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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low price must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

Mens' Overcoats.
Some broken lots to be closed at $2.25, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $8.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.

John Bull's Overcoats.
They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. Eglish Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.
The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

Boy's Overcoats.
Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.5and $2.00, some are worth three times the price.

Men's Suits.
Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby 10.00 suits reduced to $8.00; Farmers' Imported Chesterfield Suits—name denotes its Eglish birth—sold at $15.00, now $12.00.

Boys' Suits.
Have been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed at at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50—some big bargains.

Underwear.
Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

Remember—
We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Chestertown, Maryland.

Jan. 11, 1890.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 8 W. Baltimore St., near Charles.
—DEALERS IN—
CARPETS, CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
Mattings, Rugs, &c.

HAVING ENLARGED THEIR STORE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF GOODS ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at LOW PRICES. Our Goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.
Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

Here we Are in Season Again!

HEATERS! RANGES!
and Cook Stoves.

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

Excelsior Cook Stoves!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

HEATING STOVES!

In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Shovels, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Oct. 5, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

HORSE-SHOEING
Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

☞ My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest. Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,
d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

FOR SALE!

Orchilla Guano!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.

Has stood th test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH PREES especially.

E. J. WATSON,
o12-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

—FIRST CLASS—

Eating and Oyster Saloon

IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE

"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"

THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,

I am, respectfully,
A. I. DUGAN.
Oct. 19—3m.

Established 1876

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MARLAND.

New CORN Wanted

EITHER ON COB OR SELLED,

in any quantity, delivered at any pt convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct from manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market. ov. 23, 1889.

WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS of NW CORN
—AND—
25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,

delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.
Telephone call 15.

B. F. LEMING,
n17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN!
COAL, FERTILIZERS
—and all kinds—
AGRICULTURAL IMLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, IRONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVE BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLE ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

Wanted: Corn, Either Cob or Shelled
IN ANY QUANY.

Having removed from Locustgrove, I thank my friends for their patronage and ask a continuance of the same. J. HEAN IRELAND,
d7-tf. KNEEDYVILLE, MD.

J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,
Black's - Maryland
—DEALER—
Grain, Coal and Wood.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANQUANTITY,

delivered on the Baltimore, Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or Chester or Sassafras rivers.

A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.

J. C. SUTTON,
j4-tf. Black's, Md.

COAL and LIME!

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
BUILDING MATERIAL
—AS—
WHITEWASH LIME
is at J. D. EHUS'
Coal and Wood Yard!

Special inducements to Contractors and Builders. Would be pleased to quote.
Very respect,
Mar. 30, 1888. J. BACCHUS.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. UTTON

Is now prepared to do work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Boilers whenever desired.

Godey's Lady's Book.

DESTINY.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

Mrs. Glentworth's country-house was familiarly called the "Castle" from its miniature towers, turrets, and battlements—the "Castle of Indolence"—Dolores Martinez, her lovely god-daughter, playfully designated it when she pleaded to an undue amount of nappings in the hammock. Mrs. Glentworth never found her castle so delightful as when filled with young people, especially when she had as guests, lovers or those whom she trusted would become such. Mistress of a large fortune, a childless widow, with only Dolores, who was orphaned and left to her guardianship, to care for, the little pastime of match-making was her ruling passion: she thought herself without a rival in it, and was fond of pointing out the couples, who, except for her, would not have been so happy; and all the time Destiny, who had most to do with it, smiled grimly at the good lady's self-conceit.

Just now she had in mind to mate Hilary Glentworth, her deceased husband's favorite nephew, with Dolores. A perfect contrast, therefore a good match, she thought. He, tall, fair and broad-shouldered; she, dainty and dark, betraying her half Spanish parentage in her creamy skin and soft, black eyes. Mrs. Glentworth's plot thickened, for was not her hero coming soon, and was not this an ideal spot for love-making—here where the castle was embowered in trees and the park swept away to the edge of the "Heights," and these new walks leading nowhere, and cosy seats at their termini, and clumps of shrubbery screening rustic benches that commanded a view of Burlington Bay, and, beyond, of Lake Ontario. So, with a little sigh of satisfaction, she retired for her afternoon nap.

They all slept a great deal at the castle those hot summer days, and Hilary, who, arriving unexpectedly, walked out from the city, wondered if he had reached the land where it was always afternoon; for here was such a dead silence! It was like a realm of enchantment. And was that the princess? he queried, as he approached the house—for Dolores was fast asleep in the hammock under the veranda. Lifting his hat to the sleeping beauty, he entered the house unceremoniously, going to the drawning-room, where he expected to find his aunt. He found, instead, a room darkened and unoccupied, and full of the pent-up sweetness of many flowers. Passing to the library and finding that untenanted, he returned to the veranda, tip-toed by the sleeper, pausing to say:

"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark thy hidden eyes must be!"

The earnestness of his look make her conscious of it; she gave a little start and opened her eyes; but he vanished, and she, only partially awakened, fell asleep again.

There were so many sleep-inducing sounds that summer afternoon: the soft rush of the wind as it stirred the leaves with a sea-sound of incoming and outgoing waves; the dreamy splashing of the waters at the foot of the cliffs; the whirring of the humming-birds in the wisterias and the droning of the bees in the trumpt flowers.

But sleep has its duration, and Dolores awakened and looked about her surprisedly and expectantly, then flushed faintly as she recalled her supposed dream of a fair, manly face and tender blue eyes, and went to call Mrs. Glentworth, bending over her and awakening her with a kiss, saying:

"Dear godmother, your beauty sleep is too long; you will grow plain again. Then there is the ball at the Murrays to-night, and my costume not quite decided upon."

Destiny was at the ball that night, to plot and counterplot, to play with people as with puppets, pairing and separating. And, seeing Dolores by Mrs. Glentworth's side, dressed like a French marquise of olden times, with her powdered hair in delightful contrast to her dark eyes—her skirt of cream and crimson brocade looped over a quilted satin petticoat with sprays of crimson roses—sparkling jewels rising and falling with every heart throb, she thought her a fitting toy, and, looking about spied Hilary entering the room, and brought him to complete the play.

His aunt greeted him with the utmost surprise:

"Why, Hilary! I thought you on your way from Germany, and is not this most unkind to come here before coming home?

With his usual graciousness of manner Hilary made his peace with very few words, and was soon bending over Dolores in acknowledgment of Mrs. Glentworth's eager presentation. Then Destiny nodded with delight and hurried to arrange other people to her satisfaction, if not theirs. She had reasons of her own for mating these two, and hovered about them listening to Hilary's gallant speeches almost as delightedly as Dolores did.

Dolores was puzzled and wondered where she had seen that fair face and those tender eyes before—in a dream, surely—and her cheek flushed, as she was whirled away on Hilary's arms to the intoxicating music of a Strauss waltz, Destiny keeping perfect time with her indefatigable and inexorable feet.

Hilary was not remiss about calling the next morning, nor did he need much urging from Mrs. Glentworth to induce him to send for his luggage; and she was busy thinking how well her plot was working, how discreetly she would chaperone them, how adroitly leave them to themselves.

Hilary thought to teach Dolores German that summer but her soft Spanish speech tripped among the gutterals, and so he contented himself with stretching his lazy length at her feet and telling her of German customs and scenery instead. They most often strolled to Point Lookout, where there was a fine lakeward view, and where they passed the afternoons with books and conversation. One day they had been keeping silence a long time—the silence born of perfect content—when Hilary exclaimed abruptly:

"Dolores! is there a spell of witchcraft cast over these grounds? Listen! What do you hear?"

"Just the splashing of the water at the foot of the cliffs, and the cry of the cicada; yes, and the chirping of the cricket, which saddens me."

"Why?"

"Because it is a premonition of decay; because it is a reminder that these roses, now in the perfection of bloom, will soon drop their petals; that these oaks will soon be purple and russet, and then bare; and then—well, who knows what then?" said Dolores with a shudder.

But Hilary hastily knelt at her side, looking into her soft dark eyes with passionate fervor.

"Dolores," said he reprovingly, "and then? surely, you forget that *then* you are to have the sunshine of my love. Why, we are to be man and wife before the oaks are bare, and I will so cherish and protect you, that you will believe your pathway strewn with roses."

Dolores was silent for a moment. Then, looking shyly into the face she loved so well, said gravely: "You mean these words now; but are you quite, quite sure that you love me so steadfastly that nothing can change you?"

"I think so. But why are you in this doubting mood? It is something in the atmosphere, I do believe; something that causes you to doubt, and we to be idle and purposeless. I almost feel as if I could not resist any sort of temptation if exposed to it. As you say, this is a veritable Castle of Indolence, and you are the 'wicked night.'"

"I shall go to the house."

"Why, sweetheart; and why do you look so sorrowful."

"I ask if you are sure that you love me, and you are not at all certain, but 'think so.'"

In the library the next morning Hilary was watching Dolores busy with some dainty handicraft, and begged her to lay it by, saying:

"Come, Dolores, put aside that make-believe work, fold your hands so, lean your head against the chair-back, look dreamy and appreciative while I read to you, 'sweetest eyes were ever seen.'"

But Mrs. Glentworth interrupted the reading:

"See here, children," she said, as she came into the room with an open letter in her hand; "here is a letter from Vivien Searles, announcing that she will be here the 20th, and that is to-day!"

"Ah!" said Hilary, indifferently, "and so I am to meet my step-cousin again. I wonder if she is as charming as ever, and as heartless."

Mrs. Glentworth, who was already arranging in her mind whom she should ask to meet her, absently replied that she was a great belle, and had the reputation of being heartless. "But," she continued, "I hope you will not quarrel with her as you did."

"Is she dark or fair?" questioned Dolores of Hilary.

"Fair, I believe; really I do not remember her distinctly."

"Yet you quarreled; they say people who are indifferent towards each other never quarrel; then you asked if she was charming as ever."

"A woman may be charming in a man's eyes without his being able to tell whether she is blonde or brunette."

"I do not believe it," said Dolores, positively. "which am I?"

"You? Oh, you are the dearest little woman in the world?"

"A pretty speech that, Cousin Hilary," said a soft voice, and Miss Searles stood before them with a peculiar expression of half-sweetness, half-sneer upon her face.

"Pray excuse my interruption," she continued, after the greeting had passed and she had been presented to Dolores. "I rang and rapped, and the carriage that brought me made noise enough to bring the household to the porch. Are you lotus-eaters?" she questioned, with a smile that had a touch of irony.

Mrs. Glentworth then put an end to further conversation by showing Miss Searles to her room and they did not meet again until dinner. She was a vision of rare loveliness as she glided into the drawing-room with wondrous grace; her hair was brushed back in loose waves from her low brow and coiled in a golden mass at the back of her perfect head; she was slender and lissome, and clad in some sort, pale green stuff that seemed a part of her—the green and the gold and her sinuous movements somehow made Dolores shudder and think of some beautiful snake she had seen in the juggler's hands; but then her violet eyes were pathetically sweet and in a measure did away with the repulse impression.

Dolores was prepared to dislike her; Hilary thought she would be a bore, and Mrs. Glentworth secretly decided that unless she could invite an eligible *parti* to meet her, she would be a marplot. But before many days passed all decided that she was a delightful acquisition to their little party. She never attempted to attract Hilary's attention—she never intruded; Dolores and her lover were as free to enjoy each other's society as ever. She devoted herself to Mrs. Glentworth, and that good lady was loud in her praises. She charmed "nicely" and they listened to the charmer. But by-and-by, when Dolores had come to have unbounded faith in her, when Hilary regarded her as his friend, and Mrs. Glentworth thought she had been cruelly misjudged, the fair Vivien uncoiled. And Destiny, having placed her there to complete the game, looked on with grim delight.

What a wondrous August that was! What dreamy, hazy weather; what boat-rides, and idling under the oaks, where Hilary read impassioned love-poems, Dolores listened blushingly with downcast eyes, and Viven thoughtfully—with now and then a keen glance at the reader. There was much duet practising; Dolores would curl herself in the corner of a sofa and listen delightedly to her lover and her friend, as they rendered soft Italian or German airs. Foolish, unsuspicious Dolores! She could not see the repressed, languishing glances from those bewildering eyes, or note the white fingers accidentally touching her lover's hand.

Hilary was an early riser and was wont to take a stroll along the cliffs before breakfast. Vivien noted it, and often met him with her hands full of flowers and a look of astonishment on her face. Then followed a half hour's conversation, often touching upon dangerous themes.

"How blest I am!" said he, "to have the the dearest sweetheart in the world, and the loveliest woman for a friend."

She looked at him with her beautiful eyes dim with tears, and replied softly:

"But you cannot think what is costs me to be your friend." Then she laid her hand on his arm deprecatingly, and with blushes said: "Forgive me, I speak unguardedly."

After this, Hilary's manner seemed changed—there was a restlessness and thoughtfulness foreign to him. Perhaps if he could have shaken off the "enchanting wizard's" spell, and could have been roused to a state of activity—he might have broken the charm being cast over him. And it seemed as if Dolores' eyes were stricken blind, for in the innocence of her heart and her unbounded trust she saw and thought of nothing but devotion to herself on the part of her lover, and fidelity on the part of her friend.

"Oh, you two may go and practice your new duet. I must stay with dear godmother, who has a headache," said Dolores one evening.

The two went willingly enough, but, after singing a few songs, Vivien said:

"Singing of moonlight waters makes one long for them; cannot we have a row before Dolores comes down?"

And they stepped from the low window to the lawn, and went down the cliff path to the boat-house. They rowed far up the bay, then drifted slowly back, listening to the far-off sounds of a guitar, and the refrain of a love-song in a rich tenor voice; the perfume of late roses came from the shore,—and there was Vivien with her beguiling eyes, talking in a sweet, low voice.

You ask me why I cannot be your friend, and it is a cruel question. Do you ask it to torture me? It is for this reason:

"We are friends;
And here the music ends!"

Then she covered her face with her hands, as if with shame at her avowal.

Hilary bent forward and gently took them away, saying:

"But the music need not end there, Vivien," and with tender pleading he bent forward, clasping her to his heart for a moment, raining kisses on her lips. Then he resumed the oars, and in the meantime Destiny, watchful ever, guided the boat close to the shore among the lily pads.

Dolores left Mrs. Glentworth fast asleep and, failing to find her friend and lover in the house, went to meet them. Perhaps they had gone for water lilies; so she went through the garden, picking flowers as she passed and singing snatches of a Spanish serenade. The moonlight fell caressingly on her sweet, upturned face; the night breezes softly waved her dark hair, and she went down the cliff path, leaving behind her the scent of flowers and fragments of song.

And there were the lilies, folded and gleaming white on their emerald couches. She took a branch from a little tree to reach them with, and stepped on a partially submerged log. She had secured a handful and was reaching for more, when the boat, that was slowly drifting, passed by the lily-blooming inlet; the moon shone full on the faces of the occupants, and Dolores saw the heart clasp and the kisses. It dazed her for a moment. That heart clasp had in it an arrow which penetrated hers. She attempted to retrace her footsteps, but, weak and bewildered, she slipped, and the lily pads received and held her. Some fishermen, returning late saw her fall, hastened to the rescue, and carried her up the same path by which she came, and the moon yet shone down caressingly, but on a still, white face, and lips whence all song had departed.

The drawing-room was filled with hurrying figures, pale, scared faces and cries of lament. All attempts to resuscitate the inanimate form had been in vain. The hastily summoned physicians were standing over her when Hilary and Vivien came in; and on the delicate carpet there were pools of water that had dripped from her clothing and hair. Vivien uttered a cry of horror; Hilary reeled and would have fallen, but caught at a chair for support. Recovering his self-possession he questioned the fishermen.

"As near as I ken tell ye, sir, 'twas this way: Me an' my pardner, a comin' 'ome late, 'appened along jest as this 'ere innocent wur a reachin' fur flowers. We was t'other side o' the inlet, an' seed a white figger on the log; an' just as she wur a reachin' a little boat wi' two in it came by, an' she, a lookin' at that, lost er foot'old an' fell. We run to get 'er out, but she wur dead, then, poor lamb; Lord 'ave mercy on 'er soul," and the honest fisherman wiped his eyes.

"Is there no life, no hope?" Hilary asked of the physician.

"There is no life and no hope."

Hilary buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Vivian came and clasped her hands around his arm; but he shook her off as if she had been a viper and left the room.

The long night was spent in agonized self upbraidings, and in the morning the gay debonair youth had changed to a sorrowful, remorse-stricken man.

Hours after, passing from the room where Dolores lay in woeful state, and where he had been pouring forth a passionate prayer for forgiveness over the still, pale form, he found Vivien crouching in the hall. She approached him with a caressing gesture, but he motioned her away.

"And is all over bteween us?" she asked.

"Would to God there had been nothing between us. I have been faithless, and my punishment is greater than I can bear. Forget that you have ever known me."

There was a peaceful nook where the oaks cast leafy shadows and the birds sang all day long in their branches—where in their season, the white roses burst into snowy fullness of bloom; where, the dead and gone Glentworths were buried, and Dolores was laid beside them.

Hilary went out into the world to carry, for all time, the burden of a trusting heart broken at his hands, and of a fair young life laid low—and to make yearly pilgrimages of expiation when the sweet of summer was over the land, to the grave which held a dead memory fairer to him than any living love would ever be. While Destiny, who stood grim and firm by the coffin lid, sobbing with mock grief, having played out her play, went to arrange other scenes and actors.

A CHARITABLE LADY.—Two years ago Mrs. James M. Hood, of Frederick, gave $10,000 to the Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., for the building and equipment of an observatory to be known as the Daniel Scholl Observatory, in memory of her father. A year later she gave an additional $5,000 for the same object, and on New Year's Day she sent another check for the same amount, making $20,000 in all contributed thus far for this purpose.

The Mate's Story.

A night or so ago, after toiling at the pen until something past the hour of midnight, during a moment in which I had paused to rest from my incessant writing, my eye caught a glimpse of a huge bundle of half forgotten MSS. and old printed papers.

Listlessly picking the bundle up and carefully blowing off the dense incrustation of dust, the accumulation of many years, I inadvertently opened an old paper, black with age, which contained the following curious tale.

As I have good and sufficient reason for supposing the story to relate to one, in particular, of my ancestors, many of whom, in the old whaling times, plowed both the northern and southern seas as captains, I carefully made a verbatim copy of it and will again bequeath it to a wondering world:

About two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it, and as I wanted some more exciting work, and as that was only to be found at sea, I shipped aboard a whaler as first officer. We were unlucky—someway I bring no luck anywhere, but storm and wind—and being born in March, my whole life has been lived in March, and we were nearly empty.

We were cruising up here to the north, on and off, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed, and the ice forms precious quick in these latitudes when it once begins. The captains naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chances of another haul.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log, as part of the first officer's duty, and carried it to the captain's cabin.

I knocked at the door, and, as nobody answered, walked in.

I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing.

Seeing he was employed, I told him I had brought the log—a record of a ship's doings, vessels spoken, knots made, etc., during each twenty-four hours—laid it on the table behind him, and as he made no reply, walked out.

I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain.

I was puzzled, for I could not make out how he could get there before me.

'How did you get up here?' I said. 'I just left you writing in your cabin.'

'I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour,' the captain answered; but I thought he was chaffing, and didn't like it.

'There was some one writing at your desk just now,' I said; 'if it wasn't you, you had better go and see who it was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir,' and with that I walked rather sulkily away.

I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

'Mr. Stowell,' said the captian who saw I was nettled, 'you must certainly have been mistaken; my desk is locked. But come, we'll go down and see about it.'

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed and the cabin was empty.

The captain tried the desk—it surely was locked.

'You see, Mr. Stowell,' he said laughing, 'you must have been mistaken; the desk is locked.'

I was positive. 'Somebody may have picked the lock,' I said.

'But they couldn't have closed it again,' the captain suggested; but to satisfy you I will open it and see if the contents are all safe, though there is not much here to tempt a thief.'

He opened the desk and there—stretched right across it was a large sheet of white paper with the words 'Steer N. W.' written in an odd, cramped hand, as if written while the vessel was laboring in a very heavy sea.

The captain looked at the paper and then handed it to me.

'You are right, Mr. Stowell; somebody has been here. This is some hoax. If I find the lubber I'll have him keelhauled for this if he freezes for it.'

We sat there sometime longer talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke, if a joke it was.

I tried to identify the back of the man I had seen sitting at the desk writing with that of any of the crew.

I could not do it. It is true I had first taken the man for the captain, but now points of difference suggested themselves. I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still was under the impression that the coat was brown and the hair, that appeared under the cap, seemed, as I remembered it, to have been longer and whiter than the captain's.

Not to appear to suspect any one in particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We had them up, one by one. We examined them and made all those who could write, write 'Steer N. W.,' but we gained no clew. The mystery remained another mystery of the seas.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in the cabin during the second officer's watch. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. We smoked in silence, and each of us was buried in our own thoughts.

I tried to think of home, of my brothers in the navy, and my sisters and parents ashore, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again; but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time and was rapidly proceeding with considerable success in enveloping himself in an impenetrable cloud of smoke. At last he suddenly looked up and said: 'Suppose we alter her course to northwest?'

I don't know what it was; I cannot hope to make you understand the weird feeling in my mind that followed his words; it was a sudden sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, 'Certainly; shall I give the order?'

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked in the binnacle at the compass before going below I felt most strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands briskly together at what I cannot say—I didn't know then—but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin and found the captain pacing up and down the very small space.

He stopped as I came in, and, looking up, said abruptly:

'It can do no harm.'

'If this breeze continues,' I answered, 'we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think'—

'But then we shall find ice. How is the wind?'

'Steady north by east, sir.'

We sat down and finished our grog, which tasted better from having been out in the bitter air.

I had the morning watch, the first mate's to keep next day.

I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole day.

Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up the ratlines into the maintop with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed.

No ship or wreck was in sight; for that was what I had brought myself to believe would be the ultimate outcome of the direction, 'Steer N. W.'

The captain was just as silent as myself. He plainly expected something to happen; but what it was to be he made no open conjecture.

The second officer, Mr. Sonberger, I believe, firmly thought us both crazy; indeed, I often wandered myself at the state I was in.

Evening came and nothing whatever had turned up.

The night was bright, and the captain was determined to lay on under easy sail until morning.

Morning came, and with the first gray light I was on deck.

It was bitterly cold.

Those only who have seen them under similar circumstances can form any adequate idea of the delicate and beautiful tints of the morning skies in those northern latitudes. The beauty of the scene was simply ravishing. But I was in no humor to appreciate any of these marvelous beauties of nature.

I had something else of more vital importance to think of just then.

There was a mist and a thick frosty haze of a deep white hanging low down on the horizon. I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon and I could not be mistaken—beyond it I could dimly see the glimmer of the ice field.

I sent below to call the captain, who came on deck directly.

'It is no use, Mr. Stowell,' he said, 'you must put her about.'

'Wait one moment,' I said, 'wait one moment, the mist is lifting more, it will be quite clear directly.'

The mist was indeed lifting rapidly. Far to the north and west we could see the ice stretching away, as far as the eye could see in one unbroken field.

I was trying to see whether there appeared any break in the ice to the west, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand and pointing straight ahead with the other, exclaimed:

'My God! there is a ship!'

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice.

We stood looking at it in silence.

There was some meaning after all in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that passed through my mind.

'She's nipped bad, sir,' said old Capen, who, with the rest of our crew, was anxiously watching our new discovery.

I was trying hard to make her out thro' my glass, when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by the dull report, proved that she had seen us.

Up went the flag, union down.

We needed no signal to know her distress.

The captain ordered the second officer, Mr. Sornberg, off in one of the quarter boats.

I watched him as he made his way over the ice, with a few of the men, towards the wrecked ship, while the rest of the boat's crew rowed 'off and on' to await his return.

They soon returned with eight of the ship's crew.

It was a dismal account they gave of their situation.

They might have sawed their way out through the ice, but the ship was so strained and injured that she would not have floated an hour.

The largest of their boats had been stove in by contact with an iceberg, while none of the others were really seaworthy.

They were preparing, however, to take to them as a last precarious resort, when the welcome arrival of the Edna—our ship—put an end to their fears.

Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain, with the remainder of his crew, was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin and tried to think over the strange fate that had made us the preservers of this ship's crew.

I could not divest myself of the idea that some occult or supernatural agency was connected with that piece of paper in the captain's desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequence if we had neglected the warning.

The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie.

In a few seconds I was on deck.

I found the captain talking to a fine old sailor like looking man whom he introduced to me as Captain Squires.

Capt. Squires shook hands with me and we continued talking for some time.

I could not take my eyes off his face; I had seen him somewhere.

Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clew, which vanished as soon as touched.

At last he turned around to speak to some of his men.

I could not be mistaken—there was the same long, white hair, the same brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin!

That evening the captain and I told the strange story of the written paper to Capt. Squires, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures.

He was too devoutly thankful for his escape to question the means by which it had been brought about.

At the captain's request he wrote, 'Steer N. W.'

We compared it with the original.

There could be no doubt about it.

It was in the same odd, cramped hand.

Written for the Kent News.

Remembrance.

BY MATTIE JEAN CORRINNE SMITH.

When e'er the southern breezes blow
And sunshine o'er the land is spread,
Will thoughts of thee dwell lingeringly
And over me their radiance shed?

When e'er the northern blast is felt
And faster comes its shifting sound,
I'll see afar the sunny land
Where melting moons and dew abound.

When e'er I feel the sunshine warm,
And see the gardens blooming gay,
Will thoughts of thee come suddenly
And bind me closer to thy way?

When e'er I see the crescent moon
Rise silvery over splendid hills,
Will streams of thought pour down on me
Like rushing waters in thy rills?

When e'er I breathe the fragrant breath
Of flowers and arbor vitæ spray,
The "South" will come to me again
Its winter turned to sunny May.

When e'er I see fair azure skies
And feel the zephyrs fondly play,
I'll live through scenes that were of thee
That gave to "life" a sunbeamed day.

WOMEN WHO MARRY.

Some of Their Reasons for Entering Into the Married State.

There are all sorts of motives that actuate women to marry. For this act her reasons are more numerous and unique than for any other. The best and most excusable reason is being so much in love that she feels herself unable to live without the man she cares for. When this kind of affection assails her she might as well go and marry. Marrying is the only thing that will make her a useful and rational member of society.

When a girl marries in her second season the man may be pretty sure of her whole heart. It always seems a pity for a woman to fall in love so young, though. In marying at nineteen she gives up four or five years of perfect freedom and unhampered pleasure. One can be married for a long time, but four or five years are all that are socially accorded to young ladyhood. These with their freedom and opportunities for traveling and reading are not to be scorned. They often give the strength and experience upon which is formed the success of a lifetime. Every man and woman should belong entirely to himself for at least four years of his perfect physical and mental maturity. One should know one's strength and one's weakness before asserting the other against a fellow creature.

Then in marrying a young girl a man seems to take more risk and more responsibilities than he does in marrying one between twenty and twenty-five. Between those ages a woman's social aims and worldly ambitions become decided. I remember of seeing this sadly exemplified in a man who married a pretty village girl of eighteen and took her to a city. She thought herself very much in love with, and certainly he was a very handsome lovable being. In five years she developed into a society butterfly, loving nothing but herself and flatteries of men concerning her pretty looks. It seemed a pity that this little country girl hadn't had four years of single life in which to develop her tastes.

A Good Word for the Doctor.

A. B. Ward writes thus in *Scribner's* of an important function of the doctor:

"The doctor who could not laugh and make me laugh I should put down for a half educated man. It is one of the duties of the profession to hunt for the material of a joke on every corner. Most of them have so esteemed it. Garth, Rabelis, Abernethy, or a hundred or so more too near to be named, what genial, liver-shaking, heart-quickening, wit-waking worthys they are! To the son who loves her best, nature reveals most her tricks of workmanship. He knows there is a prize in every package of commonplace and sadness, and he can find it—not only the bit of fun shining to the eye of the connoisseur like an unset jewel, but the eccentricity, the resemblance, the revelation, countless signs and tokens of the evanescent, amusing, pathetic creature we call the human. Heartless, grasping, irreverent? The deepest compassion for human ails, the broadest generosity to human needs, the highest respect for all that is strong and and pure and holy in human, I have seen in the men who come closest to the mystery of life and the mystery of death, who read the naked heart when it is too weak or sorrowful to hide its nakedness, who knows our best and our worst, and most of them wise enough to strike the balance. If they are cynics, it is we who have made them so. We the books out which they learn lessons."—*People's Health Journal.*

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"Ar' Brudder Lightful in de hall dis evenin'?" asked the president as he looked anxiously around.

"Yes, sah," answered the brother as he bobbed up with euergy and dispatch.

"Please step dis way, sah. Brudder Lightfoot, I understands dat you has lately been callin' yo'self professor?"

"Yes, sah. I plays on de fiddle."

"Oh, dat's it? You has also been wearin' mighty high collars?"

"Yes, sah."

"Talkin' 'bout rentin' a box in de pos'of fis, I h'ar."

"Yes sah."

"An' you is smokin' regular cigars?"

"Y-yes sah."

"Ar' dat a diamond pin you has on?"

"Not quite sah."

"Ar' dat watch chain all gold?"

"N-not all, sah."

"Now, Brudder Lightfoot, lookahere. You is behind in your rent, head ober heels in debt, an' your chillen hain't got shoes to go to school. I hear of you loafin' 'bout saloons and standin' on de co'ners. I'm gwine to gin you jist one week to drap that purfessor business an' hunt for a job. If you do it, well and good. If you doan' do it, dis club dispense with your presence. A purfessor ar' all right when he purfesses, but a purfessor who saws a fiddle fur beer while his wife rubs a wash-board fur grub am about the most onery critter on airth. De meetin' am now disjourned."

The sight of a man's money is often times the antidote for the odor of a very bad character.

ADVERSITY undermines many a structure of prosperity.