuit of trade to very wild gambling ventures that are the disgrace of our commercial character and commercial life. We have not seriously to apprehend much from those wild anarchical spirits, those Utopian schemes of agrarianism, which disregard the right of property and undermine the very fabric of society. There will always be found enough men interested in the rights of property and the maintenance of good order to curb any occasional and local outbreaks of this character. We have become too formidable in numbers and resources and too widely separated from the people of the old world to be exposed to the danger of foreign invasion. Nor have we anything further to apprehend from the internecine strife, the one unhappy question of sectionalism having been settled forever by the Providence of God. It is a fratricidal hand that would rake up anew the embers of an extinct conflict. The real peril of the country is from abounding wealth and excessive prosperity. Is not luxury a peril to the church? The cause of Christianity was never so prosperous as when it was persecuted. Without worldly means or influence she won in the battle for truth against a world up in arms, and she was really in all the elements of healthy prosperity more prosperous during the successive pagan persecutions than during the reign of Constantine, when she was allied to the State and was protected by law from the arm of violence, and when she degenerated from the purity of primitive faith and the simplicity of primitive worship. So now the great danger is not from avowed opposition, which she has always successfully met, not from internal heresies, though some are seeking to do mischief in that respect, but from an unhallowed alliance with the world. She has grown so in numbers and in wealth and social position that she is being courted instead of being antagonized by the world. The danger imminent is that the church would rather come down to the level of the world than raise the world to her high standard of spirituality and self-sacrifice.

The Floating Needle.

An interesting experiment, which may be perfomed with quite a small magnet and a common sewing needle, is explained as follows in the *Scientific American:* Insert a light thread in a needle, tie and cut off one end, leaving a single thread six or eight inches long. Lay a horseshoe magnet on a table with the poles in front. Magnetize the needle by rubbing it several times, always in one direction, by one pole of the magnet, after each stroke returning the magnet in an arc through the air. Take the end of the tread between thumb and finger, and suspend the needle over its attractive pole, allowing the point to come within one-fourth of an inch of the magnet; then with a circular sweep of the hand to keep the point in position draw the eye of the needle down toward the other pole. This, if carefully done will bring the needle to a horizontal position, where it will remain, floating or in suspension, as long as the thread is held steadily. The magnet forces operating to produce this effect appear to be: First, the attraction of the left pole for the point of the needle; second, the repulsion of the right pole for the same point, and, third, the attraction of the right pole for the eye of the needle, which is resisted by the thread supporting the needle; the latter is also held from approaching the left pole by the same means. The experiment may be more effective by covering the magnet with a sheet of paper, thus concealing it.

Living on the Wagon Pole.

When Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," he meant, of course, that the wagon should roll on earth, but that the forces which pulled it along should be higher and nobler than mere worldliness. It was a good thought excellently expressed, and when carried out it leads to success. There are some people, however, who in their efforts to hitch their wagons to stars, elevate themselves on the wagon poles until they reach convenient clouds, upon which they crawl and spend the rest of their lives midway between earth and heaven. A man who passes away his life in this suspended condition is a very curious character. He is just high enough up to look down with a cold, aristocratic condescension on the rest of mankind, and he is just low enough down for mankind to see that he is only an ordinary member of the human race. It is not a very graceful position, and the people are generally disposed to criticise the man occupying it; but the suspended genius, propped up by his inordinate vanity, and blinded by the haziness of his surroundings, sees only himself, and imagines, like Alexander Selkirk, he is monarch of all he surveys. All the time the people below laugh at his antics, and the angels above, doubtless, weep.

Reform in Head Covering.

There can be little question that the continued else covering of the head with hats and caps is one of very constant cause of baldness. Women in our own communities, seldom lose their hair, except from sudden causes; and among those nations where the head is habitually left bare or but slightly covered, baldness is practically unknown. At the same time the beard, which is of the same class of hair as that of the scalp, but which is always uncovered, does not fall out with age. A reform in our style of head gear is very desirable, but it is not at all to be accomplished.—*Scientific American.*